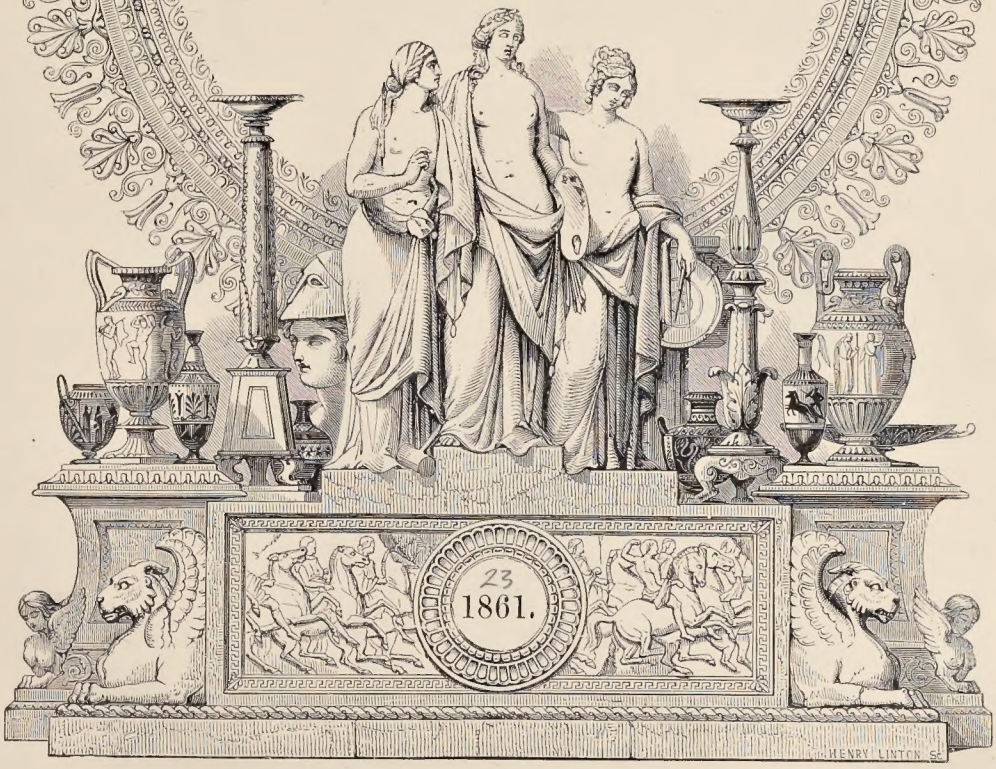
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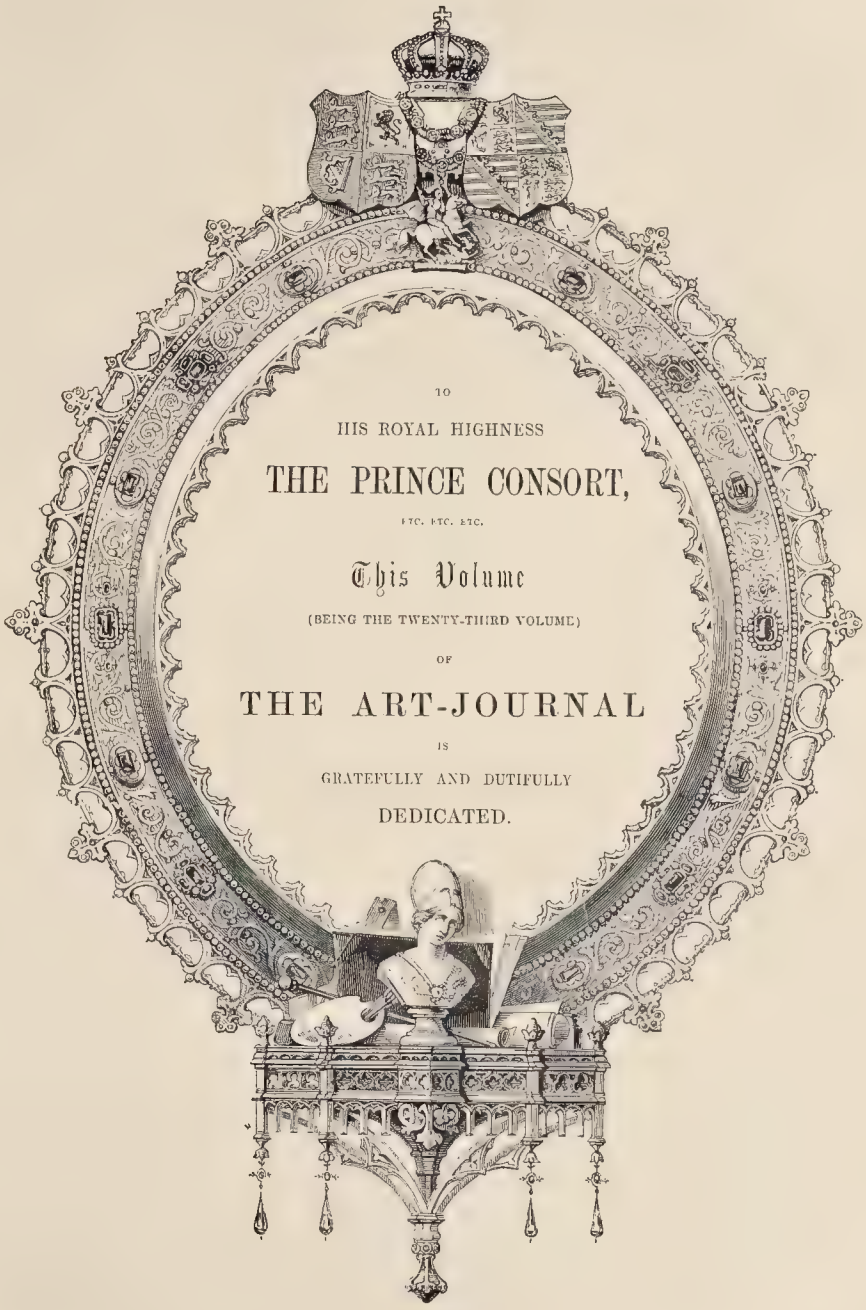
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THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, January 1, 1861.

AN EXAMINATION INTO THE ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

Introductory.



MONGST the ideas connected with our faith that are not absolutely vouched by inspiration, perhaps there is none more universally accepted and cherished by the Christian world than that of the authenticity and verisimilitude of the received likeness of our blessed Lord.

While assuming to be evidenced by no such irrefragable authority as that of the sacred canon, it has so associated itself with our thoughts, and so entirely occupied our conceptions, that it forms in our minds an inseparable concomitant to the scenes related therein.

Conversant with it as we all are from our childhood, yet early familiarity, so apt to blunt our sensibility in most things, does not in the least affect the peculiar power—it might be termed eloquence—with which it addresses itself to our understandings.

Transmitted to us from an age in which the productions of pictorial art were either conventional to inanity or utterly debased, it stands entirely by itself for purity, for power of conception, and for a style of Art belonging to no period, and related to none other. Archaic in its grand simplicity, it is yet distinctively individual and portrait-like in its type. Whether portrayed in humility, in suffering, or in triumph, though sometimes severe and rugged, it is still always dignified and majestic; it addresses itself by its infinite tenderness, and at the same time by its strength of character, so directly to the higher sympathies and aspirations of our nature, that we accept it at once with undoubting, almost instinctive, faith as the veritable counterpart of the divine original. We can, in fact, hardly imagine of any other as possible; and this divine image, moving and acting amidst the scenes of the gospel narrative, is perhaps more than any other indelibly impressed upon the mental retina. We see it meekly submitting to the baptismal rite in Jordan; in contest with the subtle power of darkness in the desert; teaching a new, and a greater, humanity on the mount; we even hear from its lips the cry of the very founts of the heart, broken up from their inmost depths at Gethsemane. Wonder-stricken, we behold it at the supreme moment of "Eloi, Eloi, lama sabachthani?" We see it in the dark stillness of the three days, at the infinite moment of the resurrection; and we know, with a mightier conviction than logic or philosophy can impart—that it is the one countenance that we shall all see again.

We have, in fact, received this sacred likeness so implicitly, and with so unquestioning a faith, that we have hardly cared to examine into its origin, or to acquaint ourselves with the historic data on which it may be supported.

The question has, however, been recently mooted by more than one foreign writer of note, *whether we have any evidence at all of the authenticity* (even comparatively) of the received likeness? One author (M. Didron) considering it to be a compilation of successive generations of artists, each adding a trait of expression, or altering a feature, till it became such as we now have it; another author asserting that the "ideal likeness" sprung into existence as the work and the invention of some unknown artist of the dark ages. To support either of these positions it would be requisite to show that there existed a period of the Christian era, however remote, in which the likeness did not exist. This negative proof, however, these objectors have omitted to supply, and if they cannot do so, but if, on the contrary, the existence of this portrait can be satisfactorily established from age to age up to the first century itself, we may safely dismiss both objections as instances of those destructive theories of which French positiveism on the one hand, and German neology on the other, are but too prolific.

There can hardly be a doubt that the state of uncertainty (critically speaking) in which the question has remained has been in great part owing to the confused state of the materials offered for investigation. Numberless pictures doubtless exist of high antiquity, the history of which, could it be extricated from the mass of tradition and legend with which it is intermixed, would probably be conclusive of the question. Tradition is poetic, is patriotic, is religious, is anything but historic or critical; and however tempting the occasion may be to make use of it, yet in an inquiry of this nature, excepting in those cases where it may be supported by extrinsic evidences, we have no choice but to lay it aside. Another difficulty exists in the jealousy with which many most important pictures are secluded from the public gaze. In some instances (as is the case with the antique picture at St. Bartolomeo, in Genoa) they may certainly be viewed on some one particular day in the year; in others, any inspection is simply impossible excepting to some few of the highest dignitaries of the church. This exclusiveness is the more to be regretted as it exists principally—indeed, I might say, exclusively—with reference to those very works that from their veritable antiquity would be likely to afford the most valuable information.

It is now many years since I made my first journey to Italy to investigate this question. When quite a child I had possessed myself of an old copy of an antique portrait of our Lord, on which, with perhaps childish partiality and enthusiasm, I set an extraordinary value. It was represented as depicted on the folds of a cloth, which was supposed to be suspended to the top corners of the picture, and an inscription below described it as being the true effigy of our Lord, miraculously imprinted on the cloth as he lay in the sepulchre. I often tried, but could never succeed in bringing myself to accept this last fact; but the picture was hardly the less valuable in my estimation on that account. As a work of Art it was such as the criticism of the schools would reject; but, oh, how touching! never have I elsewhere met with any picture in which was so perfectly represented the calm mystery of death so thinly veiling the divine life behind. How touching, how soul-appealing were the slightly-parted lips; the calm brow encircled with the drops still flowing from the thorn wounds; the nearly-closed lids; the damp adhesive hair; and, above all, the spiritual eloquence of the whole seeming to say, in the words of an inscription beneath, "*Thus, that thou mightest live.*"

I was still a boy when, for purposes of study, I started on a walking expedition into Italy; and the prospect of seeing the original of my picture, which I learnt from some writing at the back, existed in the sacristy of St. Peter's, formed no small part of my anticipations. I arrived at Genoa, where was a picture like mine, but asserted to be "older and much more sacred, inasmuch as it was actually painted by St. Luke, and sent by our Lord himself to an eastern monarch." That it was superior in any respect to mine I could not admit; however, I would look at it. This was stated to be impossible, excepting on one day of the year, and then only after confession, and other religious observances impossible to a Protestant.*

Arrived at Rome, my first visit was to St. Peter's. It was night, and the dark mass of the basilica standing out in quiet, still sublimity against the blue night sky, reminded me of the quiet stillness of the picture treasured up within. It was late at night, and the door was shut; there was, therefore, no alternative but to wait till the morrow; but oh, how small, how clean, how disappointing did the cathedral look in the morning. I will not stay to describe my impressions on entering. I looked round for my picture, but it was not there; numberless others were there certainly, capital pictures most of them, many magnificent, but THE likenesses, in all of them, to my thinking, were but lifeless copies of mine. Again and again did I search through every chapel, and every corner; it was not to be found. I appealed to an official, but he knew nothing of it. While arguing with him that he must be mistaken, an ecclesiastic in violet (I presume he was a bishop) mildly asked me what I wanted. Having explained myself, he said that it would be impossible to comply with my request to see the picture; it was there certainly, but kept with other sacred relics in the sacristy, over the large statue of St. Veronica, on whose handkerchief the miraculous picture was imprinted; but its sanctity was such that no one was allowed to inspect it, excepting the Holy Father and two of the sacred conclave, and they only on one day of the year (Palm Sunday), after absolution and communion. In my ignorance I tried the effect of a dollar on the bishop, but, smiling, he put my hand aside, saying, "My dear boy, I am sorry, but I can do nothing for you."

Some years after this occurred, I again visited Italy, as well as other parts of Europe, for the purpose of collecting materials for this work. There was certainly no lack of matter to go upon, but the difficulty was how to apply it. Christian symbolism spoke an unknown language to me, and I had no one near to interpret it; consequently I was unable to avail myself of the evidence it offered of the antiquity of those monuments on which it might be employed. I was also deficient in the ability to assign any date to a work from the internal evidence it might offer; consequently I was unable to evoke anything like order out of the chaos of materials I had collected. I turned my attention to these points, and after the lapse of a few more years, set out on another journey to pursue the same investigation. My studies in Christian symbolism had brought to my notice the existence of Christian antiquities on an extensive scale at the town of Arles in the south of France. Accordingly, I arranged to make that my first resting-place. Being a stranger in the town,

* A copy of this picture will be given in a future number of the *Art-Journal*.

I did not know how or where to look for that I was in quest of. The Gothic churches were numerous, and eminently noteworthy, but they did not contain exactly the thing wanted. There was certainly a building with the name "Musée" over the door, but it was not yet open; and supposing it to contain only the usual objects to be found in the collection of a fifth-rate town, I put off my visit to it till after I had explored the churches and other places where I might expect the Christian monuments to be found. On returning to it in the afternoon, it was past the hour for closing, and a pleasant green lane, by the side of a stream, presenting itself not many yards off, leading towards what looked like a gothic tower peering above a clump of trees in the distance, I determined on finishing the day in the fields. The lane kept by the stream for about a mile and a half, between rows of wild fig-trees and poplars, with corn-fields and orchards on each side. Soon it became a mere footpath, which bending to the left in the direction of the gothic tower, led across the brook, and entered a field covered with high fern and bramble, amongst which, and almost hidden by the undergrowth, were numerous blocks of grey stone, but, as they did not present any feature to call for particular remark, I passed them without further inspection. On crossing a hedge, however, the scene presented a new aspect. Ranged regularly on each side of the path, as far as the eye could reach, were two rows of grey stone sepulchres placed end to end in close proximity. Soon double and treble rows presented themselves, and then a thickly scattered mass of them, extending far into the fields on each side. I was in the celebrated Christian cemetery. I had asked the direction to it several times, but could get no information; if I had inquired for the Elis-camp (corruption of Elysian fields), I should have been told at once. The monuments were for the most part of the earliest period, as was at once apparent by their construction (to hold two sarcophagi), the character of the Christian symbols represented on them, and these symbols being sometimes accompanied by the pagan D. M. (Diis Manibus), a practice which, though not infrequent in the first age of the church, fell into disuse after the second century. Another characteristic of the earlier Christian monuments is the entire absence on them of all mention of the rank or position of the deceased. In the infancy of the church, when every rank of society from the senator to the slave was included amongst its number, the practice of ignoring all earthly distinctions on monuments was the silent, but appropriate, expression of a creed that recognised all as emancipated in the freedom of the gospel. Emblems there were certainly, but such only as trod all earthly distinctions in the dust.

The anagram of our Lord  the cross, the alpha, and the omega, sometimes the three combined with the emblem of eternity, thus,  ; then there was the dove with the olive branch, the leaf fallen from the tree, the fish, typical of the present state of the occupant of the sepulchre as passing through the mystic Jordan, and others, reminding us of many things, that in the hurry of this journey of ours we are but too apt to overlook. Neither was any mention made of the virtues of the deceased; a simple expression of affection, with the words "*in pace*," was all to be read in the inscriptions. But as we pass a little further, monuments of a later period (twelfth century work), covered with coats of arms and glowing inscriptions, leave us in not a moment's doubt of either the elevated rank or the distinguished virtue of their occupants. This practice may be observed at a later period than the twelfth century, but the simple language that spoke the sure and certain hope of the persecuted convert addresses us, after a lapse of seventeen or eighteen centuries, in language as distinct and as suggestive as when first written; while we regard the blazonry of the heralds, and the long list of boasted virtues, but as of the earth—earthy and unprofitable.

Further on, and at the end of the long line of grey sepulchres, were the remains of a church, parts of which must be coeval with the cemetery itself, the foundations and portions of the walls being of the construction of the earliest period of our era. After ages, however, brought to it considerable additions. The massive tower-like columns—of a breadth vastly disproportioned to their height, solid, simple, without either capitals or feet, and supporting an arched stone roof—were probably the work of the seventh or eighth centuries; while the entrance, the gothic tower, (that I had seen above the trees), and the walls, richly decorated with frescoes still fresh and brilliant, are probably the production of three centuries later. But the floor of the building was the part that attracted most of my attention. Ranged thickly over it, leaving barely space to walk between, with the lids off, exposing the remains within, were the earthen pots, the sarcophagi, the coffins, and other human receptacles from the cemetery outside. Here might be seen a leaden coffin with what was once a bishop, portions of his episcopal paraphernalia still remaining; next, an earthen pot, in which were the charred bones of a pagan; next to that, the sarcophagus with the Christian anagram (the ), and its almost powdered bones within; one receptacle held the dust of (from the date attached to it) one of the last of the pagans. A curious person I have often thought this last of the pagans must have been; how strangely he must have felt, with the whole world besides himself passed on to another thing, and he still worshipping Pan and Apollo! Undoubtedly he most conscientiously poured out a libation before sipping his claret; but what of his sacrifices, and what conveniences had he for making them? Beyond question he was one of those wise persons who consider the world to have gone wrong to the exact degree that it had advanced; but was he respected by his neighbours as representing the good old times, or was he jeered at by the boys in the streets? That he held on doggedly to the last may be inferred from an inscription of the seventh century, D. M. M. COELIVS : ANTONN. VIXIT. LXXII.

What I had seen in the evening made me the more impatient to visit the museum next day; so I lost no time in the morning in getting there. Immediately on entering I found myself surrounded with relics in the shape of sarcophagi enriched with sculptures, exquisite glass vases, jewellery, cups, lamps, &c., all affording unmistakable evidence of their Christian origin. This was more than I had looked for; but on examining the sculptures, I was delighted to find several undoubted instances of the likeness I was in search of. On one sarcophagus might be seen our Lord giving the gospels to the evangelists; on another, Peter's repentance, with our Lord admonishing him; then one of the Nativity, and many others, some of which showed indubitable evidences of there being an existing and recognised type of likeness, which the sculptor aimed, with more or less success, at imitating. I had thus fallen upon a mass of most interesting matter, bearing directly on the especial object of my journey, and having my drawing materials with me, I devoted some days to making copies of the most interesting of the monuments. These will be given in due order, after others of a still earlier date have been treated of.

One beautiful design on a lamp, though it may be somewhat beside the purpose of this



work, I cannot refrain from giving, inasmuch as it is the earliest representation of an angel (as it is depicted in Christian Art) known to exist. The portrait, surrounded by the emblem of eternity in the one hand, and the olive or palm-branch in the other, are particularly characteristic of the poetic imagery prevalent in the allegories of the infant church.

Another especially beautiful idea was represented on the sarcophagus of an infant. An exquisitely conceived figure of our Lord standing by the tree of life, the fruit of which he was bringing to the occupant. In one sculpture of the raising of Lazarus, the likeness and the accessories were depicted under the conventional forms prevalent in the first few years of the church, an instance of which, from the catacombs of Rome, representing the same subject, and almost precisely similar to the one at Arles, will be given hereafter. A second instance in the museum, of our Lord presenting the gospels, contained the inscription "The Lord gives the Word"—a sketch of which is introduced on this page. Close by might be seen our Lord as the good shepherd carrying a wounded lamb across the typical river—"Though thou pass through the waters they shall not overflow thee." Other works figured the Divine form under the type of Jonah, of Noah, of Abraham. The heads of some of these had been purposely obliterated by the chisel, an act to be ascribed either to the religious scruples entertained by some of the first Christians as to the propriety of making any representation of the Divine person, or to the profanity of the pagan multitude, an especial instance of which will be given presently.

What I had seen at Arles had certainly led me to expect that the earliest and most trustworthy instances of the likeness I was in search of were to be sought for in the Christian cemeteries; but on my visit to the Roman catacombs I was quite astonished at the abundance of materials with which I was surrounded—fresco-paintings, sculptures, and inscriptions in profusion; but most of the contents, including the glass tazza and the metal work, had been removed to the various museums and private collections in the city. How to get at them, and, in the absence of any catalogue or description, how to ascertain their dates or whence they were taken, was the great difficulty that presented itself. It occurred to me to apply to the Father P. Garrucci, so celebrated for his works on Christian iconography; but I



knew not where to find him—besides, I was a perfect stranger in the place. At last a fortunate introduction brought me in contact with the very person who could best help me. The Rev. Father Tebay has long enjoyed an almost European reputation for his erudition in Christian antiquities. On my mentioning my purpose and what I stood in need of to him, I was received with a kindness and attention that it would be difficult to describe. He had himself been engaged some years previously on a somewhat similar subject; but other avocations having obliged him to lay it aside, many of the valuable notes made during his investigations he placed at my disposal, and whatever information I stood in need of respecting dates, the whereabouts of different objects, or the significance of certain symbols, was afforded with a readiness and kindness I can hardly do justice to. He also introduced me to the celebrated P. Garrucci, whom I have mentioned above, who afforded me much valuable assistance.

Even with Father Tebay's help, it was no light work to select and note down those objects that more especially illustrated my subject. I had to look for them in all conceivable sorts of places—in the catacombs, in the museums of the Vatican and the Lateran, in the private and reserved cabinets in these museums (shown with an infinity of reluctance and difficulties), in the private collections of the colleges, in the private collections of the laity, in churches, in crypts, in curiosity shops, and even in the curiosity stalls in the streets. Having made what acquaintance I was able with such materials as the place afforded, I had next to obtain permission to make copies from such of them as were most suited to my purpose.

I know not from what cause it may proceed, but there exists in Rome a singular disinclination on the part of the officials connected with the museums to show to their full extent the collections committed to their charge. This is the case even with those parts to which free access is permitted. After having visited a place again and again for months, it is no uncommon thing to find that you are still a stranger to the greater, and perhaps the more important, part of the museum; but should there be any room or cabinet to which the regulations allow only of a more restricted access, the difficulties placed in the way of an inspection by the custode are often almost insurmountable. Any inquiry for a particular object is usually met by a flat denial of its existence, and it is only after letting the official know that you are certain it is in his possession, that he informs you that an order from the Cardinal Vicar, or some such functionary, is the one thing requisite. On this point also his information is always, and apparently intentionally, incorrect, the functionary to whom he refers you having neither power nor authority in the matter. A return to the museum official only results in a shrug of the shoulders, and a reference again to the same Cardinal. Many of my English friends would suggest a very simple way of overcoming the difficulty; but it is one that with the class of persons who constitute the official staff of the more important collections, is not readily available. One can offer a few pauls to a custode in plain clothes; but scarcely to a dignitary of the church. I had certainly tried it once when a boy, as I have already said; but the success of the experiment was not such as to encourage me to renew the attempt.

The difficulties in the way of obtaining permission to sketch from a few even of the most accessible objects seemed absolutely insurmountable. Some of the mosaics in the churches seemed to be regarded with peculiar jealousy. Permission to draw in the catacombs could only be obtained from the Cardinal Vicar; but it was of no use applying, it had been granted on one occasion, but would never be again. Certain ancient pictures in the churches were not only too sacred to be copied, but might not even be looked at: others might certainly be seen on one day of the year, but then only for a very short time. To certain officials in the Vatican the bare suggestion of making a sketch from any of the contents of the cases was enough to make them stand aghast at my audacity; whilst the very existence of some things that I knew to be there was strenuously and vociferously denied. Nevertheless, of all of these things, even of the last, before I had done I had made such copies as I wanted; but not without an infinity of labour in vain, of disappointment, and loss of precious time, was this accomplished. One mosaic in the Church of St. Paul being of especial interest, I ventured to pull out my sketch-book, when I was immediately stopped by a party of papal gendarmes quartered in the building, and my drawing materials searched as if they contained something contraband or dangerous. To my query as to who could give me the requisite permission, the officer in command told me that no one could; the clerk of the works, that the Vicar-general was the person; while a young ecclesiastic mentioned the Major-duomo Inspector of Sacred Apostolic palaces. This last I found was the most likely person to apply to; but where to find him was the question. First I was directed to the Vatican. He had an office there which no one ever visited. I had better try at the Quirinal; and true enough, in a dark subterranean passage under that palace—so dark that it was lighted with gas all day, and so long that it contained the names of more than a hundred different ecclesiastics on more than a hundred doors—on one of them did I find the name of the Major-duomo. No one answered the bell, but an aperture in the door for letters enabled me to drop my memorial through. After dropping three more memorials through that aperture, and several letters entreating an answer, and becoming rather tired, I was informed on the last visit, by a lady who was passing, that no one lived in those apartments, and that the Major-duomo had removed to the other side of the quadrangle: three weeks more were spent in memorializing that side of the palace with no greater success. At last I was directed to a small attic apartment over the stables—the Major's private residence, the others were only his places of business. Here my first application was at once successful, as far at least

as seeing the Major was concerned; for on ringing, the door was immediately opened by a fat jovial old gentleman, in what appeared to be a decided *dishabille*—nothing being apparent but a fat face, bald head, a flannel gown, and bare feet. This dress I found afterwards to be the correct thing for a Dominican, who being classed amongst the upper two thousand in the church, is not a little particular on the subject of dress. He received me with a jovial chuckling laugh, which was repeated again and again as I described my repeated visits to his places of business. At length, putting his hand on my shoulder, he said, "My dear Signore, I can do nothing for you. I really would if I could, but I can't." And as to who could, "Really he did not know. Did I know Monsignore Talbot?" "No." "Did I know Cardinal Wiseman?" "No; but I brought a parcel from England for him, and before I left I was told by his secretary that I might apply to him in any such emergency." "Then," added my friend, "he is the very man. Go to him directly. If he can't do it, no one can." "But is there no regular official to apply to?" "Yes, certainly, I am the proper official; but I can't do it." Equally unsuccessful results followed my applications to different functionaries for permission to draw in the catacombs and the reserved cabinets of the Vatican, Lateran, &c. I knew nothing of M. Talbot; Father Tebay could not help me in this. In desperation I wrote to Cardinal Wiseman; but I suppose it was owing to his ill-health that I received no answer. A German acquaintance, whom I met whilst on one of my bootless errands, suggested an application to our consul. When he wanted anything of the kind, he went to his consul, who got it for him without difficulty. The suggestion seeming a good one, I started off at once for the Via del Croce, and ascended the long stairs to our consul's office. There I received the satisfactory information that I must first obtain some sort of inexplicable communication from the constituted authorities, and the consul would then endorse the application

This piece of circumlocution nearly exhausted the little stock of patience I had yet left. Had I been in pursuit of anything else, I should have been dead beat. I had been for months engaged in these fruitless applications,—the hot season had commenced,—the time for my leaving Rome had arrived, and here I was, occupied all day walking in the glaring sun from one office to another without forwarding my purpose one bit. But I was not to be baulked; as a *dernier ressort*, I would write to Antonelli himself: he was despotic in Rome; he could do anything. I must confess I did not anticipate success; but in the event of failure, I should at least have the satisfaction of knowing I had left no means untried. I wrote my memorial,—toiled through the white streets reflecting the burning mid-day sun, up the long stairs of the Vatican, the Swiss guards arranging their walk on each landing so that they kept their eyes on me all the way up,—past the gorgeous entrance to the papal apartments,—up to the attic story, to an ante-room, in which were more than the usual allowance of languishing liveried servants. I left my memorial, and was told to call for an answer in three days. At the end of the three days, again through the burning mid-day sun, up the long steps to the ante-room on the attic story. There was "No answer." "Was his Eminence within?" "Yes." I sent in my card. This proceeding brought out an ecclesiastic in violet, who, after a short query and a moment's sharp inspection, commanded me to put down my hat, book, and stick, and follow; and in one moment more I found myself in the smallest, but choicest of apartments—alone with the Cardinal. A kindly shake of the hand, and a most kindly request to know what he could do for me, made me sanguine of success at once, and I preferred my requests. "Might I have permission to make a slight sketch from a mosaic in the Basilica St. Paul's?" *fuori il porto*. H. E. looked most gracious. "Might I make some studies in the catacombs?" H. E.'s expression relaxed a little. "Might I make some notes of the objects in the Lateran museum?" H. E. looked grave; he would do what he could for me. He could not promise; but he would use such influence as he possessed with the respective officials; in any case I should hear from him in three days. H. E. was delighted to find that I took an interest in these studies. I mentioned the particular purpose I had in view; indeed, without putting a question, H. E. had managed to get it out of me. He entered into it with the greatest apparent interest,—the work was an important one,—it had never been done,—it ought to be done,—and he should be so gratified if he could be the means of forwarding it in any way. I should hear from him in three days. Emboldened by the reception these requests had met with, I ventured upon the most daring of all: "Would H. E. obtain for me permission for the penetralia of the Vatican?" This seemed almost too much for H. E., but I should certainly hear from him in three days. Two more shakes of the hands (I have since learnt that I ought to have kissed H. E.'s hand), and I retired delighted. Nor was I disappointed; on the second day came the much-coveted permission (that for the Vatican included), signed by the respective officials, and prominent amongst the rest, by my identical friend of the bare feet and flannel dressing-gown, the Major-duomo. The permission for the Vatican was of infinitely more importance than the others. Stored up in certain rooms, there were precious, inestimably precious relics, that threw a new and unexpected light on the question I was engaged upon. A series of pictures of our Saviour and the apostles, enamelled in gold, on glass cups and pateræ of the first and second centuries, beyond description unique and precious, and which had never yet been given to the world.

How elated I was when, one burning day, I walked at eleven o'clock (the opening hour) to the Vatican to present my credentials. The long walk between the white glaring walls reflecting the fierce sun was nothing; I was successful; I had (blessings on Antonelli!) got into the very penetralia of the Vatican, and the precious relics of the primitive church would by my means be made known to the world. How little did I then, notwithstanding the experience I had had, know of Italian officials! I presented my order. The principal custode was not there; only his vice, and he could not admit me, as his superior must first countersign my order. "Where was he?" At prayers somewhere, and could not be disturbed,—he was an Archbishop. "Would he be there to-morrow?" "Probably." A repetition of burning walk next day. Museum closed: it was a grand festa, though nothing of the kind was apparent in the life outside. Went again next day; museum closed—a minor festa. Again next day; museum was closed—a vacation. The next day was Sunday. On the Monday I was sure to see the Archbishop and to get my order signed, and sure enough I did see him; but I could see at a glance my order was anything but agreeable to him. He left me waiting more than an hour, and then informed me that the permission was for five days only, that the five days had already expired; but of his own mere grace and singular good pleasure he would permit me to study for that day only. It wanting then but two hours of the time of closing, I declined the permission, and I am afraid I was very angry. It was too late to see Antonelli, so I went to my friend of the bare feet and flannel dressing-gown. He could do nothing for me; I must go again to Antonelli. Finally I did get my five days, and some additions afterwards; but it was by dint of such an amount of memorializing, of letter writing, of worrying of officials, and I am ashamed to say, of *expletive* rhetoric, that I am convinced my requests were conceded at last to get rid of my pertinacity.

If the obstructiveness of the superior officials was thus annoying, that of the inferior ones was scarcely less so. One range of catacombs was of particular importance to me from the number and the antiquity of the pictures it contained; consequently, I had visited it for purposes of study oftener than the others, and had fee'd the custode accordingly; but, on showing my drawings to a person well acquainted with the place, he remarked that I had omitted to notice several works that bore particularly on my subject. Professing myself quite ignorant of their existence, he offered to go with me and point them out. Being well acquainted with all the countless ramifications of the catacombs, he took me at once to a series quite new to me, and underlying those in which I had been making my studies. I at once saw the value of the works that I had overlooked, and turning angrily on the custode, who had received so many of my fees, asked him why he had not shown me these: "He did not know that his Signore wished to see them."

I was in a dilemma; I could not neglect the valuable material thus unexpectedly brought to my notice; but my stay in Rome was limited to a few hours—till the next day at farthest. I therefore determined to get the studies I wanted by passing the night in the catacombs. Some objections were made by the man in charge of them, but these yielding to the usual arguments, it was arranged that I should go down immediately, and be forgotten, and I should be called for at an early hour in the morning. Having provided myself with candles to last the required time, a box of lucifer matches, and adjusted other preliminaries, I descended. I must confess to having felt an undefinable sort of sensation, on hearing the door closed and locked behind me, and finding myself alone, some eighty feet below ground, in the long dark passages, the only living being amidst the thousands of dead lying around me. I hesitated a moment: but remembering I had so often been down before during the day, and that night could make not the least difference, I went on. Deeming it most prudent to commence proceedings by assuring myself, beyond the possibility of a doubt, that I knew my way, I determined to make notes of distances and of such things as I passed. I had some distance to go underground. I had numerous turnings to make through the narrowest passages, one of which was so exactly like the other, that it was almost impossible to distinguish between them. Further on, my path lay through ground with which I was unacquainted; therefore I made notes in my sketch-book of every object I passed that might serve as a landmark; I also counted the number of passages to the right and to the left, and especially noted the position of a yawning well, or chasm, that lay without parapet or guard right in my path, and which communicated perpendicularly with a still lower series of excavations. Then there was the inclined plain to be marked, that led me down through no end of abrupt turnings and windings to the series of catacombs below. Having carefully noted all these things, and especially the position of a long tier of open graves in which the remains were in a remarkable state of preservation, I retraced my steps to the entrance-door, to assure myself that I knew the way back: the result being



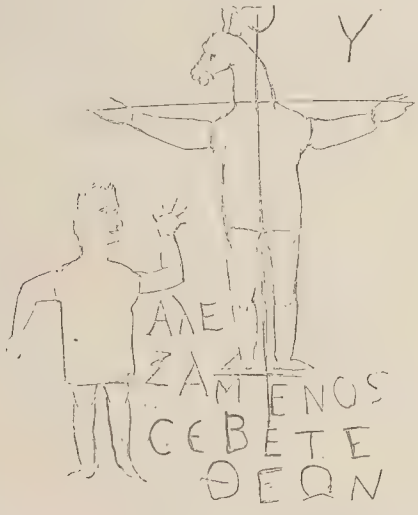
satisfactory, I returned and commenced my operations. I was soon so engaged on my work that I quite forgot the novelty of my position, and in fact all about it. I suppose it must have been about midnight, or a little later, when I began to feel just a little sleepy, but some biscuits, and a cigar afterwards, quite set me going again. There were three pictures to be copied; two of them were done, and the third (Adam and Eve in Paradise) would occupy, I calculated, about two hours and a half. How long this picture took me I don't know; but I had laid in candles to last, as I thought, till four in the morning, or rather later. The tallow, however, looked to be getting very low, so I proceeded with my work with all speed, intending when it was done to ascend the long flight of steps, and if the door was still locked, to wait there till the man came to open it; a light in that case would not be necessary, as the crevice at the bottom admitted enough from without to make objects in the immediate vicinity clearly discernible. My calculations were not, however, quite accurate; for as my work proceeded, it assumed the character of a race between it and the candle, which would be done first. Whether I hurried my work or not I cannot tell, but it was a very close thing at the finish; as when it was done, and my drawing materials put up, there was not above one inch of candle remaining, and even this was deceptive; for, as it turned out afterwards, the wick did not extend above half way into it.

The perils I encountered during this night in the catacombs, in total darkness, and the difficulties I had to surmount in finding my way out, I must—at all events for the present—leave to the imagination of my readers.

Having remarked on the obstructiveness of the Roman officials, I cannot forbear mentioning one notable exception, and acknowledging the ready and valuable assistance that, with the true instinct of a man of learning and genius, was always extended to me by the Principal of the Roman College, the celebrated P. Garrucci. The establishment under his keeping includes a collection of Christian antiquities second only to that of the Vatican, and though engaged himself on publications connected with its contents, he was always ready to afford me facilities for making what studies I required.

Not being mentioned in the usual guide-books, and access to it being somewhat restricted, the museum of the Roman College is one (amongst the many collections in Rome) which, abounding in interest, is still utterly unknown to the great proportion of our travelling country people. The works that I copied from this collection will be given in their respective order; but one of them, from its singular significance, and its bearing on what I shall have to say afterwards, is given below.

During the alterations and extensions that were made from time to time in the palace of the Cæsars, it was found necessary to build across a narrow street that intersected the Palatine, in order to give support to the structure above. The portion of the street thus walled off remained hermetically sealed against light and air till about three years since, when some excavations that were being made in the Palatine, exposing it to view, it was instantly perceived that the walls of the ancient street were covered with *grafilti*, or scribblings, similar to those on the walls of Pompeii. Father P. Garrucci was amongst the first who visited the place, and his practised eye at once detected from amongst the rest what proved to be a rude sketch, or pagan caricature, of the crucifixion of our Lord. It will be seen that this blasphemous sketch



represents a figure in the attitude of worship adopted in those days—the arm uplifted and outstretched. (See Job xxxi. 27; 1 Kings xix. 18; also Juvenal's "*a facie jactere manus.*") This figure is turned towards a cross, to which is affixed a figure with the head of (what appears to be) a wild ass; and all possible doubt about the purport of it is dispelled by the inscription beneath, "ΑΛΕΞΑΜΕΝΟΣ ΣΕΒΕΤΕ (*σιβεται*) ΘΕΟΝ," "*Alexamenos worships God.*"

It would be out of place here to touch upon the higher associations which this strange discovery presses on the mind; but even as a purely historical monument, the most unimaginative reader will at once regard it with the deepest interest, carrying us back as it does with a distinctness that no written words could supply, to that dark period of the infant church, when its Divine founder was still "foolishness" to the Gentile, and while it was still possible to present him to the pagan population under the hideous and revolting type of folly which is here depicted.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

WAR.

J. Drummond, R.S.A., Painter. P. Lightfoot, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 7½ in. by 1 ft. 4¾ in.

DRUMMOND'S picture of 'War' is the companion-work of that entitled 'Peace,' of which an engraving appeared, not very long since, in a former number of this publication: both paintings were exhibited at the same time, and, if we remember rightly, in one frame; and, of course, were purchased together by their present royal owner. The locality, moreover, is identical in both representations: there is the same low battlemented wall rising above the top of the tower, the same turret with its alarum-bell, and the same lantern of open iron-work for the beacon-light; but here the similitude ends: devastation and death have succeeded to quietude and security, the insignia of war have taken the place of the attributes of peace.

It is not very easy to determine the exact period the artist would assign to the subject he has represented, nor is it of much importance that we should, in a picture of no especial historical event, but it evidently goes back to an early date. The armour worn by the warriors may be identified with the Norman period, or that which was used in the eleventh and twelfth centuries; the weapons, of which two or three specimens only are introduced, are probably of the same era. One of the soldiers has just discharged from a sling a large stone at the besiegers, and others are preparing to precipitate through the embrasure another of enormous dimensions. All this is indicative of a period prior to the invention of gunpowder, which was not introduced into military warfare till the thirteenth century, though artillery, or that which was considered as such—machines for throwing stones, darts, Greek fire, and other combustibles—were in use many centuries preceding the Christian era.

As a work of Art this picture is in every way superior to its companion; it is more definite in its object, and, therefore, sustains its title better. The principal figure in the group is, probably, the owner or the governor of the castle; he is directing the soldiers engaged with the large block of stone, one of whom looks to him for instructions: the countenance of the officer indicates the calmness of true courage. In contrast with this figure is the violent, energetic action of the slinger, a man of large, muscular frame, every limb of which is strained to the utmost in giving an impetus to the missile. In the background is a lad carrying in his arms pieces of wood to replenish the beacon-fire; he, however, is more intent on watching the occupation of the two mailed soldiers than on the duty assigned to him. Behind him is a wild-looking, half-naked figure, feeding the fire with brands; he must be proof against heat or pain, for his fingers clasp the hot iron. Still further in the background is seen the hand of one ringing the alarum-bell: it is evident, by its position, that this is pealing forth its loudest tones. To the left of the bell-tower two warriors may be dimly seen through the smoke, shooting with the bolt-bow, a very ancient weapon. In the immediate foreground is a dead soldier; the foreshortening of this figure is very skilfully managed.

The entire grouping is most effective and pictorial, and the general treatment is highly suggestive of the din of battle, whose fierceness and horrors appear augmented by the dark clouds of smoke rising from the beacon-fire: the colouring, too, is good, though the nature of the subject leaves little room for brilliant display.

The two pictures, as they hang side by side, are suggestive of very different feelings. To the 'Peace' may be applied the lines of Dryden:—

> "Our armours now may rest: our idle scimitars
> Hang by our sides for ornament, not use:
> Children shall beat our arabals and drums,
> And all the noisy trades of war no more
> Shall wake the peaceful morn."

The 'War' recalls Byron's apostrophe:—

> "Oh, world!
> Oh, men! what are ye, and our best designs,
> That we must work by crime to punish crime?
> And slay, as if death had but this one gate,
> When a few years would make the sword superfluous?"

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAPER-STAINING.

Part I.—French.

The history of this branch of what ought always to have been, but which is only beginning in this country to be, an Art-industry has yet to be written. This article, which is intended to detail the practical branch of the subject, shall not therefore be burdened with efforts after peering into the antiquity of paper-staining, or with any attempt to settle the disputed point as to whether England or France is entitled to the credit of priority. Like most other questions of a similar nature, something can be said on both sides of that dispute; although the fact that the so-called first blocks used in this trade are preserved in Paris, and dated 1632, if memory fail not, has hitherto been considered an awkward fact for patriotic English paper-stainers. True, he can show no blocks, but he refers with considerable confidence to English-made flock-paper being used in the drawing-room of the royal palace at Kensington at a date so early as to show that flock was originally an English manufacture; and he may be permitted to indulge in the not unnatural inference, that as paper-staining, like other similar crafts, could only reach a high state of excellence by slow degrees, this evidence of flock paper-hangings, which are to this day among the highest styles of manufacture, being made in England at a period so early, presupposes the long previous existence of a less refined style of manufacture in this country. Happily, however, all that is worth contending for in such a subject is the Art which the mechanical skill enfolds; and Art in all its branches is cosmopolitan rather than sectional. No matter who the discoverers, in this application of Art to paper-staining France has left England and all other European nations very far behind her in the race; nor has this been a barren triumph on the part of our Gallic neighbours. They have produced artists of higher styles in other walks; and, while these have secured influence in Europe, as showing a high state of cultivation, the production of these high works of Art have only indirectly become a source of benefit to the French people. But in these lower Art-industries the French have found mines of national wealth more prolific than gold diggings, and have not only made them the lawgivers to Europe on all matters relating to affairs of domestic or personal taste, but have also held an unapproachable monopoly for supplying the world with such luxuries for generations past. This has been for France a mighty boon, and for all other nations, and especially for England, cause for sore discouragement, which has only been rendered endurable by our superior powers of production—a power which has rested upon our national advantages of iron and coal, and English aptitude for mechanical construction. This aptitude has even been applied to paper-staining, and however far the French may surpass the English manufacturer in quality, he has no chance to outwit him in cheapness. With the class of paper-hangings depending on iron and steam rather than on taste for their production, the English can even now, with all disadvantages, undersell the French maker in Paris.

There are certain branches of Art-industry in which the modern French excel the modern English, and in which the excellence seems easily traceable and understood; but while this is fully and cheerfully admitted, it goes but a very short way to support the absurd and vulgar error that England is far behind France in all matters of Art and taste. On the contrary, after the most mature investigation, in some, and these the most important, branches of Art, England is indeed very far ahead of her friendly rival in all the industries to which English energy and ability have really been applied. In the department of form, for example, English artists and designers are almost infinitely less conventional, and, therefore, superior to the French draughtsmen; and the reason is obvious. Preceded by a race of great ornamentists, the productions of these men became the popular standard, and men worked their road to fortune by following in the path of their professional fathers. Of course the usual fate of imitators befell them. Without the genius of inventors these followers stiffened the forms and hardened the outlines of masters whom they ostensibly copied or secretly plundered, and this process of deterioration has gone on in all Art-industries—carpets, bronzes, china, shawl patterns, paper-hangings, and a score of others—on, and still on, till, should the spirit of Watteau and his illustrious compeers in these various branches now visit the scene of their earthly artistic triumphs, they would anathematise the overwhelming majority of French designs as unworthy of their memories and a former France. Englishmen, on the other hand, had no artistic ancestors to follow; and although many misnamed designers formerly—and a rapidly decreasing number do still—lived by making French designs worse under guise of adapting them for English manufactures, yet those who have become designers in truth as well as in name for any branch of business have been compelled to court nature as their only hope, and the result is a freshness, spirit, and reality in the highest class of ornamental forms far beyond what is generally found in France. Conventionally and mechanically the Frenchman's forms are more perfect, but artistically they are greatly inferior—substituting manner for thought, and ornate laboriousness for refined simplicity. There are, of course, great and striking exceptions, but these only prove the rule to be as already described, so far as regards ornamental forms.

In the class of Art-manufactures where colour is predominant the French have, however, few competitors, and, we may say, no rivals; and as paper-hangings belong to this class, the superiority of French papers is only another evidence of the general truth. In endeavouring, in the interest of Art-industry in England, to ascertain the causes of French superiority in paper-staining, some of the most important factories in both countries have been visited. In Paris the principal makers, without hesitation, opened their establishments, and showed all willingness to give general information, a course which some of the English makers who have nothing worth concealing would do well to follow. The Paris establishments visited cannot be gone over in detail, but those of Delicourt, Des Fosse, Margeridon, Josse, and that which has just been transferred to M. Morize, a gentleman of considerable refinement in taste, shall be taken as examples. All remarks on Paris styles of getting up designs and turning out work shall be founded on one or all of these factories, and what constitutes a *spécialité* in one or other shall be mentioned as peculiar to those in whose workshops it was seen. With this explanation the causes of French superiority in colour shall now be investigated, as well as the general superiority of their stained papers. Upon what this acknowledged superiority of colour rests, has long been a much vexed and oft disputed question. Some contend that it is the result of climate, and get over all difficulties by contrasting the muggy atmosphere of England, and especially London, with the clear air and radiant sky of Paris. Like most other theories which have survived their "teens," this idea of climate has a portion of truth—as much as keeps it in existence, and nothing more. It is true that certain colours, such as lakes, come out more brilliantly in clearer climes, both in their own manufacture and in their applications in manufactures; and so long as paper-hangings were esteemed for their imitations of natural flowers, this difference of climate did to some extent operate as an impediment to the British as compared with the French paper-stainer. But now when the "naturalistic" theory of wall decorations has been exploded, the advantages of climate have naturally diminished; for it will scarcely be contended that "self-tints" can be more than infinitesimally affected by such a cause, and yet the French makers maintain their pre-eminence over their English rivals. The reasons must, therefore, be sought for elsewhere than in climate, and these reasons are far more numerous than most people would suppose. The first reason why French makers are more successful is, that they conduct their businesses in a far more liberal and enlightened spirit. In the matter of designs a French maker will spend as many pounds as an English maker will spend pence; we of course mean generally, because there may be exceptions in both countries. In France the designer is an artist, and treated and remunerated as such, and the French paper-stainers will pay them as good prices for a good design as our good artists get for good pictures. In England the designer for paper-hangings ranks with a writer of window show-tickets, and the one like the other hawks his stock from door to door after he has made them, thinking himself fortunate if he gets ten shillings more or less for the "pick" of his portfolio; and in many cases they are dear at the price paid, however small. Still it must be self-evident that under two such different systems the difference of result is certain to be quite as conspicuous as the difference in style of treatment and remuneration. After having paid a high price for a good design—if it be good—the French maker is naturally anxious to bring it out in the best style; while the English maker keeps his mode of getting up in happy unison with the few shillings first invested on the pattern. In the matter of design Delicourt and Des Fosse undoubtedly occupy the first rank among the French paper-stainers, and price is no object with either to get what they want. Des Fosse, for example, if he wants a group of flowers, or anything from that up to a great historical picture, will first employ a first-rate artist to paint them in oil as pictures, and buy them at picture prices. He will then employ another artist, who understands the *mecanique* of the trade, to convert these pictures into patterns, for as each block must print a flat tint, a picture must be translated by the designer before it can be cut in blocks; and some of these translators are themselves high class artists. It is in this process of translation that Delicourt seems to stand before all his compeers. It must be evident that the fewer blocks required to produce any given effect so much the less will the getting up of the design cost, not only at first, but in all after time, because each additional block adds that much to continual cost of printing; but in addition to these enormous advantages in cost, few blocks have a still greater advantage in producing good work, because nothing so destroys the appearance of finish in paper-hangings as the overloading with repeated colours. Delicourt seems to have the power of producing his work with fewer blocks than any of the other French makers, and hence his business and artistic success. The Frenchman employs more expensive materials in his manufacture from first to last than English makers: more expensive grounds because prepared with far greater care, more expensive tinting colours, and more expensive premises—one French workman has as much space allotted to him as is con-

sidered sufficient for two English workmen—much more expensive finishing after the paper is stained, and, contrary to the popular belief in this country, the French master pays his workmen higher prices than are paid in England; so that the goods are turned out at higher cost, but their value in the market is also so much higher from general superiority as more than makes up for the additional outlay, and this increase of profit makes paper-staining in Paris a much better trade than paper-staining in England.

Of this attention to getting up, the establishment of Margeridon is a notable example. He does little compared with Des Fosse or Delicourt in "getting up" what are technically known as "decorations," that is gorgeous panellings, although he produces large landscapes for halls, &c., at very great expense; but Margeridon's trade is in ordinary paper-hangings of the best quality, and these he gets up with creditable skill and most laborious care—one proof of which is that all those colours which are supposed most easily adulterated, are made on the premises, and the best goods in this establishment will receive more labour after they are printed than most English makers bestow on their best, printing included.

The establishment of MM. Josse has only recently commenced to stain paper, but they are the patentees of one of the most elegant improvements in connection with stained paper ever introduced—the process of stamping or impressing what is technically known as gold upon the surface, without the usual process of printing. The delicacy of form and the brilliancy of metal attained by this invention are far superior to anything produced by any other method; but the expense is also considerably greater than papers of the same class made in the ordinary way. The effect is secured by pressure, and the whole production when complete seems to have been obtained by means so simple, that one wonders it was never thought of long before M. Josse's invention. The real difficulty is getting the metal to adhere, and then preventing it from discoloration without tarnishing the lustre; and it is still doubtful whether this last difficulty has been absolutely and certainly overcome—that is, whether the method of preventing tarnish has become so fixed that it can be asserted of every individual piece that it will retain its original brilliancy of colour. If so, then is M. Josse's invention a great and striking success; and the large demand for this class of paper-hangings shows that the improvement is appreciated by an increasing section of the public, a result likely to be further stimulated by a reduction in price consequent upon renewed facilities of production. We saw them embossing gold upon flock grounds; and this is a style for which the invention is most suitable.

Flock-papers are a class to which the French paper-stainers are evidently devoting much attention, and during the present season there are several novelties in this style of decoration. Whether all these "novelties" will turn out to be improvements may well be doubted. For instance, one maker has adopted the method of, if we may so speak, trimming the piece before it is finished, and then flocking it out to the edge, if not the edge itself also; and there cannot be a question of this being a great improvement, provided it is practically possible to hang it without injury, after being so made. One of the chief objections to flock-paper has always been the difficulty of hanging it without showing the joinings; and for this purpose many expedients have been adopted with various degrees of success, or, more properly speaking, of the want of it. In the very best methods hitherto found, the great desideratum has been the absence of flock at the edge of the paper, so that this flocking to the edge would enable the hanger so to work the two edges together as to form a portion of solid flock; but the practical difficulty of being able to keep the edges secure from the risks of rough handling by workmen, must always be very great—so great as in the meantime to ensure large odds against the probability of ordinary workmen being sufficiently careful to make this scheme more than an interesting novelty at present; although if this practical difficulty can be overcome, there can be no doubt of the great advantage of the idea in the making of the best class of flock decorations. Another novelty in flock paper-hangings is that patented by M. Genoux and Co., a house which has just opened an office in London, under the superintendence of a gentleman well qualified by experience to represent this respectable and well-known firm—known not only for the style in which ordinary goods are turned out, but also as the producers of some of the most popular among those panelled decorations which have sold so enormously in this country, as well as on the Continent and America. By their new patent for improving flock paper-hangings, Genoux and Co. can print almost any number of shades upon the flock ground—a process which gives a richness of texture that will no doubt find many admirers, and which by a judicious combination is capable of being turned to such account for the more gorgeous styles of decoration as to make it worth the attention of all interested or engaged in the higher and more expensive styles of decorative paper-hanging.

The *spécialité* of the establishment which has just passed into the hands of M. Morize is borders; and as these are now more than ever used for all kinds of purposes, the importance of having taste and skill combined in their production is at once apparent. Judging from the examples too often seen, it would appear to be more difficult to get good borders than good paper-hangings, difficult as that is; and we have borders before us now from eminent makers, which for all the qualities which go to indicate ignorance of Art, would absolutely disgrace the wigwams of ochred savages. We shall not trouble our readers with a detailed description of these monstrosities, although that might be made interesting; but even the best class of borders is laid under conditions so unfavourable, as to make more than ordinary taste essential for the production of even tolerable designs. The *naturelle* style for this branch is irredeemably false, and nothing can be imagined more artistically vulgar than bunches of flowers bound together by strings of tawdry riband ranged in impossible positions up the sides and around the top and bottom of a wall. It is sometimes possible to get a portion of a wall paper, wholly false in itself, to act as a good border, at least good by comparison; but it is a rare occurrence to find a border which has been made as such that will work into three different positions, and retain any consistency in its forms.

And yet it is evident that every border ought to be so arranged that congruity should not be outraged by two out of its three necessary positions. Borders generally are made—so far as we remember, all flower borders are made—to suit the bottom of the room or panel; and flowers drawn to be looked down on, cannot be expected to be anything but absurd when placed perpendicularly up the sides of walls. If M. Morize will devote his taste and practical ability in working out a reform of this almost universal error, he will confer a great benefit on the public, and establish a permanent reputation for himself in a branch where there is more scope for improvement than in any other department of paper-staining. The next article shall be devoted to the productions of English makers.

JOHN STEWART.

A TOUR THROUGH ALL ENGLAND.

I OFTEN wonder who first left his home for change of scene, or migrated to the seaside; not *on* business—but *from* business; not for the purpose of residing there—but as a *bonâ fide* visitor. What were his belongings? Was he a bachelor or a married man? Did he carry his carpet bag, or was he himself carried in a coach, and accompanied by a train of attendants? Was he able to dine satisfactorily upon eight hundred a year, or did he require twice that amount to do so? Whoever and whatever he was, none can justly deny to him the title of great social reformer, or to his now numberless followers the right—when his name shall have been discovered—to erect a statue to his memory.

Before his time, people resided constantly at home, and had no desire to leave it. Life with them passed away with much less worry and turmoil than in our day, and change of scene was not so much as thought of for its own sake. Such is not now the case. There certainly are, even now, to be found some who, like Dr. Johnson, from choice, reside in London all the year, and who think green lanes all very well in their way, but would consider them greatly improved were they paved. These, however, are the exceptions. The vast majority have long since become disciples of our great social reformer, and cheap and expeditious travelling is daily increasing their number. All who have the means, and can make the opportunity, now habituate themselves to their annual "run"—spend a portion of the year apart from their every-day occupations—and feel aggrieved if prevented from doing so. All who are able to go, do go. Some seek the seaside, some wander amidst the charming scenery of our home-land, and some betake themselves to foreign climes. Now I do not underrate foreign travel. On the contrary, I value it very highly; agreeing with Bacon, that in the younger sort it is a part of education—in the elder, a part of experience. But I think the advantages resulting from it are usually over-estimated, and am sure that if comfort in travel and beauty in scenery are the objects sought, there is no occasion to leave our own shores to find them.

In *largeness* of scale the scenery of these islands is admittedly inferior to what is to be found elsewhere. It can boast no Himalaya Mountains, no Mississipi River, no Niagara Falls. But it abounds in qualities of which the intellect and senses never tire; affords vast variety (which, after all, is the principal popular recommendation of scenery); and in the grand staple of rural beauty—trees and verdure, accompanied, of course, with suitable skies and weather—it is incomparable. Home-travel, however, is too often thought commonplace; and, with the vulgar, an object is interesting in proportion to its distance or the difficulty of its attainment. "'You have *been* in France?' said my gentleman, turning quick upon me with the most civil triumph in the world. So," says the author of "Tristram Shandy," "I went straight to my lodgings, put up half a dozen shirts and a black pair of silk breeches, and——" and the "Sentimental Journey" is the result. For "France" read "North Pole," interior of Africa," or "Chimborazzo,"—and the scene is taking place to-day. People crave to see what others have not seen, to be where others have not been. A bewildering desire, which is extending itself amongst all classes, possesses them to pass by the ordinary in search of the extraordinary; and many suppose they find it when they arrive at the uncommon. By them

"Omne ignotum pro magnifico habetur."

Hence they climb the loftiest and most arduous mountains—penetrate the most impenetrable deserts—explore the sources of unknown rivers—and then "turn quick upon you with the most civil triumph in the world." Beauty, howbeit, is not coincident with the vast or the inaccessible. We read that the Grecian artists were transported with the beauty of the bosom of Laïs. But this transport, entirely æsthetical, and in no degree sensual, was exclusively owing to beauty of form. The very same feeling may be excited by the bend of a river, the bosom of a lake, or the head of a mountain. Mountains, indeed,

notoriously depend for their effect, not on height and size, but on form—some having a decidedly masculine character of beauty; others (of which the Jungfrau is a remarkable instance) being clearly feminine.*

View-hunting has been named a vice; and, I suppose, in no way, except by rantings on female loveliness, has more vain admiration been thrown away than in speaking of the beauties of Nature. This over admiration both of nature and woman is derived from the young, that is, it is founded not on facts, but on a conjecture of facts, before the facts have been ascertained. When the conjecture is discovered to be wrong, the sentiments which have been based on it ought properly to be corrected; but, unfortunately, this is not done, and the false idea is kept, cherished, and transmitted. View-hunting, however, is useful—in a measure even necessary—just as literary criticism is useful. You, my reader, would find it an impossibility to read all books that issue from the printing-press in order to discover the few agreeable to your taste. You must, to some extent, take the opinions of others. So in travelling. Since you have not the good fortune to be possessed of that Eastern carpet, seated upon which you might, by a wish transport yourself whither you desire, and thus judge of each scene for yourself—you must suffer yourself to be guided or directed by others.

It has been said, by way of commendation, that in our elder writers there is no painting of scenery for its own sake—"no euphuistic gallantries with Nature"—and that first in the "Sorrows of Werther" it came decisively into fashion. Allow the truth of the assertion—is that a reason why it should be deemed a reproach for the after-comers to think and act otherwise? Is it not, rather, a reason why we should be thankful that the present century has given birth to one intellectual pleasure unexperienced by the ancients? The power of recognising the beautiful lies not in the object, but in the object and the spectator together; and the "elder writers," if insensible to the beauties of Nature, were surely on a par with untutored rustics, who, from daybreak to sunset, turn over the clods without giving a thought or a glance to the splendid scenes by which they are surrounded. If, however, they did admire and did appreciate (and they certainly did both), and have neglected to record their impressions, it is, without doubt, attributable to the fact of their being profoundly ignorant that their descriptions would give pleasure and be of interest to others. The people who, of ancient nations, were endowed with a perception of beauty more intense than all others, have, I admit, left in their literature no descriptions of scenery, except by way of simile, or when they tended to heighten our interest in human action. But I am very unwilling to believe that the Greeks, who deified Nature, were insensible to her beauties. On the contrary, I feel assured that the feeling manifested by us towards the beautiful scene was experienced by them, but was transferred from the scene to the "spirit" their fancy imagined presided therein.

For my part, I avow myself a View-hunter—ever feeling a pleasure and an enticement in fine and refreshing scenery—ever finding an interest in external Nature, and her various moods. It was, therefore, with high gratification that I lately availed myself of an unexpected opportunity of visiting very many of the most delightful scenes in these islands. In the course of my tour, I made excursions amongst the lofty mountains which form the Highlands of Scotland, wandered through the romantic district of the lakes, lingered among the cultivated meadows and plains of central England, invaded the *naïve* and peculiar scenery of South Pembrokeshire. I even crossed the Irish Sea, and beheld most of the famous spots of natural scenery which are so plentiful on Irish ground. Many were the scenes of beauty and grandeur—matchless in other lands: hills of admirable proportions—smiling pastures—smooth streams—rivers of sweetest beauty, whose courses are marked by green alders and birch trees. I found infinite variety. England is not only a country of lawns and parks and stately avenues. She has wild moorlands of vast extent, whose carpet is the crimson heather, blasted heaths of most melancholy aspect, trackless hills as desolate as can be found elsewhere. Then, what a coast is hers! Here, lined with cliffs of imposing grandeur—bare, rugged, precipitous; there, masses of blown sand, extending inland for great distances, form themselves into an endless number of hills and valleys, whose inner slopes are covered with luxuriant vegetation. In one direction, occur examples of submerged forests, attesting the power of volcanic forces in former times; in another, green meadows, or cornfields, smiling with their golden harvest, run down to the very water's edge—Ceres, as fabled of old, unable to escape the importunities of Neptune.

English scenery is by no means stimulating. Lacking vast mountains that crush the senses, and plains that bewilder, it possesses that happy medium which, to a resident, is always most agreeable, and in which alone can the tourist find that feature which has been named the Picturesque, and which is the constant object of his search. And yet scores of persons go abroad for what lies at their very doors, and is to be found with but very little seeking. The other day I met, at Ghent, a Londoner who had distinguished himself by "making a hole in £100," and by penetrating as far as Vienna and Prague, without the knowledge of any continental language. He was a licensed victualler in search of the picturesque, and had determined upon visiting Prague from the circumstance that his wife, who accompanied him, had so willed it. Her only knowledge of that city was derived from a piece of music termed the "Battle of Prague;" and from association of ideas she became firmly convinced that Prague was the most picturesque city in the world. The gentleman "did not care much for the mounseers," but with the scenery everywhere, after he had left these shores, he expressed himself as being delighted—"nothing like it in England, sir!" This was his opinion of the England he had never seen. As with him, so with the majority. The view borrows enchantment from distance, and strangeness in character, customs, and costume, adds to the enjoyment. But the pleasure should be attributed to the right cause, and to another sentiment in the human heart, than that which consists in the delight derived from a contemplation of natural beauties.

Another source of preference for travelling on the continent is the belief very generally entertained of its vast superiority to our own land in interesting associations—historical and others. But historical and poetical associations are not wanting in England. Nay, where can an Englishman find a country so full thereof as his own, hallowed, as it is, by poets' words and warriors' deeds? The land is pregnant with stirring memories, and nowhere can more striking suggestions be presented to his mind. He may, if he choose, inspect and examine the religious and sepulchral monuments of those who preceded him in the land eighteen hundred years ago—may enter the very caves and holes of the earth which were their homes. He may tread the ground—now, perhaps, waving with cornfields—under which are engulphed cities which were built, long centuries ago, by Roman hands, inhabited by Roman citizens, and called after Roman names. He may find numberless memorials of his far-off Saxon ancestors, and traces of that invasion which gave them foreign masters. He may wander without impediment through grim fortresses, now slowly crumbling into decay, but which, at one time were the habitations of those "chivalrous" Norman knights whose maxim was to pursue

> "——— the good old plan,
> That they should take who have the power,
> And they should keep who can."

He cannot fail to be frequently reminded, too, of that bloody contest, which we name Roses War, and which was characterised by as much treachery and shocking barbarity, as any that the continent can boast. Then, again, he will frequently come upon the scene of one or other of those conflicts which took place when Naseby, Worcester, and Marston Moor, were names as often on men's lips as Alma, Inkerman, or Balaclava, have been of late. But he will find not only the battle-fields on which was elaborated, as it were, the personal freedom of Englishmen; he will be encompassed, also, with reminiscences of a time when men were in constant dread of having to endure the prison or the stake for conscience' sake—when men lived the martyr's life, and died the martyr's death. More important, much more sublime these, than dynastic battles; for it was the awakening, the preparation, the struggle, whose result was to make England what she is—the home of civil and religious liberty, the beloved of her own sons, and the refuge for the oppressed of other lands.

After what I have said, you will doubtless be surprised to find that my late tour, although embracing such a wide field, occupied but little of my time, and that the expense in money was really trifling. I had no preparations to make for it—no consulting of railway time-tables—no stuffing of portmanteaus; my whole baggage, indeed, consisted of an umbrella, which, although it rained the whole time, I had not once occasion to use. Your surprise will be increased when I add that I did not leave London at all, and that my journey did not extend further than Cheapside. So, you see, when I spoke of actually and personally visiting the numerous scenes I have mentioned, it was a conceit—nothing more—on my part. And this is how it happened. One day, a fortnight since, I found myself carried along in that living stream which daily flows through Cheapside. Suddenly there was an obstruction, and I was in an eddy. At the moment it occurred, my eye was attracted by the representation of a scene with the original of which I was perfectly acquainted, in a shop window of that renowned street,—a street in the very heart of the great Metropolis, far away from the place depicted, and where imagination could move only in fetters. I could not see, as "poor Susan" did see—

> "—— Visions of beauty through Lothbury glide,
> And a river flow on through the vale of Cheapside."

I at once entered the shop, with the intention of becoming its purchaser. More scenes—stereoscopic slides—of the same neighbourhood were produced; I was offered a chair, which I accepted; a stereoscope was placed in my hands; and the consequence was that in two hours, without moving from my seat, I performed the tour of the three kingdoms, and had I so chosen, could have gone round the world in the same manner. It is an easy and cheap way of travelling, and, if it possesses no other advantages, completely does away with the fatigue incident to a long journey, and the chances of accidents on the way.

Now that it has been explained with how much facility one may make oneself acquainted with the surpassing excellence of the landscape scenery of England, let us express a hope that foreign scenery will not be cried up to the disadvantage of the beauties of our own land, but that home-tours will be of more frequent occurrence than heretofore. The views are admirably executed, and will serve as cards of invitation. To those of a philosophic turn of mind they may answer another purpose. They furnish good ground whereon to speculate as to how far scenery has operated in forming the character of our people, and in moulding their institutions; for that peoples are influenced, mentally, physically, and morally, by the scenery by which they are surrounded, does not admit of doubt. Mountaineers are everywhere more superstitious than residents in the plains. Robert Hall was of opinion that it was the flats of Cambridgeshire which excited him to madness. The effect upon the inhabitants of the lofty mountains and deep valleys of Switzerland, is well known to all travellers in that country. Does not the character of the land of Judea discover itself in the writings of the Hebrew bards and prophets? Were not, and are not, the Bœotians noted for their stolidity? And, think you, the scenery of Greece—that scenery which was the creator of spirits in mountain, wood, and stream—was without its influence in the construction of those fair temples and public edifices which were the pride of that land? Situated in groves, and backed by hills of fine form, these buildings were in perfect harmony with the scenery; from their chaste elegance and admirable proportion, they were superb on the site they occupied. But remove them to the plains of Egypt, and how insignificant would they become; how inharmonious; how out of keeping; whilst the Egyptian monuments—vast, mysterious, imposing—would, in turn, be deformities amongst the wrinkled hills and pleasant vales of Hellas.

THOMAS PURNELL.

* Solomon has noticed this peculiarity. In his 5th Song he compares the dignity of a man's countenance to Lebanon. He afterwards describes female beauty, and says "it is like Mount Carmel."

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LIII.—JACOB THOMPSON.

SOME of our readers, whose knowledge of the British school of Art extends little beyond the magnates enrolled in the list of the members of the Royal Academy, will probably, when they see the name which heads this paper, ask, "Who is Jacob Thompson?" But the query would only serve to show that the inquirer has overlooked, or ignorantly turned away from, pictures in the gallery of the Academy, which would well compensate for a lengthened examination. Mr. Thompson is a painter of no mean descriptive powers, pursuing his labours quietly and unostentatiously among the mountain passes of Cumberland and Westmoreland, the locality of his residence, and amid the scenery where, in bygone days, Wordsworth, Southey, the Coleridges, Christopher North, Arnold, De Quincy, and many other gifted minds, walked and meditated, and wrote or sung. Landscape-painters, unless their memories are most retentive, or their imaginations both vivid and varied, as was Turner's, never ought to live in "pent-up cities," or large towns, if they can avoid it: they should be always, and not only in the "sketching season," communing with nature in her own proper garb, and this she cannot assume anywhere but in her own domain; the smoke of the city stains her raiment and dims its richest colours.

The history of artist-life is, as a rule, a story of difficulties, doubts, and disappointments: that of Jacob Thompson's is no exception, as we have heard from his own lips. Persevering energy, however, and an enthusiastic love of his art, combined with the kindness and sympathy of some who saw and appreciated his talent, enabled him to struggle successfully against all adverse circumstances, and have placed him in a position both honourable to himself, and most creditable to the Arts of his country.

Jacob Thompson was born at Penrith, in Cumberland, on the 28th of April, 1807; his family, like that of Benjamin West, belonged to the Society of Friends. The father had been, till 1812, a prosperous manufacturer, but in that year he experienced such unforeseen and complete reverses in trade as resulted in his almost total ruin. Then came the sorrowful realities of life, rendered more bitter to the child from his earlier recollections of affluence and domestic indulgence. As he advanced in years, and a talent for drawing began to manifest itself, his troubles increased also, for the aspirations to become an artist found little favour at home, his parents considering such tastes as a bad symptom in the boy, and one likely, if not checked, to ruin his worldly prospects. The disciples of George Fox, even in those days, held strange notions about Art; they have become wiser since, and have rid themselves in many matters, costume included, of what scarcely half a century ago was thought truly orthodox in their religious and social creeds.

On attaining the age when it was necessary he must be taught some means of gaining a livelihood, to his extreme mortification and disgust, the boy was placed behind the counter of a grocer in Penrith, ostensibly, to supply the place of an absent apprentice, but, in reality, to test his mettle, and to see if it could be brought to bear the yoke. Here the ruling passion developed itself in pen-and-ink portraits and caricatures of the customers. It was impossible to keep a lad employed in weighing out tea and sugar when his mind was wandering in the meadows, among the old grey hills, and by the side of the many-tinted streams of his native country. Young as he was, he determined to leave such employment, nor could remonstrances, threats, and even chastisements, turn him aside from his purpose. At length his parents so far yielded to his importunities as to article him to a common house-painter, in the avowed hope that soiled dress, and other unseemly accompaniments of the craft, would speedily cure one brought up in rigid and precise Quaker habits, of his untoward partiality for the Fine Arts. Though the two years he passed in the business were, to him, years of drudgery, they were not without some ultimate practical utility; for his occupation enabled him to gain such a knowledge of mixing and preparing colours, as proved of considerable service. Artists too often know but little of the nature and preparation of the materials they obtain from the colour-shops, and, therefore, frequently use substances fatal to the stability of their pictures. During the period of this servitude, the time which did not belong to his master was devoted to acquiring a knowledge of drawing and anatomy; in this he was assisted by his father's medical attendant, who lent him parts of a skeleton, which he kept in a box under his bed at home, unknown to his family. Unfortunately his sister one day caught sight of the skull, and having made a due report of the discovery, which she



Engraved by] THE HIGHLAND FERRY-BOAT. [illegible]

did in much consternation, to her parents, young Jacob's anatomical studies terminated, at least for a time; so also, almost contemporaneously, did his apprenticeship, his indentures being cancelled in consequence of his refusal to grind a cask-full of yellow ochre, a task which had been assigned him as a punishment for some alleged neglect of duty. From another master-painter he soon after received an offer of fifteen shillings a week, the largest portion of which went to aid in supplying the necessities of the domestic household; but the master failing in business, the lad was once more thrown out of employ, and being now regarded by those at home as little else than an encumbrance, he was sent forth into the world without resources of any kind; indeed, he would probably have starved, but for the timely aid afforded by his old nurse. The subsequent struggle to obtain even the necessaries of life was an arduous one; for though he might have borrowed money, he had a horror of incurring a debt. He always felt he could not devote his whole attention to the art he so dearly loved, if his mind were not perfectly free respecting pecuniary matters; poverty, absolute penury, was preferable to being in debt. While still in a state of destitution, he set off one day, on foot, to see an exhibition of pictures at Carlisle, eighteen miles from Penrith: he there spent what he called "a happy day," and was preparing to quit the room, most reluctantly, at the closing hour, when the attendant in charge of the gallery, struck probably with the lad's enthusiasm, kindly invited him to repeat his visit next day, and promised him free admission. The offer was gratefully accepted, but such was the low state of his finances, he had to pass the night on some straw in a canal-boat, and he returned home on the following evening, penniless and footsore, but well contented with his journey. We narrate these circumstances to show what a passion for Art possessed Thompson's mind, and the difficulties

he had to contend against in his early years in the prosecution of that which he held so dear. The records of painters exhibit few examples of greater suffering and more persevering efforts. And in speaking of the above facts we do not commit any breach of confidence: there are men who would shrink from any such publicity given to their early history; Mr. Thompson is not of this number, and would rejoice to know that what he has successfully passed through may prove a stimulus to others who may be contending with similar difficulties. There is no more noble spectacle in all the world than that of a youth striving after independence and position in a high and honourable calling: there are in him such fine aspirations, such an inherent confidence in himself and in the future, such a firm belief in the development of his faculties towards excellence; while, on the other hand, he is in daily contact with the cold and partial criticism of the world, so much contemptuous opposition to what is regarded as presumption, and such a daily deadening influence of utter disbelief in what he himself is most firmly persuaded of, that the contest becomes one of the most interesting topics which can engage our attention when we look back upon it from the vantage-ground of victory. All can admire and applaud when the struggle is over, and the man has attained eminence; but how few see anything beyond what they count worthy of a sneer, or of some heartless remark, while the battle is yet being waged and no victor's laurels won.

How long the hapless votary of his fascinating art might have been doomed thus to snatch opportunities, "few and far between," of cultivating his taste, if his path had not been unexpectedly made somewhat clearer and easier to him, it were impossible to tell; but an event now occurred which was productive of a great change in his prospects: it was, in truth, the turning-point of his life. One fine autumnal day, when all Penrith had gathered on the race-course,—for it was the time of the races,—Jacob, alone, with his sketching materials under his arm, had wandered away from the gay and noisy scene, and, seated on an eminence overhanging the rocky bed of the Lowther, near to Brougham grotto, was busy sketching the picturesque bridge crossing the stream. While thus occupied, he was interrupted by the approach of an elderly gentleman, who, on arriving at the bridge, dismounted from his horse, and left it in charge of a groom. "May I see what you are doing?" inquired the stranger.—"Yes, if you please:" and the unfinished sketch is handed up.—"Why are you not on the Penrith race-course?"—"Because I like painting far better." The querist seated himself on the artist's stool, and after leisurely examining the picture, said, "You have made the bridge too red."—"It is built of red sandstone," replied the boy.—"True, but time makes all such objects grey: it is not in harmony, and attracts too much attention. Have you seen any good paintings?"—"A few, at Brougham Hall."—"If you would like to see any works by the old masters, I shall be glad to show you some."—"Thank you; but where am I to see them?"—"Go to Lowther Castle, take with you any sketches you have made, and inquire for Lord Lonsdale." The next day Jacob proceeded to the Castle, and was conducted into the presence of the benevolent old earl, whom he found to be his visitor of the preceding day. His lordship conducted him through his gallery, pointing out the works most worthy of his notice; and told him that if he chose



Engraved by] THE MOUNTAIN RAMBLERS. [Butterworth and Heath.

to study or copy any of them, a room should be set apart for him, and the housekeeper instructed to provide whatever he might require. Of course the offer was most thankfully accepted, and such progress was made that Lord Lonsdale brought some specimens to town, in order to consult Lord Farnborough and other acknowledged connoisseurs how far it might be advisable to place his *protégé* with some London artist. Their decision seems not to have been very favourable; but Lord Lonsdale, desirous of giving the young man every chance, submitted a copy of a large picture by Teniers, which Thompson had painted, to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who recommended, as a further test of his abilities, that he should copy a portrait by himself (Lawrence), of the Hon. Colonel Lowther. The result was so far satisfactory, that Thompson was summoned to London, in 1829, admitted a student at the British Museum, and afterwards at the Royal Academy: in the schools of the latter institution he received much aid and encouragement from Hilton. Lawrence also continued his friend and counsellor, and Sir Robert Smirke, at the instigation of Lord Lonsdale, took great interest in his progress.

The first picture exhibited by Mr. Thompson was full-length portraits of Miss Lowther and her sister, daughters of the Hon. Colonel Lowther, M.P.; it was sent to the Academy in the year 1833. The next, 'Harvest Home in the Fourteenth Century,' was hung at the British Institution in 1837; and was presented afterwards by the artist to his kind patron, Lord Lonsdale, as a token of gratitude for favours received. Prior to, or at, this period, he painted for Colonel Lacy, of Eden Lodge, Cumberland, a large picture of 'Druids cutting Mistletoe.' For several consecutive years the painter, desirous of acquiring a certain independence ere he again ventured upon subjects of this class, occupied himself in portraiture, copying pictures, and in painting views of mansions, &c., for their noble and wealthy proprietors. Under the patronage of Lord Stuart de Rothesay, he visited many of these aristocratic residences, and had access to some of the best picture galleries in the country. For the late Marquis of Bute he painted eight or nine views of his lordship's mansions in Great Britain, and subjects of a similar character for the Duchess of Buccleuch, Lady Willoughby D'Eresby, Lords Carrington, Sefton, Henry Howard, Esq., of Greystoke, and others of the nobility and landed gentry. These conjoined labours of copying the works of preceding painters, and of copying nature, offered two advantages: in the latter case his love of scenery was fostered, and his powers of representing nature were strengthened; and in the former, he made himself acquainted with the style and handling of the principal artists both ancient and modern. But we must pass on to notice the pictures which—or most of which—the public has had the opportunity of seeing exhibited.

Ten years elapsed from the appearance of the 'Harvest Home,' before Mr. Thompson again ventured before the public: when, however, the exhibition opened in Westminster Hall, in 1847, we saw there a work by him, entitled 'The Highlands,' but which has since received the name of 'The Highland Ferry-Boat:' it forms one of our illustrations; Messrs. Hayward, Leggatt & Co., who purchased the picture and the copyright, having courteously allowed us to

copy it. The painting was engraved for them, on a large scale, by Mr. Willmore, A.R.A., and has proved very successful as an engraving, several thousand impressions having been disposed of. The composition is very effective and true, and is painted with considerable ability. 'The Proposal,' exhibited at the Academy in 1848, represents a group of figures on a lawn before an old baronial mansion: in a corner of the composition are a lady and gentleman, seated, and apart from the rest; they explain the title: it is a well-studied and carefully-painted picture. In the following year he exhibited 'Acis and Galatea.' Though this picture differs so greatly from the subjects usually selected by the artist, it manifests considerable ability in representing the nude figure, is good in colour and drawing, and is very effective as a composition. 'Ulleswater, from Sharrow Bay,' a charming bit of landscape, and 'Ptarmagan,' a bit of *still-life*, were exhibited in 1850. 'The Highland Bride's Departure,' another of our illustrations, was sent to the Academy in the next year: it is the property of Mr. F. Somes, the eminent ship-owner, and has been engraved, on a large scale, by Willmore. The work is expressive of much true and natural feeling, and is most judiciously treated; but, looking at it artistically, it seems somewhat deficient in effect, the interest of the subject is not sufficiently concentrated. 'Autumnal Evening, Loch Etive,' a very agreeable transcript of lake scenery, and 'Going to Church—a Scene in the Western Highlands,' appeared in 1852; both of these works well maintained the position the artist had acquired by his former productions. Under the title of 'The Hope Beyond,' he exhibited, in 1853, a composition representing a party of Highland emigrants about to embark in a vessel which is seen at a distance on the ocean. This is, perhaps, the best picture, in many respects, from the pencil of Mr. Thompson. In grouping, expression, and colour, it leaves little or nothing to be desired: we have heard that it is being engraved on a large scale. 'The Course of True Love never did run smooth,' painted, in 1854, for the Academy, is an old story true to its sentiment, and depicted as pleasantly as we might expect a disagreeable subject to be; for one does not like to see young lovers unhappy. 'The Mountain Ramblers' was exhibited in 1855: a duplicate of this picture, painted for Mr. S. C. Hall, and slightly altered, is that from which the annexed engraving was taken; the subject is simple enough, but it is sweetly portrayed. Somewhat of a similar character is 'Sunny Hours of Childhood,' exhibited the year following, with another work called 'Looking Out for the Homeward Bound.' In 1857 appeared 'The Pet Lamb,' another of those Highland region scenes which this artist represents so agreeably. From that year till 1860 no picture was sent to the Academy by him: last year he exhibited 'The Signal,' of which we shall have to speak hereafter; it is in the hands of an engraver for future insertion in the *Art-Journal*.

Among other works painted by Mr. Thompson, but not exhibited, mention may be made of 'Crossing the Loch,' of which a large engraving by Mr. Mottram was published a short time since; 'She would and she would not;' 'Home in the Highlands,' a large work painted for Henry Askew, Esq., of Connishead Priory; 'The First Meet,' belonging to Henry Howard, Esq., of Greystoke



Engraved by] THE HIGHLAND BRIDE'S DEPARTURE. [illegible]

Castle; to these must be added several pictures of field sports, in which are introduced family portraits of many leading members of the aristocracy: these decorate some of the "stately halls of England." Two paintings of a different order must also be referred to: these are 'The Agony in the Garden,' and 'The Annunciation,' painted in 1845 for altar-pieces in the church of St. Andrew's, Penrith. In Walker's "History of Penrith," we find the following remarks respecting these works:—"They were painted to supply the place of those executed in 1722, which had been destroyed by damp and neglect. On removing the old plaster, the battens and oak laths were discovered to be perfectly sound; and on this framework was spread a coat of Roman cement, afterwards saturated with drying oil, over which a coat of oil mastic was applied, forming a substantial ground for the present paintings. It is to be regretted that in preparing the wall for the purpose a flat surface was not substituted for the former concave, as the designs of Mr. Thompson deserve to be studied by the help of a much better light than is at present obtainable. The serious difficulties which the long narrow strips of wall must have presented have been ingeniously obviated by the painter's choice of subject. On the left of the chancel window is represented the Angel announcing to the Shepherds the Nativity of our Saviour; on the right, the scene is the Garden of Gethsemane: and these two instances of angelic mission are happily combined over the archway by hosts of celestial figures gradually absorbed in a glory of light. The design and execution of these paintings have been warmly commended by connoisseurs, and the paintings themselves, particularly the Annunciation, will repay attentive study. They are works of Art of which the town ought to be proud—especially as the production of a native artist." We can only express an opinion of these pictures by photographic copies which have come before us; judging by these, we can testify to the boldness and power of the compositions.

The same energy which, in earlier days, triumphed over difficulties that would have crushed a more feeble spirit, still makes its way through every hindrance. Mr. Thompson's career has been steady and persevering, and there is little doubt of his reaching a higher position than has hitherto fallen to his lot. His feeling for colour is good, but is sometimes rather weak in expression, and a little more "focusing" of his figures, to use an artistic expression, would greatly increase the general effect of his pictures. His appreciation of nature is just and refined, and he has the faculty of rendering his works popular by his simple and pleasant method of treating them.

Everyone who is acquainted with the structure and character of the mountain scenery amid which this painter resides, can scarcely fail to acknowledge the truth of his pencil in representing it: rocks, in all their varieties of tint, form, and texture, he seems to have studied especially, and he depicts them with a fidelity and power which, to many, render these portions of his works the most attractive; the foregrounds, also, of his pictures show much careful study among the richly-coloured plants and herbage which clothe moorland, heath, and rocky dell, in the beautiful lake districts of England.

J. Dafforne.

TENNYSON'S "PRINCESS."*

We recur to this very beautiful volume, a short notice of which appeared in our last month's number, being tempted so to do by the opportunity afforded us by Messrs. Moxon and Co., the publishers, to introduce some examples of the exquisite illustrations which grace it. Perhaps through the whole catalogue of living artists not one could be found so competent to give the poet's ideas an appropriate pictorial character—one that is identified with the true spirit of the verse—as Mr. Maclise, who is, *par excellence*, the painter of the age of chivalry,—

> "Of tales that deal with knights,
> Half legend, half historic, counts and kings,
> Who laid about them at their wills, and died."

Such a scene is that which appears in our first engraving, illustrating the tournament so graphically described towards the end of the poem. Whether Mr. Maclise intended it or not, it seems to us that the subject and the design are alike in character; both are mediæval, as if the former were sketched by a hand unacquainted with the peculiar attributes of more modern art. The horse is of the Greek sculptural type, and looks small in comparison with his mailed rider: the crowd of spectators in the background is full of variety and animation. The next is an exquisitely rich grouping of figures, the scene in the pavilion:—

> "But when we planted level feet, and dipt
> Beneath the satin dome and entered in,
> There leaving deep in broider'd down we sank
> Our elbows: on a tripod in the midst
> A fragrant flame rose, and before us glow'd
> Fruit, blossom, viand, amber wine, and gold."

Cyril is singing the song which disperses the assembly, who fly—

> "As flies
> A troop of snowy doves athwart the dusk,
> When some one batters at the dovecote-doors."

In this picture, too, the background exhibits almost as much refined and careful composition as the foreground.

The first illustration on the opposite page represents the three adventurers, or knights-errant, the Prince, Florian, and Cyril, at the hostelry, preparing, by deception, to gain admittance to the University for maidens, of which the Princess Ida is the Principal: the host is arraying them in female habiliments, to qualify them to go "into residence." The artist's well known skill as a draughtsman, as well as his luxuriant imagination, are finely displayed in this picture, one of the choicest in the volume. The last is taken from the prologue: it is altogether of a modern character, the picnic party in the ruined abbey, where Sir Walter's young guests have assembled, with the maiden aunt, Elizabeth—the lady in spectacles—as their Mentor.

Of other pictorial subjects in the book may be pointed out as worthy of especial notice, the 'Return of the Ambassadors to the Court of the Northern King' (we give them our own titles, for none are supplied); 'The Three Knights-errant in the presence of the Southern King;' 'The Arrival at the Gate of the University;' 'The Lecture-room;' 'Florian recognising his Sister;' 'The Rescue of the Princess;' 'The College Gates,' an exquisite design of combined sculpture and metal-work; 'Florian discovering his Sister in the Camp;' and 'Ida watching by the Prince's Couch.' Interspersed with these are some perfect little gems illustrating the songs sung by the ladies in the ruins, between the recital of the longer poem: each of these deserves a setting of pure gold. There are two respectively incorporated with the songs, "As through the land at eve we went," and "Home they brought her warrior dead," which it would be injustice not to notice especially, so true are they both to nature and art.

Of the numerous illustrated books which during many years past have come under our notice, we know of none, as we said before, that will bear away the palm from this, which has one merit not frequently found in works of a similar class—the designs are all from the hands of one master, and



he ranks among the greatest of our age; as a consequence, there is a uniformity of feeling, as well as of style, throughout the whole, and also a general uniformity of excellence; if some please rather less



than others, it is chiefly because the subjects are, or, at least, seem to be, less attractive in character.

* The Princess: A Medley. By Alfred Tennyson, D.C.L., Poet Laureate. With Twenty-six Illustrations engraved on wood, by Dalziel, Green, Thomas, and E. Williams, from drawings by Daniel Maclise, R.A. Published by E. Moxon and Co., London.

We can scarcely suppose that Mr. Maclise himself drew the designs upon the wood; if he did not, he has found a most skilful copyist, for the fidelity and beauty of the translations cannot be questioned. The engravers, too, have worked with a determination to do full justice to the artist, and have produced as fine and delicate examples of the art of wood engraving as any we remember to have seen.

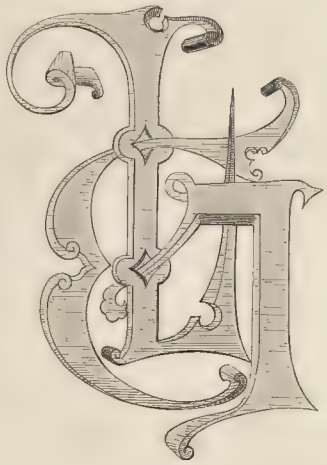




RAMBLES OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST
AMONG
OLD BOOKS AND IN OLD PLACES.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

Leaving for a time the contemplation of the Art-manufactures of to-day, it will be our object, in a few discursive essays, to take a survey of what was done during the lengthened period popularly known as the "middle ages," and to trace their effects on the world of taste through succeeding centuries; not so much with an eye to the description of what



was then done, as to make such doings available as hints to modern manufacturers in the adoption of their most quaint or original features.

Long after the extinction of the practical Art-power evolved from the master minds of Greece and Rome, though rudely shattered by the northern tribes, it failed not to enforce from them an admission of its grandeur. Loving, as all rude nations do, so much of Art as goes to the adornment of life, they also felt that there was a still higher aim in the enlarged spirit of classic invention. It is recorded that one of these ancient chieftains gazed thoughtfully in Rome upon the noble statuary of the fallen race, and declared it the work of men superior to any then remaining, and that all the creations of such lost power should be carefully preserved. The quaint imaginings of uncivilised Art-workmanship bore the impress of a strong but ruder nature; elaboration took the place of elegance, magnificence that of grandeur. Slowly, as centuries evolved, the Art-student came back to the purity of antique taste; but the process was a tardy one,



each era preferring the impress of its own ideas: and though the grotesque contortions of mediæval statuary be occasionally modified by the influence of better Art on the Gothic mind, it was not till the revival of the study of classic literature, in the fifteenth century, that men began to inquire into the Art of the past ages, and endeavoured to obtain somewhat of its sacred fire for the use of their own. The study was rewarded, and the style popularly known as that of the *Renaissance* rapidly spread its influence over the world of Art, sanctioned by the favour of such master-minds as Raphael, and the great men of his era.

It was not, however, to be expected that any style should be resuscitated in all its purity without the admixture of some peculiarity emanating from the art which adopted it, and which was more completely the mode of the era. The *Renaissance* is, therefore, a Gothic classicality, engrafting classic form and freedom on the decorative quaintnesses of the middle ages. The example below is as pertinent a specimen as could be obtained of this characteristic: the Greek volute and the Roman foliage are made to combine with the hideous inventions of monkery, the grotesque heads that so often disfigure the most sacred edifices. In this instance they seem to typify death and hell, over whom the Saviour was victorious by his mortal agony: the emblems of which occupy the central shield, and tell with much simple force the story of man's redemption. Mediæval Art has not unfrequently the merit of much condensation of thought, always particularly visible in its choice of types, by which to express in a simple form a precise religious idea, at once appealing to the mind of the spectator, and bringing out a train of thought singularly diffuse when its slight origin is considered.

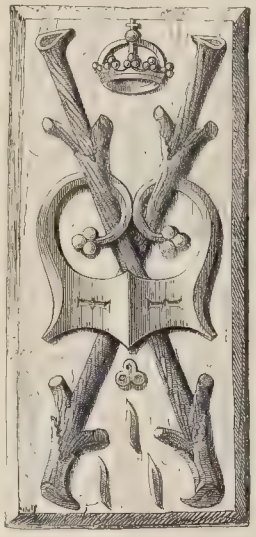
The easy applicability of the revived art to the taste for fanciful display which characterised the fifteenth century, led to its universal adoption in



decoration; but the wilder imaginings of the living artist always tampered with the grand features of the design. The panels on this page are instances. The griffins have lost their classic character, and have assumed the Gothic; the foliations are also subjected to the same process. The design is, however, on the whole, an excellent example of the mode in which the style appeared as a decoration in the houses of the nobility, whose love of heraldic display was indulged by the wood carver in panelled rooms rich with similar compartments.



Heraldry, with all its adjuncts, had become so great a passion with the noble, that the invention of the artist and the student was taxed for badges and mottoes by noble families. The custom flourished most in Italy, where the *impresa* of a noble house spoke to the eye at once, whether it was found on a sword hilt or over a church door. We give as an instance that adopted by the bold Dukes of Burgundy, sovereigns in their own dominions, and exciting much terror of rivalry in the minds of the kings of France themselves. Their *badge*, or *impresa*, was indicative of their rude power; a couple of knotted clubs, saltier-wise, help to support a

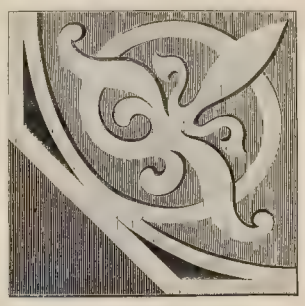


somewhat conventional figure of the flint used for striking fire; the whole surmounted by the ducal crown, and intended to indicate by analogous reflection the vigour of the ducal house. As a bold defiance, a rival house adopted the *rabot*, or carpenter's plane, by which they indicated their determination to smooth by force the formidable knots from the clubs of the proud rulers of Burgundy.

The art of enamelling, which had reached a high degree of perfection in the Roman era, was refined upon in the middle ages, and ultimately its character was so much altered thereby that it ended in rivalling painting, rather than retaining its own particular features, as all Arts should do. It may be fairly considered that originally it was used simply to enrich by vitrified colour articles of use and ornament. Metal was incised, and the ornamental spaces thus obtained filled with one tint of enamel colour, each compartment having its own. By this means very brilliant effects were often produced, all



the more striking from the pure strength of their simplicity. It was not till the twelfth century that an attempt at floating colours together was made, and this led ultimately to a pictorial treatment of enamel which destroyed its truest character. The very old form was, however, practised in the latest days of its use; and our engraving of the very beautiful knife-handle, designed by Virgil Solis at the end of the sixteenth century, was intended to be filled with a dark blue enamel, in the parts here represented in black, while the interstices of the cross-shaped ornaments above would receive some lighter tint of warmer hue. The birds and foliage would be carefully engraved, the lines of shadow



filled with a permanent black, thus assuring a general brilliancy of effect. Such knives were by no means an uncommon decoration of the table at the period when this was designed: it is now a branch of art utilised until all trace of design has gone from it; for we cannot accept the slight scroll work and contour of a modern silver knife-handle as a piece of Art-workmanship, when we remember the beautiful objects of the kind produced in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, gorgeous in design and colour, and occasionally enriched by jewels or amber.

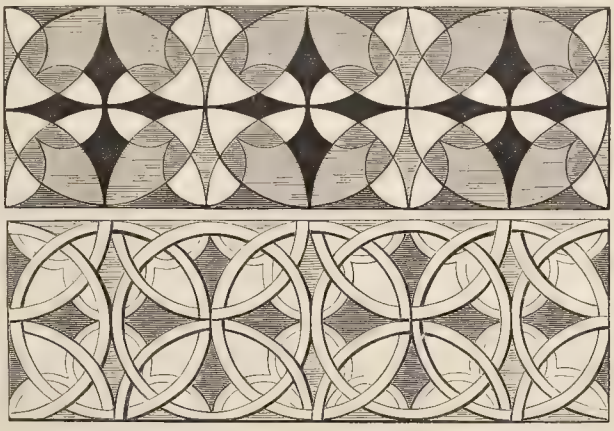
There is one class of ancient manufacturing art which has been revived for the use of the modern world with considerable success. We allude to the

Roman works in mosaic, which have furnished designs for our encaustic tile-manufacturers, and our floor-cloth painters. Quaint and peculiar in its necessary features, it is singularly well adapted for artizans in both materials. There is also a great variety in the ornamental details of ancient pavements, at home and abroad; the geometric forms being at times very peculiar, as in the specimen we give at the top of our present page, which has been selected from one discovered at Aldborough, in Yorkshire (the Isurium Brigantum of the Romans), a lonely spot containing many traces of its ancient importance, and which has furnished an abundance of relics for the notice of the antiquary from the days of Camden, who describes it with that happy brevity that accompanies full knowledge. The pavement we engrave may be seen in full coloured detail in Mr. Ecroyd Smith's volume on Isurium; the borders placed on each side are portions of other pavements from the same place, selected as showing the commonest and the most unusual patterns. The variety and beauty of design and colour in encaustic tiles adopted by mediævalists, may be slightly illustrated by the quaint specimen of foliation at the foot of the preceding page. The conjunction of four such tiles produces great variety in pattern, and excellent contrasts of colour.

Geometric form, in all its endless variety, was



particularly studied in the middle ages, and decorative enrichments of all kind subjected to its ruling control. We add two specimens of glass-painting, which are in reality the same design slightly varied in the disposition of the tints, and the interlacing of the double or strap-lines of one; while the other has them single only. The striking variety that any given design may elicit, by a mere re-arrangement of this interlaced work, or by a different disposition of the coloured compartments, will at once be apparent; it was worked out with singularly good effect by the older artists in decoration of all kinds. The key on page 13, and the latch on this, are examples of quaint old Gothic metal works. The latter is copied from the old Hôtel de Ville of Bruges; the dragon is used as a lever to



lift the latch, and is one of those grotesque imaginings in which the old Art workmen frequently disported.

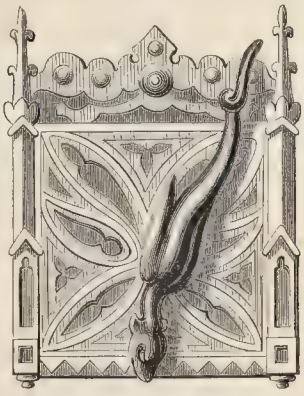
When the Dukes of Urbino, dazzled with the brilliancy of the Moorish pottery, had determined to rival their workmanship in manufactories upon their own principality, the so-called Raffaelle-ware soon afterwards fascinated the Italians, by the quaint design and beautiful colour of the dishes and vases there produced. Though popularly named after the great painter, it was unlikely that he had aught to do therewith; but his designs were occasionally adapted to its use by the workmen. The circular plateau on the next page is a good example of the bold character and vigour of effect occasionally produced in these works.

Wood panelling we have already alluded to, and the large amount of decoration it occasionally displayed. Our concluding cut is a beautiful instance of the grace that characterised the style known as the *flamboyant*, from the flowing or flame-like curve adopted for the leading lines. In this instance they are happily blended with the earlier Gothic cusps, and the quaint ivy-leaves that spring easily out of the severer lines. The ease with which heraldry may be introduced in the design, gave it a peculiar charm to our ancestors; but in this instance the shields bear the sacred monograms—a purpose to



which they were devoted very constantly in the church, and sometimes further enriched with religious emblems, as terse and striking as the heraldic ones we have given in the early portion of this essay.

We give two small drawings of cabinet-handles in this column, part of the elaborate fittings of a piece of furniture which occupied the place of honour in



the state-rooms of the wealthy, and upon which the Art of the day was generally lavished with a most liberal hand. Ivory, ebony, and the rarest woods were employed in their construction, occasionally *plaques* of *lapis lazuli*, or coloured marbles, were used for the panels; ultimately the whole surface became an encrusted mosaic of figures, birds, and flowers, in coloured wood and stone, occasionally framed in the precious metals. The gorgeous taste of Louis



Quatorze excited the fancy of the *ébenistes* of his court to the most costly invention. Furniture inlaid with engraved metal-work, or embossed with coloured stones, oppressed the sense of utility; and when tables, chairs, and picture-frames were made of solid silver, chased and overloaded with the scroll-work he so abundantly patronised, common sense seems to have yielded its place to mere display. Despite of the costly character of such works, and their destination

as the decoration of a palace, they are positive vulgarisms, and we feel little regret when we read in history of the disastrous wars at the close of the king's career, which obliged him to melt down the silver furniture of Versailles, and convert it into cash for the payment of his soldiers.

There was more honesty of purpose in the old Art-workers, who never swerved from a leading principle. Hence the educated eye can at once detect a piece of genuine old decorative furniture from a made-up bit of pseudo-imitation. It must be borne in mind that specimens of genuine old work are by no means common; the abundance which Wardour Street and other localities can supply to order by the cart-load, are ingenious adaptations of fragments of old work pieced and placed together for a general effect; but which are sometimes ludicrous, from the mixture of bits of all ages and style in one cabinet or sideboard. Some twenty years ago the city of Rouen was a mine of wealth to furniture makers. The elaborately carved panels and chimney-pieces in the stately houses of the old



Norman capital, were converted into all kinds of articles for domestic display. The progress of "improvement," as well as the slower process of decay, have cleared that place of many of its fine features of domestic architecture; but its beauties have had an enduring memento in the curious volumes by the artist Langlois, of Pont-de-l'Arche, completed after his death by M. Delaquérrière. In this work every ancient building is carefully noted and described, throughout every street of the city; and the finest or most curious examples engraved with a minute truthfulness for which Langlois was justly celebrated; and which drew forth the plaudits of our travelling bibliomaniac, Dr. Dibdin, in the sumptuous work devoted to his foreign tour in search of rarities.

In our next paper we propose to follow the Doctor in his investigation of old books, and exhibit some few of the enrichments that artist and engraver gave to the written or printed volumes which passed from their hands; at the same time we shall endeavour to take a more general survey of the adaptation of Art to works of ordinary use.



The quaint manner in which letters were sometimes braced together may be seen in the engraving at the commencement of the present article; occasionally, a name was thus formed in monogram which would require much ingenuity to unravel, inasmuch as the entire letters made but one interlaced and closely-compacted group, each limb or portion of a letter helping also to form part of another. In the hospital founded at Edinburgh by the famous goldsmith, George Heriot,—the favourite goldsmith and jeweller of James I., a monarch who fully appreciated his art,—the name of "Jingling Geordie," as his majesty playfully called him, is sculptured in such a group, which appears at first sight an enigma few could unravel; indeed, without knowing what letters to look for, and how to arrange them, it is a chance if they would be arranged correctly. Such a mode of marking would, however, have its advantages, for it would enable those who were in the secret to unravel the mystery of the true proprietorship of any valuable article unfairly abstracted. The shields in our concluding cut are filled with monograms less elaborate, but bearing a sufficient affinity to those alluded to, to aid in understanding the rest.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

CALIGULA'S PALACE AND BRIDGE, BAY OF BAIÆ.

Engraved by E. Goodall.

An architectural dream; a vision of palaces surpassing in extent, if not in grandeur, everything which imperial Rome ever beheld; a combination of temples, towers, and colonnades, stretching out for miles into the distance, and presenting more the appearance of a vast and magnificent city than of a single edifice devoted to one purpose. It seems as if Turner had grouped together in one locality all the architectural ideas he collected in his visits to Italy, and had laid out and planted the ground in its immediate vicinity with the most exquisite feeling for pictorial effect. But amid all the grandeur there is a sense of desolation, and before the sun, now rising up in splendour behind the ruined tower, had scattered the vanished darkness and given light and vitality to the scene, one might readily imagine the owl and the bat taking their flight between those stately columns and round those richly-decorated façades. Nothing can be more beautiful than the composition, as a whole or in its details.

The picture was exhibited at the Academy in 1831, and by way of explanation, or as a text for the theme, the following lines from the painter's "Fallacy of Hope" were appended to the title:—

> "What now remains of all the mighty bridge
> Which made the Lucrine lake an inner pool,
> Caligula, but many fragments left,
> As monuments of doubt and ruined hopes,
> Yet gleaming in the morning's ray, that tell
> How Baiæ's shore was loved in times gone by."

The Bay of Baiæ is about seven or eight miles from Naples: the bridge which the Roman Emperor Caligula, whose name is synonymous with that of the arch-fiend, had constructed from the mole at Puteoli, now known as Pozzuoli, stretched across the bay, at the two extreme points seen in the distance of the picture, where Turner has introduced a bridge. But Caligula's bridge was a temporary construction of planks laid upon boats, and was made to disprove a prophecy uttered by Thrasyllus, a celebrated mathematician, or, according to others, by Trasullus, an astrologer of Rhodes, that he, Caligula, "would no more be emperor than he could drive his chariot across the Bay of Baiæ." The prophecy was of course spoken ere Caligula assumed the purple, and the Roman historian, Suetonius, gives a graphic description of the ceremony which accompanied the opening of the bridge—the drunken festivals, the impious orgies, and the cruelties practised. He also states that the country adjacent was reduced to a state of destitution, as the vessels employed in importing corn were seized by the tyrant for the bridge, which was three miles in length.

From the ancient city of Puteoli there stretched out into the bay a mole, built on arches, of which thirteen still remain, and are visible above the water. Turner assumed these to be portions of Caligula's bridge, and has erected a structure, complete in all its parts, upon them. The neighbourhood of Puteoli abounds with ruins of temples, baths, theatres, and villas, but there is little else to be seen than mere fragmentary parts; yet some of these are of considerable architectural value, while the foundations of many of the edifices are now under water.

The district around Puteoli, or Pozzuoli, is still celebrated for the mineral springs for which it was noted in the time of the old Romans, who resorted to it for the sake of the springs: it was also famous as a mart of commerce, and while the shore was covered with arsenals, docks, and the warehouses of merchants, the hills were studded with the villas of patricians. The ravages of invaders, the upheaving of earthquakes, and the overflowing of waters, have, however, laid waste its beauty and depopulated its inhabitants, of which a few thousands only reside within an extensive district. The chief business of many of these is the manufacture of *antiquities*, for such visitors as are curious in ceramic ware.

The picture is in the National Gallery at Kensington.



ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "LIFE IN SPAIN," AND "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER."

No. I.—MURILLO AND THE BEGGAR-BOY.

INTRODUCTION.

THE great Spanish painter, Bartholomew Stephen Murillo, was born in Seville, of poor parents, towards the end of the year 1617. An irresistible instinct, first evidenced by defaced walls and marred school-books, led his father to at once send Bartholomew to the studio of his kinsman, Juan del Castillo, a painter of some merit, but hereafter chiefly to be remembered as the master of Murillo and Cano. Art at this time managed to exist without academies, and the great painter's room was where small painters were educated. In 1640, Castillo removed to Cadiz, and Murillo was left masterless, to grope as he could his way to higher places.

Too poor to be able to pay for admittance to the school of Zurburan, the ploughman's son—that Titanic master of the brush—driven by necessity, the brave stripling—for he was not much more than boy—betook himself to the Feria, a Thursday market, where, amid stores of salt cod-fish, suspicious meat, half-decayed melons, piles of red pipkins, lumber of clothes, mats, and rusty iron,—a place infested by thievish gipsies, noisy muleteers, and mendicant friars, in a broad, open street, at the north end of the old Alameda, where I have myself so often wandered, and in front of the semi-Moorish Church of All Saints,—Murillo stood to earn a few reals by selling swift sketches and "religious daubs." Here, amid clamour and dust, he painted, in the open air, beggar-boys, as we may fairly suppose, and certainly saints, landscapes, fruit-pieces, and flower-pieces.

In concluding these prefatory remarks, I feel urged to express my obligations to that most delightful and sound book, "Stirling's Annals of the Artists of Spain." Still, perhaps I should never have written this scene, had I not myself been a lover of Seville and a studier in that fair city of the works of the devout Murillo. To me, while I write this semi-dramatic sketch, come back, in a mezzotint of twilight, most sweet visions of its grand old Moorish tower, that dominates over all else; the cathedral, whose roof seems blossoming into pinnacles; of royal Alcazar; and of quaint, blue-tiled churches, once mosques.

Scene—THE FERIA.

Bad goat's flesh, of an ill odour, is selling fast, and noisy peasants, who vend it from time to time, slap off the black knots of flies that threaten to carry off bodily one particular kid, found drowned last night in the river, near the Inquisition House. Gipsy boys, with dry elfin black hair, bare dusty feet and ragged doublets, showing here and there patches of their brown Egyptian skin, loll on the ground among brittle piles and fragile rows of cream-coloured and red pipkins, destined to become odorous some day or other with many a poor hidalgo's *olla*. Lean, keen rascals hover about heaps of rusty chains, keys, and other iron lumber, as anxious about it as if it were Mexican gold; from one of them a miserly Sancho purchases a rusty pair of merchants' scales. Two old duennas are haggling over some half-worn-out matting with a Catalonian trader. Horse clippers, pedlars, and water-carriers jostle about among the crowd; the street boys, with watering lips, watch the fruitseller, who with a huge knife slices out tremendous sections of red-flesh, juicy melons, on the pink pulp of which the black seeds stick like so many hungry flesh-flies. Here and there, on the outskirts of the crowd, on their way to All Saints' Church, pass mantillas or suits of beribboned doublets, silk cloaks, fans, and swords, learning no lesson of the "vanity of vanities" from that fluttering cluster of faded liveries, and bruised and draggled plumes, that hang from the stall of yonder old-clothesman.

We look for Murillo, and find him at last in a quiet corner, hemmed in behind a sort of stand, on which his saints and fruit-pieces are spread, sheltered from the intolerable sun by a well-tanned awning. A picture of a beggar-boy eating a pie, watched by another who is throwing dice, and by a wistful dog, is on his easel before him. And what sort of a stripling is this Murillo of Seville? Why a keen black-eyed Andalusian lad, with rather a square, firm jaw, a bold nose, and vivacious, arched eyebrows. His upper lip is long, it is true, but the lower is full fleshed, kindly, and humorous. His wiry black brows, and his thin slight moustachio and imperial, conduce also to a certain elastic and versatile acuteness that specially mark his good-natured, gentle, and yet spirited face. His dark hair is beautiful, and falls in rich waving masses upon his well-made shoulders. His forehead is high, full, and swelling with genius and humour. There is no fear the orphan painter will long be a denizen of the Thursday fair, or long toil to sell religious daubs to adorn Mexican and West Indian churches. Soon will come the time when he will have, in the palace of the Escurial, to doff that faded old grey doublet and trite black cloak for cloth of gold and satin of azure.

See, he is reading a letter from his old master, Castillo, just received from Cadiz.

* * * * *

"'To GRIND GOLD.—Mix gold-leaf with four drops of honey, and put in a small glass vessel, diluting it for use with Arabian gum-water.'

"Dear master, where am I to get gold to grind? Is it to be picked up amidst these pot-sherds and old iron? But dear Castillo was ever a fond dreamer. What else says he of these rare secrets of the Flemish painter which he sends me as the dearest treasures of his knowledge?

"'A little umber with bone-black and lake forms a colour, my son, of Venetian richness for shadows.

"'Avoid verdigris and lamp-black as you would poison; and remember that asphaltum is a magical pigment, frail as friendship—deceitful as woman's love.'

"Dear master, to remember his poor orphan, Stephen, left all alone in Seville. Ah! here is a receipt of 'jewel value' to him who depicts the Virgin:—

"'Paint the drapery with black and white—the light very strong, and the shades very dark; then powder with some of the Venetian azure that I send thee. I begin to love much this fair, bright city of the sea, and regain my health, though slowly, slowly. Greet for me specially of all my friends Don Andres de Andrado. And now, with all blessings from the Virgin and the saints, my dear son in Art, farewell.

"'A seller of mules between here and Granada conveys this to you.'"

As Murillo kisses the letter, in tumbles, through the stacks of pictures, half pulling down the awning, Jose, the mule boy—Murillo's model for his beggar picture. He is gnawing a slice of melon, and keeps looking back fiercely at some object in the distance, which he curses, shaking his fist at it and using contumelious gestures.

"Why so late, Jose?" says Murillo, preparing his brushes and palette. "All Saints struck two half an hour ago. Did I not say 'two' a dozen times, you scapegrace of the Feria?"

"'The devil have all bad men.' Yes, Master Stephen; and not all the saints could have kept me from coming though there had been a bull-fight to see, and twenty gallant horses to hold. But, *demonio!* it was all that accursed mulatto boy, Perez, at the melon-stall over yonder, at the Alameda Gate, whom you were going to paint with me throwing dice for a sausage pie. Oh, Master Stephen, give me a real for the love of heaven, and let me now buy such a pie. The man there at the melon-stall sells such wonderful pies."

"Nonsense, Jose; lie down in that corner by the fruit-basket in your old position. Keep still one hour by All Saints' clock, and reals enough for several of the wonderful carrion pies shall be yours. No sleeping this time, Jose, and no changing your face by screaming out abuse at Black Perez, for I won't have it."

"Oh, saints above! how beautiful, Master Stephen. Do let me look at that picture of the lady with the white turban and the rose in it. Why, she is twice as pretty as our chief's wife, who was whipped yesterday for mule stealing. Is that a saint, Master Stephen?"

"No," answered Murillo, kindly, "no, Jose, a flower girl at Pilas that I drew the other day to send as a present to my old master, Don Juan de Castillo. Your head a little more round, Jose—that's better; hands—"

"So?"

"Yes."

"What, old wooden Don Juan, who used to ride the stiff-legged white horse that wasn't worth stealing?"

"I don't know, Jose, what is worth stealing."

"Don't you, Master Stephen? what, not jewel brooches at mass time, and stray mules, and fruit over a wall—watches in a crowd, and—"

"Jose, Jose, you child of Barabbas, if you go on as you have begun you'll some day or other climb the gallows, I fear."

"Oh, Master Stephen, is that for me—that beautiful rosy-brown colour? Oh, Master Stephen, how clever you are!"

"Hands off, Jose, or I'll use my sword sheath to your knuckles. Who taught you to steal?"

"Father, Master Stephen; he took great pains with me. He says I have the quickest fingers of any lad in the Feria. Do you know—but don't you tell—he don't want me to sit to you. Says he, 'Jose, don't be a slave of that painting-man, but go to mass, and try and nip off some gold buttons from one of the Busnè fool's cloaks.' Yes he did, 'pon my word, Master Stephen. Oh, father calls it wasting time, Don Estevan. Give me pie now—do, Don Estevan."

"Do you ever work, Jose, honestly?"

"Yes, Master Stephen—you might as well let me have that pie—I was working all day yesterday with father, clipping mules. Shlick! shlick! Oh don't the sheers sound pretty! I like the smell of the hair frizzling; and isn't it fun when Jack Mule kicks—so long as it isn't us he kicks you know, Master Stephen! Are *you* hungry?"

"Push the basket a little further from your right leg, and don't touch those melons—they are not for you."

"What's the use of painting me, Master Stephen? Wouldn't it be more fun to paint the bull-fight, with all the ladies shaking their fans when the lancers, in blue and scarlet, and the *Chulos*, in black and orange, run together at the bull, and draw him off the bleeding Busnè. O what a time is that when Don Toro roars and paws the ground, and his horns get every minute redder and wetter with the Busnè's bitter blood. O *demonio*, master, isn't it!"

"Jose, don't keep prattling so, don't you see I'm doing your hands; and you keep shaking them as if you were driving a herd of bulls. No pie, mind, if you are not quieter."

"Oh, have pity on a poor gipsy boy, Master Stephen, and don't be angry—I will be good; but how could I keep quiet when I thought of the bull-fight the other day at the great duke's wedding?"

"Jose, Jose, what is it now?—the pies ain't flying away, are they? There'll be more left when the hour's over than you'll want, I am sure. Three reals will buy more than one pie."

"Yes, they will two. Oh, don't I wish the hour was over."

"Jose, Jose, I shall have to get the sword sheath to you. What is it now?"

"Oh, Master Stephen, here is a grave gentleman in black and purple, with a great white lace collar on, coming this way. He has a white dog with him. Ugh, dog! get away, dog! I could get five crowns for that dog."

"It is Don Andres de Andrado, then. Rest a bit, Jose, and feed on the wonderful pie by anticipation."

At this moment Don Andres, a worthy verger of the cathedral, enters, and accosts the young painter with a fatherly air.

"The last time I came to your stall, Master Stephen," said the good official, "I found you being worried by a garrulous barefooted friar, who insisted on his reals being returned if you did not instantly convert Our Lady of Carmel into St. Francis de Paula crossing the sea on a cloak, that estimable saint having lately become the fashion in this our fair but fickle city of Seville. Boy, touch not my pocket, or I will give thee my benediction with this ivory staff."

"Jose, beware of the sheath," said Murillo; "and now, Jose, just grind me some more of that brown colour while I talk a moment to Don Andres. Half an hour more remember, Jose, and the pie—the pie is your own."

"Oh, Master Stephen, how I wish that half hour were over," sighed Jose, lazily crushing the colour he was ordered.

"This boy and his fellows," said the cathedral official grandly, carefully arranging his band strings as he spoke, "are the very vermin of this city of Seville; may God's angels ever guard and bless it."

"I should like to let this pestle drop on the old fool's toes," thought Jose.

"They hang in thievish crowds about the gates, and even our doorways; they sleep in the sun—"

"Isn't there sun enough for all of us?" thought Jose.

"They cut off our mules' tails; they pick our pockets in our blessed cathedral, at the very moment of the elevation of the Host; they are our intriguing gallants' Ganymedes; they are the clamorous disturbers at our bull-fights; they are the vexing flies, the tormenting mosquitoes, the rats, the fleas even of this holy city; had I a voice, the Holy Inquisition would look after the little pagans! No, Master Stephen, loving thee and thy art as I do, I grieve to see thee waste thy genius on such carrion."

"Carrion in thy teeth, old church-sweeper," growled out Jose, in an under breath.

"Don Andres, my dear old friend," said Murillo, "one cannot always be painting the ecstacies of saints and the beatification of virgins. Wine is a good thing, but our common drink is water. I like these Joses of the streets, in their ragged freedom, in their Arab independence, as they quarrel over dice, or chaffer about the damaged melons and the bruised grapes. Sometimes among them I find a young Indian Bacchus crowned with vine-leaves; sometimes a tawny young Mercury, planning the robbery of Cacus's oxen. No, dear Don Andres, we cannot keep high festival, you know, every day."

"Dear son of my heart, do then as thy good genius prompts thee; it is not for an old verger, who knows little out of the round of his cathedral duties, to dictate to thy quick, forging brain. Do as it seemeth good to thee. But still I do, Stephen, pray for the day when thou wilt consecrate all thy art to God. I long to see some saint painted by thee that shall remain for long centuries the grave guardian of one of our cathedral chapels, seeming to the good man to smile, and to the bad to frown, and created to survive many generations of such poor frail beings as Don Andres."

"Here come the Inquisitors, getting ready for the *auto-da-fé*," suddenly shouted Jose. "Oh, Master Stephen, look how bold that third man, in the yellow lace Benito, figured all over with red devils, walks."

"Like a king to his coronation, indeed. God have mercy on his soul," said Murillo, tossing back his black hair from his eyes.

"Anathema, Maranatha! what an impudent heretic," said the Don, spitting on the ground three times in the Moorish manner. "May his children be fatherless, and his wife a widow."

"Amen," said Jose, mimicking the somewhat pedantic voice of Don Andres.

"Jose, Jose," said Murillo threateningly, "run out and get Black Perez; mind, no wrangling."

Here Jose arose and ran out, rejoicing like a released bird.

The moment Jose left the stall, Don Andres drew his chair nearer that of Murillo, and made a mysterious, yet undignified, gesture of finger on nose, implying his disposition to disclose a secret, Jose being now out of hearing.

Murillo's brush paused in mid air; one would think he heard with his eyes, they seemed so watchful of the dear, punctilious old Don.

"You remember, Stephen, the day I drew near in the crowd, and found you exhibiting your 'Vision of St. Francis' on the steps of our cathedral?"

"I remember it well, Don Andres; it was a happy day for me."

"From that day have I not been a steady friend to you and your orphan sister?"

"You have, Don Andres; may the God of the fatherless bless you for it."

"I came not, Stephen, to claim arrears of gratitude, I did but my duty; and thou wert ever but too willing a payer. Besides, that 'St. Xavier' of thine has paid me long since a thousand-fold. I came only to tell thee that by much importunity I have prevailed on the drug seller in the street 'of the orange-trees' to allow thy picture of the 'Conception' to be placed in his balcony for show, during our next great procession of Corpus Christi. What thinkest thou of that stroke of diplomacy, Master Stephen?"

"That it is worthy of so kind a soul and so shrewd a brain as that of my dear old friend, Don Andres," rejoined gratefully Murillo.

"But you look aside as if it pleased you not, Stephen. Know you not that thy Castillo by such means became famous, and sold his best picture to our late worthy bishop (rest his soul!)—that even the king himself has deigned to halt processions and turn critic, nay, and purchaser, Stephen, on such holiday days of the church?"

"I have sold the picture, Don Andres," said Murillo in a low voice, bending down to his painting at Jose's left arm.

"Sold, and not a word to me!"

"I could not have waited to exhibit the picture next Corpus Christi."

"Sold! not wait!" stammered Don Andres; "are you mad or in debt, Stephen? If want has compelled thee to part with thy 'Conception,' then exhibit, my son, thy 'St. Roche healing the Beggar.'"

"That is sold too. I shall be far from Seville by next Corpus Christi," said Murillo thoughtfully.

"Far from hence! Stephen, has the sun hurt your brain?—far from dear Seville and your poor old friend Don Andres!"

"Even so, Don Andres. I start on Saturday for Madrid."

"Saturday! Madrid!"

"For Madrid, to first visit the great Don Diego Velasquez, head of our art in Spain; then from him to obtain letters to aid me at Rome, whither I am next bound."

"Madrid! Rome!" gasped out the old verger, whose wildest dreams had never passed the gates of Seville. "Thou wilt be lost, my son, in Rome. Oh, saints and angels, hear the madness of this boy! Why even in my hottest youth I—*I* never dreamt of going to Rome."

"My dear Don Andres, this is no sudden whim. I planned it years ago when I sat round Castillo's brazier, drawing the fragments of Torregiano's 'Virgin;' it was my dream when under the summer awning in the court-yard, as we drew groups of beggar boys. I have long been painting for this object, and the sum I have obtained from this painting I have kept for Rome."

"Perhaps," said Don Andres, after two or three minutes' silence, "it is God that has spoken to thee in this instance. Go then, my son Stephen, and may his angels guide thee, lest at any time thou dash thy foot against a stone. Beware of heretics; beware of those dumb dogs, the Lutheran preachers, and bring all thou canst to the sacred tribunal, of which thy old friend is so unworthy a member. I had intended to leave thee in my will, my son, three hundred crowns: half of those thou shalt have now to keep the lean devil, Poverty, out of thy purse. My dear boy, kiss not the garment of this poor servant of God's temple; thy prayers are all I ask."

"They have been ever for thee, and shall be so still."

"Dear me, dear me,—Rome. Well, egad I could almost find it in my heart to go with thee as Nestor. St. Peter's, too, which some foolishly say is as big as our cathedral, and their Italian painters—Well, well, but I must be gone, dear Stephen, my son in the faith, for it wants but thirteen minutes by All Saints' clock to our afternoon service, and who is to put on the bishop's robes but I? and who is to keep the chorister boys quiet (the little rascals) but I?"

"Farewell, dear Don Andres, an orphan's prayer shield thee from all evil."

"God bless thee, my son, God bless thee," said Don Andres, as he departed, tears of happiness in his old eyes.

Just at that moment, as Murillo rose and looked out from under the awning, partly to see if Jose were returning, partly to watch the retreating steps of Don Andres, a great cavalcade passed the corner of the street. It was the procession to a bull-fight.

First came trumpeters in red velvet tabards, blowing silver trumpets; then the *Chulos* on foot, in ribboned suits of blue and gold; then the *picadors*, or lancers, their pink jackets stiff with lace; and, lastly, the "first sword," or bull-slayer, strutting stately, with the shining sword raised gleamingly in his right hand.

The crowd had passed all but a few stragglers, among whom were the shrieking water-sellers, when suddenly through the awning entrance burst Black Perez and Jose, fighting for half a pie and a certain two reals that Perez accused Jose of stealing.

"Devil's limb!" shouted Murillo.

"Satan" and "pig" roared the combatants, pulling out handfuls of each other's hair.

"Jose!"

"Thief!"—"dog!" shouted the boys, all in a heap on the floor, among the pictures.

"Begone with you to your kennels!" said Murillo, driving them both out; "henceforth I turn my back on beggars, and paint saints only. *Regina Cœli*, be ever with us! O Queen of Heaven! open for me the door of Paradise!"

NOTES
ON THE
MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. 1.

CREATIVE power in Art and social freedom have ever flourished and declined together. The vigorous life of the one is an inevitable consequence of healthful progress in the other, although it may sometimes occur that the Arts assume for a season a certain morbid glow of factitious activity under the forcing influences of a splendid and luxurious despotism. True it is, that some few of the greatest names on Italy's Art-annals flourished after the palmy days of her social liberty were over. But it is a question whether a great portion of the fame of such exceptions to the rule be not rather owing to their marvellous perfection in the manipulation of a subject, than to their pre-eminence over, or even equality with, the creative genius of the *trecentisti*, their predecessors; such perfection being naturally the result of the century-long refinement and improvement of a particular school of Art.

It has been a standing reproach against Modern Italy, that her artistic glories are all of the past, and that works of real merit are only to be found within the walls of the galleries, churches, and palaces of the sunny peninsula. Ultra-montane critics and *virtuosi*, while extolling with almost exaggerated enthusiasm the wonderful fecundity with which the mediæval centuries poured forth their thousand-fold treasures of artistic beauty in Italy, have been too apt to deny or ignore the living pulse of genius which yet stirs within her veins, ready to manifest its workings whenever and wherever the loosening of the social yoke permitted them a brief breathing space. Coeval with each brave and ineffectual struggle for popular freedom, made during the last miserable fifty years, there has been an impetuous movement in every branch of Art and Literature which has proved that the sap of fervid life was rising again through the ancient trunk, and ready to burst forth in flowers and fruit upon the branches. Very remarkable was the outbreak of this movement in 1821, until the crushing out of the energies of the country, under the clutch of Austro-clerical despotism paralysed its new-born Art-aspirations with another ten years' stupor. The years 1830 and 1848 were marked by similar strivings, doomed to a like untimely extinction, amid the powerless languor which succeeded to their overstrained excitement. Now, again, with better hope, and faith rekindled in the success of her righteous cause, a great part of Italy is entering upon a new era of social and political liberty. The national feeling, so long and systematically quenched among the people, is every day gathering strength and calling forth the latent powers of the popular heart. Already too, we can trace a fresh vital impulse throbbing through the Art-creations of this delicately susceptible race. A stroll through the principal studios of Florence would convince the most exclusive "*laudator temporis acti*" that there is, and not very far off, a good time coming, when the dead and dusty recesses of the *bric à brac* shop will no longer be the only mine of Art worth the connoisseur's exploring in the birthplace of Giotto and Michael Angelo.

Sculpture has never yet entirely died out in Florence, even in the darkest time of languor and depression of Art; and this is probably in great part owing to the vicinity of the marble quarries of Carrara and Serravezza. A glance, therefore, into the studios of the Florentine sculptors will not be without interest to the English Art-student, and will fully establish the fact that mere copying from, or paraphrasing, the great models of old time, is neither the chief employment, nor the favourite aim, of the sculptors of Modern Florence.

The huge block of building called San Barnabà, is a spot well known to the artist-world of Florence. Once a convent of friars, it has for many years been converted into a populous colony of sculptors and painters, and almost every foot of its *quondam* halls and galleries, and its numerous cells, is let out as studio-room: a pleasant, bustling, busy portion of Florentine "*Bohême*," resounding with cheery laughter and scraps of patriotic ditties, in place of the monotonous bell-chimes and shuffling, sandalled footsteps of its former denizens. On the north side of this great hive of active workers, where it skirts the little street called Via del Palogetto, is a modest yellow door, on one side of which is pen-and-inked the name of Fantacchiotti, close to a bell-string which dangles from a small hole above. Without the ceremony, however, of a pull at this, we will lift the latch and enter the outer room, which contains only a few casts and rough blocks of marble, and inquire of the first workman we find, for the sculptor himself, trusting to the well-known courtesy of the Tuscan artists, who, at great sacrifice of valuable time, are wont to do, with equal kindness and simplicity, the honours of their studios.

Advancing into the second room on the right hand, in the strong light cast by a high window, stands the lately finished monument to Mrs. Spence, the beautiful wife of a well known English artist long resident in Florence. The design is as simple as it is graceful and touching. On a couch, partly covered with a richly worked coverlet, lies the figure of the departed lady, the head a little inclined to one side, and turned towards the spectator; the hands softly folded over a cross which lies on the bosom: the nobly cut features composed in a dreamy calm, although the full eyelids droop with a weight of rest deeper than slumber. On the edge of the dais-step, whereon the couch stands, sit two baby-angels, with linked arms, the one bending over the scroll they both hold, the other looking upwards with a face of childish trust and aspiration. The figures are of full life-size, and the entire monument is of the purest Carrara marble. All the details are cared for with infinite delicacy of touch, and grace of conception. The tender sweetness shed upon the brow and lips, while preserving the shadowy solemnity of death even in the sweeping lines of the smoothly parted hair and the simple folds of the embroidered quilt, is worthy of all praise. This monument, I believe, is to be placed in the Church of Santa Croce, if a site can be found among the throng of sculptured tombs within those venerable walls, calculated to display its high artistic merits. The statue is considered to be a faithful portrait of the late Mrs. Spence, and must therefore be as precious to the survivors as it is strong in attraction for the casual visitor.

On the opposite side of the same room is a group of very striking merit, full of poetic fancy and childish *abandon*. It represents Love reposing on Fidelity, and portrays the dreaded archer, "who has been, is, or shall be lord of all," under the form of a beautiful boy reclining in a profound sleep on the curly shoulder of a powerful Newfoundland dog, whose watchful eyes are upraised to guard against a chance of surprise. There is great artistic merit in the skilful modelling of the boy's figure, in the languid *morbidezza* of the round limbs, the sleepy droop of the dimpled cheek, and the management of the folded wing on which the left arm leans. The contrasted expressions of utter trustfulness in the sleeping deity, and of vigilant protection in the shaggy guardian of his repose, could no thave been more happily rendered. The group is circular, about three feet in diameter, and somewhat more than a foot and a half in height from its base.

In the same room is a statue of Innocence, in the semblance of a little maiden some ten years old, standing with a favourite puppy clasped close to her bosom, to protect him from the bite of a serpent which raises its head threateningly from the ground beside her foot, while she seems unconscious of the danger which menaces her own life. A recently begun copy of this statue, which stands in another room, is being executed on commission for the tomb of a young Florentine girl lately dead, and holds a lamb instead of the puppy which the original fondles in her arms.

A kneeling figure of the Angel of Prayer (still in the first room), although it possesses far less poetic charm than those before mentioned, has yet been repeated three times within a very short period, for Russia, for Germany, and for a Catholic church at Cincinnati. Indeed, a great many of Signor Fantacchiotti's works seem to find their way into the possession of wealthy amateurs in the United States, and will, doubtless, do much towards forming that newborn love of Art which peoples so many of the studios of Rome and Florence with American artists of distinction.

The principal attraction of the third room is a charming embodiment of Thomson's Musidora, lightly holding together the folds of the drapery just slipping to her feet, as with a timid half smile she pauses over her intended bath. This, too, is only a repetition of the original statue, which was purchased by a gentleman of New York; and a great portion of this duplicate is merely mapped out in the marble. The cast, however, which stands beside it, suggests the tender and delicate beauty of the face and head, and the unaffected grace of the entire figure.

The fourth room contains an Eve parleying with the tempter, as yet unfinished, which, with much cleverness of conception, combines a certain heaviness of contour which detracts somewhat from its effect; a semi-colossal Faith, also unfinished; and a group in the clay, of Ganymede and the Eagle, on which the sculptor is now at work. The careful modelling of the bird's plumage, and the shrinking look, half fright, half pleasure, of the boy, seated between the just-opening wings, and balancing himself shyly as he feels the mighty bird about to soar, give promise for the future excellence of this group. Signor Fantacchiotti is a man of middle age, a Florentine by birth, possessing a highly-cultivated and refined intellect, and is a passionate lover of his art. He has lately refused the offer of a Professorship at Bologna, with a very considerable salary attached to it, from unwillingness to give up his modest artist life, and widening prospects of artistic activity, in his native city.

I might easily find large scope for further pencillings among the studios of the other denizens of venerable old San Barnabà; but as I wish rather to give a sketch of some of the Florentine *sommités*, I will pass at once to another great old convent, near the Church of Sant' Ambrogio. This spacious building is now called the Licco Candeli, and, being government property, the excellent studios it contains are granted free of expense to such artists as the government thinks fit so to distinguish. Here, close to the portal, is the entrance door to the long range of rooms occupied by Signor Dupré, the well-known author of the two fine statues of Cain and Abel, of which it would now be somewhat late to speak to the English Art-world, and which have been twice executed—once in bronze for the Pitti Palace, and once in marble for St. Petersburg.

First, among the admirable works Signor Dupré's studio contains, I must notice the as yet disjointed portions of a splendid monument to the Marchesa Ferrari Corbelli, a lady celebrated for her beauty and amiability of character, who died in child-birth in the very flush of youth, loveliness, and great worldly possessions, some two years ago. The monument, which will be erected in the Church of San Lorenzo, consists of a lofty arch of white marble, placed against the wall of the church, and flanked by richly-worked pilasters, each one crowned by the standing figure of a child-angel drawing aside a light drapery, and, as it were, unveiling the group below. The entire background of wall within the arch is to be veneered with plates of *lapis lazuli*—a magnificently costly decoration, which will throw out the statues with wonderful effect, as though they were backed by an expanse of cloudless sky. The figures are divided into three groups, and are semi-colossal in size. In the centre an angel, with wings just opening for his upward flight, supports the clinging figure of the departed, entirely robed, all but the head and arms, in a light drapery; her head bent back, and her clasped hands hanging trustfully on the shoulder of the spirit-guide. The figure (which is a portrait) has much of simple, child-like sweetness in the *pose*, and of dreamy expectation in the soft, girlish features. The heavy mass of hair, however, which floats outward and upward, and, like that of the guardian angel, seems

"Uplifted by the wind of their own speed,"

detracts I think in some measure from the charm of the figures. No amount of clever handling can do away with the ponderous, impenetrable look of solid coils and tresses of *floating* marble. Nevertheless, when the statues shall be raised to their destined height above the spectator's level, this lack of airiness will doubtless be less striking, as looked at from below. These two centre figures are already half finished in the marble. On the left hand of the angel, leaning against an architectural projection of the tomb, stands a statue of Modesty, with meek eyes bent

down, and one hand laid shrinkingly on her bosom. The right hand group represents Charity feeding a hungry child, who leans against her knee. These two last figures are charmingly conceived, and full of artistic power. They are as yet only in the clay, and the sculptor is still at work upon them; but the glow of loving protection that shines out from the fair face of the female figure, as she holds the cup to the lips of her little pensioner, and the languor expressed in the boy's beautiful face and form, slightly attenuated but not emaciated by hunger, while he clasps the cup with both his slender hands, place this group among the most successful works of Signor Dupré, whose breadth and energy of execution are considered by the *connoisseurs* of Florence to preponderate, in not a few of his statues, over the poetic conception of the subject. The height of the monument when finished will exceed 26 feet; its breadth will be about 9 feet. It will be entirely executed in white marble, except the background of *lapis lazuli*.

Another important work which this studio contains is the plaster model of the pedestal destined to support the great porphyry tazza now at the Pitti Palace. The tazza was originally brought from Egypt by the conquering hosts of Rome, and placed as a trophy in the city of the seven hills, where it remained during the phases of her glory and decay, until Clement VII. presented it, a truly princely gift, to his Medician kinsmen of Florence. The *bas-reliefs* on the pedestal (the figures of which are about half life-size) embody the successive changes of place and fortune which the tazza has undergone in the course of its wanderings westward. First comes Alexandria, with the sacred priestly fillet of ancient Egypt around her brows, looking mournfully behind her to the long vanished supremacy of civilization and science which she once enjoyed. Next, consular Rome, stern and stately, mantled in the lion's skin of conquering power, and grasping the *fasces* in her strong right hand. Then follows papal Rome, with pontifical robe and tiara, bearing the gospels and the mirror of divine wisdom, a figure far less vividly conceived than the others. Last comes Etruria, whose forehead is crowned with a turretted diadem, and whose hands support the *palladium* of Art, and the sceptre which denotes her sovereignty in the realm of science. Each of these figures is followed by an attendant genius, and surrounded by distinguishing attributes. The work will be executed in marble as soon as the expected block arrives from the quarries of Serravezza.

In another room of the long suite which is peopled with Signor Dupré's creations, is a fine statue of Sappho, just cast in plaster, and about to be executed in marble. The sculptor has chosen the last despairing moments of the fated Lesbian's life, the lull of blank despair before she takes the frenzied leap. She sits bending forward, with drooping arms, and eyes swimming in vacant self-abandonment, in the voiceless pause which holds her before returning thought, like a fiery sword, shall drive her headlong into death. The intensity of despair in the face is excellently well rendered by the relaxed muscles of cheek and lip, and the hard, terse look of the wide open eyes. An admirable contrast to the Sappho, as an image of soft and voluptuous repose, is the Tired Bacchante, which has been twice repeated in marble, and one of the copies of which is in the possession of Mr. Pender, of Manchester. The wearied reveller, exhausted with the dance, has sunk down upon her knees; her garlanded head droops a little backwards, with half-closed eyelids and faintly smiling mouth, unclosed by coming sleep. Her beautiful hands, spread languidly before her, have loosed the noisy tambourine and the half-emptied cup which rest against her knees. Another movement, and the whole graceful girlish body will sink and fall together prostrate under the irresistible weight of slumber. This bacchante has also been repeated in marble on a much smaller scale, and has retained all its charm of detail and breadth of conception.

There is also great merit in the statue (life-size) of Bacchus smitten by the grape disease, or *Bacco crittogamo*, which was executed first for Count Nicholas Koucheleff Rosborodko, and has since been repeated four times in marble. The poor little god, emaciated and peevish, wrings his hands in vain lamentation over the sickly bunches of his beloved vine; while in the companion statue of *Bacco trionfante*, his small godship revels and sports, and fantastically ties up his sturdy limbs with luxuriant wreaths and full-breasted clusters, laughing the while out of sheer sunshine of heart.

Besides the works I have already mentioned, Signor Dupré's studio contains a number of others, which it would take up too great space to enumerate at length. Among them is one, however, which I cannot pass over without a word of notice; a most simple and touching monument to the five-years-old child of the Marchese Filippo Gualterio. She lies softly pillowed on a childish couch, the lines of which have a shell-like curve, and all around her, like a living frame-work of bloom, from head to foot, lies the wreath of flowers, which is invariably placed in Italy around the cherished dust of infants and young children, who, I may mention by the way, when thus daintily prepared for burial, are, with a touch of tender and poetical feeling, always spoken of in the popular idiom as *angeoli* or angels. This beautiful work of Art is now to be found in a church at Orvieto.

Love in ambush, or *Amore in agguato*, is also a charming little work, as complete, perhaps, in artistic *ensemble* as the Bacchante. The crouching, kitten-like grace of the baby mischief-maker of the world, and his arch eager face, watching the success of the fateful arrow he has just shot, deserve especial praise. This statue has been executed in marble for the Contessa Maria Fortini Borghesi, of Siena.

Before leaving Signor Dupré's studio, I must say a word of two or three very remarkable clay models, executed by the sculptor's eldest daughter, a young girl not yet seventeen. One of them is a half-length figure, a portrait of a younger sister, and displays a degree of careful modelling and delicately-toned expression, very surprising in an *artiste en herbe*. But a small statue, between three and four feet high, of St. Bernard in early youth, on which she is now working, has, I think, even far higher claims to admiration, and would do honour to an accomplished and experienced hand. It has much of the pure Donatello simplicity of outline. The saint stands meekly and thoughtfully, with a large missal in his hands, and supported against his breast, his robe falling in straight, heavy folds to his feet, and his face composed in devout contemplation. The conception of the upper part of the face in particular is strangely effective in its mixture of monkish submission and intellectual power, while there is a world of latent energy and resolution, which seems to threaten a struggle with the annihilating influences of conventual discipline and self-abnegation, in the strong and rather heavy under jaw and fully-developed mouth. There can be little doubt that the world will hear of this young artist, when a few more years of study have brought to riper maturity the fruitage of which she gives such unusual promise.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—M. Emile Signol, the eminent historical painter, has been elected member of the Institute, in the room of M. Hersent, whose death we recorded a month or two ago. The other candidates were MM. Cabanel, Gérome, H. Hébert, Larivière, Lehmann, Messonier, Rouget, and Yvon. Messonier's name stood second on the list of suffrages.

LEIPSIC.—In addition to the two pictures by Delaroche, of which we spoke in November, as being injured by a storm which passed over this city, we learn that others in the museum also received injury—Schnorr's 'St. Roche;' a cattle-piece by Verbockhœven; and two subjects by Calamé.

LYONS.—A Roman altar in white marble has been discovered in the grounds belonging to the brotherhood "St. Jean de Dieu," and placed in the Museum of Antiques.

AMSTERDAM.—The Architectural Society of Amsterdam offers a premium of five hundred florins "*de Hollande*," for the best design for a group of buildings suitable for the university of a large town. The design is to be *monumental* in character, with painted and sculptured decorations in harmony with the destination of the edifice. Besides the pecuniary reward, the successful candidate will receive a certificate of honour. The conditions required of competitors may be ascertained on application to the secretary of the society, in Amsterdam, to whom designs must be sent before the 1st of November in the present year.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION, 1862.

THE following letter has been received by the Secretary of the Society of Arts from the trustees of the proposed International Exhibition for 1862, with whom a correspondence had taken place relative to a site for the building, the provision of necessary funds, and other matters connected therewith:—

"London, November 22, 1860.

"SIR,—We have to acknowledge the receipt of your letter of yesterday, inclosing the copy of a communication from her Majesty's Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 to the Council of the Society of Arts, in which the Commissioners express their general approval of the object which the society has in view in organizing the Exhibition of 1862, and their willingness to render such support and assistance to the undertaking as may be consistent with their position as a chartered body, and with the powers conferred upon them by their charter of incorporation. Under these circumstances, we have to request that you will intimate to the Council of the Society of Arts our willingness to accept the trust which the council and the guarantors have in so flattering a manner expressed a wish to repose in us, on the understanding that the council will forthwith take measures for giving legal effect to the guarantee, and for obtaining a charter of incorporation satisfactory to us.

"We have the honour to be, &c.

(*Signed*) GRANVILLE. CHANDOS.
THOMAS BARING. C. WENTWORTH DILKE.
THOMAS FAIRBAIRN.

"P. Le Neve Foster, Esq.,
"Secretary to the Society of Arts."

The Guarantee List includes 670 persons, and the sum guaranteed now amounts to £370,500. The Commissioners for the Exhibition of 1851 have granted a site for the building on their estate at South Kensington. The list is headed by the Prince Consort, who "guarantees" a sum of £10,000. The rest is consequently trivial; if indeed there be any risk at all—which we do not apprehend.

We may therefore consider the Great Exhibition of 1862 as a *fait arrangé;* and look forward to its accomplishment, notwithstanding the wars, and rumours of wars, that agitate the world. Whatever may chance, we trust there will be no postponement: if we wait until there is universal peace, and the lion and the lamb lie down together, we shall wait a very long time. Harmony on the Continent is just as likely in 1862 as in any year of the present century, and if the Council put off the Exhibition to a more auspicious period, it will never be held.

Our readers may be assured that the exhibition *will* take place: it therefore becomes their duty to *prepare for it*. We are fully aware that some of our leading manufacturers are not cordial upholders of the project: they foresee much toil and cost, with little prospect of gain, and are willing to content themselves with the supremacy they hold in their several branches; but they intend to be exhibitors, notwithstanding: their presence may do them no great service, but their absence would prejudice them greatly: acting under this conviction, they will all be exhibitors. We are in a position to assert that every eminent manufacturer in Great Britain will "show" at the Exhibition of 1862.

Very recently, circumstances have called us into the manufacturing districts—especially those of Lancashire, Yorkshire, and Staffordshire, and we know that preparations are already making by several of the more prominent firms in those districts so to compete as to uphold their own honour and that of the country.

We are enabled also, partly from our own knowledge, and partly from the ordinary channels of information, to state that the manufacturers of the Continent, especially Germany and France, are astir with the hope of gaining an ample share of the laurels to be distributed.

We therefore desire to impress upon the minds of our readers, to whom this subject cannot but be one of great interest, the vast importance of making arrangements *early*. In 1851, there were many persons who would gladly have given large sums for one or two months longer time than they had taken to produce works submitted in competition. Then, all was uncertainty: there was lack of confidence, the issue seemed more than doubtful. None of these evils can operate in 1862: nor can any exhibitor excuse inferiority under the plea that he had not *time* to do what he desired, and was able, to do.

These observations may suffice for the present: no doubt, however, the theme will supply materials for comment month after month in our journal during the year 1861.

THE HUDSON,

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XII.

As we passed the foot of Cro' Nest, we caught pleasant glimpses of West Point, where the government of the United States has a military school, and in a few moments the whole outline of the promontory, and the grand ranges of hills around and beyond it, was in full view. We landed in a sheltered cove a little above Camp Town, the station of United States troops and other residents at the Point, and climbed a very steep hill to the Cemetery upon its broad and level summit, more than a hundred feet above the river. It is a shaded, quiet, beautiful retreat, consecrated to the repose of the dead, and having thoughtful visitors at all hours on pleasant days.

"There side, by side, the dark green cedars cluster,
Like sentries watching by that camp of death;
There, like an army's tents, with snow-white lustre,
The grave-stones gleam beneath.

. . . . . .

"Few are the graves, for here no populous city
Feeds, with its myriad lives, the hungry Fate;
While hourly funerals, led by grief or pity,
Crowd through the open gate.

. . . . . .

"Here sleep brave men, who, in the deadly quarrel,
Fought for their country, and their life-blood poured;
Above whose dust she carves the deathless laurel,
Wreathing the victor's sword.

"And here the young cadet, in manly beauty,
Borne from the tents which skirt those rocky banks,
Called from life's daily drill and perilous duty
To these unbroken ranks."

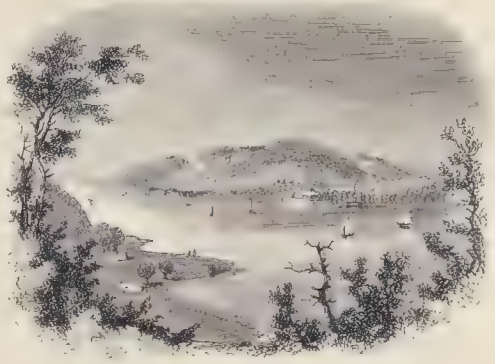
The most conspicuous object in the Cemetery is the Cadet's Monument, situated at the eastern angle. It is a short column, of castle form, composed of light brown hewn stone, surmounted by military emblems and a foliated memorial urn, wrought from the same material. It was erected in the autumn of 1818, to the memory of Vincent M. Lowe, of New York, by his brother cadets. He was accidentally killed by the discharge of a cannon, on the 1st of January, 1817. The names of several other officers and cadets are inscribed upon the monument, it having been adopted by the members of the institution as "sacred to the memory of the deceased" whose names are there recorded.



CADET'S MONUMENT.

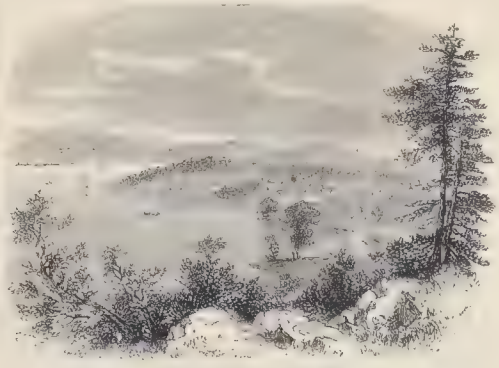
From the brow of the hill, near the Cadet's Monument, is a comprehensive view of the picturesque village of Cold Spring, on the east side of the river, occupying a spacious alluvial slope, bounded by rugged heights on the north, and connected, behind a range of quite lofty mountains, with the fertile valleys of Duchess and Putnam Counties. We shall visit it presently. Meanwhile let us turn our eyes southward, and from another point on the margin of the Cemetery, where a lovely shaded walk invites the strollers on warm afternoons, survey Camp Town at our feet, with West Point and the adjacent hills. In this view we see the Old Landing-place, the road up to the plateau, the Laboratory buildings, the Siege Battery, the Hotel, near the remains of old Fort Clinton, upon the highest ground on the plain, the blue dome of the Chapel, the turrets of the great Mess Hall, on the extreme right, the Cove, crossed by the Hudson River Railway, and the range of hills on the eastern side of the river.

Following this walk to the entrance gate, we traverse a delightful winding road along the river-bank, picturesque at every turn, to the parting of the ways. One of these leads to the Point, the other up Mount Independence, on whose summit repose the grey old ruins of Fort Putnam. We had ascended that winding mountain road many times before, and listened to the echoes of the sweet bugle, or the deeper voices of the morning and evening gun at the Point. Now we were invited by a shady path, and a desire for novelty, from the road between Forts Webb and Putnam, into the deep rocky gorge between



COLD SPRING, FROM THE CEMETERY.

Mount Independence and the more lofty Redoubt Hill, to the rear of the old fortress, where it wears the appearance of a ruined castle upon a mountain crag. The afternoon sun was falling full upon the mouldering ruin, and the chaotic mass of rocks beneath it; while the clear blue sky, and white clouds, presented the whole group, with accompanying evergreens, in the boldest relief. Making our way back, by another but more difficult path, along the foot of the steep acclivity, we soon stood upon the broken walls of Fort Putnam, 500 feet above the river, with a scene before us of unsurpassed interest and beauty,



WEST POINT, FROM THE CEMETERY.

viewed in the soft light of the evening sun. At our feet lay the promontory of West Point, with its Military Academy, the quarters of the officers and the cadets, and other buildings of the institution. To the left lay Constitution Island, from a point of which, where a ruined wall now stands, to the opposite shore of the main, a massive iron chain was laid upon floating timbers by the Americans, at the middle of the old war for independence. Beyond the island arose the smoke of the furnaces and forges, the spires, and the roofs of Cold Spring. Toward the left loomed up the lofty Mount Taurus, vulgarly called Bull Hill, at whose base, in the shadow of a towering wall of rock, and in the midst of grand old trees, nestles Under Cliff, the home of Morris the Warbler, whose songs have delighted thousands in both hemispheres. On the extreme left arose old Cro' Nest; and over its right shoulder lay the rugged range of Break Neck, dipping to the river sufficiently to reveal the beautiful country beyond, on the borders of Newburgh Bay. This is one of the most attractive points of view on the Hudson.

Fort Putnam was erected by the Americans in 1778, for the purpose of defending Fort Clinton, on West Point below, and to more thoroughly secure the river against the passage of hostile fleets. It was built under the direction of Colonel Rufus Putnam, and chiefly by the men of his Massachuset's regi-

ment. It commanded the river above and below the Point, and was almost impregnable, owing to its position. In front, the mountain is quite steep for many yards, and then slopes gently to the plain; while on its western side, a perpendicular wall of rock, fifty feet in height, would have been presented to the enemy. Redoubts were also built upon other eminences in the vicinity. These being chiefly earth works, have been almost obliterated by the action of storms; and Fort Putnam was speedily disappearing under the hands of industrious neighbours, who were carrying off the stone for building purposes, when the work of demolition was arrested by the government. Its remains, consisting



FORT PUTNAM, FROM THE WEST.

of only broken walls and two or three arched casemates, all overgrown with vines and shrubbery, are now carefully preserved. Even the cool spring that bubbles from the rocks in its centre, is kept clear of choking leaves; and we may reasonably hope that the ruins of Fort Putnam will remain, an object of interest to the passing traveller, for more than a century to come.

The winding road from the fort to the plain is quite steep much of the way, but is so well wrought that carriages may safely traverse it; and the tourist is led by it to one of the loveliest of river and mountain views northward from the Point, in front of the residences of Mr. Weir, the eminent artist, and other



VIEW FROM FORT PUTNAM.

professors employed in the Military Academy. Passing along the shaded walk in front of these mansions, on the margin of a high bank, a white marble obelisk is seen upon a grassy knoll on the left, shooting up from a cluster of dark evergreen trees. It was erected by Major-General Jacob Brown, of the United States army, in memory of his youthful and well-beloved companion-in-arms, Lieutenant-Colonel E. D. Wood, of the corps of Engineers, who fell while heading a charge, at the sortie of Fort Erie, in Upper Canada, on the 17th of September, 1814. He had been a pupil of the Military Academy at West Point. "He was," says one of the inscriptions, "exemplary as a Christian, and distinguished as a soldier."

Passing a little further on, a gravelled walk diverges riverward, and leads down to the Siege Battery of six guns, erected by the cadets while in the performance of their practical exercises in engineering. The cannon were housed, and no gunners were near, yet the works appeared formidable. They were composed of gabions, covered with turf, soft and even as fine velvet. The battery commands one of the most pleasing views from the Point, comprising Constitution Island, Mount Taurus, and Break Neck on the right; Cro' Nest and the Storm King on the left; and ten miles of the river, with Pollopel's Island and the shores above Newburgh in the centre. A similar view is obtained from the piazzi of Roe's Hotel, on the brow of the hill just above.

A little westward of the Siege Battery are the buildings of the Laboratory of the institution, in which are deposited some interesting relics of the old war for



LIEUTENANT-COLONEL WOOD'S MONUMENT.

independence. One of the most attractive groups among these relics, is composed of several links of the great iron chain, already mentioned, that spanned the river, inclosing a large brass mortar, taken from the British at Stoney Point, by Wayne, and two smaller ones, that were among the spoils of victory at Saratoga. There are a dozen links of the chain, and two huge clevises. The links are made of iron bars, 2½ inches square. Their average length is a little over 2 feet, and their weight about 140 pounds each. The chain was stretched across the river at the narrowest place, just above Gee's Point (the extreme rocky end of West Point) and Constitution Island. It was laid across a boom of heavy logs, that floated near together. They were 16 feet long, and pointed at each end, so as to offer little resistance to the tidal currents. The chain was fastened to these logs by staples, and at each shore by huge blocks of wood and stone. This chain and boom afforded an efficient barrier to the passage of vessels; but their strength was never tested, as the keel of an enemy's ship never ploughed the Hudson after the fleet of Vaughan passed up and down in the autumn of 1777, and performed its destructive mission.

The views from Roe's Hotel, on the extreme northern verge of the summit of the plain of West Point, are very pleasing in almost every direction. The

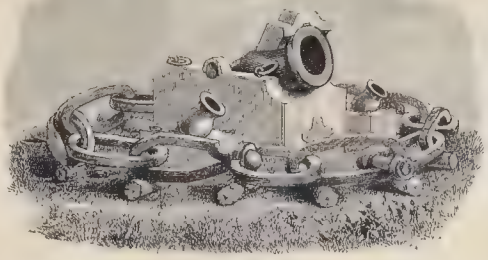


VIEW FROM THE SIEGE BATTERY.

one northward, similar to that from the Siege Battery, is the finest. Westward the eye takes in the Laboratory, Lieutenant-Colonel Wood's Monument, a part of the shaded walk along the northern margin of the plain, and Mount Independence, crowned with the ruins of Fort Putnam. Southward the view comprehends the entire Parade, and glimpses, through the trees, of the Academy, the Chapel, the Mess Hall, and other buildings of the institution, with some of the officers' quarters and professors' residences on the extreme right. The earthworks of Fort Clinton have recently been restored, in their original form and general proportions, exactly upon their ancient site, and present, with the

beautiful trees growing within their green banks, a very pleasant object from every point of view. The old fort was constructed in the spring of 1778, under the direction of the brave Polish soldier, Thaddeus Kosciuszko, who was then a colonel in the Continental Army, and chief of the Engineers' corps. The fort, when completed, was 600 yards around, within the walls. The embankments were 21 feet at the base, and 14 feet in height. Barracks and huts sufficient to accommodate six hundred persons were erected within the fort. It stood upon a cliff, on the margin of the plain, 180 feet above the river.

Kosciuszko was much beloved by the Revolutionary Army, and his memory is held in reverence by the American people. He was only twenty years of age when he joined that army. He had been educated at the Military School of Warsaw. He had not completed his studies, when he eloped with a beautiful girl of high rank. They were overtaken by the maiden's father, who made a



THE GREAT CHAIN.

violent attempt to seize his daughter. The young Pole was compelled either to slay the father or abandon the daughter. He chose the latter, and obtaining the permission of his sovereign, he went to France, and there became a student in drawing and military science. In Paris he was introduced to Dr. Franklin, and, fired with a desire to aid a people fighting for independence, he sailed for America, bearing letters from that minister. He applied to Washington for employment. "What do you seek here?" asked the leader of the armies of the revolted colonies. "I come to fight, as a volunteer, for American independence," the young Pole replied. "What can you do?" Washington asked. "Try me," was Kosciuszko's prompt reply. Pleased with the young man, Washington took him into his military family The Congress soon afterwards appointed him engineer, with the rank of colonel. He returned to Poland at the close of the Revolution, and was made a Major-general under Poniatowski. He was at



WESTERN VIEW, FROM ROE'S FORT.

the head of the military movements of the revolution in Poland, in 1794, and was made a prisoner, and carried to St. Petersburg. This event caused Campbell to write—

> "Hope for a season bade the earth farewell,
> And freedom shrieked when Kosciuszko fell."

After the Empress Catherine died, the Emperor Paul liberated him. offered him command in the Russian service, and presented him with his own sword. He declined it, saying, "I no longer need a sword, since I have no longer a country to defend." He revisited the United States in 1797, when the Congress granted him land in consideration of his services. He afterwards lived in Switzerland, and there he died in 1817. A public funeral was made for him at Warsaw. Twelve years afterwards, the cadets of West Point, actuated by love for the man and reverence for his deeds, erected a beautiful marble monument to his memory, within the ruins of Old Fort Clinton, at a cost of about $5000. It bears upon one side the name of—"Kosciuszko," and on another, the simple inscription—"Erected by the Corps of Cadets, 1828." It is a conspicuous and pleasing object to voyagers upon the river.

Passing along the verge of the cliff, southward from Kosciuszko's monument, the visitor soon reaches another memorial stone. It is of white marble, the chief member being a fluted column, entwined by a laurel wreath, held in the beak of an eagle, perched upon its top. The pedestal is of temple form, square, with a row of encircling stars upon its entablature, and a cannon, like a supporting column, at each corner. It was erected to commemorate a battle fought between a detachment of United States troops, under Major Francis L. Dade, and a party of Seminole Indians, in the Everglades of Florida, on the 28th of December, 1835. The detachment consisted of 108 men, all of whom, save three, were massacred by the savages on that occasion. The troops nobly de-



THE PARADE.

fended themselves, and made no attempt to retreat. Their remains repose near St. Augustine, in Florida. This monument was erected by the three regiments and the medical staff, from which the detachment were selected.

A few feet from Dade's Command's Monument, a narrow path, through a rocky passage, overhung with boughs and shrubbery, leads down to a pleasant terrace in the steep bank of the river, which is called Kosciuszko's Garden. At the back of the terrace the rock rises perpendicularly, and from its outer edge descends as perpendicularly to the river. This is said to have been Kosciuszko's favourite place of resort for reading and meditation, while he was at West Point.



KOSCIUSZKO'S MONUMENT.

He found a living spring bubbling from the rocks, in the middle of the terrace, and there he constructed a pretty little fountain. Its ruins were discovered in 1802, and repaired. The water now rises into a marble basin. Seats have been provided for visitors, ornamental shrubs have been planted, and the whole place wears an aspect of mingled romance and beauty. A deep circular indentation in the rock back of the fountain was made, tradition affirms, by a cannon-ball sent from a British ship, while the Polish soldier was occupying his accustomed loitering place, reading Vauban, and regaled by the perfume of roses. From this quiet, solitary retreat, a pathway, appropriately called Flirtation Walk, leads up to the plain.

A short distance from Kosciuszko's Garden, upon a higher terrace, is Battery Knox, constructed by the cadets. It commands a fine view of the eastern shore of the Hudson, in the Highlands, and down the river to Anthony's Nose. Near by are seen the Cavalry Stables and the Cavalry Exercise Hall, belonging to the Military School; and below there is seen the modern West Point Landing. A little higher up, on the plain, are the groups of spacious edifices, used for the purposes of the institution.

West Point was indicated by Washington, as early as 1783, as an eligible place for a military academy. In his message to the Congress in 1793, he



DADE'S COMMAND'S MONUMENT.

recommended the establishment of one at West Point. The subject rested until 1802, when the Congress made provision by law for such an institution there. Very little progress was made in the matter until the year 1812, when, by another act of Congress, a corps of engineers and professors were organized, and the school was endowed with the most attractive features of a literary institution, mingled with that of a military character. From that time until



KOSCIUSZKO'S GARDEN.

the present, the academy has been increasing in importance, as the nursery of army officers and skilful practical engineers.*

* The buildings of the West Point Military Academy consist of cadets' barracks, cadets' guard-house, academy, mess hall, hospital of cadets, chapel, observatory, and library, artillery laboratory, hospital for troops, equipments shed, engineer troops' barracks, post guard-house, dragoons' barracks, artillery barracks, cavalry exercise hall, cavalry stables, powder magazine, the quarters of the officers and professors of the academy, workshops, commissary of cadets and sutlers' store, shops and cottages for the accommodation of non-commissioned officers and their families, laundresses of the cadets, &c. The principal edifices are built of granite.

The post is under the general command of a superintendent, who bears the rank of brevet-colonel. The average number of cadets is about two hundred and fifty. Candidates for admission are selected by the War Department at Washington city, and they are required to report themselves for examination to the superintendent of the academy between the first and twentieth day of June. None are admitted who are less than sixteen or more than twenty-one years of age, who are less than five feet in height, or who are deformed or otherwise unfit for military duty. Each cadet, on admission, is obliged to subscribe his name to an agreement to serve in the army of the United States four years, in addition to his four years of instruction, unless sooner discharged by competent authority.

The course of instruction consists of infantry tactics and military policy, mathematics, the French language, natural philosophy, drawing, chemistry, and mineralogy, artillery tactics, the science of gunnery and the duties of a military laboratory, engineering and the science of war, geography, history and ethics, the use of the sword, and cavalry exercise and tactics. The rules and regulations of the academy are very strict and salutary, and the instruction in all departments is thorough and complete.

The road from the plain to the landing at West Point was cut from the steep rocky bank of the river, at a heavy expense to the government. The wharf is spacious; and there a sentinel is continually posted, with a slate and pencil, to record the names of all persons who arrive and depart. This is for the use of the Superintendent, by which means he is informed daily of the arrival of any persons to whom he might wish to extend personal or professional courtesies.

A steam ferry-boat connects West Point with the Garrison Station of the Hudson River Railway, opposite. Near the latter is the old ferry-place of the Revolution, where troops crossed to and from West Point. Here Washington crossed on the morning when General Arnold's treason was discovered, and



VIEW FROM BATTERY KNOX.

here he held a most anxious consultation with Colonel Hamilton when that event was suspected.

We crossed the ferry to Garrison's, and from the road near the station obtained a pleasant view of West Point, glimpses of the principal buildings there, and the range of lofty hills beyond, which form the group of the Cro' Nest and Storm King. Following a winding road up the east bank of the river from this point, we came to a mill, almost hidden among the trees at the head of a dark ravine, through which flows a clear mountain stream, called



THE BEVERLY HOUSE.

Kedron Brook; wherefore, I could not learn, for there is no resemblance to Jerusalem or the Valley of Jehoshaphat near. It is a portion of the beautiful estate of Ardenia, the property of Richard Arden, Esq. His son, Lieutenant Thomas Arden, a graduate of the West Point Military Academy, owns and occupies Beverly, near by, the former residence of Colonel Beverly Robinson (an eminent American loyalist during the war for independence), and the head-quarters of General Benedict Arnold at the time of his treason. It is situated upon a broad and fertile terrace, at the foot of Sugar-Loaf Mountain, one of the eastern ranges of the Highlands, which rises 800 feet above the plain; but we must postpone our description till next month.

IRON DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

The movement which, almost in every large town throughout the kingdom, is now going on for the erection of public drinking fountains, is one that opens a wide field for the ingenuity of the manufacturer as well as for the taste of the designer. We showed, in our remarks on this subject last month, how desirable it is that in such works the useful and the ornamental should be combined, so that the same object might suffice at once to allay the natural thirst, and to create a thirst—and, if possible, to satisfy it—for what is pleasing to the eye. It is not every passenger through our streets and along our highways who needs the cup of cold water, but there are few who would not stop to admire the fountain from which it flows, if it be worthy of observation; and there is no reason why it should not be so, for, to adopt a phrase we have often been called upon to use, "beauty is, generally, cheaper than deformity in Art-manufactures." There is abundant evidence of this in what we now see commonly issued from our looms and workshops, as the result of convictions which are more and more forcing themselves both on the minds of the producers and the minds of the consumers.

In the city of Glasgow is an extensive foundry, known as the "Saracen Foundry," the proprietors of which are Messrs. M'Farlane and Co., who may be called "sanitary engineers," for the works produced at the establishment are chiefly those which are employed for sanitary purposes, either in themselves, or in connection with buildings of every kind. In several of our large towns a very beautiful fountain, designed and patented (for the action is novel) by Mr. Walter M'Farlane, has been erected within the last few months. The annexed engraving will convey an adequate idea of the beauty of the design, as well as of the peculiar action of the valve. This fountain is composed of cast iron. The design has been studied to suit the purpose to which it is to be applied, and to harmonise with the nature of the material employed, which is susceptible of high artistic treatment, combining delicacy and beauty of detail with great substantiality; and, whilst conspicuous and attractive as an object of Art, it only occupies an area of 3 feet square by 9 feet 6 inches in height. The structure consists of a square basement (which also supplies water to dogs), surmounted at each angle by columns composed of reeds and clustering water leaves, from the capitals of which consoles with griffin terminals unite with arches formed of decorated mouldings, and a frieze of cusping, the leading member being a bold cable moulding encircling a coat of arms, with spandrels of open foliage. On the corners of two of the sides provision is made for an inscription; whilst on the other two sides is the useful monition, "Keep the pavement dry." Surmounting this is an open and highly enriched dome, the apex being occupied by a crown, to which, if necessary, may also be added a lamp. Under the canopy stands the font; a clustered shaft supports an ample basin, the interior surface of which is encircled by incised ornament; a vase, on which are the national emblems of the rose, thistle, and shamrock, rises from the centre, terminated by a figure of a stork, surrounded by four drinking cups. From each of the four sides of the vase water flows from a spout into the drinking cup by simply pressing its edge against a projecting stud below the spout, which acts by a self-closing valve—the operation of drinking and opening the valve being thus performed by the action of one hand only.

The design of the fountain is rather Alhambresque than Gothic, and is very elegant; the ornamentation is rich, but not overdone: throughout there is evidence of good taste, combined with judgment and a knowledge of the true principles of decorative art when applied to manufacturing purposes. A better style than this for such an object could not have been chosen, inasmuch as the Alhambresque, or Saracenic style of ornament, is invariably associated in the mind with the dry and sultry East, where the gushing water is more to be desired than the ruby wine. We are pleased to see that the dumb animal has not been forgotten here—the basement offering, as we have previously remarked, a supply of drink to the thirsty dog. This humane arrangement is too often forgotten in our metropolitan fountains.

The question of the comparative superiority of metal over stone for such purposes must be matter of opinion; each material has its especial advantages, and these we pointed out a few months since, in an article in which the subject was treated at some length. There is no doubt that cast-iron



fountains, of a highly ornamental character, may be produced at a far less cost than those made of stone, however common its quality, with the same amount of decoration. The one must be the result of the sculptor's hand-work; the other, of an easier and quicker process: so far, the balance is in favour of metal. We congratulate the "Saracen Foundry" on a production so entirely satisfactory.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Thirty-third Annual Report of the Council of the Royal Scottish Academy has come before us; but we find nothing in it to call for any lengthened notice. The last year's exhibition, as indicated by the amount of the receipts from visitors, ranked as the third highest in the series of thirty-four academy exhibitions. Two vacancies occurred during the year in the list of associates, which were filled up by the election of Mr. William Crawford and Mr. Peter Graham; both gentlemen are painters. Among the additions made to the academy's permanent collection of works in the National Gallery are—'Portrait of Sir J. G. Shaw Lefevre,' painted for the academy by Sir J. W. Gordon, R.A.; a 'Marble Bust of the late Right Hon. James Wilson, M.P.,' executed for the academy by J. Steell, R.S.A.; 'Summer Moonlight—Bait Gatherers,' by C. Lees, R.S.A.; 'The Day after the Fair,' E. Nicol, R.S.A.; 'Coast Scene—a Storm,' T. Crawford, R.S.A.: these pictures are the diploma works of the respective painters. 'Loch Ranza,' by the late H. W. Williams. 'Interior of a Highland Cottage,' by (the late W. Simson, R.S.A., two fine water-colour drawings, were presented by G. Simson, R.S.A.; a 'Greek Head,' is the diploma work of J. Ballantyne, R.S.A.; a 'Study in Oil,' by Etty, was presented by W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A.; and a sketch for a painting for the Goldsmiths' Hall, 'Richard II. presenting their Charter to the Goldsmiths' Company,' by J. Z. Bell.

GLASGOW.—In the Educational Section of the National Social Science Congress recently held in this city, of which Sir James Kaye Shuttleworth, Bart., was president, a paper was read by Mr. J. A. Hutchison, artist and drawing master of the High School, Glasgow, advocating the establishment of classes, on a large scale—which he offered to conduct gratuitously—for the instruction of respectable young females, who are dependent on their own industry for support, in industrial or mercantile Art, so as to fit them for engaging in the various branches of drawing suitable for manufacturers, engravers on metal or wood, lithographers, book printers and binders, ornamental painters, &c. The suggestion was originally made in 1857, but circumstances, not affecting the merits of the scheme, intervened to prevent its being carried into execution. In consequence, however, of the discussion on Mr. Hutchison's paper, and the increasing interest taken in the subject by many benevolent persons, including honoured names in the ranks of our female aristocracy, the present has been thought a fit time for giving practical effect to so worthy a purpose. The Duke and Duchess of Argyll have consented to become patrons of the association, and the support of all who feel interested in so important an object is earnestly solicited.

MANCHESTER.—The Academy of Fine Arts in this city, which has been instituted little more than a year, had its first annual meeting in the month of November; the president, Mr. J. A. Hammersley, F.S.A., took the chair. The report of the council is of an encouraging nature; and all seems going on satisfactorily in the organization and working of the society. The sale of pictures during the time of the annual exhibition reached the sum of £3,500, nearly double the amount of any previous year since the commencement of similar exhibitions in Manchester. The schools for the study of the human form had been well attended; and the class for drawing from the antique, for probationary students, is now in operation.

WORCESTER.—The last year's report of the Worcester School of Design, read at the annual meeting early in December, says that the benefic al influence of the school was becoming more extended. At the visit of Mr. Bowler, the government inspector, two medals more than in the previous year had been awarded, and nineteen students passed a satisfactory examination—a result the more praiseworthy inasmuch as the standard of merit had been considerably raised since the preceding year. Four additional schools and classes had been established in connection with the central institution during the past year, namely, the Worcester Cathedral School, a class at the Droitwich Mechanics' Institute, a new School of Art at Bromsgrove, and also the large National School in that town. The Bromsgrove School of Art was a separate institution, managed entirely by its own committee, composed of gentlemen residing in the locality; the only connection between it and the school at Worcester being that the same masters taught in both—an arrangement which had the approval of the Department of Science and Art, and was considered as equally advantageous to both institutions. Sixty-four pupils had already entered the school, and though it had not yet been six months in operation, one bronze medal and two prizes were gained by pupils at the recent examination. The class at Droitwich had been in operation for one quarter, and made very satisfactory progress during that time. During the past year two hundred and thirty-one students had attended the central school, thirty-five the class at Pershore, thirty the class at Droitwich, and sixty-four the Bromsgrove School of Art; three hundred and sixty in all. This showed an increase of twenty-four students over the total number for the previous year, but the increase comes from the additional schools. In seven public national schools in Worcester, Bromsgrove, and contiguous places, about 650 children receive instruction in drawing. The total number of persons receiving instruction in drawing during the past year in the central school, and all the schools in connection with it, was about 1,040, being an increase of more than 100 over the previous year. The funds of the school were still insufficient to meet the current expenses. The debt of £100 which existed at the time of the last annual meeting had been cleared off by the liberality of the president and other gentlemen. But another debt must ere long accumulate unless fresh efforts were made to increase the resources of the school. At the distribution of prizes a pupil of the female school, Miss Bibbs, carried away no fewer than six prizes.

WOLVERHAMPTON.—In the *Art-Journal* for the month of June last we remarked that the Wolverhampton School of Art was in danger of having its doors closed, owing to the want of funds for its support. At the sixth annual meeting of the friends and supporters of the institution, held on the 23rd of November, and at which Lord Lyttleton presided, the matter underwent serious consideration, and the position and prospects of the school, which it was determined should be carried on another year, with the hope of gaining increased support, may be gathered from the following extract from a statement read at the meeting by Mr. Mander, treasurer and honorary secretary, to whom the institution is greatly indebted for his active services and liberality:—"The accounts showed that the income had been £328 5*s.*, including £112 7*s.* from annual subscriptions and £149 7*s.* from fees, while the expenses had amounted to £504 2*s.* 4*d.*, or a balance against the school of £235 17*s.* 4*d.* This included a balance of £117 8*s.* 1*d.* which was owing at the close of the preceding year, and £80 for twelve months' interest on the mortgage on the building. The report gave a history of the position which the school had occupied during the last year, and of the efforts that had been made to obtain public assistance on its behalf. In reference to the meeting held with the view to obtain a rate for the support of the school and a free library, the Council stated that the rate was opposed almost exclusively by that portion of the community which would have derived the largest benefit at the smallest possible cost to themselves. The Council, however, while regretting the result, acknowledged with pleasure the steady but unavailing support which was freely accorded to them by the local press. They proceeded to say that they were saved from having recourse to a recommendation which they had determined to make at this meeting, namely, that the affairs of the school be wound up, by the improved tone of feeling which had been so largely manifested in prospect of the closing of the school; they were thus enabled, by additional subscriptions and by as large a curtailment as was possible in its annual expenditure, to announce that the school would be maintained as heretofore. The students had manfully endeavoured to afford the school a substantial support, and, although unsuccessful, they made a highly creditable effort to relieve it from its difficulties. The number of students had been somewhat less than last year, which had occasioned a diminution of £4 3*s.* 9*d.* in fees. The Council, however, had reason to believe that there would be a large accession of students during the present session. The progress made by the students had been most satisfactory, and the exhibition of their works would prove that the course of instruction was stimulating and healthy, and could not fail to produce important and enduring results. The Council referred in terms of warm commendation to the manner in which Mr. Muckley had discharged the duties of head master during the year. To enable the school to retrieve its financial position he had very handsomely promised to contribute £50 annually to its funds so long as it might be needed, in addition to discharging for the present the duties of second master. The Council trusted, however, that it might not be necessary to accept his too liberal offer." We repeat our former remarks, that if the school is ultimately forced to be shut up, it will be a lasting disgrace to the town of Wolverhampton.

BRIGHTON.—The second annual examination of the pupils of the Brighton and Sussex School of Art, and the various public schools in connection therewith, took place on December 10th, in the King's Apartments, Royal Pavilion, and on Tuesday at the National Schools, before H. Wylde, Esq., one of her Majesty's Inspectors of Art Schools. With a laudable desire to stimulate Art education, the Department of Science and Art has adopted the plan of raising the standard for medals and prizes, from time to time. This has been the case in the present year (1860), and we learn that the consequences have shown themselves, at Southampton and other places, in a diminution of the number of awards as compared with previous years. It was feared that the like result might have been experienced in Brighton, but we are pleased to find that the impediments thrown in the way of the operations of the school have acted as a stimulus both to master and pupils, and the result is a most complete success. In 1859, the number of medals awarded was seven, and two drawings were selected to be sent to the national competition at the South Kensington Museum. Last year thirteen medals have been obtained, and seven drawings are to be sent to London. Neither of the drawings sent in 1859 succeeded in obtaining a national medallion, but this year (1860) the drawings are of so much greater excellence that a more favourable result is confidently anticipated. In another respect there is a marked improvement. In 1859 it was noticed that the works of the pupils, though of great merit, were chiefly outlines or in elementary stages of Art. In 1860, however, the public had placed before them specimens in almost all branches of the Fine Arts,—outline and shaded, in pencil and crayon, copies from the cast and from the figure, studies from nature, colouring, and landscape. The return has not yet been received from London of the number of prizes to be awarded for drawings done in the presence of the inspector. The candidates for examination numbered nearly 300. We may add that in connection with this School and the Government System of Art Education, a School has recently been opened at Chichester, which, under the fostering care of the able head master, Mr. J. White, and his active assistant, Mr. Farncombe, is thriving most satisfactorily.

BATH.—The Bath School of Art, which has been established six years, is—owing to a removal to more commodious premises, entailing a higher rental than has hitherto been paid, and to other circumstances—somewhat in arrears: otherwise the school appears, from a statement made at a recent meeting for the distribution of prizes, in a satisfactory position. It is self-supporting, and has been able to liquidate the debt contracted at the commencement. At present there are seventy-seven students in the school, of whom twenty-four constitute the ladies' class, forty-five the mechanics', and eight are included in an afternoon class. In addition to these there were nearly eight hundred children of the poorer classes taught in the different parochial and other schools in the city. The sum of £40 or £50 would suffice to place the institution on a firm basis.

SOUTHAMPTON.—The School of Art here has been in existence five years, and is under the direction of Mr. W. H. Baker. The annual distribution of prizes to the pupils took place on the 21st of November, when the report for the past year was read to those who assembled to witness the ceremony. The total number of scholars of every grade, including those in the branch schools at Romsey and Ringwood, appears to have been 892, showing a considerable addition to those of the preceding year. The increase in fees received during the period has corresponded with the increased number of students under instruction. All current expenses have been discharged, but a portion of the debt incurred in establishing the school still remains unliquidated.

NORWICH.—During the months of August and September, 1860, including the week of the grand musical festival, there was an exhibition of paintings and water-colour drawings in the School of Art rooms in this city. One feature had an especial interest to the inhabitants of the district, which was that two rooms were devoted to the works of deceased Norfolk artists. There were numerous fine specimens of John Crome, J. B. Crome, Clover, Cotman, John Middleton, Stark, Vincent, and others of considerable merit, kindly contributed from private collections. There was also a good assemblage of paintings of living artists, mostly sent by the artists themselves. The local artists were well represented. There was an Art-union in connection with the exhibition, which assisted materially in disposing of some of the works exhibited. We believe it is in contemplation to make these exhibitions triennial, on the same years as the musical festivals.

YORK.—The last year's report of the School of Art in this city speaks favourably of its steady progress. The average monthly attendance of pupils

was 147, compared with 134 of the preceding year. At the last examination sixty-three were decreed prizes, eight local medals, and one a national medallion. The payments by students amounted to £134, an increase of £18 on the fees of the former year. The total income amounted to £242, while the expenditure has been £251. An appeal to the gentry and manufacturers of York and its vicinity has been made by the committee for increased funds.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE NEW BRONZE PENNY.

SIR,—I beg to offer for insertion in your highly esteemed publication a description of, and some remarks upon, the new bronze penny recently issued. In the new penny the lover of high Art may probably object to the slight relief of the impression: but this must not be attributed to the want of taste on the part of the talented engraver, or of the managers of the Mint, but to the necessity of a rapid production of the currency. The coinage of the pieces is at a rate which must astonish persons who are not well acquainted with the great powers of machinery in the process, for not less than sixty coins are struck off by each press in a minute; and yet this marvellous rapidity can scarcely keep pace with the required speedy fabrication for the public use; especially as the bronze penny, from the hardness of the metal and the thinness of the piece, is the most difficult coinage which has yet been undertaken by the Mint. The low relief, therefore, was a necessity for the accomplishment of a perfect impression with so quick a production.

On the extreme edge of the coin there is a slight plain border, sufficiently elevated to protect its impress from friction when brought in contact with another coin. Within this outer border, in the proof impression, is a beaded border, after the style of some of the best coins of the ancient Greek Mint, particularly the coins of Syracuse, held to be the finest ever struck in the world: and within the beaded border, over the lettering, is a very thin line, which, on the obverse side, passes to the edge of the Queen's bust before and at the back, and on the reverse all round. Owing to the breakage of more dies than ordinary in the process of striking, it has been necessary to alter this beautiful border in the current penny, so as to resemble in a greater degree the style of edge in the old copper penny.

The bust of her Majesty on the obverse of the coin looks to the beholder's left hand, and is a very graceful one, and it is to be hoped will be the standard representation of our gracious Sovereign upon all her future coins. The portrait of her Majesty is, no doubt, more youthful than her present years might seem to justify; but it may be presumed that it has been the object of the designer to represent the Queen as she appeared in the bloom of her life, at that period when alone persons may be said to be in the perfect self of their physical existence.

The hair of her Majesty is beautifully arranged according to her mode of wearing it, and is represented as very fine and delicate in character, but not more so than it is said to be in reality. The parting of the back from the front hair is carefully exhibited. The back hair is gathered into a platted knot at the back of the head, which shows to advantage the graceful form of the female neck. The royal head is encircled by the laurel crown, which is very elegantly passed under a tress of the front hair going to be entwined in the back knot. The laurel crown is tied by a band formed into a bow below the back hair, which band appears to prevent the escape of the short hair that sometimes is seen when the hair is turned up. Mr. Leonard C. Wyon, the very skilful engraver of the die, has very delicately drawn attention to this point by showing a portion of the short hair pressed down by the band.

The rose, thistle, and shamrock, and a portion of the badge of the Order of the Garter, are represented as embroidered on the sleeve of the Queen's left arm, presented to view, the letters HONI SO of the motto of the badge being visible. Under the outer dress is seen a fold of muslin most delicately wrought, which is united in front by a rosette to a similar fold from the opposite side. The artist's name, L. C. Wyon, is stamped on the under edge of the shoulder. The inscription around is, VICTORIA D : G : BRITT : REG : F : D :

On the reverse, Britannia is seen facing to the observer's right hand. She is seated upon a rock, but neither the rock nor the shore are quite as well displayed as they might have been. By her right side is seen the shield, bearing the usual cross. She holds the shield with her right hand. The shield is well brought up, so as not to be subject to the objection often made that Britannia, on some of our coins, seems to be seated on the edge of the shield. With her left hand she supports the elevated trident. The head of the trident is ornamentally worked, after the manner of some ancient Greek coins—especially may be named an exquisite small coin of Priene, an ancient town on the coast of Asia Minor. The arms of Britannia are very symmetrically designed, and well rounded. She wears on her bosom the ægis of Minerva, and on her head a helmet, after the type of the finest ancient Greek helmets. The robe is elegantly designed, and flows easily, without being too full.

In front of Britannia, upon a tranquil ocean, is seen an outward-bound ship in full sail; and behind her, in the distance, is represented a lighthouse of the Eddystone form, with a rock close by. The windows of the lighthouse, and even the joints of the stones of the building, may be discerned. The inscription around is BRITANNIA. In the exergue is the date of the coin—1860; and below the shield are the initials of the engraver, L. C. W.

Such, Sir, is our new bronze coinage. Much might be said upon the sentiment conveyed by our national device of Britannia; but I will confine myself to a few brief remarks. The general design evidently presents a representation of a peaceful spirit. The shield is at the right side of Britannia, as if defence were a chief desire; there is no spear to indicate a warlike feeling. The trident is in the left hand, as if only to be used to carry out the object of defence. The ocean around our island is an unruffled one, as if indicating that tranquillity was our most desired state. The ship points out our love of commerce; whilst the lighthouse and rock seem to hold out to the world a beacon to guide the unfortunate and persecuted to our shores,—and security against the storms of life. Whilst Britannia exhibits no attitude of defiance, she yet shows a watchful glance over the ocean, as if to prevent hostile surprise, and a readiness to resist aggression.

Leamington. W. B. D.

VISITS TO ART MANUFACTORIES.

SIR,—Having from its commencement had the pleasure of being amongst the subscribers to the *Art-Journal*, we may be permitted perhaps to call your attention to an error in Mr. Hunt's paper at page 361 of the December number. He states in describing the use of the "second blocks" for the Printing of Floor-cloth, that we are indebted to the Americans for such improvement, and that it was first noticed at the Great Exhibition of 1851.

This, however, is not the case, for the system of "second," or as we term it, *double* blocking, was first introduced in the year 1835 by one of our firm, the late Mr. Charles B. Hare. At that time, large chintz patterns were very much in demand by our American friends, and were printed chiefly upon dark grounds, consequently the intersecting lines of the white blocks appeared very remarkable, and injured the effect of the design. Thus some remedy became highly necessary, and our late partner was fortunate enough to discover that which your correspondent has so ably described. Many of our printing-blocks are made on our premises, and the person is still with us who cut the first set of "double" blocks in 1835.

We owe it to the memory of a deceased relative, who did much to improve the manufacture in which we are engaged, to correct this mistake, and trust to your sense of justice for the insertion of our letter in your next impression.

JOHN HARE & CO.

Floor-cloth and Colour Works,
Bristol.

P.S.—The dry or "consolidated block" *is* an American invention, and is most useful, especially in printing such patterns as require a large number of blocks, some of our chintzes having upwards of thirty.

RELICS OF VON HUMBOLDT.

WE have been much gratified in being able to inspect a curious, interesting, and valuable treasure that has just arrived in this country—the library of the late Alexander Von Humboldt. It has not yet been arranged and classified, and we were consequently unable to make a thorough examination; but we saw enough to make us wish to see more. The library, in every possible variety of binding, consists of about twelve thousand volumes, and is of very miscellaneous character—the works, as might be expected, being for the most part of a scientific nature. But amongst books treating of geology, geography, botany, and ethnography, we noticed very many of the best illustrated works, both in Science and Art, that have appeared during the present century. Indeed the great work of the whole collection is an Art production, "The Calcographie du Louvre," in eighty-four folio volumes—a present to Humboldt from Louis Philippe: it is expensively half-bound in red morocco leather, and is, altogether, a gift worthy of a king. This gigantic publication consists of an impression of every plate that has been engraved under the direction of the French government, from the time of Louis XIV. to that of Louis Philippe, and contains portraits of distinguished personages of the court, in Art, in war, in science, and in literature, during that period, and includes views of towns and villages, plans of campaigns, and tableaux of battle-fields, as well as engravings from the old and modern masters. It may not inaptly be termed a cornucopia of French Art during portions of the 17th, 18th, and 19th centuries. With the exception of a complete set, presented by the present French government to the Museum at South Kensington, this is, we believe, the only copy to be found in this country.

What will add immensely to the attraction of these volumes in the eyes of many, is the fact that a large number of the works contain MS. notes by Humboldt. In the "Kosmos," for instance, there are about a dozen pages of matter which we trust will be incorporated in future editions of that work; some have only his autograph, and many contain inscriptions to him by their several authors, including a large proportion of the *literati* of all countries during the last half century. The variety of tone adopted by the presenter is most amusing. The style varies from the blunt democrat of America, who presents his volume to "A. Humboldt, Esq., from his friend the author," to the courtly Spaniard who takes the opportunity "of showing his esteem and veneration for the great luminary of learning, the bright sun of science, his Excellency the Baron Alexander Von Humboldt."

Amongst the works, which at present are lying *pêle mêle* in the room they occupy, are one hundred and sixty diplomas of as many learned societies in all parts of the globe, which had done honour to themselves and the great philosopher by enrolling him amongst their members. With what different feelings does the stranger look upon these, from those experienced by Humboldt as he successively received them—for, whatever may be said to the contrary, our philosopher was not insensible to the esteem and flattery of others. These diplomas, coming from lands as wide as the poles asunder, are a singular, and we may add an artistic monument to his fame—they are visible recognitions by the intellectual world of what he had attempted, and of what he had achieved, in the physical sciences. Each one of the hundred and sixty may, indeed, be regarded as a crown presented by Science herself to her most accomplished and illustrious son.

But our main purpose in visiting these relics of Humboldt was to inspect this bust of the Baron, executed by the French sculptor, David d'Angers. It is colossal, as the bust of the author of "Kosmos" should rightly be, and is familiar to many in this country from descriptions and engravings of it that have appeared in public prints. It is well executed, as are all works from the atelier of David, and admirably preserves the expression and lineaments of the great naturalist of whom it is a representation.

Both the bust and the library have been bought by Mr. Henry Stevens, in order, we presume, to dispose of them eventually in America.

THE FRIENDS.

Painted by Sir E. Landseer, R.A.

THIS engraving is from an early picture by Sir Edwin Landseer; we introduce it not so much for its artistic merits, though these are not unworthy of notice, as for the purpose of showing the dawn of that genius which has since spread over the whole Art-horizon, not only of this country, but it may be presumed of every land into which European Art has penetrated. We doubt much whether any painter has so world-wide a reputation as Landseer; and this, not only because of his peculiar excellences as an artist, but likewise on account of the universal popularity of such subjects as those whereon his pencil has been employed. There seems to be, in all civilized countries, such a natural sympathy between man and the tribes of domestic animals, that a bond of union—oftentimes of affection—draws them towards each other, the one rendering duty and obedience in return for the fostering care and attention of the other; and thus a common feeling of regard exists between them, which, in the case of the superior animal, man, is carried heartily and sincerely into everything which directs his mind towards the inferior.

Dogs, especially of the larger tribes, show a love towards children, which is, oftentimes, most marvellous, as if they were their natural protectors. It is very rarely a dog will retaliate upon a child, however roughly he may be treated by the latter; but let a grown-up person, even if he be the owner of the animal, attempt the same experiments, and the chances are that he will suffer for his imprudence. The dog is not only the friend of the child, but his companion and playmate; and nothing can be more pleasing to witness than the perfect understanding and good faith which they mutually exhibit towards each other.

Landseer's picture represents a little incident which is very likely to have occurred between two such "friends." The scene almost explains itself: the young child appears to have a taste for botany, for his basket is full of wild flowers, and by its side is a garden-trowel. By way of varying his amusements, the boy has been sailing a little boat, which having, it may be presumed, been blown out of reach, the dog has fetched from the water, and now stands with it in his mouth before the child, and gazes at him with a self-satisfied look; the boy's countenance indicates surprise more than anything else, as if his companion had never before accomplished such a feat.

The picture is, as we have said, a very early work of the painter's, and must only be regarded as a kind of first step in the great career which the genius of Landseer has since worked out.

O'NEIL'S 'DEATH OF MOZART.'

THERE are other combatants, besides soldiers and seamen, who may be said to fall grasping the weapon with which they have fought their way to fame. In the great battle of life, every man who advances to the front must wield, with untiring energy, the weapon he has selected, and tried, and proved, and found to be best fitted to his hand. And often it happens, that a man strikes his last blow at the very moment when he seems to have qualified himself for a long career of glory,—and so he sinks down and dies, "sword in hand." Every such occurrence is a precious though an involuntary bequest to some great artist. The death-scene of a hero is pre-eminently a subject for a noble picture. Mozart died, so to speak, under arms. His last work was the immortal "Requiem," which was first performed about his own death-bed—he himself expiring while the melody was yet breathing around him, and before the last cadence was hushed into silence. And the 'Death of Mozart' has become the Art-inheritance of a man who could feel the full burden of that touching scene, and could also express, upon a most graphic canvas, the sentiment of his own feelings. Painted before his famous 'Eastward Ho,' O'Neil's 'Death of Mozart' is now exhibited, by itself, at the Gallery, 28, Old Bond Street, by Mr. R. Crofts. The picture is the property of Mr. Edward Simpson, of Leeds, and it is being translated for public circulation through the agency of engraving, by Mr. R. Turner, of Newcastle-upon-Tyne. This picture is at once a characteristic example of the existing English school, a fine specimen of the powers of the artist, and a singularly beautiful and impressive work in itself. The engraving will naturally exercise a peculiar influence with the professors and the lovers of music; but it will also unquestionably prove almost equally attractive to every lover of Art. Mozart died in 1791, the year 1756 having witnessed his birth. The "Requiem," which was his last, and is, perhaps, his finest work, was composed by him when in a condition of fast failing health, in compliance with the desire of a stranger, who expressed an anxious wish that the great composer should devote to it the utmost energy of his noble powers. Mozart entered with all the enthusiasm of his ardent nature upon his task, with a consciousness, as it would seem, from the first, that there would arise an inseparable sympathy between this "Requiem" and his own fate. He worked on, and as he worked he drooped over his work; and in the very act of rehearsing it with his nearest and dearest friends, the composer passed to his rest. O'Neil has placed the incident itself before us. The dying Mozart faints, in the picture, in the arms of his wife and his sister. Around them are the loved friends, who have scarcely ceased to give expression to the music—Hofer, Mozart's brother-in-law; Süssmayer; his pupil Schack, and Gorl. Every accessory takes its own part in the scene, and tells its own tale, with the happiest effect: and, as a whole, the picture may be pronounced a complete success. The colouring is rich, varied, and harmonious. The agroupment of the figures is exquisitely natural, and skilful withal in the highest degree. One can breathe the atmosphere of that sad, solemn, and yet triumphant chamber, and we turn from the canvas as if just leaving the death-bed of Mozart.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. George Gilbert Scott has been elected a member in the room of Sir Charles Barry. The distinguished architect and accomplished scholar thus elevated, is eminently entitled to the distinction. He occupies the foremost rank in his profession, is universally esteemed, and is in all respects a gentleman. But he does not receive the honour until it is of comparatively little value to him; his *status* was obtained without the help of the Royal Academy. His promotion may be an acknowledgment and a reward, but it is too late to be a stimulus; and for any aid to professional advancement, the boon is of small worth. —The members of the Academy met on the 10th of December, the anniversary of its foundation, to distribute the medals to the successful students of the year. One competitor carried away three out of the five silver medals awarded: this was Mr. Thomas Henry Watson, who gained the prizes for the best architectural drawing, the best perspective drawing, and for a specimen of sciography. Mr. James T. Hart received a medal for the best drawing from the antique; and Mr. Charles J. T. Smith for the best model from the antique. No gold medal was awarded, nor any prize in the school of painting: in the latter case has this arisen from absence of merit in the works of the students? If so, it looks rather ominous. In 1857 *four* gold medals, and *fourteen* silver, were distributed; in 1858, six silver; and in 1859, two gold and twelve silver; in 1860, only five silver. Either we do not understand the plan of distribution adopted by the Academy, or there must be some unaccountable disparity of merit in the annual competitors to explain the disparity of awards.

SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS.—This society, on entering upon its third year of existence, begins to assume a defined and practical form, and to realize the more important features in the somewhat ambitious plan with which it set out on its career. In addition to the musical *réunions* and *conversaziones*, a regular course of lectures has been commenced (continued on the Thursdays in each week), the programme of which includes every branch of the Fine Arts—painting, sculpture, architecture, music, poetry, &c. Mr. J. Zephaniah Bell inaugurated the season, on the 22nd of November, with an interesting lecture on "Character in Art," following up the subject in the succeeding week by treating of "Character in Ornament." On the 6th of December Mr. J. Stewart read a paper, biographical and critical, on "Wilkie and his Works." In his remarks the lecturer showed a thoroughly appreciative knowledge of the genius and characteristics of the great Scottish painter, and it was pleasant to listen to them clearly and pointedly explained by his intelligent countryman. On the 15th Mr. G. Montague Davis, B.A., gave an able discourse on "The Present Position of Art in England." Amongst other subjects immediately promised are—"Weber and Mendelssohn, and their Works," with illustrations, by Mr. Alfred Gilbert; on "The Cultivation of Art as a means of Education, with a brief History of Water-colour Art," by Mr. James Fahey, the respected secretary of the New Water Colour Society; on "The Development of Musical Style," by the Rev. W. F. A. Gore Ouseley; on "Portraiture," by Mr. J. Stewart, &c. These lectures are generally followed by discussions, which lead to a very amiable interchange of opinions and experiences.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.—The exhibition of this society will open early in February, in the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours, 53, Pall Mall, where contributions will be received on the 29th and 30th of the present month. From what is reported of the progress of this society, and the extending interest with which it is regarded, it is believed that the exhibition of this season will be the most attractive that the society will have yet held.

THE POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTION.—Great efforts are being made to restore this establishment to its former popularity. With such an important end in view the management should not have opened their doors until the internal arrangements might, in some degree, have borne a favourable comparison with its former state. Classes have been instituted in various departments of education: that for drawing is very efficiently conducted by Mr. Macdonald Clarke, one of the Kensington masters, at terms so low that nothing but a very large class, which the talent of the teacher assuredly merits, can be in anywise remunerative.

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART BAZAAR.—It is intended to hold a bazaar in the summer of the year, with a view to augment the fund necessary to preserve in existence this valuable school. The arrangements are yet in embryo; in due course, however, it will be our pleasant duty to announce them, and to give the project all the aid in our power.

LAMBETH SCHOOL OF ART.—By permission of the proper authorities, a *Conversazione* will be held at the South Kensington Museum, on the evening of Saturday, January 12th, in aid of the building fund of the Lambeth School of Art, the first stone of which was laid, last summer, by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales. The whole of the exhibition rooms will be thrown open on the occasion, and exertions are being made to secure a good attendance of visitors. The district which this school is designed to benefit, though populous, is far from wealthy: extraneous aid is, therefore, greatly needed to liquidate the cost of the building now in course of erection, and which the committee hope will be completed and opened in the spring.

THE STATUE OF LORD HARDINGE.—The committee for obtaining subscriptions to procure a duplicate of Mr. Foley's noble equestrian group for the metropolis, has again commenced active operations, and will be glad to receive the names of contributors. All communications should be addressed to the Honorary Secretaries, 22, Regent Street. We see by the list of the committee that no fewer than twenty members of the Royal Academy are included in it: in fact, the movement originated with a large body of artists, who—to their honour be it said—were anxious to testify their admiration of a brother-artist, by procuring a copy, for England, of his grandest production—perhaps the most perfect equestrian statue of the age.

THE RESOURCES OF ART-INSTITUTIONS.—The Report recently published by the Council of the Royal Academy mentions the accession to its funds through the Turner bequest, but abstains from allusion to the prospective increase of its resources by that of the late Sir Francis Chantrey. When



this large bequest—the amount of which we have heard variously stated—is entered to the treasurer's account, the Academy will become the phenomenon of Art-institutions, which are proverbially poorer than all others. Speculation has been rife as to the resources of the body, but the public generally was not prepared for the statement of a condition so prosperous. At the present rate of increase, the funded property of the Academy will soon amount to an enormous sum, and to such a body as the Academy a plethora of wealth will bring with it a multitude of evils. The expenses of the establishment are greater than those of any similar institution in Europe, but at the same time the receipts during the exhibition are very large. Perhaps the least creditable item in the expenditure is the small sum that is set apart for aged members. The elections of the Academy should be such that its members should never require support from the institution, but if a superannuation fund be taken into the account, the annuity should be greater than it is. Considering the position which it now occupies, perhaps the Old Water Colour Society is the most remarkable Society that has ever arisen in connection with Art. It has perfected a method of painting which has had no old masters; its Cimabues, Giottos, and Van Eycks, were Paul Sandby and a few others, who in their day aspired to be only the "paper-stainers" that Campbell facetiously called them. The society has had no kind of government patronage, and has struggled unsupported through unheard vicissitudes. But it is now in a condition of prosperity, insomuch as to offer to erect its own exhibition rooms on the Burlington site. The particular point to which we wish here to allude, is the administration of the funds of the society. The property of the Academy cannot be called a joint-stock, since the Academicians are not immediately interested in it to the amount of their respective fortieths. The Old Water Colour is more essentially a republic, because on the death of each member his quota of the common property is paid over to his representatives—and this is the most just method of administering a fund so accumulated. The Scottish Academy makes an allowance to each of its members who pass the age of sixty. Our attention is called to this subject by a knowledge of the circumstances in which many artists leave their families after what may be called a career of uniform success. It is painful to know that any member of an institution like the Royal Academy should, in the winter of his days, sink into a condition little removed from penury; but it is even more grievous that the family of a successful artist should sink into indigence; and until something be done to obviate this crying reproach, the provisions of the most wealthy Art-institution in Europe must be considered extremely imperfect.

Lord Macaulay.—Arrangements are in progress for the erection, at Cambridge, of a statue of the great historian.

The Graphic Society commenced the meetings of its 29th session on the 12th of December; the sixth, and last, of the present session being appointed for the 8th of May, 1861.

The New Foreign and India Offices.—A thoroughly successful *Soirée* was held at Leicester on the evening of the 5th of December, by the Architectural and Archæological Society of the county, when the chairman, Lord John Manners, M.P., very appropriately introduced the subject of the architectural style of the Foreign and India Offices, which Lord Palmerston has contrived to keep so long in abeyance. Lord John Manners called upon the architectural societies of the kingdom to express their opinions upon the subject to the legislature, and we have much satisfaction in accepting and urging the suggestion of the noble lord. We want the decided expressions of qualified opinion in all matters of Art; and accordingly we trust that in architectural societies the great art of Architecture will find such advocacy as will command, because it must deserve, respectful attention.

Artists' Orphan Asylum.—Some time ago, it may be remembered, we announced a project for the formation of an asylum for the orphan children of artists. We set ourselves earnestly to the task of accomplishing that object: our first step being to address a circular to all persons likely to aid it—requesting a *promise* of assistance in the event of the plan arriving at a successful issue. We issued about 1,500 circulars. The result was entirely satisfactory: we obtained promises of aid to the extent of about £500 in gifts, and about £600 in annual subscriptions: two gentlemen alone, Mr. Francis Grant, R.A., and Mr. Alderman Copeland, proffering aid each to the extent of 100 guineas, besides yearly support. Our readers will, we think, be as much surprised as we were, to learn that although ample funds were ready for the establishment of such an institution, there was really no need for it; *the project has been relinquished simply because there are no orphans of artists requiring such a charity*. We are thus compelled to the somewhat humiliating admission that we began our work at the wrong end—a fact, however, which is far more a subject for congratulation than the formation of an institution such as we contemplated could have been. It is scarcely necessary to add, that we made due inquiries before we abandoned the undertaking, and resolved to make this communication to our readers—having early and specially applied to the two "Artists' Benevolent Funds;" and to other well informed parties, not only in London, but in the provinces. A *few* orphans there may be—nay, undoubtedly are; but the evil is not such as to demand the contemplated remedy: or to justify the applications for aid that would be made, and no doubt responded to. It is, therefore, with sincere pleasure, and by no means with disappointment, that we release all our promised aids from their pledges: with our very grateful acknowledgments and thanks. The labour and expense we incurred have had at least this good effect—to obtain conviction that if an artists' orphan asylum had been needed, the artists and Art-lovers would have established and sustained it.

Sir John Franklin.—It is stated in the *Critic* that the bronze statue, to the memory of Sir John Franklin, to be erected at his birthplace, Spilsby, Lincolnshire, "has been given to Mr. Bacon to execute." Who is Mr. Bacon? We do not know any living sculptor of that name.

The Lions for Trafalgar Square are at length in progress in the studio of Baron Marochetti. Sir Edwin Landseer has been of late assiduous in assisting in the modelling; in this he has been much aided by studies made from a dead lion that was conveyed some time since to his studio from the Zoological Gardens. It is high time the lions made their appearance, for the sculptors, who executed the figure and the *bas-reliefs*, like Waterloo heroes, are fast disappearing from the scene. While the Nelson enthusiasm was yet glowing, the sculptors thought they might behold the monument completed; but Watson is departed, so is Ternouth; Baily has retired, so it would appear has Carew, for he makes no sign.

A Circle of Artists settled in and about Kensington have supported for their own practice a life-school for some time, and they now propose establishing a sketching-club, similar to that which has been so long maintained by a small circle, consisting principally of Academicians. Their custom was to meet at each other's houses, and the sketches remained with the host of the evening. Mulready is a member of the Kensington school; it is there that some of his inimitable drawings from the life have been made.

Colour-Boxes.—Messrs. Rowney and Co. are now selling a colour-box, containing ten cakes of colour, excellent in tint and pleasant to work, for the sum of one shilling—just the price which we were accustomed to pay, many years ago, for a single cake, of larger size certainly, but as certainly not very superior in quality. They designate it the "School of Art Shilling Colour-Box," and it will undoubtedly be found of great utility to the numerous pupils in those schools who cannot afford to purchase more expensive materials, and not less so to the young Art-students of every class.

St. Paul's.—The first thing that strikes the visitor on entering the cathedral, is the extremely dirty condition of the monuments, which are blackened by a dense coat of dust wherever there is room for a settlement. If such a trifle be unworthy of the notice of the Dean and Chapter, is there no minor official who may acknowledge the fact, that the dust resting above does no honour to the dust reposing underneath? When Mr. Parris had concluded the restoration of the pictures in the dome, it was supposed that the subordinate embellishments would have advanced quickly to accomplishment; little, however, has been done. The walls round and above the whispering gallery are being painted with a second coat of stone colour, and the thin moulding at the foot of the rails has been gilded; but the circle is so thin that what has been done suggests only that more is wanted; and this will be additionally apparent when the enrichment of the coffered vaultings is completed. It was understood that the gratings at the upper windows were to be removed, as they deprived the interior of the dome of one-fourth of the light due from these ample apertures. At the time when Mr. Parris was restoring the pictures in the dome, extensive pictorial enrichments were spoken of, but it now appears that at present architectural improvements only are to be effected.

Stothard.—Mr. Robert Stothard, the son of the eminent painter, proposes holding in the spring an exhibition of his father's works. This will be a collection that ought to be appreciated by the professors of Art, so few of whom now know Stothard otherwise than by name.

Some time before his decease, the late A. E. Chalon, R.A., proposed to bequeath to the nation a selection of his own drawings, together with some of his brother's works, on the condition of a suitable apartment being appropriated to them. To offer friendly advice in such a case is an extremely difficult matter, but had Mr. Chalon's friends spoken out on this occasion, he might have been saved the deep mortification of a disappointment. The Government acted with sound judgment in declining the offer. Mr. Chalon was a clever sketcher, but it is not desirable to form endless public collections of mere sketches. The precedent, moreover, would have been a bad one; every member of our school might make up his portfolio, and claim a gallery to himself.

Herr Vogel Von Vogelstein, a Dresden painter of high reputation, has sent for exhibition to the Crystal Palace, in one large frame, a set of compositions from Faust, setting forth many of the principal incidents of the story. The centre piece shows Faust in his study; the evil spirit has appeared to him, and he shrinks from the sight, exclaiming—

"Weh! ich ertrag dich nicht!"

The artist's conception of this apparition differs from the vulgar diabolic mysticism of the horns and the cloven foot. The impersonation resembles that which the old masters were accustomed to attribute to the Deity, with the difference that a serpent encircles the body. As there is no particular idea assigned to the spirit in this part of the text, the artist has the option of dealing as he pleases with the form. This is the largest picture, and it is the centre-piece round which the other scenes, in a much smaller form, are set. There is, of course, that in which the black dog is seen by Faust and Wagner. Again, there is the mirror scene, wherein is realised to Faust the promise of seeing the most lovely woman that mortal eyes ever beheld; and here, perhaps, Herr Vogel, by introducing a visionary form something like the Venus of Titian, meets more directly Goethe's conception than if he had draped the figure. In the picture of Margaret at mass, we usually see the accuser pouring reproaches into the ear of the victim; but we here see her simply kneeling, and we are left to imagine the rest. Other scenes are—the meeting in the garden; then the death of Valentin, Margaret's brother, after the duel with Faust; Faust and Margaret in the prison; and then Mephistopheles and Faust riding, which is perhaps the most striking picture of the whole for effect and creative power. This large and important work, according to an inscription on it (Angefangen zu Dresden, 1847—beendigt zu Venedig, 1852), was commenced at Dresden, in 1847, and finished at Vienna, in 1852. Herr Vogel was not perhaps five entire years exclusively occupied on the work, but, without such a hint, the picture declares itself a production of mature thought and earnest labour. Since our last notice of the gallery at the Crystal Palace, many very interesting works have been added, of which a description will be given in a future notice.

"Italia Liberata" is the subject of a statue proposed to the Baron Marochetti for execution for Sardinia. Such a work, to satisfy the Italians, must have a strongly dramatic character; and such it will have in the hands of Marochetti. We know

of no other European artist more capable of fulfilling the required conditions; the thoughtful argument of the English school, the philosophic eloquence of the Germans, or any bronze *Vive l'Italie* of the French school, would be equally a failure.

ARY SCHEFFER.—The *Critic* informs us that a monument in bronze is to be erected to the great painter—French by education, but Dutch by birth—in his native town of Dordrecht.

MR. JOHN BELL, who has been eagerly, and rather unnaturally, striving to erect an obelisk somewhere, is at length to be gratified. We are not very sorry to say it will be placed far off—at Bermuda, to the memory of Sir William Reid, some time its governor. Mr. Bell is a sculptor of large ability, sound knowledge, and matured experience, and why he should so much desire to produce work that a stone-mason might do as well, we are at a loss to guess.

THE ROYAL SOCIETY has fortunately obtained Durham's fine bust of General Sabine. It is the gift, according to the *Critic*, of Mr. Gassiot. The bust will be a valuable addition to the collection of the society, not only as an admirable work of Art, but as an enduring memorial of one of the best of men, as well as the most accomplished of scientific scholars.

THE LATE HERBERT INGRAM.—A monument to the honour of the late member for Boston is to be erected in his native town. It is said to be "a white marble statue, ten feet high, placed upon a pedestal of polished granite, at the base of which a fountain will be formed. The design for the fountain is a bronze figure, representing a female in the act of pouring water out of a jug into a vessel below." The work is confided to the sculptor Munroe.

ARMYTAGE'S 'BALAKLAVA' AND 'INKERMANN.'—These two striking and meritorious pictures are now occupying temporary resting-places in the collection of Mr. Barrett, of 369, Strand. They were originally painted for the purpose of being engraved; but the Indian mutiny, which followed so close upon the Crimean war, opened up a new field of interest for artistic representation; and Mr. Armytage's works were set on one side. Without now expressing any especial desire to have them placed in an engraver's hands, we certainly do claim for them some permanent home in which they may occupy a place of deserved honour. Why do not we form a national collection of pictures of a national historical character? and why are not such pictures as these purchased by the nation to commemorate actions famous in the military annals of England? It would be very easy to find worthy companions for Armytage's works. There is Barker's 'Lucknow,' for example. There can be no doubt respecting the popularity of such a collection.

THE "HONOURABLE" MEMBER FOR BRIGHTON, Mr. White, has been making a political speech at Plymouth, a place which, it appears, he formerly represented. His audience were, we learn, "principally working men." We find in the published report of his speech this paragraph:—"Passing on, he noticed the Fine Arts Exhibition (?), which he denounced as a pet object of Prince Albert's, and said that last year they voted for the cultivation of the Fine Arts the sum of £78,000, which was distributed amongst the Prince's favourites, and which was extracted out of the pockets of the working classes. (Cries of 'Shame.')" When a vulgar and ignorant man dares to utter a gross misstatement like this, it is rarely there is any one by to answer him; it "tells" with an audience low as himself, and unhappily there is seldom any way of punishing a slanderer utterly reckless of truth. By such men, and by such means, the humbler classes are deceived and misled.

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEA'S MONUMENT.—Mr. Noble's statue of the late Marquis of Anglesea has been successfully raised to the top of the column which, after the Battle of Waterloo, was erected in honour of the gallant soldier, on the Isle of Anglesea, opposite the Menai Bridge. The raising of the mass to its destined site was a triumph of engineering—the maiden essay, it is said, of a very young man, who has not lived to enjoy the distinction which this most difficult operation must have secured him. Had the Marquis sat to the sculptor during his lifetime, his wishes could not have been more scrupulously consulted; he stands attired in his favourite uniform, that of the 7th Hussars. The only other statuesque portrait of the Marquis that we remember, is the elegant statuette modelled in the studio of Count D'Orsay, at Gore House. In certain circles the Count enjoyed a high reputation as a sculptor and a painter. There was, however, a secret in the production of these much be-praised works, allusion to which cannot now break any hearts. He employed two *aides-d'atelier*, a painter and a modeller, both extremely skilful in their respective departments. The painter had been an assistant to Pickersgill, Grant, and Buckner, and in one or other of the United Service clubs there are instances of his quality, and would, doubtless, have been others had he remained in this country, but he emigrated to America. He used to describe as the most difficult task of his life the continual re-adjustment of the profile opera-hat portrait of the Duke of Wellington. The Count would insist upon touching it, and each time he left it the very counterpart of our old acquaintance Punch. It was, however, finished at last, and engraved. These men worked in separate rooms, and retired on the announcement of visitors. The modeller was some time employed in drawing for a popular illustrated journal, and his was the statuette of the Marquis of Anglesea, which evoked the most stunning plaudits to the honour of the Count. His labours were also of a Sisyphean kind, for each time the Count touched the horse the modelling had to be recommenced, and, upon one occasion, he patted down the hind-quarters till the legs gave way. But the work was at length finished, and a charming production it is. A statuette of the Duke of Wellington was executed under the same difficulties. The Count's busts were the theme of universal admiration, and very justly so—the week's work in this direction was re-cast and re-manipulated each succeeding Sunday morning, by one of the most eminent bust-makers of our school.

MURRAY AND HEATH'S PHOTOGRAPHS.—The versatile capabilities of photography may now be considered to have been fairly and fully demonstrated. This, however, is more than may at present be affirmed respecting the high artistic powers of this wonderful Art. In a comparatively few instances only have photographers been enabled to associate the higher qualities of Art with the special attributes of their sun-pictures. At the same time the efforts that are continually made to produce *perfect* photographs are occasionally crowned with the most gratifying success. Amongst the most successful works of this class that it has been our good fortune to examine, a foremost place may be claimed by a truly exquisite series of views that have just been produced by Mr. Heath, and are published at his establishment in Piccadilly. The subjects, which are twelve in number, are all comprehended within the range of Endsleigh, the Duke of Bedford's beautiful property, in Devonshire. These photographs, while they possess in their fulness both the marvellous minuteness and the exact accuracy of detail peculiar to works of their order, are true pictures in bold breadth of expression, and also in their pure and truthful rendering of all the subtleties of atmospheric effects. The points of view have been most judiciously selected, and the scenes have indeed been transferred, with admirable skill and feeling, from the great gallery of nature to the artist's portfolio. No collection of photographs which aims at a high reputation can fail to include a copy of this Endsleigh series.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS OF THE ROYAL PALACES.—Messrs. Murray and Heath have also very recently prepared a set of stereographs upon glass, of peculiar interest, and in the highest perfection. They represent both the exteriors and the interiors of the royal residences of Windsor, Buckingham House, Balmoral, and Osborne; and with these are associated some delightful views of the New Palace of Westminster. These truly magical works have been executed by M. Soulier, in his hitherto unrivalled manner; and, we may add, that the artist has visited England for the express purpose of devoting to them his attention, in compliance with the desire of Her Majesty the Queen. Never could Aladdin himself have contemplated such gorgeous visions as thus arise at the bidding of a cunning servant of that oldest and brightest of lamps—the sun. The stereoscope, with these positives on glass, brings before the observer the veritable images of the homes of English royalty with a vivid impressiveness that altogether defies description. We have sincere pleasure in congratulating the publishers upon the manner in which they have been enabled to obey the commands of the Queen, in bringing the palaces of England into the stereoscope. The stereoscopes of Messrs. Murray & Heath claim from us a distinct recognition of their singular excellence—a quality, indeed, which characterises all the photographic apparatus that is produced at their establishment.

CORAL ORNAMENTS.—Perhaps the strongest arguments that could be adduced in favour of the proposed Great Exhibition in 1862, may be derived from the grand advance that has been achieved in almost every department of Art-manufacture since 1851. In the various decorative works that are executed in the precious metals, and in every variety both of jewellery and of the productions of the lapidary, Art is now found to exercise a powerful and a truly benign influence. As an eminently characteristic illustration of the refined taste which at the present day directs the skilled hands of English artist-workmen, we may instance the collection of coral ornaments that we have just examined with such unqualified admiration at the establishment of Mr. Philips, in Cockspur Street. From the adaptation of appropriate pieces of coral to certain special purposes—to the execution of the most exquisite cameos in this beautiful material—Mr. Philips has shown that he is thoroughly master of the art in which he takes a peculiar delight. Possibly some of our readers may not be aware of the rarity and value of the finer specimens of coral: accordingly, they might be somewhat surprised to find a single necklace of simple coral beads to bear the price of one hundred guineas.

THE MARINER'S COMPASS, a paste-board model, published by Messrs. Droosten, Allen & Co., may be of some use to our marine-painters, who are not well versed in the mysteries of seamanship, and oftentimes, as we know, expose their works to the criticisms of naval men by the nautical mistakes which are made. It consists of the deck, or level, of a three-masted ship, with movable yards, so attached to the centre of the compass as to be turned in any direction, according to the points on which the vessel is sailing. Ample explanations are given as to how this paper vessel must be navigated when "tacking" or "wearing," or performing any other manœuvre common in marine vernacular. It is described as being the invention of Mr. M. H. Barker, "The Old Sailor," who intends it for the "use of young officers of the navy, gentlemen of the bar, naval novel readers, and the world at large;" among the latter, of course, artists are included, and it is for their benefit especially that we direct attention to this ingenious device.

THE GREAT WEDGWOOD.—A life of this truly great man is much needed. The materials for such a biography are indeed few and meagre; its value must be mainly derived from a thorough acquaintance with the art of his epoch—of Ceramic Art especially. It is concerning the *time* of Wedgwood, rather than himself, that we desire to be made acquainted. We understand that Miss Meteyard is engaged in arranging such a work: without by any means disparaging this lady, we may regret that it is not in other hands. She is a pleasing and graceful writer, whose sketches and stories, under the *nom de plume* of "Silverpen," are justly popular; but it is not likely that she can grapple so large a theme as this with a reasonable prospect of supplying that which is a want in our biographical literature.

PREPARED PAPER FLOWERS.—In what used to be called the Fine Arts Court, in the Crystal Palace, but is now known as the Stationery Court, our attention has been arrested by some groups of artificial flowers, the work of Mrs. Stodart, of Cloudesley Terrace, Islington. Most of the specimens are made of a paper, the secret of preparing which is known only to the lady herself; and its great advantage is that it is but little liable to serious injury. The flowers themselves are made without machinery of any kind, as we understand; they are simply cut out with scissors, and so ingeniously that we heard of a group of dahlias being exhibited at a recent flower-show at the Palace, that actually deceived several growers. Mrs. Stodart very rarely works from a model, or natural flower, but relies on her memory and botanical knowledge.

REVIEWS.

THE TEMPTATION. Engraved by A. FRANÇOIS' from the picture by ARY SCHEFFER. Published by GOUPIL & Co., London and Paris.

This is a grand composition, right worthy of, perhaps, the most *spiritual* painter of our age. Whatever Scheffer lacked as a colourist, and oftentimes as a poetical idealist, received a counterpoise in the dignity of his conceptions, and the intellectual expression he gave to his figure. This seemed to be the chief aim of his art, to which he made all else subservient. Though in a manner educated in the French school, his works show little affinity with it, but much with that over which the influence of Cornelius, Overbeck, and other German painters extended: his art had more of a Teutonic tendency than of any other.

The 'Temptation' is as fine an example of Scheffer's style of composition, and of his power of expression, as any subject we can just now call to mind. Christ and the Tempter stand on the top of an "exceeding high mountain," a fragment of the upper part of which is alone seen, but its elevation is determined by the mass of rolling clouds below. With one foot advanced upon a projecting crag, his whole figure bending forward, and his hands outstretched, he urges the Saviour to cast himself down. The figure is winged—heavy, wide-spreading pinions—partially nude, and its attitude most striking and powerful. The drawing of the anatomy is skilful, but the arms of Satan are somewhat stiff in pose, and the left hand is awkwardly placed—owing to the fingers being thrown back it presents a form not agreeable to the eye, though not inconsistent with natural action. The Saviour stands a little in advance of Satan, and on ground rather more elevated. He is robed in white, and with his right hand uplifted rebukes the Tempter. The countenances of the two have just that contrast which we look for: the one mild and dignified, without the slighest expression of severity; the other a demoniacal earnestness in its appeal which is little short of malignity. It is evident Satan feels that in this, his last opportunity for exacting obedience, he is foiled, and the assurance of his defeat is reflected on every feature of his face.

The engraving is in the line manner, delicate and yet very solid in execution. The tones both of the flesh and the draperies are appropriately and truthfully rendered, without hardness on the one hand or weakness on the other.

The publication, as the work of either artist,—painter or engraver—is undoubtedly one of the most valuable contributions to high art which the age has produced.

LITHOGRAPHIC PRINTS. Published by PILOTY and LÖHLE, Munich.

The art of lithography, which had its birth in Germany, still maintains the supremacy and popularity it has so long enjoyed in that country. With us the process of printing from plain stones has—except for works chiefly of an educational character—been almost superseded by the introduction of the chromatic process. We have seen the last, we expect, of such productions as those put forth by Harding, Roberts, Stanfield, Nash, Haghe, and others: while in Germany lithographic pictures on a large scale are constantly appearing, and seem to occupy the place which copper and steel engravings do in England. And certainly many of those works, and among them those that now lie before us, almost if not quite, rival in force and delicacy the most brilliant metallic plates.

Messrs. Piloty & Löhle, the eminent publishers of Munich, have long been engaged in issuing a series of large lithographic prints from the pictures of celebrated masters, ancient and modern, in the royal gallery of the Pinacotheca, at Munich. Some of these we have noticed on former occasions, others have just reached us. First, there is 'The Two Satyrs,' from the picture by Rubens—a fine example of the painter's luscious colouring and powerful imagination; but, we must also add, repulsive in sentiment to a degree. What pleasure can any one derive from contemplating that sensual-looking couple? But the print is a noble specimen of the lithographic art in its close approximation to natural textures and in depth of colour. 'Susannah and the Elders,' from the picture by Van Dyck, is most effectively translated; but the subject, grandly as the painter treated it, is too repulsive to be at all agreeable. Adrian Van der Werff's 'Holy Family' is a beautiful composition; the forms are more rounded than was usual with this painter, and the drapery is graceful and natural. The figures are clearly and softly lithographed, but the landscape is dark and muddy. 'The Country Forge—Winter Time,' by Zimmermann, a modern German artist, is an excellent bit of landscape, with snow lying deep on the ground, and a heavy sky betokening a further fall. The small group of figures outside the blacksmith's shop, where a traveller's horse is being shod, is capital. Better still, perhaps, is 'The First Snow Fall,' by F. Bishoff, another modern painter of Germany: it is a "Webster-like" picture, showing an old man who has brought two young children to the doorway of his cottage to look at the falling snow. The varied character of the group is given with much skill and pictorial feeling. The whole of these lithographic prints are admirable in quality; as solid as if struck from metal plates rather than from stone.

One print sent to us, which seems to belong to the same series, is from an engraved plate; the subject is a 'Sunset,' after Claude, but it is a far less successful work than the others; it wants air and light, and a general clearness.

THE IMPERIAL ATLAS OF MODERN GEOGRAPHY. Compiled from the most Authentic Resources; under the Supervision of W. G. BLACKIE, PH.D., F.R.G.S., Editor of the "Imperial Gazetteer." Published by BLACKIE & SON, London and Edinburgh.

A *good* atlas is almost, if not quite, a necessity in every house in such a country and among such a community as ours, where there is scarcely a family which is not personally interested in whatever occurs in some quarter or other of the whole world. Our commercial relations, the variety and extent of our colonial possessions, and our well-known love of travel, render a work of this kind indispensable to thousands; and scarcely less so to those who have no farther interest in, or knowledge of, other countries, than what is derived from the multitude of books treating of foreign lands which the press is year by year sending forth,—these publications lose half their instructive value without some such aid as a good and comprehensive atlas affords. Moreover, who is there in the present day, whatever his social position may be, who does not read his daily or weekly newspaper, with its ever-recurring narratives of exciting events, bearing, more or less, on the destinies of this vast and great empire? how can these matters be clearly understood, or their details profitably perused, without reference to explanatory maps?

But an atlas to be of real serviceable value, must not only be correct and comprehensive, it should also be easy of reference: it is to supply the public with a work of this character, that the projectors of the "Imperial Atlas" have directed their attention. The general plan they have adopted to carry out their object, may be ascertained by the following extracts from the publishers' prospectus:—

"In preparing the 'Imperial Atlas,' the requirements of the many have been strictly kept in view, rather than the wants of the few. In other words, attention has been directed more to rendering the maps useful and acceptable to the general reader, than to adapting them exclusively to the demands of the experienced geographer; though it is hoped that the latter will find them not unworthy of his notice. In this respect it resembles its predecessor, the 'Imperial Gazetteer,' being thoroughly popular in cast, though scientifically accurate in details; and, from its portable size, it aspires to a convenient place on the parlour table or library shelf, so that it may become a constant companion, instead of being left to gather dust, as too frequently happens with large, bulky atlases, whose unwieldiness acts as an effectual preventive to their being often consulted. . . . .

"The maps have been selected with a view to giving a very faithful and complete representation of every part of the earth's surface, special attention being given to those regions in which the natives of this country are more immediately interested, such as our Colonial Possessions, and the United States of North America. In the arrangement of the regions represented at one view, a decided improvement over the plan usually followed has been effected. For instance, in consequence of the maps of England, Scotland, and Ireland being generally engraved separately, and even maps of the British Islands not including anything beyond the sea close on their coasts, many people have a very confused notion of the relative position of the adjoining countries of France, Holland, Germany, Denmark, Norway, &c. To remedy this defect, a map of the British Islands is given, including portions of the coasts of all the countries above-named, showing at a glance their relative position to this country. The attainment of this object—the conveying to the eye, at first sight, a good idea of the relative position of surrounding places—has been kept constantly in view in arranging the maps of the 'Imperial Atlas.' Other examples of a similar kind may be seen in the maps of the Circumpolar Regions, the North Atlantic Ocean, the Indian Ocean, the Mediterranean Sea, &c."

The number of maps included in this atlas is one hundred; they embrace the most recent discoveries, and the latest political divisions of territory in all parts of the world. Every available source appears to have been consulted to obtain accuracy. They are engraved with remarkable clearness, and no other colouring is introduced than serves to mark the boundaries of divisions, and this, too, so slight in tint as not to interfere with the names of places, a defect too often painfully apparent in works of this kind. For general utility, we know of nothing which will bear comparison with the "Imperial Atlas," with its index of about one hundred and twenty thousand names.

PARADISE AND THE PERI. Published by DAY and SON, London.

If the art of chromo-lithography had achieved no other result than the production of this richly-illuminated volume, it would have accomplished its work, and have been hailed with admiration; for pages more gorgeous with radiant and beautiful colours, with ornament more elegant in form, and designed with more exquisite taste, and colour-printing more solid and accurate, it is impossible to imagine. Mr. Henry Warren's pencil has furnished the figures, Mr. Owen Jones's the ornamental borders, and Mr. Albert Warren transferred both to the stones. Each alternate page has a portion of the poem printed on a gold ground; on the opposite page is a figure or group, suggested by the lines, and printed either on a gold or coloured ground; both being surrounded with an elaborately designed border, corresponding in pattern and colours: the whole are of true Persian type. These borders are charmingly varied, and in determining the ground-colours, Mr. Jones seems to have most judiciously and cleverly adapted the tint to the text—passages of a sad and gloomy character having a rich but dark ground, and those of a light and joyous expression, a corresponding brightness. Throughout, harmony is nowhere sacrificed to brilliancy, nor good taste to gaudy display. If we have any fault to find, it is with the occasional harsh lines of Mr. Warren's figures; a little more delicacy in this respect would have been a manifest improvement, where the spirit of the poet's verse is so truly and happily caught, as it is in these outline drawings. This "Paradise and the Peri" is a book fit for the most luxurious eastern palace.

POETS' WIT AND HUMOUR. Selected by W. H. WILLS. Illustrated with One Hundred Engravings from Drawings by C. BENNETT and G. H. THOMAS. Published by BELL & DALDY, London.

By way of varying the more solid and substantial literary Christmas fare which generally comes before us at this time of the year, we find in this volume a light and fanciful dish of poetical humours composed of ingredients preserved from the days of Geoffrey Chaucer to our own, but the major part of comparatively modern production. The poems, generally, may suit a periodical publication, where is is politic to mingle the gay with graver matters; but a collection such as this, in which refinement of ideas and expression is not always attended to, is not, we think, best adapted for a popular gift-book, though it may not be out of place in the library, or on the table, of a bachelor's sitting-room. The designs are after, but a long way from, those which Hood used to make us laugh over in his Comic Annuals. The binding and getting up of the volume leave nothing to be desired.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. By JOHN BUNYAN. Illustrated with One Hundred and Ten Designs, by J. D. WATSON. Engraved by the BROTHERS DALZIEL. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & Co., London.

Of this edition of a work which, in some form or other, has, it may be presumed, found a place in almost every house where a dozen books in the English language are to be seen, all we need say is, that it will stand comparison with the most costly and elegant edition that has been issued. The illustrations are exceedingly good—sound and bold in design: no attempt has been made to allegorise the figures, if such a term may be used; but the artist has aimed to give them the costume and character of Bunyan's time, so that we seem to realise them as creatures of the earth, and not the mere fictions of the writer or the artist. It is edited by Mr. George Offor, a gentleman whose researches into the history of Bunyan have been given to the world in another

form. He has written for this volume a brief memoir of the "dreamer," and has appended some valuable explanatory notes extracted from the author's other works. A rich binding of the fashionable *Magenta* colour is an additional attraction presented by the book.

The name of the artist is new to us; it will not be long so, for he is undoubtedly a man of genius, who is destined to hold a prominent position in Art.

TWO YEARS IN SWITZERLAND AND ITALY. By FREDRIKA BREMER. Translated by MARY HOWITT. 2 Vols. Published by HURST and BLACKETT, London.

Miss Bremer sent these volumes from Athens, and they have doubtless been faithfully, as they have certainly been pleasantly, put into their English drapery by Mary Howitt. There was nothing new to tell of Switzerland or Italy when Miss Bremer visited these well-known lands; but she is a minute observer, and has preconceived notions which give a freshness and originality to whatever she writes. The second volume is infinitely more interesting than the first. Miss Bremer's interview and conversation with the Pope is exceedingly curious; she relates it in firm reliance on the sincerity of Pio Nono, who assures the intelligent yet simple minded Swede that he believes Christians outside the pale of the Roman Catholic Church can be saved. She rejoices in his liberality with all the earnestness of her own pure Christian spirit. We wish we had space to review these volumes: but they are certain to be universally read, and we heartily give them the "prayer of goodwill."

BRITISH BUTTERFLIES. By W. S. COLEMAN, Member of the Entomological Society of London, Author of "Our Woodlands, Heaths, and Hedges." With Illustrations by the Author, Printed in Colours by E. EVANS. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, & Co., London.

The terms moths and butterflies are used indiscriminately by those who have not studied this branch of natural history; but Mr. Coleman, whose name as an artist must be familiar to our readers, says: "The usual notion of a butterfly is of a gay fluttering thing, whose broad painted wings are covered with a mealy stuff that comes off with handling. This is all very well for a general idea, but the characters that form it are common to some other insects besides butterflies. Moths and hawk-moths have mealy wings, and are often gaily-coloured too; whilst, on the other hand, some butterflies are as dusky and plain as possible."

Until we had looked over the illustrations in this pleasantly-written little book—and very beautifully drawn and coloured these specimens are, some of them with the "mealy stuff" so truthfully represented, that one is tempted to try to brush it off with the finger—we had no idea the British butterflies were such a numerous race. Upwards of seventy specimens of male insects are introduced here, in several instances accompanied by their "partners," with a full descriptive account of each; preceded by a concise but ample history of butterfly development, structure, habits, localities, mode of capture and preservation.

The author enters upon rather an elaborate defence of the practice of catching and killing butterflies for the purposes of study: we are not disposed to contravene his arguments, though we must admit that we greatly prefer examining them when seated on a leaf or flower, than transfixed to a "setting-board." Perhaps, however, we are among those tender-hearted readers, who, Mr. Coleman fears, may look on the chapter headed "How to kill a butterfly," with some dismay. But apart from the interesting narrative, the illustrations alone would commend the book to popular favour.

THE BOOK OF SOUTH WALES, THE WYE, AND THE COAST. By Mr. and Mrs. S. C. HALL. Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co., London.

It is our duty to announce that the several chapters, with which so many of our readers are familiar, have been collected into a volume; and that this Tour, in its present form, makes a very attractive book, in so far as paper, printing, and binding are concerned. The numerous illustrations—amounting to between three and four hundred—render the work a valuable addition to the library, while it cannot fail to be useful to those who travel by railway through South Wales.

ILLUSTRATED BOOKS FOR THE YOUNG.*

OUR young friends have to thank Messrs. Griffith and Farran for several of the books enumerated: we cannot call them "toy-books," because they contain a large amount of solid information, decorated by more than the usual amount of illustrations—some of which are of a high order of excellence. Others books as good are issued by Messrs. Groombridge.

LOST IN CEYLON will contribute as much information and amusement to juvenile readers as Sir James Emerson Tennent's marvellous work on that country has given to readers of a larger growth. The illustrations are by Harrison Weir, and are, of course, therefore all good. Mr. Dalton knows where to obtain the safest knowledge concerning his subject, and how to arrange it in the most popular manner.

Mr. Alfred Elwes, who has given us much pleasant reading, and from whom we expect much more, produces a volume purporting to contain the *real* adventures of a young artist in Italy. He assures us that RALPH SEABROOKE is not a fictitious character, and that the scenes through which circumstances led him are actual, not ideal. Mr. Elwes takes the highest view of the duties of a writer for youth. He considers it, and justly, a precious privilege to obtain a hearing from a juvenile audience. He takes simple methods, and natural means, to "awaken their interest, engage their sympathies, and direct their understandings." We know of no more charming book than "Ralph Seabrooke;" while to young artists it presents a double interest. Piedmont and Tuscany are hallowed ground, but we certainly expected better illustrations where there was such abundant scope for them—they are too commonplace, and not what Mr. Elwes merited; we grow fastidious in illustration, and forget the abominations that delighted our "childhood's days." Will any publisher do us the kindness to issue a child-book of the same class and grade as the children's book of our childhood; on the selfsame blue mouldy-looking paper, with the type of one page staring through to the other, rendering it difficult to understand which ought to be read first? Will any enterprising publisher reproduce the engravings such as *embellished (?)* the "Seven Champions of Christendom," and "Beauty and the Beast?" We should like to show our youngsters what ART has done for them. How our boys and girls would sneer at what was our juvenile library forty years ago. What great eyes they would make at the crimson, yellow, and brown patches that constituted the coloured illustrations of our dearly cherished "Jack the Giant Killer." The *artist* had evidently intended to make his face red, and his jacket yellow; but by some mistake the face was yellow, and the jacket red; and our giant had a crimson beard daubed on to a black face. No wonder "Art" produced such monstrosities in those days, when such were its nursery lessons!

NEPTUNE'S HEROES, or our ENGLISH SEA KINGS, are congregated in one volume, by Mr. Davenport Adams, and their history and adventures condensed with much care. We should have preferred a series of portraits as the illustrations of such a work; they would have been more interesting than even the clever scenic sketches of Mr. Gilbert and Mr. Morgan. It is a book of facts, honestly put together, and the portraits would have carried us at once to the heroes—and, to speak truly, buccaneers and pirates—who founded their dominion on the ocean. Grand old wanderers of the waters were these sea kings, who established the supremacy of England before she had increased her foreign possessions by the military power which, unaided and alone, has at length brought the mighty land of India into healthful subjection.

HOLIDAYS AMONG THE MOUNTAINS consist of scenes and stories of Wales, and the author evinces a due amount of enthusiasm for the beauties of the Principality. And no where could "holidays" be more delightfully spent than amid such glorious scenery. The story is prettily interwoven with incident, and the illustrations aid to form a very attractive gift-book.

LONG EVENINGS are a series of stories for young children by a lady who may be said to have a literary inheritance. Captain Marryat will be long remembered as the author of some of our best naval novels; and, although the subjects are very different, Miss Marryat exhibits much of her father's skill in constructing and developing a story. This book cannot fail to be a favourite in the nursery. No doubt Miss Marryat's next flight will be more ambitious. Mr. Absolon's illustrations are always faithful to their subjects.

FAIRY LAND consists of tales and poems by the late Mr. and Mrs. Hood. Their daughter, Mrs. Broderip, tells us, in her graceful and tender preface, that this little volume of prose and verse was compiled several years ago, and was destined for publication by her father and mother. It is in fact the collection of "childish articles," written for the "rising generation," which is alluded to in the second volume of the "Memorials of Thomas Hood," lately published. Both the son and daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Hood have endeavoured to recall all the tales and stories with which both parents loved to interest and amuse their children, and the collection is varied and brilliant. This little scrap, by the immortal author of the "Bridge of Sighs," is a sample of the spirit of the whole:—

"Impatient of his childhood,
'Ah me,' exclaims young Arthur,
Whilst roving in the wild wood,
'I wish I were my father.'"

"Meanwhile, to see his Arthur
So skip, and play, and run,
'Ah me,' exclaims the father,
'I wish I were my son.'"

The clever illustrations to this addition to our pleasant juvenile treasures are by Tom Hood the younger, and are worthy the name he bears.

MR. LANDELL'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER MODEL MAKER is invaluable, inasmuch as it obliges the young to manufacture their own amusements, and gives them information while they think it play. This principle may be carried out more extensively than it is at present: we look for another series.

We cannot say more of OUT AND ABOUT than that it is a juvenile "Tom Brown," in feeling; describing precisely the sort of adventures that any boy might meet with, and that every boy would wish to encounter, by sea and land. We defy any lad, however young, to enjoy this charming book more than we have—grave critics though we are!

THE MAGNET STORIES are the collected tales that have been sent forth monthly by Messrs. Groombridge, and a very pretty volume they make. The best guarantee for their excellence is that they are written by our best authors: the author of "A Trap to Catch a Sunbeam;" Mrs. Russell Gray; Mrs. Webb; E. M. Piper; the author of "The Heir of Redcliffe;" Mrs. S. C. Hall—though we do not think the tale ("Mamma Milly") by this lady in the volume by any means equal to her story of "Union Jack," which forms the commencement of the second volume. The stories in the series are all excellent; and very well illustrated.

RECREATIVE SCIENCE (Vol. I.) This is not to be considered as a mere Christmas book, but one that ought to be received and cherished with pleasure at any season, and have its allotted place in the library. We long for the second volume.

The author's object in CHILDREN OF OTHER LANDS is best told by her preface, and it is only justice to say she has succeeded in her purpose. English children who read these little tales during their play hours may be *amused* by knowing the different ways and doings of children in other countries, and it may *interest* them to find how many of their thoughts and feelings are like their own; while it may also *teach* them something to see that every child, whether dwelling amid mountains and valleys, in desert plains or crowded cities, is made happy by love, goodness, and the joys of home.

[We again congratulate the young on the efforts that have been made for their enjoyment and advantage. Art is now a valuable minister to them; in many of the issued books there are engravings so excellent that, some thirty years ago, they would have made the fame of an artist.]

[So large a number of illustrated books of all kinds has reached us this month, that we are reluctantly compelled to postpone notices of many till our next publication.—ED. *A.-J.*]

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* Lost in Ceylon; or, the Story of a Boy and Girl's Adventures in the Woods and Wilds of the Lion King of Kandy. By William Dalton. Illustrated by H. Weir.

Ralph Seabrooke. By Alfred Elwes. Illustrated by Robert Dudley.

Neptune's Heroes; or, the Sea Kings of England. By W. Davenport Adams. Illustrated by W. S. Morgan and John Gilbert.

Holidays Among the Mountains. Illustrated by F. W. Skill.

Long Evenings. By Emilia Marryat, daughter of the late Captain Marryat. Illustrated by John Absolon.

Fairy Land. By the late Thomas and Jane Hood, their Son, and Daughter. Illustrated by Tom Hood the younger.

The Illustrated Paper Model Maker.

Out and About. By Hans Friswell. Illustrated by George Cruikshank.

The Magnet Stories.

Recreative Science. (Vol. I.)

Children of other Lands. By Sara Wood.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, February 1, 1861.

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

Part II.—Portraits of the first Four Centuries, from the Christian Cemeteries.

The works of Art known to exist, that may lay claim to a high antiquity, and amongst which we may look for early instances of the likeness of our Saviour, may be classed thus :—

1. Mosaics executed at ascertained periods, between the second and the seventh centuries.
2. Pictures on unprepared linen cloth, executed in a material similar to transparent water colour, to be ascribed to a period (probably) antecedent to the third century, and generally purporting to be the handkerchief of St. Veronica, and the image depicted to have been caused by direct application of the cloth to the face of our Lord.
3. Pictures evidently of high antiquity, executed *in tempora* on wood, of eastern or Byzantine origin, and traditionally ascribed to St. Luke.
4. Metal work, executed during the Ostro-Gothic occupation of Italy, when other kinds of Art were almost impracticable.
5. Sculptures, frescoes, and works of Art, executed on glass and other materials, taken from the Christian cemeteries, and executed during the first four centuries.

Of the classes above enumerated the last is by far the most important, both on account of the unquestionable antiquity of the objects it includes, and the general excellence of their preservation. To comprehend their full value, some detailed account of the places whence they were taken will be requisite, and as first in importance, it will be best to commence with the Roman catacombs.

It was to be expected that the converts to a creed which taught the doctrine of the resurrection of the body amongst its principal tenets, would view with something like abhorrence the pagan practice of incremation, to which they had been accustomed. To our modern conceptions the disposal of our mortal remains, however it may be effected, presents no obstacle to the accomplishment of the final restoration; but various circumstances concur in forcing on us the conviction that the earlier converts to Christianity entertained more confined ideas on the subject. To them it was a point of vital importance, if not absolutely necessary, that some portion of the mortal remains, however small, should be implanted in and combine with the earth, it being apparently held by them that a new power, a capacity of fructification and development, was thereby imparted. They considered that the process of burning was an avoidance of that condition of corruption that must precede the incorruptible. The seed that was sown must germinate in darkness before it could rise to the light of another day: but how to effect this disposal was the difficulty. In many cities, in Rome for instance, to bury in the ground in the sight of the populace, even in times when the sect was not persecuted, was simply impossible. The temples, the gardens, and places of public resort, would, in pagan eyes, be profaned by the presence of a corpse. The obstacle was, however, not insurmountable: around the city, amongst the gardens and villas of the wealthy, were many that belonged to the richer converts to the new faith. These persons naturally resorted to the more secluded parts of their own property, to plant that precious seed which had fallen from their own tree—a use that was readily extended to the friends and dependents of the household, and in most cases to the members of the church generally. The excavations thus formed, extended themselves as occasion arose, and took the form of narrow passages, in most parts about six feet in height, and three wide; the receptacles for the dead being ranged in horizontal tiers one above the other on the sides of the passages, precisely similar to the construction of berths round the cabin of a passenger vessel. The vicissitudes of the church soon provided other uses for these subterranean chambers. In times of persecution, the public assembling of the people for Christian worship was attended with considerable danger; accordingly, small chambers or chapels were added to the excavations, in which the sacred mysteries might be celebrated in comparative security, to which children and catechumens might resort for instruction, and which might serve as the cathedral or seat of the bishop;—this last use being evidenced by the frequent chair or cathedral cut in the rock, and generally to be found near the resting-place of some noted saint or martyr. With the spread of the new religion these cemeteries required frequent and considerable extensions, consequently we find them in many instances ranged in stories one above the other, and of some miles in extent. From the fact of these being so frequently met with beneath the surface of Rome and the surrounding Campagna, it was supposed that they communicated with each other, and thus much larger dimensions were attributed to particular cemeteries than the facts warrant. As far as can be ascertained, they exist, as might have been expected from the nature of their origin, in separate and distinct series.

Though the necessity which existed for places of subterranean burial during the persecution of the church ceased with the conversion of the empire, the practice was not wholly discontinued. Churches were built and decorated, and consecrated cemeteries on the surface of the land were provided with a lavish hand by Constantine and the Empress Helena; but to human affections and sympathies the place which held the ashes of kindred who had gone before, and that was hallowed by the presence of those glorious Christian warriors whose "blood, shed for the testimony," had now fructified into a triumphant church, had a consecration beyond all others. Accordingly, for purposes of interment they were still occasionally resorted to, until, as a matter of expediency, and to prevent the disturbance of existing sepulchres by those who considered they would be safer if they could possess themselves of a resting-place in close proximity to the dust of some one who had shed his blood for the faith, an edict was issued by Pope Damasus, in the year 365, closing the cemeteries to interment, and indeed to access generally. But the victory of the church though decisive was not final: another century saw pagan Ostro-Goths occupying the Christian metropolis, desecrating the temples of God, and driving the Christian flock once more to seek shelter in "the caves of the ground" from the fiery whirlwind of persecution that again swept over the land. Here they were pursued and slaughtered with a fury scarcely equalled in the worst times of the pagan Cæsars. The tombs of the saints and martyrs were desecrated, and their ashes strewed in the streets of the city or flung into the Tiber. The storm was violent but evanescent, and again the church enjoyed peace. But in order to prevent any further disturbance of the precious ashes lying beneath, it was determined to close and to effectually conceal the entrances to the subterranean chambers, retaining those only that opened into convents (which were afterwards fortified for their further protection), and into concealed places in the crypts of churches. These latter were soon walled up and forgotten; while with respect to those that opened into the convents, it was discovered by the more astute among the holy brotherhood, that the moderate and unvarying temperature of the rock chambers beneath exercised a peculiar preservative and maturing effect on wine; consequently, in more than one instance, the consecrated vaults were utilized as the convent wine-cellars, a requisite space being appropriated, and the remainder walled off in consideration of the superstitious fears or imaginings of the convent butler. In the course of centuries the walled up portions were forgotten, and, in consequence, the very existence of most of the catacombs was, till a comparatively recent period, a matter of speculation.

There cannot be a doubt that there exist under the surface of the Campagna, other of these cemeteries that have not yet been explored, and which are, probably, as rich in undisturbed works of Art and antiquity as any that have yet been opened. It is to be hoped that when these are discovered, their precious contents will meet with more considerate and enlightened treatment than has been extended to the others.

Of those that have been explored, the contents (mortal remains included) have, in some instances, been carried away no one knows whither, in others they have been wantonly and totally destroyed; but such as have escaped, and would bear removal, have been placed in the museums of the Vatican and the Lateran, or exist unarranged and uncatalogued in different parts of the Papal residences. Fortunately, enough remain to afford most important information on the subject of this inquiry.

A first entry into one of these subterranean cemeteries, while the mortal furniture and decorations remained undisturbed, must have been singularly impressive. An opening in the ground small enough to be easily hidden by brambles and tall grass; a steep flight of steps cut in the loose crumbling rock, descending to a depth of forty, sixty, or perhaps eighty feet; a massive door strongly barred, but the material so rotten as to give way to the slightest touch; a few more steps, and then a long narrow passage, just wide enough to pass along without much inconvenience. In utter darkness and eternal stillness the long passage goes on and on, the occasional openings into other passages—dark and silent, and apparently as interminable as itself—only adding a deeper gloom. The first feeling of bewilderment and awe, at the strangeness of the scene, having passed away, we observe the sides of the passage thickly covered with white marble slabs with characters engraved thereon, clear and sharp as when fresh from the mason's chisel, memorials

of the dead that for fourteen, fifteen, perhaps eighteen centuries have lain behind—in fact, a few inches within the walls of this dark narrow passage, lie in tiers one above the other, and so close that not another could be placed between, the bones (in some instances, in others the mere concave shape in a mass of dust) of the first converts to our faith. Still the long narrow passage goes on and on, and still continually branches off into others, repetitions of itself. Frequently interspersed among the white tablets, are small recesses, scarcely large enough to thrust the hand into; inside these will be found a small bottle, apparently of silver or of mother-of-pearl, but really of decayed glass: it falls into the finest flakes on the slightest touch. This is a lachrymatory, a tear bottle, dry enough now beyond all question, however full it may have been once.*

The portion of the cemetery we have just passed through is that which was first excavated, and, in all probability, contains the remains of the earliest converts to our faith. A Christian church must have existed in Rome from a period almost immediately succeeding to the resurrection of our Lord, as St. Paul wrote his Epistle to the Romans in the year 58, when the church was already numerous, and "their faith spoken of over the world." That these were the earliest interments is also evidenced by the fact of some pagan usages being still retained. The Christian anagram is certainly on the tablet, but human affection, under such circumstances, is loth to part with its old modes of expressing itself, and the lachrymatory and the pateræ are no less certainly found below. We go further on in the dark passage, into the midst of, probably, another generation, for the series of white tablets is now often interrupted by a picture, a portrait, probably, of the person lying behind. These pictures, existing in their lonely dark stillness century after century, seem replete with a meaning and significance peculiarly their own, in comparison with the inanimate objects and the withering dust around—nay, even with our own selves, they appear to be the real living inhabitants of the place; the flickering light gives them motion, they seem to watch us, and actually to turn their eyes on us as we pass along. Soon we come to a group of smaller figures, a picture in three compartments—our first parents in the act of their disobedience, a medallion portrait of the occupant of the grave behind with uplifted hands, in the attitude of prayer, then a figure of a shepherd carrying a wounded lamb across a stream (the mystic Jordan). This figure, of infinite sweetness, gentleness, and power, is one which we all know. The whole picture embodying the hope and creed of him or her whose mortal garment lies behind—"As in Adam all died, so in Christ shall all be made alive." Soon we come to other pictures, eloquent of the same eternal hope: our Lord distributing the bread of life; the raising of Lazarus; the river of the water of life, in contradistinction to the dark waters of Jordan, full of living fish, the symbol of the Christian flock passing through the dark wave in their journey hence.* Passing on we come to a shorter passage, and entering we find it expand into a vaulted chamber, some three or four yards square, above and around covered with pictures and gilding. On three of the sides are projections like huge seats: these are the tombs of martyrs, and the chapel has been cut and decorated in their honour; in one corner may be seen a chair carved in the rock. This chapel is also a cathedral, a Roman bishop in times of persecution had his seat here; but these pictures are not mere idle fanciful decorations—they had a high purpose. They represent scenes from the Scriptures, illustrating those tenets of the Christian faith that more especially distinguish it from that of the idolaters. This



No. 1.

chapel and cathedral was also a school, where children and catechumens came to be instructed in times when they could not be so safely assembled above ground, and these pictures were doubtless placed there for their instruction. Penetrating still further we come upon pictures differing somewhat from those we saw at first. The Old Testament is now generally resorted to for subjects: Noah in the ark, or rather just leaving it; Moses striking the rock; and, especially, the story of Jonah. We are also somewhat surprised at meeting with subjects from the pagan legends: Orpheus and the beasts; Apollo, &c., &c. These seem sadly out of place, but their significance we shall see presently. Richly carved sarcophagi will be met with; the subjects sculptured on them, like those of the paintings, all typical of the one great consolatory hope, and most of them repeating more or less perfectly that same likeness we all know so well. We go further on still in the apparently endless passage, we penetrate the wilderness of cross passages, we descend steep steps to lower stories, and yet again to lower still, and throughout all, the same chapels, the same tablets, pictures, and sculptured sarcophagi, all embodying the same eternal hope. At length, as we go further, we perceive a change: the places of interment are not so regular and orderly as they were, and not so decorated; occasionally a space has been cut through a picture to allow of a resting-place behind, and we notice other irregularities. The time of Constantine had come, the church was emancipated and had inherited the land, and things were not carried on below in a manner so orderly as they had been. The long dark passages still go on, but are, perhaps, fallen in, or on other accounts no longer safe, and we are forced to return.

We have hitherto been taking a cursory glance at the general appearance of things only, we will now examine a little closer and deeper. How exquisitely touching are the loving words engraved on the tablets! how full of the eloquence that could not express itself in words is the simple inscription, "To the sweetest of women," "DVLCISSIMAE FEMINAE IN PACE;" and again, "To the sweetest of wives, who lived twenty-two years," "CONIVCI DVLCISSIMAE VIXIT XXII." We read, not that Ulpia is buried, but that Ulpia is decorated.



Look inside where Ulpia's mortal clothing lies, a space scarcely larger than a hand, and a few, very few, bits of bones are but too indicative of the kind of crown that Ulpia now wears. "Eutychia, happiest of women," lies next. Behind her stone we shall find a larger



No. 2.

aperture, and calmly lying—what was once Eutychia: at her feet, imbedded in the mortar,

* Lachrymatories, containing what appears to be dried blood, are invariably found in the graves of martyrs; that the dried red substance was blood, would appear from the fact that Leibnitz, after experimenting on this substance with various re-agents, states, in a letter to M. Fabretti, that he could find nothing it resembled but desiccated congealed blood.

* Though the representation of fish in a stream is understood to be typical of the passage of the Christian flock through Jordan, or death, this is but a lateral branch of its principal signification. In other instances, a fish is expressly typical of our Lord himself. It was held, in the first ages of the church, that the ancient sybils had prophesied many things truly of our Lord; hence their occasional representation in Christian churches. The figure of a fish, as typical of our Saviour, is held to have originated in the famous acrostic verses of the Roman sibyl, as quoted by St. Augustin and Eusebius (St. Aug. di Civ. Dei, xviii. 23; and Euseb. in Orat. Const. c. 18), the initial letters of the titles of our Lord, with which each verse commences, making up the Greek word, ΙΧΘΥΣ, a fish. Ιησους Χριστος, Θεου Υιος, Σωτηρ.

will be a glass cup, exquisitely decorated with figures wrought in gold—our Saviour raising Lazarus,* rude in execution, and unlike in countenance; but the period at which it was executed was so early that no information of what our Lord was like had reached the artist. On the breast of Eutychia's cast off apparel, or more probably fallen



No. 3.

between its folds, will be found a small glass ornament, once suspended by a cord: on this is also a picture—Noah leaving his ark,† or our Lord bringing the fruit of the tree of life‡—again the all-consolatory hope that lives and breathes over everything in the place.

Though this description purports to be an imaginary visit only to a recently opened cemetery, it is yet in every respect a strictly accurate sketch of things as they actually were, many of the catacombs in their present condition (though some of their contents may be removed), presenting an appearance but little differing from the above description. The passages, the chapels, the pictures, and many of the tablets, are still undisturbed. Some of the tablets are removed, and are now in the museums of the Vatican or the Lateran, where also are the sarcophagi, with notes referring to the places whence they were taken. The cups, pateræ, and lachrymatories, are mostly in the same museums, but portions of some of these may still be seen, embedded in the mortar, in the positions they originally occupied. This is more especially the case in the cemeteries of St. Callisto, St. Agnese, and SS. Achilli e Nereo.

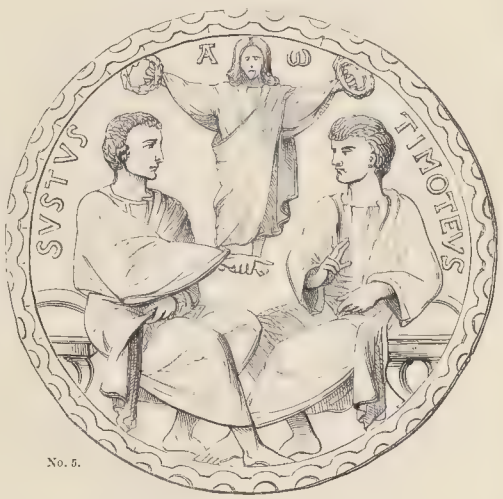
The picture I have drawn above might be much added to, many of the contents which the excavations have revealed to us are interesting and suggestive in the extreme, but not being immediately connected with the purposes of this inquiry, it will suffice merely to allude to them. Particularly rich are different apartments in the Vatican—not easily accessible to the public—in these Christian memorials, the beauty of some of which can scarcely be comprehended from a mere description:—Cups of blue and lilac glass with the gold figures on them, such as we mentioned above: some of these with the figures worked to a degree of finish perfectly wonderful, especially one representing the portraits of a man with his wife and child, in the costume of the time of Trajan, which is quite a marvel of accuracy of detail and purity of style, equalling in these respects anything that has been done in the best period of Art. Tazza of exquisite proportions and workmanship, to which the decay of the glass has given the appearance of being carved in pearl; amulets, armlets, and other jewellery in gold, silver, and bronze, generally repeating the usual symbols of the Christian's hope. Tools of workmen; hideous implements of torture; carved ivory figures, or rather their remains; images in metal-work of the Ostro-Gothic period, choicely worked with enamel; and an infinity of other suggestive matter, the description of which would at present be rather beside my purpose.

The illustrations to this number are given as specimens of Christian art, which, if not older, must be at least as old as any existing. From whatever cause it may proceed, they seem to have escaped general notice hitherto;—a fact to be wondered at the more, considering the important link they supply in a chain of evidence that leads us back, distinctly and clearly, to the very earliest period of our era. It is, in fact, impossible to overrate their importance in this respect; and I would enter into the arguments in support of their antiquity now, were it not that I have already exceeded the space at my disposal this month, and it will be difficult to perceive the full force of the reasoning I shall adopt, unless these works are considered together with others on a larger scale, which belong to the same age, and with which they were associated in the same cemetery. It will therefore only be necessary here to observe, that they are unquestionably of the first period of the church; Tertullian, who wrote in the year 150 or 160, referring to them as productions that had once been common, but had been discontinued before his period, on account of the use of glass being superseded by that of metal.

These pictures were in every instance executed on the bottom of either a glass cup or a pateræ, which is understood to have held some portion of the sacramental elements, and to have been deposited in the grave at the same time as its occupant—the consecrated wine and bread being considered as life-giving.



No. 4.



No. 5.

The practice entered into that general expression of the divine hope which it was the effort to depict, under every conceivable form of symbol and allegory, in the places consecrated by the remains of those departed in the faith. Some have considered the use of these cups and pateræ but as the continuance of the pagan practice of burying food with a deceased person, though this would in no way affect the question of the antiquity of these relics. It may be observed, this testimony of Tertullian to the effect that the sacramental cups (in glass) of the first Christians were ornamented with the portraits of our Saviour, would seem to leave the question no longer in doubt. Eusebius, in the fourth century, also mentions the painted images of the apostles, handed down from ancient times on the eucharistic vessels. Again, Irenæus, who lived in the apostolic age, mentions the use of glass cups in the sacred mysteries of the church, and the words, ΠΙΕ ΖΗCΗC (Drink, and live), inscribed upon them, are susceptible of none other than the Christian interpretation.

The causes that operated to preserve these works require particular mention. At the bottom of the glass cup, or plate, was a projecting rim, precisely similar to what may be seen on the same articles in the present day. It was within this rim, on the outside of the vessel, that these figures were depicted: immediately previous to a grave being required, it was covered with a layer of thick mortar (as may be evidenced in many instances, where the

* See Cut 1. † See Cut 2. ‡ See Cut 3.

mortar shows not only the impression of the body, but of the threads of the linen in which it was wrapped); the glass cup or plate sunk slightly into the mortar, and the golden picture on the bottom being thus embedded, escaped the destructive effects of the atmosphere, which, acting on other parts of the glass vessel, corroded it to such a degree, that on the slightest touch it would fall into thin prismatic fragments, leaving the bottom sound and hard,* but with the mortar adhering to it with such pertinacity, that in many instances it has been judged most prudent to make no attempt at its removal.

The instances of the likeness here given are not intended as examples of complete and expressive portraiture, but only as indicating that there existed at that time a recognised type, or tradition of likeness, which, when the artists or workmen of Rome were acquainted with, they considered it incumbent on them to endeavour to reproduce in their work; and many of them are in fact as good copies as could be expected, considering that they were executed by unpractised workmen,† on a minute scale, and in an intractable material. And these works afford sufficient evidence that the traits of the hair parted in the middle, flowing to the shoulders, and beginning to curl or wave from the ear downward,—the thin beard, the moustache, and the oval face,—were recognised as the distinguishing characteristics of the true likeness, even at that early period.

The illustration representing the raising of Lazarus, and marked No. 1 in the series here given, may be instanced as an example of that early date when no information respecting the actual likeness of our Lord had reached the artist. It will be perceived that the conception of the whole scene, and its mode of treatment, are rude and unlearned. The absurdly small figure of Lazarus, the mode of delineating the sepulchre, the attitude and general design of the principal figure, were all mere reproductions of the worn-out conventionalities of co-temporary pagan Art. It is not, however, without traces of the deep, poetic tone of thought so characteristic of the early Christian church. The figure of Lazarus has already descended the steps of the sepulchre by the sole power of the Divine word, his bandages preventing the use of any muscular exertion. Again, the idea of the tree of life growing out of the tomb is conceived in the happiest vein of allegory. A work in fresco from the catacombs of SS. Achilli e Nereo, and a sculpture from the cemetery at Arles, will be given in the next number of the *Art-Journal*, as instances of treating the same subject in a manner so precisely similar, that it is difficult to avoid the belief that all three were copied from some previously existing work. This specimen is executed in gold on a sky-blue ground; and from the mode of spelling the name, added to the reasons which will be given presently, there is cause to believe it to be the production of a period little later than the middle of the first century.

No. 2 is a work in many respects similar to the last, inasmuch as it once formed an ornament to be worn from the neck, and represents either the resurrection of our Lord, or Noah leaving the ark: for the purpose of this argument, it is no matter which. The two marks on the sides of the hands may represent either the two doves liberated by Noah, or the Alpha and Omega: but being almost obliterated, it is now impossible to say which. In this work the likeness (small as it is) is well rendered, and the execution of the whole is good, though the ark or the sepulchre (the marks of stones would imply the last) is rudely conceived. This and some others are executed in gold on deep ruby glass, and may be ascribed either to the end of the first century or the beginning of the second.

No. 3 is a gold picture on a lilac glass ornament, of the nature of a medal or a locket, intended (as is apparent from the form of the top) to be worn round the neck suspended by a chain or cord: it was in this position that it was found in the tomb of a female, in the catacombs of St. Agnese. Some consider the figure to be that of Jonah; but if it be so, the fact makes but little actual difference, for (as will be explained afterwards) it would, in that case, be still typical of our Saviour, who was often represented under other names, for reasons that were at that time of ample sufficiency. The figure is, however, generally held to represent our Saviour bringing the fruit of the tree of life, and the two marks nearly obliterated on each side of the head can hardly, from their position, be other than the Alpha and Omega indicative of the sacred person; the serpent on the outside (the emblem of eternity) readily lends itself to the same interpretation; and being worn round the neck of a deceased person who was looking in full assurance for the event of which the image is so clearly typical, leaves but little doubt of its real meaning. The true likeness in this work is more apparent than in any of the preceding, although the scale on which it is represented is more minute.

No. 4 may be adduced as an instance of what may appropriately be termed the transition of the type, being apparently executed at a time when some information respecting the more



No. 6.



No. 7.

obvious traits in the true likeness had reached Rome, and the artist felt no longer at liberty to adopt the mere conventional type of a Roman youth, but aimed at giving such distinctive features to the portrait as he was able from the partial information that had reached him. We see in this instance that our Saviour, who is represented as giving the crown of life to St. Peter and St. Paul, is delineated with the hair divided in the middle (distinctly contrary to the fashion of that day), and a beard, being so far an approximation to the true type. On the contrary, the hair is not of the proper length, and the face is too round. One thing to be specially noted is, that the portraits of the two apostles were at that time already depicted under an easily recognised type of character, as will be seen by comparing this picture with two others which will appear hereafter, in all of which the short curled hair, bald head, and thickset features of St. Peter, are at once discernible, and afford internal evidence of its being a direct portrait likeness. Also in the representation of St. Paul the countenance is scarcely less characteristic: the long, rather scant, and pointed beard, long features, and general expression, all proclaim an effort at producing a recognisable portrait. A number

* Some of these glass vessels, that I brought with me from Rome, are particularly illustrative of this atmospheric action.

† This mode of representing figures in gold upon glass was probably the invention of the first Christians, as no other instances of the art are known to exist.

of other portraits of these apostles exist, in the same compartment of the Vatican, in each of which a prevailing and unmistakable type is obvious at a glance. St. Paul in one instance is certainly represented as slightly bald, while St. Peter is not so; but in other respects the traits of feature and character are identical.

It will be seen that the principal figure is here represented with a nimbus. Certain authorities have referred the first use of this symbol to a later period, but certainly erroneously, as it is clearly established that instances of it may be met with from the earliest centuries; indeed it may be seen on pagan deities of a date antecedent to the Christian era. This work is executed on a bright blue glass, and was taken some years since from the catacombs of St. Sebastian.

The illustration marked No. 5, representing our Saviour bestowing the crown on Timothy and Justus, is given as an example of an advance from the last in the direction of the true likeness, the hair being of the recognised length, and curling on the shoulder. No hair on the lip is apparent, but this appears to be owing to an injury to the work. The two persons here represented—Timothy and Justus—will at once occur to the reader as being mentioned in the Epistles of St. Paul: as it is hardly probable they would have been depicted long after their lives, their introduction here supports the evidence that will be given presently as to the date of these works. The Alpha and the Omega, borrowed doubtless from the imagery of the apocalypse, will be seen on each side of the head of the principal figure. This picture is executed in gold on a beautiful pale green ground.

No. 6. Our Lord changing the water into wine (held at the time to be a type of the change of our body from the corruptible to the incorruptible). This is of the whole series the best executed and the closest approximation to the true likeness; unfortunately, the mouth is obliterated; but the well delineated hair and beard, the shape of the face and features, as far as they are discernible, all evidence the true and recognised character. On the left of the sacred figure is an emblem which has been held to represent the septiform Spirit of God, or the seven spirits that stand before the throne of the Almighty (mentioned in the Revelations). What the emblem on the right signified before it was obliterated, it is now impossible to say. It will be seen that there are here seven vessels represented instead of the "six water pots of stone" mentioned in the Gospel. That this was no unintentional error is certain from the fact, that often as the subject is presented in the Catacombs, seven vessels are invariably introduced. This has been explained by assuming either that the work was executed before an intimate knowledge of St. John's Gospel had become general in the church, or that the narrative was purposely departed from in order to introduce the mystic number—seven; but this last explanation it would be difficult to accept. This picture is executed in gold on a lilac ground, and may be attributed, like the others, to the earliest period of the church.

No. 7 is an excellently executed and most expressive representation of St. Paul. The character and expression in this picture are powerfully and distinctly given; and any portrait painter will at once see that this is a transcript from a recognised type of likeness, as it is certain that shortly before the time it was executed (if not at the very time), St. Paul was a well-known and easily-recognised individual in the streets of Rome, and considering the close resemblance it bears to the many other ancient portraits of this epoch, there can be no reason for rejecting its claim to being, as far as it goes, an authentic portrait. This picture is worked in gold on a dark blue ground.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

MAGNUS'S ENAMELLED SLATE-WORKS.

Amongst the most valuable quarries of the United Kingdom must be reckoned those producing slate, the most remarkable being those of North Wales. In Merionethshire, in Denbighshire, and in Carnarvonshire are to be found a series of slate formations, which must be regarded as belonging to the oldest of the sedimentary rocks. These have been classed by geologists under the terms of Cambrian and Silurian rocks, the former term being applied by Professor Sedgwick to the rocks investigated by him, while the latter term has been adopted by Sir Roderick I. Murchison to indicate the extensive rock formations spreading from Carmarthenshire in the south to Carnarvonshire in the north of Wales, and stretching into some of the adjoining English counties. Most of our readers will be familiar with the Lake of Llanberis, and the Pass of that name. Here are seen in a very striking manner the purplish and gray slate rocks, which contain the best roofing slates in the world. The well-known quarries of the late T. Assheton Smith are here; while a few miles distant are the yet more remarkable quarries of the Hon. Colonel Douglas Pennant. Numerous other quarries of slate and slabs are worked in the above-named counties.

In several parts of England slate rocks are worked for roofing slates and slabs, the principal quarries being in Cornwall, Devonshire, and Leicestershire. In Scotland the Ballachulish and Easdale slates of Argyleshire are the best known; these and some other quarries on the property of Lord Breadalbane producing not less than 10,000,000 slates annually.

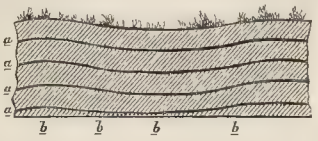
It may not be considered out of place to state here some of the physical peculiarities of the slate formation. The enormous masses of slate rocks which stretch from north to south in Wales,—which exist as mountains in Westmoreland and Cumberland,—which are largely developed in Cornwall and Devonshire,—which form some of the most remarkable features of the scenery of Scotland,—which are no less striking in their character and extensive in their range in Ireland, are evidently the result of deposition from water.

Rocks of yet more remote antiquity have been worn down by the beating of tempests and the rush of torrents. Their *débris* has been borne onward by rivers to a widespread ocean, and there slowly it has been deposited, until a thickness of many thousand feet has been accumulated.

Any one who has observed the deposit of recent mud cannot have failed to remark the uniform arrangement of the layers. We find the same thing in the older rock formations—layer upon layer they have been deposited; and upon the surface of these beds we often find indications of the rippling of water, the crawling of worms, and even the beating of rain drops. Thus rocks which were formed in periods so far removed from our own that the mind can scarcely grasp the immensity of years, bear recorded upon their tablets the phenomena of meteorological changes, and the evidences of life.

The peculiar character of a roofing slate does not depend, however, on those planes of deposit. Many sandstones in Yorkshire, Lincolnshire, and elsewhere will split up into thin lamina, which are in the order of bedding, and these are sufficiently coherent to be used for covering buildings, for paving, and such purposes; they, however, are not true slates.

Roofing slates are rarely produced by splitting up the rock in the lines of deposit. They more commonly result from lines of cleavage which run at some angle, greater or less, across the lines of bedding; a small diagram will render this intelligible.



a a a a are the lines in which the deposit has taken place, while the cleavage planes are shown by the lines *b b b b*. It is usually found that the best roofing slates are obtained from those rocks in which the cleavage planes are nearly at right angles to the planes of deposit, and where they approach more closely to each other the rocks generally give the best slabs.

Much discussion has arisen amongst geologists on the phenomena of slaty cleavage; some have referred it to electrical action, and experiment has shown that this peculiar structure can be produced by the long continued action of electrical currents; others have referred the cleavage planes to merely mechanical force, and hence have referred this peculiarity in rocks to the enormous pressure to which they have been subjected. This is somewhat supported by the fact, that where, from the protrusion of igneous rocks through the slaty deposit, there has been evidently enormous lateral pressure, the rocks have a more perfect cleavage than the same rocks existing at such a distance as to be, to some extent, relieved from the influence of the pressing force. This is not, however, the place to discuss the merits of these theories; sufficient that we have stated them.

This exceedingly useful material, which has quite a national character, has assumed of late years a more important position than it has ever previously done. Beyond its ordinary use for covering roofs, it has been extensively employed in the construction of cisterns, for paving where great durability was required, for billiard tables, and many other useful and important purposes. We purpose in this article describing an ornamental manufacture of great interest connected with our native product, that is Magnus's Enamelled Slate.

The history of this manufacture is curious and instructive, showing the influence exerted by one man in the creation of a new industry, and giving an example of the power of a fixed purpose to overcome the greatest difficulties.

It appears that in 1838 the attention of Mr. Magnus was drawn to the peculiar properties of slate. Its great strength, its smooth satin-like surface, its non-absorbent character, the ease with which it could be chiselled, planed, and turned in the lathe, and the large size of the slabs obtainable, all pointed to uses of a different kind to those which had hitherto prevailed. If a more cheerful aspect than that which slate presented could be given to it, there was evidently a widely extended field for its use. The first experiments were devoted to polishing the natural surface, but the best result of those experiments was to produce a soft ebony-like appearance. Mr. Magnus had obtained some knowledge of the application of vitrifiable pigments during a residence in the Potteries; and his next experiments were devoted to the production of glazed surfaces by artificial means.

It was at first necessary to determine the action of heat on slate itself; it was found that it would, when the experiment was made with care, endure a heat equal to 500° Fahr., and at this temperature it was necessary to float a surface of enamel composition on the slab, which after being properly diffused, would, when cold, take a very high polish, resist the action of the ordinary atmospheric changes,

and be sufficiently hard and firm to endure the ordinary accidents of wear without injury. In 1839 Mr. Magnus patented his invention, but since that time he has introduced so many improvements that the process may now be regarded as altogether a new one. These improvements have not been patented, Mr. Magnus working them by the means of men and boys educated by himself, and proceeding step by step under his own directions.

The details of the process, and the composition of the enamels are Mr. Magnus's own, and with these it would not become us to deal, but a general and sufficient outline of the operations may be given.

Slabs of the most perfect character are selected; they are prepared by sawing, chiselling, and planing. They are then polished with the utmost care, and when the best possible surface is produced, they pass into the hands of the enameller.

Enamelling on metal plates consists in fusing on their surface vitreous compounds coloured by metallic oxides, producing thus a coloured glass. The metallic enameller has to work on a material which will stand any degree of heat without risk of fracture, but this is not the case with slate. In slate we have a material which is liable, as every one knows, when heated to break off in fragments; it is therefore necessary to use great care in applying the heat, so that there shall be no irregularity in its action, and still more caution is required in raising the temperature to a sufficient degree to effect the perfect fusion of the enamel. The enamel flows uniformly over the whole surface, and it may be supposed the great difficulty was overcome, but the cooling process is one demanding yet greater attention than the heating. The slabs pass through cooling ovens, in which uniform high temperatures are preserved, each one being graduated considerably below the preceding, until the enamel is perfectly solid, hard, and firm. This surface is now submitted to polishing processes until the utmost amount of reflecting power is obtained.

In Mr. Magnus's works in Pimlico we see the slate in every stage of preparation, from the rough slab as it is brought from the Welsh quarries to the most highly elaborated surface. The designs are executed in various styles, and accordingly the processes vary in many respects from each other; in some the conditions of inlaying are to be obtained, in others the production of entire surfaces representing some natural, perhaps rare, and consequently expensive stone.

The imitations of British and Italian marbles, of granites, serpentine, and porphyry, are so good, that the most practised eye may be deceived by them. Marbling has been produced with remarkable success, by a process of floating mineral colours upon a fluid prepared to receive them. By this invention, a single individual can marble twenty chimney-pieces in one morning—more true to nature than any grainer could produce a single slab in the same time.

In the Jurors' Report of the Great Exhibition of 1851, are some interesting particulars, which we transcribe, as showing the processes by which Mr. Magnus has educated his artists.

"Though not brought up to any business or profession, I had, in my youth, studied drawing, *con amore*, under Cardelli, fellow-pupil of Canova, a sculptor of great talent, and an excellent draughtsman. I was thus rendered competent to direct and form artists. I believe those in my employ would do credit to any establishment, whether continental or British. My principal designer, when I took him into my employ, was a plasterer; my chief grainer a baker; and my best imitator of Florentine mosaics a poor boy—one of four ragged urchins, that an old Irishwoman had besought me to put to any kind of work."

This passage proves what may be done in the way of training the most crude material. Mr. Magnus has effected two important works,—he has given a much higher value to slate than it hitherto possessed, and he has succeeded in showing that out of nature's roughest minds may be produced artistic powers, exhibiting, in some cases, rare excellence.

Many years have naturally been expended in bringing the enamelled slate into general use. The difficulties were many: architects were cautious in adopting a new and untried production. This manufacture also interfered with many trades. The stone-mason lost a part of his trade in chimney-pieces; the marble-mason saw the probability of enamelled slate superseding foreign marbles; the plumber found slate cisterns and flats take the place of lead; the plasterer, and worker in scagliola, saw columns, pilasters, and plinths of slate, excelling his imitations of nature: halls and vestibules were lined with a material more brilliant, and possessing greater permanency, than his own.

The public were assured—and they feared—that the enamelled slate would not stand the heat requisite for chimney-pieces; that it would chip, blister, and lose its polish. After fifteen years' trial it is found that the slate does not chip nearly so readily as marble, that it does not blister, and that its polish will remain, even when it is placed in damp apartments, where every atom of polish would disappear from the surface of marble.

This valuable material has been applied to *chimney-pieces*, plain and ornamented. Some merely imitate the black Derbyshire marble, others almost realize the finest ornamental stones with which we are acquainted. Others, again, are in imitation of Florentine work. From the plain, cheap, and useful chimney-pieces to the most ornamental and costly, every description can be obtained. And every taste may be gratified, for here are such as exhibit the most elaborate designs, and, consequently, command the high prices due to artistic excellence. *Stove fronts, moveable, cabinet, and pedestal stoves, pilasters, plinths, columns, linings for halls, vestibules, diaries,* and the like, are amongst the list of articles produced.

Beyond these, and of a higher order, we may mention baths, baptistries, altar tablets, pedestals, brackets, and ornamental slabs for loo tables.

In concluding this short notice of a most interesting manufacture, we are bound to express our admiration of the unwearying industry and sleepless energy, by means of which difficulties of no ordinary kind have been overcome. A rude material has been exalted into one distinguished by artistic beauty. Refined taste has been bestowed on the production of articles for daily use, which can be sold to the public at the most moderate prices. Thus a new kind of industry has been created, new labour has been found for many amongst the masses of the metropolis, and fresh labourers have been obtained from the lower classes, to aid in the production of refined works of Art.

This manufacture—truly an Art-manufacture—presents the pleasing feature of dealing with the productions of our own country—of dealing with slates taken from the most picturesque districts of these most varied islands; and, by the educated labour of our own people, of producing a result which attends every effort of correct taste—that of enabling us to use a material creation as a source of pleasure to the eye, as a means of refinement to the mind.

ROBERT HUNT.

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THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE DUENNA.

G. S. Newton, R.A., Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. by 1 ft. 8 in.

HAD Newton's life reached to the number of years usually allotted to man, he would, doubtless, have left a name second to none in the English school for the excellence of his pictures. His, however, was a comparatively short career: he died in 1835, in the pride of his manhood, having scarcely attained the fortieth year of his age; but during his residence among us he rapidly rose into favour, and, at the time of his death, had gained the highest Academical honours.

Gilbert Stewart Newton was a native of Halifax, in Nova Scotia: he came to England about the year 1820, and entered as a student in the Royal Academy. It would appear that he adopted the works of Watteau as models, in his earlier pictures, for the compositions of the two painters have a forcible resemblance, though Newton's figures have a more distinctive and expressive character than those of the French artist, while retaining the affectedness of the latter. The pictures which first brought Newton into notice were 'The Forsaken,' and 'The Lovers' Quarrel,' both of which were engraved, in 1826, for the annual called "The Literary Souvenir." Three or four years afterwards he exhibited a picture which gained him much distinction, 'The Prince of Spain's visit to Catalina;' it was also engraved in another volume of the same publication, and was purchased by the Duke of Bedford, who paid the sum of 500 guineas for it. His other principal works are 'Shylock and Jessica;' 'The Abbot Boniface, Portia, and Bassano;' 'Lear attended by Cordelia and the Physician;' 'Yorick and the Grisette;' 'The Vicar of Wakefield restoring his Daughter to her Mother;' 'Captain Macheath;' this last was bought by the Marquis of Lansdowne, for the same sum as the Duke of Bedford's picture. Newton also painted several excellent portraits: he began, on his arrival in England, with works of this class; and, in a letter from his countryman, Washington Irving, to the late C. R. Leslie, dated from Paris, in December, 1820, Irving says,—"Powell speaks of some fine portrait which he (Newton) has painted of a gentleman, and which is considered his *chef d'œuvre*, but does not say whose portrait it is. I hope it is some one of consequence, that may get him into notice." The portrait, however, as we learn from Leslie's answer, was that of Powell himself, and is spoken of by Leslie as "perhaps the best, as to likeness, the 'childe'"—a cognomen given to Newton by his intimate friends—"has painted."

The letters published in a work which has recently made its appearance, "Leslie's Autobiographical Recollections," from which the above passage is copied, show, as the editor, Mr. Tom Taylor, says, "the strong attachment of Leslie, Irving, and their 'set.' The 'childe' is G. S. Newton, now (1821) in the rapid development of his great but short-lived power, and materially influencing the colour of Leslie, as is apparent from a comparison of his earlier with his later pictures, when Constable's white chalk had got the better of him."

Newton's last picture at the Royal Academy, of which he was a member, was 'Abelard,' painted in 1833: it was about this time he exhibited symptoms of deranged intellect, and these were soon followed by decided insanity, from which he recovered only four days before his death; this occurred at Chelsea, in August, 1835. During this dark period he was, however, able occasionally to employ his pencil.

His picture of the 'Duenna,' though a small and comparatively unimportant work, is a good example of his style: the subject illustrates the well-known proverb, "The course of true love never did run smooth." The young lady has been interrupted, by an unsympathising elderly watcher, in what was doubtless an agreeable conversation with her lover at the window, from which she is moving away with unmistakable reluctance. The costume of the period—in these days of capacious female draperies—gives to the younger figure an attenuated and stiff appearance; but the expression and attitude well sustain the sentiment of the subject: the elder lady is a capital and picturesque study.

The 'Duenna' is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. 1.—Flaxman and the Gold Medal.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

Introduction.

John Flaxman, one of the greatest sculptors England has produced, was the son of a poor plaster figure-maker, and was born in York, 1755. Taken notice of as a poor, clever, invalid boy, of great promise, and with a taste for Art, by the Rev. Mr. Mathew—as Nollekens Smith, that most delightful of all antiquarian Art-gossippers, tells us—he was encouraged to make designs from Homer, and from Greek plays. His first statue was an 'Alexander the Great,' executed for a Mr. Knight, in Portland Place. After his marriage with Miss Denman, in 1782, the young sculptor left his humble home in Wardour Street, and went to Rome to study, incited, it is said, by that incorrigible old bachelor, Sir Joshua Reynolds, warning him that when an artist once married, he relinquished study, and betook himself to manufacture and money-making—a bitter remark, but true, if taken with a grain or two of restrictive salt.

The present scene is intended to depict the conceit and arrogance of Flaxman's early youth. On a certain occasion (1781), when he competed with one Engleheart, for the Academy's gold medal, he lost it entirely by his intolerable self-confidence, and the dangerous contempt he foolishly entertained of his adversary. His mortification and subsequent amendment—an amendment that led him at once to greatness—I have tried to relate, in a *quasi* dramatic form. The incidents are carefully founded on fact.

SCENE I.

The Flaxman Oyster-Supper.

A humble room in the house of Flaxman's father—the plaster figure-seller in the Strand, opposite Durham Yard, the night of the presentation of the gold medal at the Academy. The supper-table, glistening under the unusual light of four tallow candles, groans with two piles of Colchester oysters, three crisp loaves, and some fresh-smelling pats of country butter, whose medallioned surfaces are stamped with figures, beautiful as cameos—thanks to Flaxman junior. There are four guests present, besides the thoughtful old cast-seller, and the chairman of the happy, and, of course (what fool doubts it?) triumphant evening, the young competitor for

The Great Academic Gold Medal,

this night to be presented. The patron of the Flaxmans, the Rev. Mr. Mathew, unfortunately could not come; but Stothard and Blake are both there, with two unknown artists, whom we will call *A.* and *B.* Before each one, on the snowy cloth, lies the top of an oyster barrel, a rough glass-cloth, and a short, broad oyster-knife; for every one here in Liberty Hall helps himself, and is free and happy.

The hero of the evening is a lame, thin stripling, with good, luminous eyes, and a prominent, full forehead. His dark hair is combed down over his shoulders; but he wears no powder, and despises wigs. His coat is plain claret colour, and of almost Quakerly simplicity. All but the hero are occupied; *A.* and *B.* are spluttering about, in kindly, but vain, attempts to open the obdurate shell-fish. Flaxman senior, stealing now and then a glance of pride at the hero, who leans back and sketches the group on the back of a letter, is fussily busy, spreading thick bread and butter for the whole party. Blake, the visionary and poet, has opened one oyster, and having discovered a nest of water fairies inside its pearly casket, is dreaming over it in a brown study. Stothard, gentle and kind, is pursuing the oyster opening with quiet success, and fans of opened mollusca (like washed-out peacocks' tails, as Mr. Mayhew so cleverly and fancifully has it) lie spread before him.

Presently, as Sally enters, blooming from the cold river wind, with five pots of stout in silvery pewter, from the "Three Cocked Hats," in Salisbury Street, the openers lay down their weapons, Blake yields up his dream, Stothard laughs and points to his successes, and *A.* and *B.* desist from their Sisyphæan labour; to them, with proud self-confidence, Flaxman junior, clapped on the back by his father, raises his head, and shows a clever caricature drawing of all the group, which *A.* and *B.* say, with one voice,

"Is too bad, John!"

Now, with semicircular bites, blowing of froth, sifting of sneezy pepper, and libations to Neptune of vinegar, the supper commences in earnest.

But before I report the conversation of men now dead, and so break the confidence of Hades, let me draw attention to two or three professional facts, not unimportant to those who would wish to view the scene once more, and through my eyes.

The room is a small room, with a brown smoked ceiling, and with a glass door, green-curtained, through which you can catch occasional glimpses of the white figures in the outer shop, met as in eternal and silent parliament. There are all my old friends: the careful bending Discobolus, with a quoit like a huge white bun in his poising hand; 'Laocoon & Co.,' involved in a very chancery suit of snakes; the 'Dying Gladiator,' conscious of death, and dying by thick sobs; the 'Venus,' with the little doll-head; the 'Apollo,' the divine dancing-master; the anonymous 'Torso,' with his packed-up trunk; the 'Wrestlers,' tangled together in angry interlacement; the 'Fighting Gladiator,' ready even to scale heaven; the 'Apollino,' fawn-like and beautiful; the 'Hercules,' exhibiting his matchless muscles; and the 'Antinous,' a fop trying to look the god.

Nor, indeed, is the supper-room too without some overflowings of shop about it. On the wall hangs a cast of the huge arm of Michael Angelo's 'Moses;' over the side-board are strung hands and skulls, and plaster studies of the 'Dying Alexander,' and Niobe, and the Diana. On the mantelpiece stare the grim heads of Verus and Caracalla; and over the sofa are some anatomical studies of legs and arms, in strong action, and painted in dull blue and red.

"I wish, dear John," said Flaxman senior, suddenly breaking from a discussion as to how many sovereigns the gold medal would weigh, "that our dear friend, Mr. Mathew, could be here to-night, to share our pleasure and triumph."

"He is a clever man," said the victor, gulping down an oyster, "and gives nice parties, where one can really see somebody."

"How well I remember that blessed day, John, when he came into my shop—"

"More oysters, father?" broke in the irreverent hero, dreading an old and, perhaps, what might at this special juncture of success, be called rather a derogatory story.

"Just a few, John. We lived in New Street, Covent Garden, then, and he came with a 'Cupid and Psyche' that he wanted mended; I remember Psyche's right arm was broken. We were talking pleasantly enough about Rome, when—"

"Oh never mind all that, father, now; I no longer require Reverend Mr. Mathew; I'm an Academy gold medallist; and besides people—"

"Nonsense, John; Mr. Blake, do you—"

"Oh, pray tell it all through, Mr. Flaxman," said Blake; "I like to hear how dear Jack got on."

"Well, we were talking about the Borghese and the Aldobrandini, and so on, pleasantly enough, when who should give a little low cough, quite down behind the counter, but you, John. He was a poor little pale fellow on crutches then, Mr. Stothard; and there he was, seated in a baby chair, with a large folio Virgil propped up on a big chair before him, on which he had put his little weak legs."

"I wish you wouldn't go on, father," breaks in the hero, rather petulantly; "why am I always to be reminded of my crutches?"

"No, you wouldn't think, Mr. Blake, to see John now—a gold medallist, and not unlikely to be a great sculptor too one of these days—that he was ever a poor cripple; but there, God is good, and what I say is—well, John, I won't, if it makes you angry; yet why should it?—So the reverend gentleman, looking kindly over the counter—for the coughing had startled him—asked John, 'What book are you reading, my little boy?' 'A Latin one—Virgilius Maro,' said John, rising on his crutches."

"There you go again, father."

"Don't, John; give me another glass of stout. 'I'm trying to learn Latin, Sir,' said John. 'Indeed!' replied the reverend gentleman, quite pleased like, 'then I'll bring you a Horace to-morrow;' and so he did, and from that time to this he has been one of John's best friends."

"Got him the 'Alexander' to do for Mr. Knight," says *A.*

"And the drawings for Mr. Crutchley," chimes in *B.*

"When John was only six, I remember him too," says Flaxman senior, with honest paternal pride, "standing between Mr. Smith's knees, and looking at his antique seal. Presently he up with his little demure coaxing face, and says to Smith, 'Oh, Mr. Smith, let me take a squeeze from your blue seal. Father often gives me impressions, and allows me to look at them when I'm not busy with my Delectus and Latin exercises.'"

"Then he used to go to Rathbone Place, didn't he, Mr. Flaxman?" says Stothard, "and draw from Homer, while Mrs. Mathew read it to him."

"Surely, surely," says the father, "John never cared for toys; but put him down before a cast, and he would sit an hour at a time watching it."

"Is not that Dying Alexander like 'a lost spirit,' honoured sir?" says Blake, suddenly, to Flaxman senior.

"I really never saw one, Mr. Blake—by the bye, Sally, get out the spirits," says the matter-of-fact man to the visionary—"the spoons, Sally, and *do* mind the water boils."

"Now, Stothard, what do you think of my 'Fury of Athamas?'" says the hero, who feels it time to appear on the stage. "Do you think it really is my best work, as all the fellows seem to say?"

"I do, Jack; full of the classical spirit, and animated with quite a Michael Angelesque spirit, though less violent."

"But not tame—not at all tame?" nervously asks the self-crowned hero.

"No, not the least tame; but—"

"What but?"

"Why, I think the right leg of Athamas has the patella a trifle too—"

"No, just right; rather too high, if possible."

"Oh, excellent; leg the best part," said *A.*

"By Jove, splendid leg," says *B.*, who, like *A.*, is a friend of the family, and a wholesale admirer and hanger-on of Flaxman junior.

"There are weak points, Mr. Stothard," says the father; "but you are wrong about the leg

—oh, certainly wrong about John's leg; a low patella is a beauty; you see it in the 'Epaminondas' of Apollodorus."

"I dare say, my dear sir, I am wrong," says the defeated Stothard amicably. "I'm sure that John knows a great deal more about patellas than I do; still I—John, some more brown bread and butter. Thank you."

"I met De Vere this morning," says the hero that is to be, "just by Exeter 'Change, and he said to me, 'Flaxman, you are certain of the gold medal.' Now De Vere is never wrong. I say, father, it isn't seven yet, is it? I must be at the Academy by half-past seven."

"No, John, it wants thirteen minutes. Sally, get John some water to wash his hands; and see if my silver-laced hat—my small one—will fit him; we must send the boy smart."

"But, by the by, John," says the father, suddenly knitting his brows, for more serious thought and on higher things than oysters, "you have been so busy all this blessed afternoon, running up and down the Strand, telling all your friends about your gold medal, that you have quite forgot to tell me how you got on this morning at the Academy, modelling with Engleheart before the Keeper, to prove you really did 'the Fury of Athamas' yourself."

"Who was Athamas?" says *A.*, irrelevantly.

"Oh, a King of Thebes who went mad, to be sure; what a silly question!" says the hero, magnificently. "Well, I'll tell you: I and that stupid German fellow, Engleheart, met at the door of Somerset House just as the clock struck ten. 'How do you, Mr. Flagsman?' says he, with his nasty German brogue. I replied, 'Pretty well, sir, I thank you,' in a high sort of manner, for I wanted to show him his proper position. And there, do you know, father, the vulgarian had really got a great lump of clay in a red handkerchief, and his modelling tools were sticking out of his waistcoat pocket!"

"I'm a plain man myself," says Flaxman senior, "and I see no harm in that; but he is a dull, plodding fellow. By the by, John, just look at that arm of Moses; how it stands out against the wall. Do you know I should like to see you get more of the large Angelesque manner."

"I don't care much for Michael Angelo myself, father; I prefer the Apollo by far. But to go on. Well, we began; we were to have four hours, and the subject was 'Œdipus led by Antigone;' I and Engleheart agreeing to show each other our work at the end of the two first hours. I worked away like a lion, brought the thing in shape in the time, got the composition and attitudes all right; then off I stepped to Engleheart's stand, at the other end of the room."

"Blake, poke the fire, there's a lad," said Stothard.

Blake, thinking he sees a devil staring out of a red coal, pokes meditatively.

"I wish people wouldn't keep interrupting one. Well, when I got to Engleheart, I found him with a bit of clay, like an unfinished candlestick, before him. Only think, father! and the big German zany, with his head between his hands, was trying to think."

"Avec la phisiognomie d'un mouton qui reve?" suggests Stothard, laughing.

"By George, sir, he had not even commenced, yet two whole hours gone, and I half finished. 'Oh, Mr. Flagsman,' says he, 'how difficult it is to do anything new in this old world!' 'I dare say you find it so,' I said; ha! ha!"

"Did you really," chime in the small parasites, *A.* and *B.*

"Oh, you were very hard on the German," says the father, too lenient to the silly and rather unfeeling arrogance of the hero.

"That Engleheart is an evil spirit of the third class," said Blake, suddenly looking up from his meditations.

"Oh, nonsense, Blake," said Stothard; "why, then, don't you take spirits of the first class?" pushing to him the bottle.

"I shall never, I suppose, be allowed by the talkative Mr. Stothard, to finish my story. From that moment I knew the medal was mine; though I must say the Keeper said there were good points in Engleheart's Œdipus, but his Antigone was a mere little kitchen wench compared to my classical figure."

"Œdipus," said Blake, gravely, "was a good spirit of the second class."

"Oh, nonsense, Blake, do be quiet with your classifications! Who gave you a look at heaven's prize list?"

"The same man, John, who gave you the gold medal."

"John, John, that's 'a palpable hit!'" said the father; "who knows that we are not, after all, counting our chickens before they are hatched?"

"No! no!" chorus *A.* and *B.*, chinking their spoons against their glasses.

"I wish John would wear a proper wig," said Stothard; "he does not look quite like a good spirit in his own hair—at least so Blake says."

"Oh, Stothard, I didn't say so! I shall give up wigs too, for they were the invention of the evil spirits."

"Chickens before they're hatched," sulked John; "well I'm sure, father! perhaps you all think I had better not have tried."

"No, John, we don't," says the father; "only you are just a little too self-confident; the best men may fail, you know. I want to see your touch in carving squarer and bolder; I want more of the Donatello simplicity—more of the grace of—"

"Oh, I dare say, father; you want to see me Phidias and Della Robbia, and Bernini, altogether. But I must be starting. Where are my lace ruffles, Sally, and the court sword? And tie up my hair again—this ribbon is too loose. Where shall we keep the medal, father?"

[JOHN *retires to wash his hands, grandly, and with an air of injured greatness.*

A. And now John is gone, will you tell me, Mr. Flaxman, who Athamas was, and all about him; for you see, firework-making for Vauxhall, though it cultivates the taste, does not leave one much time for the classics.

Flaxman senior (*with an oratorical voice*). It is all related in Ovid's "Metamorphoses," a book of great antiquity, and thoroughly to be relied on. Athamas (the "a" is short), the son of Æolus, was a King of Thebes—Thebes, in Bœotia—and he married Ino, of whom Juno became jealous."

"Why?" says irrational *A.*

"Ovid does not tell us; but the Greek gods seem to have been of an uncertain and envious temper, and to have always got jealous of fortunate people, such as millionnaires, and ladies with large families. So Juno, being, for this or that, jealous, sends Tisiphone, one of the Furies—"

"Fourth class," says Blake, anxiously.

"And afflicted him with temporary madness. In this state, suddenly springing from the bath, he imagines that Ino is a lioness, and her two children dangerous whelps. Learchus, the younger, he seizes by the leg and dashes his brains out against a wall; Melicerta, the eldest, Ino escapes with, and, hurling herself with him from a cliff into the sea, is turned into a marine deity."

"And nobly John treated it," says *B.*, rather ashamed of *A.*'s ignorance, but not at all of his own.

"Yes," said the father, "he followed my advice I think judiciously in the general contour. Not that John is too modest, or very easily led. The attitude of Athamas is very fine: one leg is thrown sharply forward, the other strained behind; the sartorius, or tailor's muscle, is beautifully shown on the left thigh; the ligament of the right leg, too, finely felt, as like an anklet it clasps round and compresses the springing cords of the limb strongly in motion. Oh, it is a triumph! Then the way the child hangs, struggling, at his back; by Jupiter, you can almost see it move! That boy will one day—"

Re-enter FLAXMAN, *in full dress, and swelling with importance, and adjusting his cocked hat.*

"Good bye, father, and all. I shall be back, boys, in ten minutes, with the gold medal."

[*Exit.*

"God bless and guard him," says the father.

"Amen," says Stothard.

"Keep the evil spirits of the fourth class specially from him, O Omnipotent," prays Blake.

A. and B. Three cheers for John Flaxman, the gold medallist for 1781!

SCENE II.

The Academy Lecture Room, Somerset House.

The dons in full dress, powder and gold, swords, and all other falals, are seated in conclave for the distribution of prizes. The surging sea of students subsides into silence as the President, reading from a list, says—

"The gold medal for 17—"

A buzz as Flaxman, a little late, fussily enters, wipes his face, nods to a dozen or two friends, and shakes some twenty outstretched hands. A buzz again, as the President, having mislaid the right paper, at last finds it, and begins reading. The Keeper takes from the table the great shining gold medal, and prepares it for the President to hand to the victor. A dead silence.

(PRESIDENT *reads in a slow, mechanical voice, glancing up at* FLAXMAN. ENGLEHEART *is paring his nails in a corner.*)

"The gold medal for 17—, for the best model of 'The Fury of Athamas,' is given to (*here he takes snuff*)—given to HERMAN ENGLEHEART. At the same time the Council would observe that, in spite of some hurry and trifling faults, Mr. Flaxman's work, though not sufficiently learned and careful, shows great talent."

SCENE III.

The KEEPER *and an* ACADEMICIAN *over their wine, in a snug sanctum at Somerset House.*

Keeper. Well, do you know, Cotes, after all though, like you, I am sorry for some things; I am glad Engleheart got the "GOLD," though industry is really almost his only merit; I think it will do that young man, John Flaxman, a world of good, and take a little of that insolent conceit out of him. Why, he cares no more for an Academician than—. Take some more wine, and I'll ring the bell for another bottle. There's a deuced deal in that fellow; and now he'll work more, and talk less. 'Pon my word though, I couldn't bear to see him mope out of the room when Engleheart, red as fire, strode up and took the medal from the President. Here, Tom, take the key of the cellar, and get two more of the Yellow Seal; take care of the candle.

SCENE IV.

The Oyster-Supper at FLAXMAN *senior's again. Same dramatis personæ as before. Enter the hero, slowly; his cocked hat over his eyes, his hands deep in his pockets.*

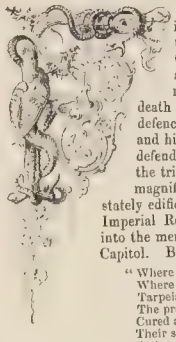
Father (*eagerly*). Well, John. Hallo! Are you ill? What has happened? What! Not—eh? Not! Why—eh?

The hero (*quite chapfallen*). Father, I was a conceited jackanapes! Engleheart is twice as clever as I am! Engleheart got the gold medal! I shall never do anything! I'll join Askew, firework-making—I'll list—(*bursts into an agony of tears*).

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ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XI. THE CAPITOL.



FEW parts of Rome evidence more distinctly and impressively the vicissitudes of time and change, than the locality known for centuries as the Capitol, or Mons Capitolium. To the student of ancient history this spot recalls events that are renowned in story—the treachery of Tarpeia, and her death from the iron pile of Sabine shields; the noble defence of Marcus Manlius, when the Gauls attacked it, and his subsequent execution at the place he so heroically defended; the sacrificial offerings of the Roman rulers; the triumphal processions of victorious commanders; the magnificent temples dedicated to the deities, and the other stately edifices contributing to the greatness of Consular and Imperial Rome: all these objects and these incidents crowd into the memory of the past when we read or talk of the old Capitol. But—

"Where is the rock of Triumph, the high place
Where Rome embraced her heroes? where the steep
Tarpeian? fittest goal of treason's race;
The promontory whence the Traitor's Leap
Cured all ambition. Did the conquerors heap
Their spoils here? Yes; and in yon field below,
A thousand years of silenced factions sleep—
The Forum where the immortal accents glow,
And still the eloquent air breathes—burns with Cicero."

Notwithstanding the change ages have wrought in the scene, there is no spot in Rome which offers a wider field for thought, or presents a more ample display of objects worthy of admiration. Standing on the top of the tower called the "Tower of the Capitol,"—the *Campidoglio*, as it is now termed,—the eye ranges over a panoramic view: on one side the city of the dead, on the other, that of the living; on one side all that remains of the glory of the Cæsars, on the other, all which testifies to the power and grandeur of the Popes: in front, palaces and temples, and churches reared by the genius of Bramante, Michel Angelo, Raffaelle, and other great names; behind, spectral columns, crushed arches, mouldering walls, and ruined shrines.

"Ages and realms are crowded in this span,
This mountain, whose obliterated plan
The pyramid of empires pinnacled,
Of glory's gewgaws shining in the van,
Till the sun's rays with added flame were filled."



ST. CECILIA.

Let us ascend the tower, and examine a little more in detail what comes within the range of our vision. Of the seven hills which constitute the well-known topographical features of the "eternal city," three, the most northern, are covered with buildings of comparatively modern date, which also extend over the low lands, stretching onwards to the Tiber, and beyond it; while on the other four stand all that remains of the ancient city, with a few edifices of more recent construction. We will look at these first.

Almost beneath our feet lies the Forum, the heart, as it has been called, of old Rome; not because it was in the centre of the city, but on account of the national importance it assumed in the history of the people. That grand and massive gateway immediately below, is the Arch of Septimius Severus, which a line of stunted elm-trees connects, at the other end, with the arches of Titus and Constantine.* This walk or avenue is the *Via Sacra*; about midway, on the left of it, are the remains of the Temple of Remus. To the right of the Arch of Severus, and somewhat nearer to us, are the three remaining columns of the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the eight columns which formed a part of the Temple of Concord. A little in advance of the Arch of Severus is the beautiful single column that Byron speaks of as

"The nameless column, with a buried base;"

it has since been ascertained to be the Column of Phocas. Beyond this stand the three beautiful Corinthian columns which have long been the subject of archæological discussion: until very lately they were considered to be a portion of the Temple of Jupiter Stator, but more recent research has led many antiquarians to associate them with the Temple of Minerva Chalcidica, erected by Augustus in connection with the Curia Julia. At the farther extremity of the *Via Sacra*, and at a short distance from it, on the left, rises the noble ruin of the Coliseum: many other ruins are scattered about on both sides, intermingled with more modern buildings; and beyond, the eye travels over the plain of Latium, once the scene of many important historic events, but now the desolate and deserted *Campagna*, through which the "yellow Tiber" wends its way. Still further are visible the lake and the modern town of Albano, with the wooded heights which encompass the former; the plain known as "Hannibal's Camp," several villages, and Castel Gandolfi, where the popes have a summer palace; and the whole view is bounded by the range of the Sabian and Latian hills.

Assuming, as the most recent writers on Roman history now do, that much of what we had learned to consider as truths in the earliest annals of the people, is little else than fiction, yet how large a portion is there left to dwell upon as facts, and which thought can again summon into existence as we gaze on the grass-covered area of the Forum, and onwards into the far-distant horizon. Macaulay, in the preface to his "Lays of Ancient Rome," says,—that "what is called the history of the Kings and Consuls of Rome is, to a great extent, fabulous, few scholars have, since the time of Beaufort, ventured to deny. It is certain that more than three hundred and fifty years after the date ordinarily assigned for the foundation of the city, the public records were, with scarcely an exception, destroyed by the Gauls. It is certain that the oldest annals of the commonwealth were compiled more than a century and a half after this destruction of the records. It is certain, therefore, that the great Latin writers of the Augustan age did not possess those materials, without which a trustworthy account of the infancy of the republic could not possibly be framed. Those writers own, indeed, that the chronicles to which they had access were filled with battles which were never fought, and consuls that were never inaugurated; and we have abundant proof that, in these chronicles, events of the greatest importance, such as the issue of the war with Porsena, and the issue of the war with Brennus, were grossly misrepresented. Under these circumstances, a wise man will look with great suspicion on the legend which has come down to us. He will, perhaps, be inclined to regard the princes who are said to have founded the civil and religious institutions of Rome, the son of Mars, and the husband of Egeria, as mere mythological personages, of the same class with Perseus and Ixion. As he draws nearer and nearer to the confines of authentic history he will become less and less hard of belief: he will admit that the most important parts of the narrative have some foundation in truth; but he will distrust almost all the details, not only because they seldom rest on any solid evidence, but also because he will constantly detect in them, even when they are within the limits of physical possibility, that peculiar character, more easily understood than defined, which distinguishes the creation of the imagination from the realities of the world in which we live."

Yet it is far from pleasant to have all the romance of ancient Rome dispersed by the magic wand of the inexorable historian, who will not admit into his annals what he has not good ground for believing to be truths; all those exciting and wonderful narratives which even the exercises and impositions of our school days, and the stern rule of our classical preceptor—and a hard taskmaster we well remember our own to have been—failed to rob of their absorbing interest: it is not agreeable, we say, to be now told that such incidents as the following, to quote Macaulay again, are little else than poetical fictions:—"The early history of Rome is indeed far more poetical than anything else in Latin literature. The loves of the Vestal and the God of War; the cradle laid among the reeds of Tiber, the fig-tree, the she-wolf, the shepherd's cabin, the recognition, the fratricide; the rape of the Sabines; the death of Tarpeia; the fall of Hostus Hostilius; the struggle of Mettus Curtius through the marsh; the women rushing, with torn raiment and dishevelled hair, between their fathers and their husbands; the nightly meetings of Numa and the Nymph, by the well in the sacred grove; the fight of the three Romans and the three Albans; the purchase of the Sybilline books; the crime of Tullia; the simu-

* These arches, and several other ancient remains, are illustrated and described in the volume of the *Art-Journal* for 1859.

lated madness of Brutus; the ambiguous reply of the Delphian oracles to the Tarquins; the wrongs of Lucretia; the heroic action of Horatius Cocles, of Scævola, and of Cœlia; the battle of Regillus, won by the aid of Castor and Pollux; the defence of Cremera; the touching story of Coriolanus; the still more touching story of Virginia; the wild legend about the draining of the Alban lake; the combat between Valerius Corvus and the gigantic Gaul—are among the many instances which will at once suggest themselves to every reader."

But allowing all these stories to be nothing more than fabulous inventions,—or, at least, fictions founded upon facts of a somewhat similar character,—there is yet much of positive truth, which any one conversant with Roman history will scarcely fail to remember as he looks down from the height of the Capitol on the ruined space below, or wanders on the Capitoline hill. It was here, he remembers, that those ancient "corn-law leaguers," the Gracchi, harangued the populace; here the eloquence of Cicero, in the senate-house, drove Catiline, the secret conspirator, into open rebellion; in the same edifice Cæsar yielded up his heroic life, pierced to the heart by the daggers of Brutus and his fellow assassins. Along that *Via Sacra* passed Augustus Cæsar, flushed with his victories over Antony, and laden with the spoils of his Eastern conquests; Ostorius, with Caractacus as his captive; Titus, with the spoils of Jerusalem; Trajan with his Dacian trophies; and Constantine, the first Christian monarch, after his victory over Maxentius. The ground upon which we are looking has become hallowed by the blood of Christian martyrs: here St. Paul is represented to have been beheaded, and St. Peter crucified with his head downwards; while thousands, whose names have been lost to us, suffered agony and death under the persecutions of the monster Nero. Within the walls of the Coliseum—founded by Vespasian, and completed by Titus, when consul, A.D. 80, and which, it is said, he employed the captive Jews to erect, and inaugurated by the destruction of thousands of wild beasts in the gladiatorial shows—the Emperor Trajan caused the venerable St. Ignatius to be devoured by animals, and the traditions of the church are filled with the names of martyrs who were slain in its arena. Truly has it been said, "There is no scene in the world more impressive or magnificent than that commanded by this spot"—the view from the Capitol—"it is not inferior in historical interest to the glorious panorama from the Acropolis of Athens, while it surpasses it in those higher associations which appeal so powerfully to the feelings of the Christian traveller."



STA. PETRONILLA.

It is the general opinion of the most learned archæologists, that but little of ancient Rome antecedent to the Christian era is now to be seen, and that little is of very minor importance in an architectural point of view. It was the boast of Augustus, as historians say, that he "found Rome of brick and left it of marble;" and the finest of the existing ruins, and of the buildings comparatively entire, date no farther back than the first three centuries from the birth of Christ. The remains which are supposed to belong to the earliest period—that of the kings, from about 750 to 510 B.C.—are the dungeons of the Mamertine or state prison, on the declivity of the Capitoline, near the Arch of Septimius Severus, and underneath the Church of S. Guiseppe dé Falegnami. The prison was begun by Ancus Martius, B.C. 640, and was enlarged by Servius Tullius, B.C. 578. The chronicles of the Romish Church assert that the Apostles St. Peter and St. Paul were confined in these cells prior to their execution; and it is not improbable, as it is well known that state prisoners were immured in them; Sallust distinctly states that the Catiline conspirators were placed therein. The pillar to which St. Peter was confined, as it is said, is shown to visitors; and a sort of shrine, consecrated to the two apostles, has been placed within an excavation made on a level with the dungeons. The *Cloaca Maxima*, or great sewer, belongs to this period, and still serves the purpose for which it was formed by Tarquinius Priscus, B.C. 616; it has existed for nearly 2,500 years, but appears to be almost, if not quite, as perfect as when originally constructed. The part most convenient for examination is an aperture in the vicinity of the Acqua di S. Georgio. A portion of the ramparts of ancient Rome, called the *Agger*, built by Servius Tullius, B. C. 578, may be yet seen in several places, near the Porta Salaria, and also in the grounds of the Villa Barberina and the Villa Negroni. The *Pulchrum Littus*, or ancient quay, commenced by Servius Tullius, and completed by Tarquinius Superbus, may be very properly included with the kingly monuments; a considerable part, composed of large blocks of stone laid together in the compact Etruscan style, corresponding with the *Cloaca Maxima*, is still in existence on the left bank of the Tiber, near the mouth of the *Cloaca*.

The remains of the Republican period, B. C. 509—30, are more numerous. Most of the public buildings erected in the earlier part of the consular government were destroyed by the Goths, when they invaded and sacked the city, B. C. 388; and there is no evidence of any edifices being constructed which showed any great progress in Art till towards the last century preceding the period of the empire. Republican Rome as it now exists is seen principally in the military roads, the aqueducts, the foundations of several buildings which are supposed to have been temples and theatres, and numerous tombs; these latter are in good preservation and most interesting.

The rule of the emperors filled Rome with her noblest works of Art. All which remain of them are scattered over the space of ground on which we are presumed to be looking, and constitute those glorious ruins, in the form of arches, columns, temples, baths, &c., which for centuries have attracted the artist, the scholar, and the antiquarian to the ancient mistress of the world.

We will now turn our backs on this part of the city, and survey the mass of edifices which constitutes modern Rome. The tower on which we are standing rises above the building known as the Palace of the Senators, it stands on the ancient *Tabularium*, or Record Office; on each side is a projecting wing, that on the right is the *Museo Capitolino*, that on the left is the Palace *Conservatorio*. we shall have to speak of these at some length hereafter. At the base of the central steps are two Egyptian lionesses, and on the summit of the steps two colossal statues, in marble, of Castor and Pollux. On the right, at no great distance, is the very old Church of *St. Maria d' Ara Cœli*; and beyond this are seen the roofs of the houses which line both sides of the *Corso* in that direction, the Pantheon, the Church of *St. Agostino*, the *Villa Madonna*, the *Collegium Romanorum*, the Column of Antoninus, &c. &c. On the left are the Church of *St. Angelo in Pescheria*, the *Portico d' Octave*, the Farnese Palace, the Church of *St. Andrea a Monte Cavallo*. Still further in the distance rises the vast dome of St. Peter's, the Palace of the Vatican, the Castle of St. Angelo, with many other buildings which we have not space to enumerate, though we must not omit to point out the *Villa Medicis*, the cupolas of *Sta. Maria Maggiore*, Trajan's Column, and *Torre del Milizia*: the whole enclosed as it were by a range of hills more or less elevated. Let us now descend from our point of eminence, and examine somewhat in detail the edifice from which we have been afforded a panoramic view of the city and the surrounding country.

The *Piazza de Campidoglio*—under which title are included the Palace of the Senators, the Museum, and the *Conservatori*—is on the summit of the Capitoline, and situated between the two elevated points on which the citadel and the Temple of Jupiter Capitolinus formerly stood; and, according to tradition, is the exact spot where Romulus built his asylum, or refuge, for any fugitives from neighbouring states, to people his newly-formed city: they were received as Roman citizens, without any questions being asked of their character or antecedents. The ground between the two knolls or points was called *Intermontium* by the old Romans. The Palace of the Senators is, as we have already intimated, built upon the foundations of the *Tabularium*: it was founded, towards the end of the fourteenth century, by Pope Boniface IX., and was, in all probability, little more than an isolated structure of a fortress-like character, surmounted by a lofty square tower of brick. About the middle of the sixteenth century the senate, with the approbation of Paul III., resolved to give to the *Campidoglio* a beautiful, useful, and commodious form, and Michel Angelo was employed to design the work. "The façade consists of a rustic basement at the bottom, comprising the lower story, to which

there is no entrance except by a double-branched flight of steps leading to the first story. The first and second stories are faced with Corinthian



EUROPA.

pilasters, which support an entablature crowned with a balustrade, and on the cornice of this is a row of statues." At the base, between the branches of the steps, is a large fountain, constructed by Sixtus V., and ornamented with three statues; that in the centre, placed in a niche of the wall at the rear, represents Minerva; it was found at Cora, but has no claim as a meritorious work of Art: the two others, which flank the balustrade, are of colossal size, and symbolical of the Nile and the Tiber. The figures are recumbent, and are of white marble: they were found in the Colonna gardens, among the ruins of the baths of Constantine, and are presumed to be of the time of the Antonines. The interior of the palace has little worthy of notice: the principal apartments occupy the first story. In the largest of this suite of rooms, where the senators of Rome and the judges hold their court, are statues, in marble, of Charles of Anjou, as a senator of the thirteenth century, of Paul III., and Gregory XIII. The basement story is made the city prison.

The building, or projecting wing, on the north side of the *Piazza*, is the Museum, or *Museo Capitolino*, erected from the designs of Michel Angelo, under the auspices of Paul III., but not appropriated to the purposes for which it is now used till about the middle of the last century. The Popes Clement XII., Benedict XIV., Clement XIII., and Pius VII. especially, enriched it in succession. As a museum of sculptural art it is greatly inferior to that of the Vatican, though the works it contains are more numerous. They consist of pictures, sculptures, inscriptions on marble and terra-cotta, vases, &c. &c., and are distributed through several apartments bearing titles appropriate to their contents. The "Chamber of Inscriptions" contains a collection of consular and imperial inscriptions, in number about 120, and comprising a period of 365 years of the Roman empire, from Tiberius to Theodosius. The "Chamber of the Sarcophagus" is so called from the marble sarcophagus, in which was the celebrated Barberini vase, now in the British Museum, and known to us as the "Portland Vase," from its being purchased by the Duke of Portland. The sarcophagus, which is of marble, is ornamented with fine bas-reliefs of subjects taken from the history of the Trojan war: it was discovered at a spot about three miles from Rome, on the road to Frascati, the ancient Tusculum. The staircase leading from this suite of rooms to those on the upper story, five in number, is decorated with the celebrated fragments of white marble, called *Pianta Capitolina*, an ancient ground-plan of various public buildings. Besides these five chambers, there is on the same floor a large gallery containing numerous statues, busts, and other sculptured works.



VIRGIN AND CHILD.

The first apartment of the suite of five is called the "Chamber of the

Emperors:" it contains seventy-six busts of Roman emperors and members of their respective families, both male and female, arranged in chronological order. Passing through this, the visitor enters another room, the "Chamber of Philosophers," containing altogether nearly eighty busts of eminent Greek and Roman sages, poets, and historians, with a few of the emperors and other distinguished personages: the walls, like those of the first chamber, are decorated with bas-reliefs. The third room, called the "Saloon," is a spacious apartment, in which are several groups of sculptured figures, single statues, and busts, most, if not all, of which have been exhumed from the ruins of Rome and the grounds in its vicinity. The "Chamber of the Faun" comes next; it is so called from a graceful statue of a faun standing in the centre of the room on an altar; it is executed in *rosso antico*, a valuable material, and was found at Hadrian's villa. Among several ancient inscriptions fixed to the walls is one, engraven on brouze, of a highly interesting character; it is the *Lex Legia*, the original decree of the senate by which the imperial government was conferred on Vespasian. A sarcophagus in this room demands especial notice; Flaxman refers to it in his lectures as exhibiting one of the finest specimens of bas-reliefs he knew of: the subject is a Greek soldier unhorsing an Amazon, while one of these female warriors grasps his hand and intercedes for her companion. It was discovered about eight miles from Rome, near the aqueduct called *Aqua Virgo*.



THE PERSIAN SYDIL.

But the fifth and last room of this suite is that which offers the greatest attraction of any in the museum; it is named the "Chamber of the Dying Gladiator," from the celebrated statue which stands in the centre, as conspicuous from its position as it is from its exquisite artistic beauty: it was found at the *Porto d'Ango*, the ancient seaport of Antium, by Cardinal Albani, about the year 1770. This statue is so well known, and has been the subject of so much comment, that any remarks here would be quite superfluous. It will suffice to say that the title it has always borne since its discovery, and which it still bears, is now considered to be erroneous; and it seems surprising that it should ever have been so designated by any conversant with ancient Art and ancient history. That it is of the best period of Greek Art no one ever doubted, and this alone would take it back to an era long antecedent to the introduction of gladiatorial contests, which, moreover, were unknown to the Greeks. The work is now universally recognised as the figure of a Gaul wounded and dying, and is presumed to have formed one of a series of figures illustrating the invasion of Greece by the barbaric armies of Gaul. The famous statue of Antinous, called the "Antinous of the Capitol," is also in this apartment; it was dug up, with some others, from the ruins of Hadrian's villa, near Tivoli, one of the most remarkable antiquarian remains in Italy.



ROMULUS AND REMUS.

The wing which faces the *Museo* is called the *Palazzo dei Conservatori*. The external architectural features of the two are exactly similar; it receives its name from its being the judicial court of the magistrates, or *Conservatori*. In the vestibule and in the quadrangle to which it leads are numerous sculptured works: the only one we can find room to notice is a fine colossal statue of Julius Cæsar, said to be the only original existing statue of the emperor. The rooms of the building are decorated with wall paintings and filled with a great variety of sculptures; in two or three are a few oil pictures. The sculptures are principally busts of celebrated Italians. There is also a gallery of paintings, founded in the beginning of the last century, by Benedict XIV.

The catalogue of pictures includes about two hundred and thirty subjects; but many of them are copies of paintings by artists of a second, and even of a third, rate order: the visitor will, however, find some which by their excellence must arrest his attention. The Bolognese school is represented by the works of Francia, Guercino, Domenichino, the Carracci, and Guido; the Venetian, by those of Titian and Paul Veronese; the Roman, by Perugino, Pinturicchio, Caravaggio, Pietro de Cortona, and Garofolo; the Florentine, by Sandro Botticelli; the Flemish, by Rubens and Van Dyck; and the French, by Nicholas Poussin, Claude, Bourguignon, and Mignard. A few examples, in the form of engravings, are introduced here.

The first of these is a 'St. Cecilia,' by Annibale Carracci, a composition showing many of the excellencies which distinguish the branch of the eclectic school that arose at Bologna, under the able administration of this artist and his relatives. St. Cecilia is performing on an organ; by her side stands an ecclesiastic, habited in garments of the Carmelite order, and near the instrument are the Virgin and Infant, who are attended by an angel: all of them listen as if enchanted with the strains of the musician. The whole of these figures have a roundness of form and a richness in the disposition of the draperies, which are characteristic of the school of the Carracci, an institution associated with so many illustrious names.

The next is 'Sta. Petronilla.' The history or legend forming the subject of this work may not be familiar to all our readers, and as the composition

cannot be perfectly understood without some explanation, we will give it in a few words. Petronilla is said to have been a young Roman girl, who was betrothed to a noble of her own country: during his absence from Rome for a short time, she died; her lover, on his return, would not credit her death, and caused the body to be exhumed, to prove its truth: it is this incident which Guercino has painted, in what many consider as his *chef-d'œuvre*, but which is decidedly one of the best pictures in the gallery of the Capitol, if it is not the finest. Following the example set by Raffaelle and many of the great painters who immediately succeeded him, Guercino has divided the subject into two parts, totally distinct from each other, yet bearing a relative action. In the lower part two stalwart figures are raising from the grave the body of the dead virgin; her betrothed stands by, but his head is turned away, as if he feared the confirmation of his doubts: several figures are looking on, one of them, a matronly-looking personage, appears to be weeping. In the upper part, Petronilla, accompanied by angels and cherubs, is presumed to be entering heaven, where she is received by the Saviour. The whole of this is kept subordinate in tone to the lower portion; but in both there are evidently great expression and feeling in the single figures, and much beauty in the composition of the respective groups. The picture was formerly in St. Peter's, where a mosaic copy now occupies its place.

The 'Europa' is a copy, but by no means a good one, of the famous picture by Paul Veronese, in the Ducal Palace, Venice. Of the original of this, and of another by Veronese, 'Venice crowned by Fame,' in the same edifice, Kügler says,—"Both are represented in a manner which touches the heart of the spectator like heroic music." The picture describes the mythological story in three scenes: in the foreground, the daughter of the Phœnician king is seated on the back of the animal, while the attendants are arranging her richly embroidered robes, and cupids are bearing chaplets of flowers to decorate the bull and his rider; in the middle distance, she is being carried off towards the sea-shore; and in the distance we see her borne away over the waters to her future home. The principal group is remarkable for the graceful disposition of the figures; but every part of the work is of so high a character, that it is generally admitted to be one of the master-pieces of this renowned Venetian painter.

The fourth engraving is from Sandro Botticelli's 'Virgin and Child,' throned in a landscape, and attended by St. Martin and St. Nicholas. Botticelli was a Florentine painter of a comparatively early period. This picture has all the peculiarities of composition and mode of treatment common with the artists of the fifteenth century, especially in their religious subjects; the composition is arranged with formal preciseness, the draperies, though ample, fall in stiff and conventional folds, and the most elaborate execution is observable in every detail. The picture, however, is a good specimen of the Art of the period to which it belongs. Some critics have expressed a doubt of its being Botticelli's work, and ground their objection on the head of the Virgin, which they consider too refined and delicate for this painter.

On the preceding page is an engraving from a picture by Guercino, called 'The Persian Sybil;' but we may presume it to be nothing more than what with us would be designated a "fancy portrait," or a portrait of some Italian lady then living, habited in a foreign costume: it is certainly a most elegant figure in design and treatment, the attitude unrestrained and natural, the expression refined yet thoughtful.

The various fresco paintings on the walls of some of the apartments in the *Palazzo dei Conservatori* will well repay examination, though they cannot be considered as among the best examples of this style of decoration. The walls of the first room are covered with pictures by the Cavaliere Guiseppe Cesare, better known by the name of D'Arpino, who lived in the first half of the sixteenth century. The subjects of his six paintings are taken from the early history of Rome. The second chamber was ornamented by T. Laureti, pupil of Sebastian del Piombo, with four subjects relating to the ancient history of the city during the Republic. The third room, painted by Daniele da Volterra, shows the triumph of the Consul Marius, after his victory over the Cimbri; the sixth has a frieze surrounding the room; it was painted by Annibale Carracci, and represents the triumphs of Scipio Africanus. The seventh is decorated with subjects illustrative of the Punic Wars, but by whom they were painted is not known: the names of Razzi and Perugino have been mentioned in connection with them.

Sir George Head, in his "Rome: a Tour of many Days," gives a vivid description of this edifice; he says,—"I once had an opportunity, in the winter of 1840, of seeing the whole suite of the seven chambers of the Conservatori to the greatest advantage, when brilliantly lighted by night, and full of company, on the occasion of a ball held there by the pope's special authority, for the benefit of the orphans of the poor Roman inhabitants who died three years before, of the cholera. On approaching the Capitoline the scene outside was not less striking than the interior of the palace; for as the line of carriages after proceeding through the dark, narrow streets that lead from the Corso, emerged on the Forum, and advanced towards the carriage-road on the southern flank of the Tabularium, passing on the way successively the Arch of Septimius Severus, the Temple of Jupiter Tonans, and the Temple of Fortune, all these celebrated ruins, standing between a brilliant display of light above in the *Piazza di Campidoglio* and the eye of the spectator, in the dark foreground, were seen in different points of view, and under all manner of phases, that produced the most magnificent effect of chiar-oscuro. The columns of former centuries thus reflecting the light of torches on one side, and casting their black shadows on the other, became new and fresh in appearance, and combined to form for the occasion, though detached and belonging to different buildings, an entrance to the Palace of the Conservatori as grand and imposing as if all were planted in the most uniform, harmonious order."

James Dafforne.

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

Edinburgh.—Shilling Art-Union societies are extending northwards. We have before us a prospectus of the "Peoples' Art-Union of Scotland," the object of which is "to enlist the sympathies of all classes in the promotion of Scottish art." Among the committee are the names of Professor Aytoun, as chairman, the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, Mr. Blackwood, and others of good report. Prizeholders will be allowed to choose their own prizes from any public exhibition of works of Art in Scotland, sanctioned by the committee, who will also select, from the best prints of the leading publishers in Great Britain, the engravings to be distributed among the subscribers.

Dublin.—We find the following announcement in our contemporary the *Builder*:—"The Royal Dublin Society, on the recommendation of various lovers and owners of works of Art, have determined to hold an 'Exhibition of the Fine and Ornamental Arts,' during May and the three following months of 1861. The object is to collect the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture, and to exhibit them with drawings, engravings, photographs, medals, objects of *vertu*, elaborately-wrought plate, works in precious stones and metals, in porcelain, silk, velvet, lace, tapestry, and works in which Art forms a material element. The guarantee fund, to cover the expenses in the event of a deficiency in the receipts, was originally fixed at £5,000, but has already grown to upwards of £9,000."

The Parish Church of Whitchurch (Salop).—The apse of this church, recently improved in its relative proportions under the directions of J. Live k, Esq., architect (London), has just been enriched by three superb stained glass windows, the work of Messrs. Warrington (London), who have for so many years contributed to the restoration of this beautiful art. Hitherto their fame has arisen from the congruity and harmony of their works in connection with the severe style adapted to Gothic architecture. The windows to which this notice refers prove that they are equally capable of producing works of high Art which, in drawing, grouping, and colouring, are not unworthy of comparison with some of the best works of the school of Raffaelle, and which satisfactorily solve the problem as to the proper treatment of stained glass for the windows of our Grecian churches. In the church referred to, like the edifice itself, the windows are of the Corinthian, or rather composite order. They are each more than 18 feet high by upwards of 8 feet wide, semicircular at the top, and in one clear expanse, without subdivisions by mullions or tracery. The centre window is occupied by a picture of the 'Ascension,' the figures nearly life-size. The Saviour ascending is surrounded by groups of beautiful angels, vocally and instrumentally engaged in joy and praise, amidst clouds which are broken up by cherubs, not too evident, but amalgamating with them, and thus completing the upper or aerial portion of the picture. The lower part is composed of the eleven apostles, in attitudes of devout adoration and astonishment, backed by an appropriate landscape which gracefully divides the upper from the lower part of the picture. The borders which enclose the picture consist of characteristic columns on the sides, finely designed and coloured. Cherubs above and below, bearing wreaths of richly coloured fruits and flowers, form a beautiful and important accessory to the whole. The side windows are less subject windows than the centre, but are not less rich. The treatment of each is alike, with the exception that one contains a figure of St. Paul and the other of St. Peter, nearly the size of life, placed in very rich niches surmounted by escalops. From the soffits proceed bold and free foliage and clustered fruit of the vine, appropriately emblematic in the chancel of a Christian church. The base is supported by Caryatides. Surrounding these are beautiful enamelled panellings embellished by Arabesque ornaments, and subdivided by medallions, six in each window, the heads of the twelve apostles. Exterior to all these occurs a border similar to that in the centre window, but in the circular parts at the top are recumbent angels holding crowns of glory over the armorial attributes of SS. Peter and Paul. These fine windows possess the power and brilliancy of ancient glass, united with the highest order of drawing and composition, while in depth and solemnity of treatment they well become the position they occupy in the house of God. The subscribers and parishioners of Whitchurch, by whose voluntary offerings these beautiful works have been erected, have the satisfaction of feeling that their liberality has been well expended upon a style of decoration for their parish church, which is in good taste and feeling, and suggestive of holy and serious thoughts.

Exeter.—At this season of the year our provincial news is almost restricted to a record of the annual meetings of the various schools of Art throughout the kingdom, when reports are read, and speeches are delivered, and prizes distributed, and balances—both monetary and statistical—are struck, all setting forth the condition of these institutions respectively. In too many instances we are compelled to notify—and we do so with regret, mingled with surprise it should be so—that while the statistical element is encouraging as regards the increase of pupils and their progress, the pecuniary condition is not advanced in a corresponding degree, but on the contrary, it is found to be retrograding. This appears to be the case with the Exeter school, of which the last year's report, submitted to a meeting of patrons and subscribers on the 27th of December, is in our hands. From it we learn that the subscriptions have again fallen off, though the amount is not stated; still, it is satisfactory to know the institution is not in debt, but that a small balance to its credit is held by the treasurer. The average number of pupils in attendance during the past year was about 150. In the public schools 251 pupils were examined, 130 of whom obtained prizes, being an increase of 25 over the year 1859. The head-master, Mr. Wigzell, has just retired from his post, and has been succeeded by Mr. Birkmyers, from the Kensington Department. The pupils of the school, aided by the contributions of the committee, presented the former with a valuable gold watch and chain, as a testimony of their appreciation of his services. Three years ago he received from them a silver inkstand and gold pencil-case.

Stourbridge.—The last year's report of the School of Art in this town speaks favourably of the progress of the institution. Since the last meeting of the council 152 students had attended the classes at the central school, and 622 had received instruction at public and private schools, making a total of 774 under instruction during the year,—a larger number, it was said, in proportion to the inhabitants than that furnished by any town in the United Kingdom. The expenses of the year were about £133, the income, from subscriptions and other sources, exceeded £165, leaving a balance of £32 in favour of the school; but there is a building debt on it of £200.

Liverpool.—The amount subscribed to the Art-Union of the Liverpool Academy was about £800. The drawing took place early in the last month.

THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.*

A BRIEF notice of this edition of Bunyan's incomparable work appeared in our last number; we recur to it, for the purpose of introducing some examples of the illustrations, with which Messrs. Routledge and Co. have supplied us: our remarks will, of course, have reference to these; the text of the book has long ago passed criticism.

We previously observed, with respect to the general character of Mr. Watson's designs, that they at once carry back the mind to the period in which Bunyan lived; the peasant and the cavalier, the housewife and the high-born dame, the soldier and the divine, belong either to the age of Charles or that of Cromwell; but the prevailing type is Puritan. There is an excellent specimen of each in the two figures on these pages, 'FORMALIST,' and 'HYPOCRISY'—characters to be found among religious professors in all creeds: under the canopy of the fretted roof of the cathedral, and under the plain whitewashed ceiling of the nonconformist's chapel; the gait, the attitude, the expression of face, demonstrate the individual, while each is drawn from the two classes just mentioned. It is easy to recognise the churchman in the moustached figure, with his long flowing locks, ruffed collar, and rosetted shoes: and the Puritan, in his strangely-cut, unadorned garb, his plain broad collar turned over a tightly-fitting vest, and his clasped hands, as if engaged in mental devotion. Such characters are, unhappily, everywhere to be found, and no darker spots are there on the surface of the social community, than they who assume a sanctity which is neither of the heart nor the life.

The other two illustrations represent 'TALKATIVE IN THE ALE-HOUSE,' and 'TALKATIVE AT HOME;' these are exceedingly clever designs. They inculcate a lesson on intemperance; his time, and what money he has, are passed among his boon companions, with whom he is ready to talk on any subject, so long as he is allowed to talk; the result of all this is seen when he reaches home, in the terrified looks of his wife, the quarrels of his children, his brawls with the domestics—the tree is known by its fruit.

Looking over the one hundred and ten woodcuts which enrich this edition of the "Pilgrim's Progress," we feel bound to assert that we know of no artist, with the exception, perhaps, of Mr. John Gilbert, who would have executed such a task with such uniform excellence; the various scenes, no less than the individual characters, have been thoroughly studied by Mr. Watson, and the result is, without drawing any invidious comparison between this volume and the many others which have preceded it, that we know of none wherein the illustrations are so completely and fully identified with the personages of the story, as we see them here. Among the many to which we would direct attention, we would point out 'Pliable's Return to his own House,' and 'Pliable Mocked after his Apostacy'—both full of Hogarthian humour; 'Christian Knocking at the Gate'—a single figure, capitally drawn, the attitude suggestive of timidity and doubt; 'The Three Shining Ones,' a pretty group of angels, but the profile of Christian's face, which is almost without form, is objectionable; 'Christian instructed at the Palace Beautiful,' is a well composed subject, but why did Mr. Watson place Christian with his back to the spectator? 'The Valley of the Shadow of Death,' dark and horrible, might stand for the work of Blake; 'Faithful cuts, and is cut by, his Relations,'—a group of Royalist Cavaliers; 'Lord Hategood,' and 'Lady Feigning's Daughter,' two full-length portraits of great power; 'By-ends and his Friends,' every face a capital study; 'Giant Despair beats the Pilgrims;' 'Ignorance,' a Vandyke-looking figure, but conceit written on its face; 'The Man with the Muckrake,' &c., &c.

A word of unqualified praise is justly due to Messrs. Dalziel, for the excellent manner in which they have engraved these designs.

With respect to the manner in which this edition of Bunyan's great work is produced, and sent forth to the public, we may briefly remark that it will—or, at least, ought—to satisfy the most refined taste.



The short Memoir, from the pen of Mr. Offor, is written gracefully and in a highly appreciating



spirit; and the engravings introduced into this memoir, and which illustrate incidents in the life of

* THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS. A New Edition, with a Memoir, and Notes, by George Offor. Illustrated with one hundred and ten designs, by J. D. Watson. Engraved on wood by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London and New York.

the "dreamer," are not among the least interesting in the volume. Bunyan's personal history, without



reference to his writings as arising out of it, is a remarkable one; both of them—his life and his works



—have furnished subjects to some of the most able commentators, without distinction of sect or creed.

EXHIBITION OF THE PHOTOGRAPHIC SOCIETY.

The eighth exhibition of pictures by the members of the Photographic Society is now open, at the Gallery of the Society of Painters in Water Colours, Pall Mall East. There is a large collection of these sun-painted pictures; sufficiently large, indeed, to persuade the observer, that 1860 was not the year of gloom that most persons imagine it to have been. Although luminous and calorific rays may have been absorbed by the vapoury clouds which hung over our islands, it is quite evident that a fair proportion of the actinic radiations must have reached the rain-soddened earth. There can be no lack of enthusiasm amongst photographers. Notwithstanding the uncertainty of the past season, we perceive that the camera-obscura has penetrated the wildest moors, the most iron-bound coasts, the bleakest hills, and the recesses of the flooded valleys. The love of the art has carried the photographer onward through rains and storms. Indeed, we are disposed to believe that many of the most striking effects observable in the pictures exhibited, are due to that beautiful transparency of the atmosphere which follows a period of drenching rain.

Our catalogue informs us that 622 pictures are exhibited; but there are more than this number of frames, and many frames contain four and six photographs. This is a proof of industry amongst the members of the society; but, when we ask ourselves if there is any distinguishable advance in the art, we are compelled to pause. For several years we have seen photographs which have possessed all the qualities that mark the best of these chemical pictures, in an eminent degree. Minuteness of detail, sharpness of outline, aerial perspective, freedom from the convergence of perpendicular lines, are merits with which we are familiar. The pictures which Mr. Roger Fenton exhibits this year—many of them very beautiful—are in no respect superior to photographs exhibited by that gentleman four or five years since. The Cheddar Cliffs and the views at Lynmouth are very charming,—perhaps Mr. Francis Bedford never produced more perfect works,—but we do not think them superior to many of the productions which Mr. Llewellyn, Mr. Sutton, and others have shown us. We were especially attracted by Mr. Bedford's interiors. The views of parts of Canterbury Cathedral, of chosen bits of the Cathedrals of Wells and Exeter, together with portions of St. Mary Redcliffe Church, are all of them valuable studies to the artist, the architect, and the archæologist; but we have now before us views of the interior of St. Mary Redcliffe, taken full ten years since by Mr. Owen of Bristol, which are in no respect inferior to them. So we might proceed from one class of subjects to another, showing, and we believe correctly, that there has not been any real advance in the photographic art for many years.

The facilities for producing pictures, under all circumstances, are far greater than they were. Every mechanical arrangement has received, it would appear, the utmost amount of attention. The physical appliances have been improved, and the chemistry of the art, producing extreme sensibility to the solar influences, has been carefully studied. Yet we have not obtained pictures superior to those which marked the productions of the earlier exhibitions of the society. We cannot explain this. Has photography arrived at its maximum power? Can it not, by the aid of physical science—by the optician's skill,—or the chemist's experiments—be advanced higher? We believe much may yet be done; and we hope

the society will interest itself in lifting the art beyond that dull level of excellence which has marked the exhibitions for several years.

It is not possible for us, even were it desirable, to go through the long list of productions, so much like each other, and so nearly resembling the photographs which we have seen in former years. Fenton is good in his landscapes, but we venture to ask him if he has been quite so careful as usual; Bedford deserves praise; Cundall and Downes are in no respects behind; Caldesi has many beautiful studies; Maxwell Lyte has proved what can be done with metagelatine; Vernon Heath has wandered with advantage amidst the woods of Devonshire. James Mudd exhibits many pictures—all of them excellent—many of them may be classed with the best photographs ever produced. Maull and Polyblank require no advertisement for their portraits, nor do the London Stereoscopic Company for their stereoscopic views. There are, as might be expected, a crowd of "album portraits." Those of Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family, by Mayall, are well-known, but we saw none superior to the chosen few exhibited by the London Stereoscopic Society. There are some successful attempts, not so ambitious as many which Lake Price and others have exhibited, in the direction of subject pictures. 'The Holiday in the Wood,' is the most successful of these, but the grouping indicates a deficiency of artistic feeling. Some of the small and *so-called* instantaneous pictures are good, but, with the extreme sensibility of the collodion process, when employed under the best possible conditions, we certainly fancy that better results are to be obtained.

The Photographic Society directed especial attention some few years since to the fixing of photographs. This is a most important matter, demanding still the care of the society. We have now before us photographs which have been executed more than *twelve years*, in which there is not the slightest symptom of decay. We have others which have been produced within *twelve months*, which are fading rapidly. We have frequently expressed our opinion that there is no reason why a photograph should not be rendered as permanent as a water-colour drawing. *These pictures need not necessarily fade.* The experienced eye can almost always certainly tell whether a photograph is fixed or not. We do not intend to say that a man so judging may not be sometimes deceived, although within our experience this is rarely the case. It is to the interest especially of the seller of a photograph, that it proves permanent. If his pictures fade it shows carelessness, and he loses his customers. If the buyer of those chemical pictures finds, by and by, that he has a portfolio of "*vanishing scenes*" or of "*fleeting images*," he will weary of collecting them, and return to less truthful, but to more enduring productions. Is it not possible for the society to give some guarantee, or to insist upon some guarantee, that the necessary amount of care has been taken in washing the pictures sold from its walls?

We advise our readers to pay this exhibition a visit, they will be much gratified; there is a great variety of subjects, and many very beautiful works.

The solar rays have produced pictures which must ever strike the reflecting mind with wonder. A power has been generated millions of miles beyond this earth, which flows, and gives life and beauty to it. That agency which combines and maintains a living organism, paints, by its occult power, a magic picture. Every picture now hanging on the walls of the Photographic Exhibition, the result of chemical change in the hands of the photographer, is directly due to a physical change occurring in the far distant Sun.

PHOTOGRAPHY,

AS EMPLOYED FOR THE ILLUSTRATION OF BOOKS.

It will be seen, upon referring to the numerous papers which have, from time to time, appeared in the *Art-Journal*, on Photography, that we were amongst the first to urge the application of the solar pencil to the general purposes of book illustration. "The Pencil of Nature," by Mr. H. Fox Talbot, was, we think, the first attempt; and "Sunshine in the Country," is, we believe, the last attempt made to secure beautiful and truthful illustrations of nature by photography for book illustration. Between the issue of these works we have had Professor Piozzi Smyth's work on Teneriffe, the "Ramble in Brittany," the "Stereoscopic Magazine," and some few other productions which have been so illustrated. We have not mentioned several works from the Parisian presses, of a similar character, because we only desire to draw attention to some of the numerous advantages belonging to this peculiar method of illustrating.

The delightful truthfulness of a good photographic picture, gives it a value which cannot be possessed by any merely artistic production. The traveller, therefore, who properly—that is fully—avails himself of the art, gives to the reader of his travels a realization of those scenes which he deems of sufficient interest, which cannot by any other method be obtained. The photographs in the work on Teneriffe, and those in the book on Brittany, were not of a very high character; yet how perfectly did they tell the story of the astronomer's difficulties in placing his great equatorial above the clouds, and of the peculiarities of living Brittany in contrast with the charming remains of the ancient country! The peculiar characteristics of every stone near the top of that strange mountain, on which Professor Smyth had resolved to make his survey of the heavens, were preserved so completely as to enable the geologist to distinguish the nice shades of difference existing between the rocks.

In the other work quoted, the antiquarian, the architect, the historian, and the philosopher, will find much matter given for reflection, which could not be conveyed in any other way; since no human hand could copy the works of nature, and the stores of Art, in so perfect a manner, or, by any effort, secure that feeling of entire truth which marks the photographic picture. In books of this class, or in such as would represent any of the phenomena of nature, there is a value arising from the truthfulness of the sun-delineated picture which is peculiarly its own. To such productions as the "Sunshine in the Country," we have photography introduced as much for its beauty as for its truth. This book is very amply illustrated by photographs taken by the late Mr. Grundy, of Sutton Coldfield, near Birmingham; and they show how perfectly, in the hands of an artist, the most delightful aspects of nature, with all the variations due to the influence of light and shadow, may be caught and preserved. The quiet of the first picture, with its group of lazy cows, its languid stream and its unshaken trees, tells us how true Cooper painted similar scenes; while another picture, 'The Summer Day,' is no less beautifully warm and clear:

> "The herds have settled to their pastures green."

"The Trout Fisher," the "Angler's Song," and Mary Howitt's charming "Little Streams," secure for us photographs which represent, it may be, one of the most picturesque of the many streams which flow through fertile Devonshire, from Dartmoor to the sea—one of those little bits of quiet river scenery which distinguishes the Thames, the Kennet, and the Avon, and one of those rocky knolls with rushing waters—

> "Up in mountain hollows wild,
> Fretting like a peevish child,"

which mark the scenery of North Wales. There are numerous other equally beautiful photographs in this work, in illustration of the poets, who have endeavoured to catch "the still wild music" of nature, in her own retreats. In this book, the poet leads you, by the charm of his melodious utterance, and the photograph wins you to loiter on your way in contemplation of the truth which the sunshine shows you belongs to the thoughts of those who can find—

> "Tongues in trees, books in the running brooks,
> Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

THE TURNER GALLERY.

CALAIS PIER.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

Calais, its wooden pier and bright yellow sands, but especially the latter, have frequently furnished subjects to our marine-painters; its contiguity to the English coast, as well as the picturesque character of the locality, rendering it most attractive. Both Stanfield and Edward Cooke have, if our memory serves us right as to their pictures, cruised and "worked" in that part of the Channel. Some of David Cox's most masterly seascapes came from the same quarter; and Turner has left two or three noble paintings as records of his visits to the coast of France.

His first voyage across the Channel was at the commencement of the present century; the picture which is here engraved was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1803, under the title of 'Calais Pier, with French Poissards preparing for Sea—An English Packet arriving.' Turner's visit must have been paid during the short interval of peace with France, occasioned by the treaty of Amiens, 1802-3, otherwise, the presence of an English packet-boat in a French harbour, except as a prize, would be perfectly inexplicable. A finer example of marine-painting than this is, never appeared from the pencil of any artist; while it takes rank with Turner's best, though it is not altogether free from the charge of untruthfulness to nature. In the face of so heavy a storm as the wind—shown by the position of the vessels' sails—is urging onwards over the pier, it is scarcely probable that even the hardy fishermen would venture out to sea, as they are here preparing to do; and a small boat like the English packet—the vessel with her head to the spectator of the picture—would certainly "lay over" much more than she does, with such a breadth of canvas opposed to the wind, and so heavy a sea—the latter, by the way, not very usual in a harbour, unless a hurricane blows. Yet these insignificant objections in no way detract from the grandeur of the composition, and the skill with which the mass of details is brought into an harmonious whole, by the admirable arrangement of light and shade. The left side, both sky and sea, is enveloped in blackness; the sunlight falls on the centre, catching the waves as they break against the wooden piles and the hull and sails of the outward bound fishing-smack, and the rolling clouds above; and thus these three central portions are connected with each other. To the right, the sea and sky show a half-tone of sunlight, caused by the rays rendering the clouds partially transparent, and illuminating the distance.

The figures on the pier and in the boats are drawn and painted with great care, and were evidently well studied "from the life:" the former are not idle promenaders, but belong to the class whose "business is in great waters"—fishermen, their wives and children, some engaged with the produce of the sea, others, as the group of women leaning over the side of the pier, attending to the wants of their husbands and brothers in the boat. Not the least remarkable parts of the picture are the dead flat-fish, which are wonderfully true to nature.

There exists a large unfinished engraving—or it should rather be said a few impressions only are to be met with, for the print was never published, and the plate, we believe, has been destroyed—of this picture, by Mr. Lupton, who related to Mr. Ruskin an anecdote arising out of these same fish. "While the engraving was in progress, Turner visited the engraver, to examine the plate, not having seen his picture for several years. It is one of the darkest of his dark early works; and has but little colour, except in the flatfish on the pier, in which he has wrought 'pearly hues like those of opal.' He stood before the picture for some moments, and, pointing joyously to the fish, remarked,—'They say that Turner can't colour!' and, laughing, turned away."

And speaking of these Dutch plaice, we are reminded of Dutch painters, in connection with the 'Calais Pier.' It seems that Turner in it has not altogether lost sight of Van der Velde; the sky is treated in a way very similar to that which many of this artist's pictures show; but the Dutchman never painted such a *foreground* as this, such life and action in the rolling surges, such a story in the groups that man the vessels and throng the jetty.



THE

NATIONAL FLAGS OF ENGLAND:

THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

WITH A GLANCE AT THE FLAGS OF OTHER NATIONS.

BY CHARLES BOUTELL, M.A.,

AUTHOR OF A "MANUAL OF BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGY," "CHRISTIAN MONUMENTS IN ENGLAND AND WALES," "MONUMENTAL BRASSES AND SLABS," ETC., ETC.

PART XV.—MILITARY COLOURS.

THE MILITARY FLAGS of England, which are distinguished and known as "Colours," are naturally divided into two great classes:—

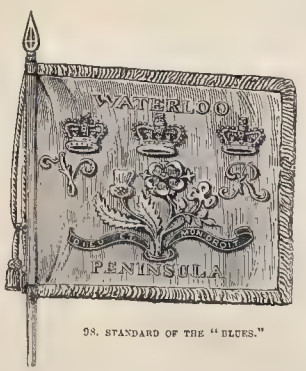
I. *Cavalry colours*, and
II. *Infantry colours.*

The colours borne by both arms of the service are associated in a peculiar manner with the regiments to which they may severally belong. They are the insignia of the regiments in their individual and distinctive capacity, as well as collectively the flags of the British army.

Precisely in accordance with the usage that prevails in the instance of the uniforms, appointments, and arms of our soldiers, the colours of British regiments are subject to a constant succession of changes. The actual devices, indeed, with which the colours may be charged, remain in each example the same; but the size, form, proportions, and decorative accessories of all these military ensigns are at the mercy of every fresh "regulation" from supreme authority. At the present moment, a recent "regulation" has reduced the size of the regimental colours, added fringes to them, changed the form of some of them, and substituted certain heraldic figures in many cases for the spear-heads which for a long time have invariably surmounted the colour-staves.

The flags of our cavalry regiments, entitled "*standards*," are really *banners;* for, both in their form and general character they retain the peculiarities of those celebrated insignia of the knights of old. These relics of mediæval chivalry, illustrious in the memories of long past ages, still more illustrious in their associations with their own times, are comparatively small in size, of a square shape, and strictly heraldic in their richly emblazoned charges.

Made of the richest materials, the colour of these standards is determined by the colour of the regimental facings, except the standards of the household brigade — the 1st and 2nd Life-Guards and the Blues—which are all of crimson silk, stiff with embroidery. The pennon of the early knights long



98. STANDARD OF THE "BLUES."

lingered amongst their successors under the form of the *guidon*—a small swallow-tailed standard, which was associated with the regular standard in our cavalry regiments, until the last "regulation" put in force the old custom of removing the pennon-points, and thus reduced the guidon to the square form of the standard. I may here observe that the light cavalry regiments do not carry regular standards, but they have in their stead ensigns that are attached to their kettle-drums. A standard is borne with each squadron of the heavy cavalry regiments, and in the Life-Guards and Blues with each troop. The household regiments also have similar banners attached, after the usage of the olden time, to their silver trumpets.

Upon these cavalry standards are displayed various national devices, such as the Rose, Shamrock, and Thistle, with the Royal Crown, and numerous other devices which have a special reference to circumstances connected with each regiment. The *Regimental Cypher* also, and *Number*, and various *Mottoes* are introduced; and besides these devices, there appear upon the standards the *Regimental Honours* —brief, but eminently significant legends, which at once record and declare the most distinguished services of each regiment. The words, WATERLOO, PENINSULA, MOULTAN, ALIWAL, SOBRAON, ALMA, INKERMAN, SEVASTOPOL, DELHI, LUCKNOW, are examples of such "Regimental Honours." Example 98 is one of the standards of the Royal Horse-Guards Blue, or "Oxford Blues."

The flags of the British infantry are especially distinguished by the title of "Colours," each regiment having its own "pair of Colours." Both are silken flags, considerably larger than the cavalry standards, though now of somewhat less dimensions than of yore, and fringed. They are charged with appropriate mottoes and devices, and with the HONOURS, Cypher, and Number of each regiment.

Of the two "Colours" borne by each regiment of the line, one is the "*Queen's Colour*," and the other is the "*Regimental Colour:*" the former is the Union-Jack, but the latter is of the same colour with the regimental facings; thus these flags are either red, blue, white, yellow, buff, green, or black, and they always have a small Union-Jack placed at the upper corner next to the staff.

In the regiments of the Guards a singular distinction prevails in the colours. The "Queen's Colour" is of crimson, with the Royal Crown and Cypher, and the regimental Device and Honours, also sometimes with, and sometimes without, a small Union-Jack at the uppermost corner; and the "Regimental Colour" is a simple Union-Jack. Each company of the Guards has, besides the colours of the regiment, a small banner attached particularly to itself, and charged with its own peculiar device and legend.

The Royal Artillery, and the Rifle Brigade of the regular army do not carry Colours.

No "Regulation" has yet been promulgated with reference to the Colours of the Volunteer regiments. Colours, however, in many instances have been both given to them and accepted by them; and, without doubt, this magnificent force will not long be permitted to remain without "Regulation Colours." The oldest of the Volunteer corps, the "Honourable Artillery Company of the City of London," has its own time-honoured Colours; the Militia regiments have "Colours," and the Volunteers of the days of Waterloo had their appropriate ensigns. I may add, that the banner of the "National Rifle Association" is blue, having upon a white circle the figures of an English archer of the Robin Hood era and a rifleman of the present Victorian age—the admirable motto is DEFENCE, NOT DEFIANCE.

As characteristic examples of a "pair of Regimental Colours," I have given the "Queen's Colour" (99), and the "Regimental Colour" (100), of the Fifth Regiment of the Line, or "Northumberland Fusiliers" (*vide* p. 52). The Regimental Colour is green, and bears the Title and Number of the regiment, the Motto, *Quo fata vocant*, ("wherever the fates may call"), the Regimental Devices—the St. George and the Dragon, the Crowned Rose, and the Rose, Thistle and Shamrock, and a long series of memorable "Honours." For these two colours, with the standard of the Blues, I am indebted to the kindness of Mr. McNair, of the Army and Navy Club, from whose beautiful drawings my engravings have been executed. Mr. McNair is preparing for publication a truly splendid work, worthy of national support, upon the "Colours of the British Army," which will contain representations of the entire series of both Standards and Colours, printed in chromo-lithography in the highest style of the art, accompanied with historical and descriptive notices of singular interest. I gladly avail myself of a fitting opportunity to notice the important character of Mr. McNair's work, to record my own admiration of it, and to invite to it the attention of the readers of the *Art-Journal*.

From the description that I have given of them, it is evident that their "Colours" present to the eyes of the soldiers of each regiment a living record of the renown, and of what has won the renown, of their own corps. The services, the achievements, the history, and the "Honours" of each regiment thus are ever associated with the symbols of loyalty and patriotism, and with the glory of the entire army. Accordingly, when our soldiers stand before their countrymen at home, their "Colours" proclaim how faithfully they have done their duty, and how well they have deserved the admiring gratitude of their country. And, whenever they march out, at their country's bidding, to stand in the front of battle, in their "Colours" our soldiers carry with them to the field the noblest of all most noble witnesses of their gallantry,—the most animating and most heart-stirring also of all encouragements to emulate, and, if possible, even to surpass the illustrious deeds of the past.

I may here observe that the term "Colours," used in precisely the sense that we now use it, is at least as old as the time of Shakspere. Thus, we read in "King John," Act iii. Scene 2, (and, would that the words could have been recently applied by us to our own "Colours" in the Crimea and in India!)—

> "Our *Colours* do return in those same hands
> That did display them when we first march'd forth."

The same word recurs once in the 1st Scene, and twice in the 2nd Scene of the 5th Act of the same historical drama. Again, in the "First Part of Henry VI.," in Act iv. Scene 2, there is this line,—

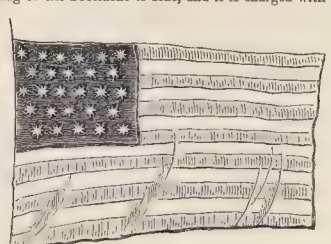
> "Prosper our *Colours* in this dangerous fight!"

I may also refer to Act ii. Scene 3 of Part iii. of the same drama.

PART XVI.—THE FLAGS OF OTHER NATIONS.

In now glancing at the flags of other nations, it is necessary for me to observe that my present purpose does not extend beyond both a brief and a partial notice of some few of the more important of these ensigns. The space now at my disposal forbids even an attempt to give a complete list of the "Flags of all Nations." I may refer to a very copious and carefully executed chart, containing no fewer than one hundred and seventy-two coloured examples, published by Laurie of Fleet Street; and possibly I may hereafter myself enter more fully into this division of my subject.

THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA. A red flag, with six horizontal white stripes, and a blue "Jack" charged with thirty-two silver stars (101). The flag of the President is blue, and it is charged with



101. UNITED STATES.

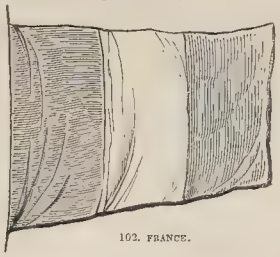
an eagle, bearing a shield paly of silver and red, with a silver chief, and soaring towards a star-spangled sky.

FRANCE. The tricolor (102), blue, white, and red, the blue next the staff, the arrangement being vertical. The Imperial Standard is studded with golden bees, and on the white the armorial insignia of the empire are displayed. The early flag of France bore the golden fleur-de-lys upon blue. The flag of the Bourbons was white, with the royal arms upon a shield.

BELGIUM. A tricolor (103), black, yellow, and red, the arrangement being the same as in the French tricolor, and the black being next to the staff. The

Belgian Standard bears the royal arms upon the yellow.

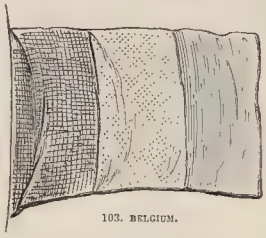
THE NETHERLANDS. A tricolor (104), red, white, and blue, the arrangement being horizontal, and the



102. FRANCE.

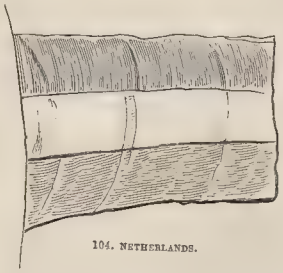
red in chief. The royal arms appear upon the white in the Standard.

SWEDEN AND NORWAY. The national flag of Sweden is blue, with a yellow cross (105), and that of Norway is red, with a blue cross edged with



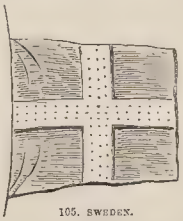
103. BELGIUM.

white (106). Precisely after the same manner as our own first Union-Jack (71) was formed by the combination of the national ensigns of England (69) and Scotland (70), so the Union Flag of united Sweden and Norway has resulted from the combination of 105



104. NETHERLANDS.

and 106, as appears in 107. The Swedish ensign is the old flag of Sweden with the Union, as in 108. The Norwegian ensign (109) has the same Union with the old flag of Norway. The two Royal Standards are the same, with the royal achievement



105. SWEDEN.

of arms; and the Swedish and Norwegian ensigns in use in the mercantile marine of those countries are also the same as 108 and 109, but, instead of being swallow-tailed, they are square at the fly.

DENMARK. A red flag, swallow-tailed, and charged with a white cross (110). The same flag, cut square instead of being swallow-tailed, is in use in the merchant service. The Danish Standard resembles the ensign (110), with the addition of the royal arms upon a white square in the centre.

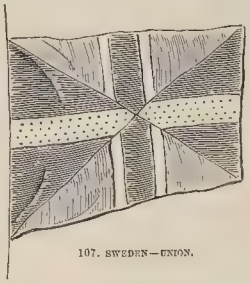
It will be observed that, in all these Continental



106. NORWAY.

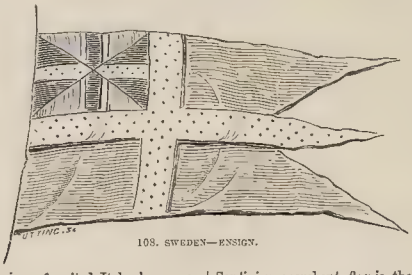
flags which are charged with royal arms, the armorial insignia are blazoned upon shields, and not displayed to form the flag itself, as is the case with our own Royal Standard (59).

SARDINIA, or rather ITALY. A tricolor (111), green, white, and red, the arrangement the same as in the French tricolor, the green being next to the



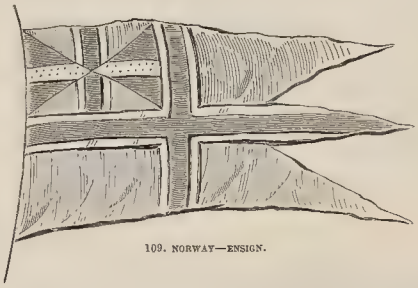
107. SWEDEN—UNION.

staff. The white bears a red shield, charged with a silver cross, and surmounted by a royal crown.



108. SWEDEN—ENSIGN.

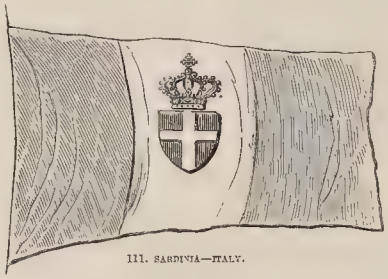
As the national ensign of united Italy, long may this noble flag wave over the country of an enlightened, prosperous, and happy people! The Sardinian merchant flag is the same, without the crown. The flag of the island is white, with a narrow red cross, and in each quarter there is a



109. NORWAY—ENSIGN.

negro's head. The Sardinian Standard is an elaborate heraldic composition.

PRUSSIA. White, with a black single-headed eagle displayed. The eagle is crowned, holding a golden sceptre and globe, and is charged with the royal cypher. Near the uppermost corner, next the staff,

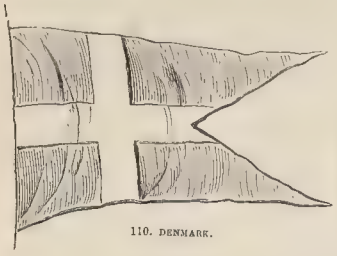


111. SARDINIA—ITALY.

there is a small black cross-patée, surmounted by a smaller similar cross of silver. This flag is very slightly swallow-tailed. In the ensign of the Prussian merchant service, the crosses are omitted, and there is a narrow stripe of black both above and below the eagle, the stripes forming the upper and lower extremities of the flag. The Prussian Standard is a pale crimson (also sometimes white), semée with eaglets and crowns: it bears the black and silver crosses (the latter surmounting the former), displayed over its entire surface; and, over all, the eagle of Prussia appears upon a white

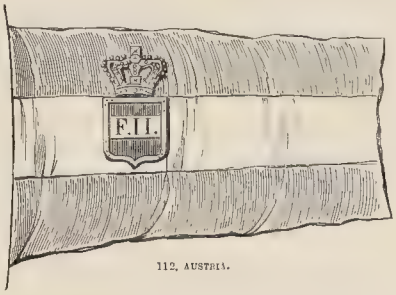
shield, which is crowned and encircled by the collar of the Prussian order with its jewel.

AUSTRIA. A red flag with a broad horizontal stripe of white, and having this stripe charged with



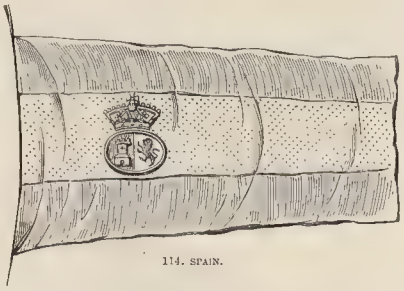
110. DENMARK.

a shield bearing the same device within a narrow border of gold, and having the imperial cypher: this shield appears upon the white stripe, and above



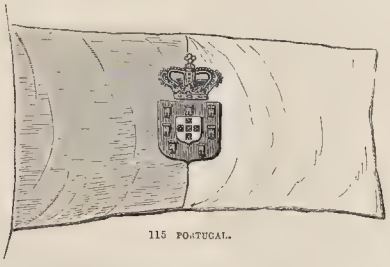
112. AUSTRIA.

both of them crowned, and holding a sword and a globe. Above the eagle is a third crown, and the imperial bird itself is charged with the Austrian



114. SPAIN.

RUSSIA. A white flag with a narrow cross-saltire (113). The Russian merchant ensign is a tricolor, white, blue, and red, the arrangement being horizontal,

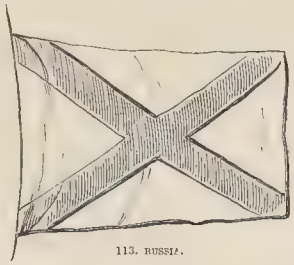


115 PORTUGAL.

eagle, holding a sceptre and a globe, and charged with a red shield bearing St. George and the Dragon, and encircled with the golden collar of the Russian order.

SPAIN. A flag divided horizontally into three

it, on the red, is the imperial crown (112). The merchant ensign is the same without the shield and the crown, but having in their stead the imperial



113. RUSSIA.

cypher upon the white stripe. The Imperial Standard of Austria is of a buff colour, and upon it is displayed a black eagle having two heads,

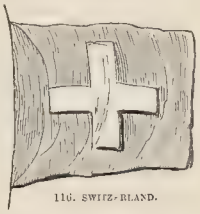
shield of arms, with the collars and jewels of the orders of the empire. The whole is enclosed within a border of black, buff, blue, and red.

and the blue being in the centre. The Standard of Russia is yellow, upon which is displayed a two-necked black eagle, crowned like the Austrian

compartments, the upper and the lower being red, and the central compartment, which in width is equal to the other two, being yellow. Upon the yellow, near the staff, an oval surmounted with a royal crown is charged with a golden castle on red,

impaling a red lion rampant on white (Castile and Leon) (114). The Spanish merchant flag is yellow, with two broad horizontal bars of red. The Standard of Spain displays the royal arms, in the same manner as our own Royal Standard displays the arms of the United Kingdom. There is also another Spanish Standard, which is white, and has the royal arms upon a shield within a collar, and surmounted by a crown.

PORTUGAL. A light blue and white flag (115), the division being vertical, and the blue next to the



116. SWITZERLAND.

staff. In the centre of the flag is a red shield, surmounted by a crown, and bearing seven small castles of gold; also having upon a second shield of pretence, which is white, five small black squares set in the form of a cross, each square being charged with five white roundels set saltire-wise. The Standard of Portugal bears the same shield and



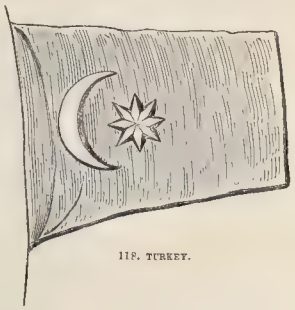
117. GREECE.

crown upon red. The flag of the Portuguese coaster is green, with four horizontal white stripes.

HANOVER. The English red ensign (81), with a white horse upon a red square in the midst of the Union. The Hanoverian Standard is red with the white horse.

SWITZERLAND. A red flag (116), with a white cross couped at its extremities.

GREECE. A blue flag with a white cross, charged with a crown, and a square lozengy black and white.



118. TURKEY.

The merchant ensign (117) is white, with four horizontal blue stripes, and at the uppermost corner, next to the staff, it has a blue "Jack," charged with a white cross.

BRAZIL. A green flag charged with a large yellow lozenge, upon which is emblazoned the Brazilian armorial device upon a shield surmounted by a crown, and supported on either side by a branch of the coffee and the tobacco plants, the staple produce of the country.

THE PAPAL ENSIGN is white, charged with the arms of the Papacy.

Turkey. A red flag, with a silver crescent and star of eight points (118). The Turkish Standard is red, and has three golden crescents upon a green oval. The flags of Turkish merchants and Ottoman Greeks are severally red, with a broad green horizontal stripe, and red, with a similar stripe of blue.

Egypt. Green, with a broad horizontal stripe of yellow.

Part XVII.—The Associations of the National Flags of England.

The *Associations* inseparable from the flags of England, claim a few words of distinct and special notice, in bringing these papers to a conclusion.

In common with all other flags, our English ensigns, banners, and standards are symbols of the highest order. In their abstract character and acceptation, they are suggestive in the highest degree. They may be regarded, accordingly, as poetic expressions of the utmost power. The marvellous influence of symbolical association is demonstrated in a remarkable manner, when a comparison is instituted between the commercial value of a flag as a piece of silk or bunting, and its figurative importance as an "ensign," a "colour," or a "standard." In the one case it is to be purchased for a certain number of shillings or pounds, while in the other case the preciousness of the flag becomes beyond all price, and men secure its safety with their lives. Both the Roman eagle-bearer of the Tenth Legion, and the young English ensign of the 63rd Regiment, understood and felt the full force of the symbolical associations of flags, and so also did their comrades. It was the same with those good soldiers around whose dead bodies the "colours" entrusted to their keeping were found firmly tied, as they lay upon the field of Waterloo. It was the same with the heroic Captain of the *Tonnant*, who, with his dying breath, ordered the French ensign to be nailed to his ship's mast at the Nile. It is recorded of the conqueror of Scinde that he had in his camp, during his famous campaign, a regiment of Bengal infantry which had lately been disgraced in consequence of mutiny, and had been deprived of its colours: that regiment was permitted to win back, under Sir Charles Napier, the lost symbols of their honour. On one memorable occasion, when volunteers were called for to storm the almost inaccessible hill-fortress of Trukkee, one hundred men of the 64th regiment stepped forward in silence. "Soldiers of the 64th," said the general to them, "your colours are on yonder hill." And on that hill they won again their colours. These men were as well able as their commander himself to appreciate the associations of the English flag: and, like him, they showed that they knew how to estimate it at its true worth. It has been the same also in innumerable other instances: other such examples, however, are not needed to illustrate the manner in which the symbolical character of flags is understood, and their associations are felt. But it may be well simply to refer to the facts, that "new colours" are "consecrated" before their presentation to any regiment, and that the consecrated flags are presented by a lady—for, both are deeply significant actions, both are relics of early chivalrous usage, both declare at once the high honour and the unsullied purity of the national flags of England, and their association with our deepest and warmest feelings and our most cherished affections.

But there are other associations which are conveyed by our national flags through their connection with persons, events, and circumstances. Regarded in this light, our flags carry us with them, in proud remembrance, over the whole world. The Arctic and Antarctic seas the great oceans of the east and west, the Mediterranean, the Baltic, the Black Sea,—here to our flags we may apply the words of the noble poet—

> "Far as the breeze can bear, the billows foam,
> Survey *their* empire, and behold *their* home!"

We may almost add the next couplet, with a similar application of the lines—

> "These are *their* realms, no limits to *their* sway,
> Our flag the sceptre all who meet obey."

Our flags are the symbols of the honour and the achievements of our regiments and our ships,—the personal symbols also of the exploits, the fame, and the individuality of our heroes. The Union-Jack, which, at his funeral, covered the remains of Nelson, was regarded in this light by the old seamen, who, by an involuntary and simultaneous impulse, rent it into fragments, and then thrust those fragments into their bosoms as *relics of St. Nelson.*

Our flags are the symbols also of England herself,—the symbols of England's struggles, her victories, and her glories,—the symbols of her important eras and events, and of her present position amongst the nations of the world. The presence of our flags carries us to Lucknow and Delhi, to Inkerman and the Alma, to Waterloo and the Peninsula, to Trafalgar and St. Vincent; and it then bids us pass on, in thought, with Abercromby to Egypt, with Wolfe to Quebec, to Blenheim with Marlborough, with Blake to the times of the civil wars, with Drake to the discomfiture of the Armada, misnamed "invincible," to Flodden with Surrey, with Henry V. to Agincourt, to Cressy with the Black Prince, to the Crusades with Richard the lion-hearted, to the gallant though disastrous struggle of Harold against the Norman invaders, and so on, through the times of the Danes and the Saxons and the Romans, back once more to the days of Cæsar and his legions.

In peace, too, no less than in war, as symbols of England, English flags are crowded with the associations of illustrious memories. Thus regarded, our flags appear to pass before us in review every brilliant and beneficent and wise and patriotic action of our greatest and most worthy countrymen, and every one of their most honoured names. And it is always well to keep in mind the achievements and the heroes of Peace, the achievements and the heroes of Art and Science and Literature and Philosophy, the heroes of Politics and Statesmanship and Diplomacy, and, though last named far from least in worth, the heroes of Religion. It is, indeed, a beautiful, a cheering, and a glorious aspect of the associations of our national flags, when they blend into one grand circle *all* that has combined to place England in the eminent position she occupies amongst the nations, and when they unite *every name* that shines the brightest in the biography of England into one grand English brotherhood.

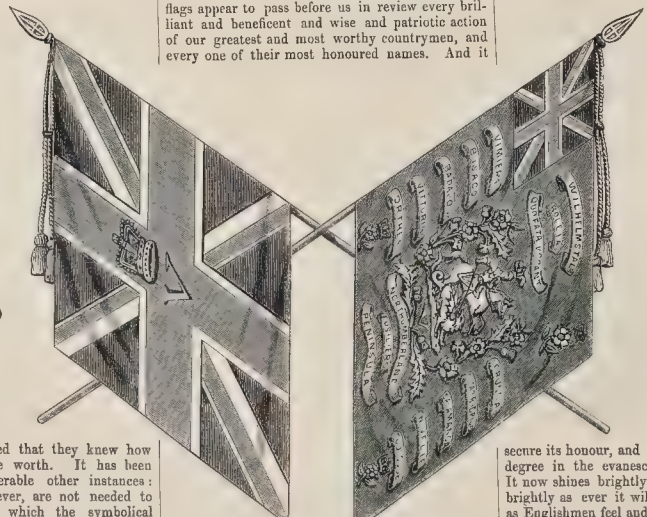
So completely, again, are our flags, as national symbols, identified with us, that they are almost invariably associated with the enterprises, the exploits, and even the eccentricities (when of an enterprising character) of individual Englishmen. Thus, the characteristic record of having first scaled the Peter Botte Mountain in the Mauritius, was the planting the Union-Jack upon its solitary crest; and, in like manner, the same ensign, displayed from their summits, announced the presence of Englishmen on the icy peaks of Mont Blanc, and on the uppermost stones of the Pyramids of Ghizeh, and of Pompey's Pillar at Alexandria.

To adduce one other example of the sentiment inspired by an English flag through the impressive and touching agency of association,—I know nothing that has affected English hearts with more thrilling interest than that frozen boat-flag, which the gallant McClintock brought back to England, amongst the relics of the lost and the lamented Franklin Expedition. And yet, much more than a motive for deep and admiring sympathy is associated with that Arctic ensign: for, if it tells touchingly the fate of the heroic band who carried it till they fell and died in those awful solitudes, it also declares that they shared their dutiful heroism with comrades no less devoted than themselves. Comrades will still survive to take a becoming part in sustaining the renown of the glorious ensign of their country, and who will not fail, by the blessing of Heaven, to transmit to succeeding generations, as their noblest inheritance, the same genuine English feeling which animates themselves. Thus, whenever the words of the poet may be fulfilled in time to come, and Englishmen "again" may "launch their glorious standard to meet another foe," we rely with confidence, as of old, that

> "The meteor flag of England shall yet terrific burn,
> Till danger's troubled night depart, and the star of peace return."

The associations of that "meteor flag," and the memories inseparable from its presence, will ever secure its honour, and save it from sharing in any degree in the evanescence of meteoric brilliancy. It now shines brightly, as it has long shone; and brightly as ever it will continue to shine, so long as Englishmen feel and appreciate its associations,—so long, that is, as England herself can command the dutiful and devoted affection of her sons.

(99.)



(100.)

COLOURS OF THE 5TH REGIMENT OF THE LINE.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

An Art-Union is an association which necessarily possesses, and ought always to exercise, a twofold influence upon Art. Its office is, that is to say, as well to cherish and to elevate some peculiar expression of Art, as to cultivate and refine the public taste through a widely extended diffusion of genuine works of Art. The Art-Union, which now is thoroughly established in connection with the Crystal Palace, comes before the public and bases its claim for support upon the fact that it fulfils faithfully its twofold duty. This institution, indeed, differs from all others of its order in the important circumstance, that it identifies its own operations, and consequently its own success, with the encouragement which it gives to the highest achievements of ceramic art. The presentation works of the Crystal Palace Art-Union, executed expressly and solely for it, are all of them ceramic; and they are further distinguished by their giving, in every instance, at least a full equivalent in money-value for the entire amount of the subscription. This is effected through the action of that principle of association and combination, which accomplishes so many of the most important objects of the present day. Thus the subscribers to the Crystal Palace Art-Union receive a presentation work equal in value to their subscription; they are enabled to select it from a series; and so excellent are the arrangements that the presentation works are available at once for distribution to the subscribers, provided that the subscriptions be made early in the year.

The presentation works, which now claim from us a cordial expression of our approval and admiration, and to which we desire to direct the attention of our readers, comprise statuettes and busts in ceramic statuary and Parian, with various fictile vases, tazzi, and similar objects. These are the productions that maintain ceramic art in a high position, and also tend continually to raise it still higher. Like horses of the purest blood, they tell beneficially upon the entire race. They keep up an advanced standard in their own department of Art, and in their very nature they are essentially aspiring. It follows as an inevitable consequence that a vast influence for good results from such an institution as this Art-Union. The statuettes and busts are beginning to constitute an important group, and must be regarded as effecting for the works of the sculptor what engraving does for pictures. Both are translations of the noblest productions of artists; and both admit of being rendered in a manner altogether competent to do full justice to the originals, which they reproduce, multiply, and send in every direction through the length and breadth of the country. The plastic sculpture of the Crystal Palace Art-Union is eminently beautiful in itself, and it acts with a power peculiarly its own in advancing the best interests of the sculptor's art. The works executed in Parian and ceramic statuary now produced are truly exquisite examples of delicacy, combined with effectiveness in their rendering of the sculptor's embodied thoughts.

The present is the third season of the Crystal Palace Art-Union. Its third list of presentation works comprises, as before, such as are adapted to the varying amounts of subscriptions, from a single guinea to five guineas. They are twenty-one in number, exclusive of photographs and stereographs, and are produced by Copeland, Kerr and Binns, Wedgwood, and Battam and Son, from original compositions by W. Calder Marshall, R.A., and other artists of equally distinguished reputation. Of the twenty-one works twelve are open for selection by subscribers of a single guinea. We may add that the works of the two former years are also still available, but only "so long as copies of them are remaining in stock." It will be seen that the council have not provided so large a number of presentation works this year as they did twelve months ago: in this decision they have shown a wise and judicious appreciation of the value of concentrating their resources. Their present works present an abundant variety of subjects, and at the same time they evince the careful thoughtfulness which has been bestowed in an equal measure upon them all. The one guinea presentation works are busts of "Œnone" and "Enid" (the "Enid the fair and good" of the "Idylls of the King"), after Calder Marshall; busts of "Peace and War," after Durham; six vases of various character and design, including one admirable reproduction of a Greco-Etruscan "Hydria," of exquisite form; one ornamental bracket in ceramic statuary; and a plateau, which reproduces in the happiest manner the early blue and white jasper Wedgwood ware. For subscribers of two guineas there are the four busts above specified, with marble pedestals, and enrichments in accessorial gilding, and a slight partial tinting, executed with a cautious delicacy that disarms criticism, while it commands admiration, even if it fails to establish a recognition of the legitimacy of colour in sculpture. This class of subscribers also has Raffaelle Monti's 'Bride,' a veiled bust of great beauty, and wondrously executed; and a round flower-stand, with a perforated cover, executed in white and gold, and also in white and blue, with gilding, after the manner of Lucca della Robbia. The special work for subscribers of three guineas is a perforated flower-basket, on a pedestal, with a group of reclining Cupids—a truly charming work, and a perfect marvel of sculpture in a plastic material. The Cupids are in the soft creamy Parian, and the flower-stand itself in a delicate porcelain of pure white, enriched with gold. We would suggest that most effective varieties of this beautiful work might be produced by rendering the body of the stand in a pale terra-cotta, and also in a Wedgwood blue jasper, the figures remaining as at present in the Parian. Subscribers of five guineas (like those of two and three guineas) may select various works, to the amount of their subscription, or they can choose between a statuette (16 inches high) of 'The Toilet,' after Calder Marshall, most skilfully executed by Copeland in his ceramic statuary, and a Wedgwood vase (11½ inches high), which demonstrates the gratifying fact that the spirit of the English Palissy survives amongst those who still bear his honoured name. The two Wedgwood works in the foregoing list are altogether new, and we congratulate the council of this Art-Union on their having been the means of producing them: they are the best of "Wedgwood memorials," and in themselves are most expressive exponents of the high excellence of the fictile art of the present Victorian age. We shall not add any further expression of commendation of those works which we have enumerated, but shall content ourselves with urging strenuously the duty of joining an institution which offers such "material guarantees" of its own worthiness; and especially we advise *an early subscription*, that the council may have time for realising their projects, and for doing full justice to their subscribers, to themselves, and to Art. A very considerable space of time is absolutely necessary for the effective production of such ceramic works as those which the Crystal Palace Art-Union offers to its subscribers, and hence it follows that this institution relies for its success no less upon *a prompt than upon a widely extended support*.

One circumstance connected with the operations of this Art-Union during the past year we may notice, with (as we hope) a beneficial effect. We refer to the number of the subscribers of the second season, which did not very greatly exceed the 5,000 of the first season, whereas a considerable increase upon the first year's numbers might perhaps have been reasonably expected. It is well that it should be distinctly understood that the council—more than satisfied with their first subscription list—last year determined to devote their energies rather to the utmost possible exaltation of the practical character of their institution, than to its full development in the matter of subscribers. This last object can only be accomplished through the instrumentality of a comprehensive system of local agencies, which necessarily must involve very considerable cost. Hitherto the work of the local agents has been almost, if not altogether, a labour of love, and the council have not even attempted to enlist the services of persons who were not ready to join them simply as lovers of Art. The time is now come for the initiation of a course of action, from which the working of the Crystal Palace Art-Union may be developed in great strength; and we feel assured that the council will prove themselves to be altogether equal to every duty which may devolve upon them.

ANTIQUE GEMS.*

In comparison with almost every other subject which comes into the domain of Art, the study of engraved gems finds very few to direct their attention to it, for even the numismatist generally limits his researches to coins and medals. This is rather matter of surprise, if we bear in mind the historical no less than the artistic value of the works of the ancient gem engravers, and also that this country possesses a larger number of them than any other European nation. True, they are not all accessible to every student, many being in the hands of private collectors, such as the Duke of Devonshire, the Duke of Marlborough, Lord Londesborough, the family of the late Mr. Uzielli, Mr. Pulsky, and others; but the British Museum contains many fine and rare specimens, which will fully repay a careful examination.

The earliest history of the glyptic art is lost in Egyptian darkness: that it was practised in the time of Moses is proved by the Scripture records, for we read that he was commanded to "make a plate of pure gold, and grave upon it like the engravings of a signet;" and Moses himself speaks of Bezaleel, the son of Uri, as a man "filled with the spirit of God, in wisdom, in understanding, and in knowledge, and in all manner of workmanship; and to devise curious works, to work in gold, and in silver, and in brass, and in the *cutting of stones*," &c. Mr. King notices, as a singular fact, that none of the old Greek writers speak of the inventor of the various processes of gem engraving, and adds,—"This silence on the part of the Greek mythographers, always ready as they were to claim for their own countrymen the credit of every discovery or invention in science or manufactures, even when evidently due to foreigners, and merely naturalized and perfected in the Hellenic soil, sufficiently proves both the Oriental origin of this art and its comparatively recent introduction into Greece and Italy."

Mr. King's volume treats the whole subject in a full and comprehensive manner; he divides it into four general heads—Materials: gems themselves—Art: the different styles—Subjects—Mystic properties of gems and their sigils. These sections, each of which is replete with most instructive and interesting details, is preceded by a treatise on gem engraving, from which we make an extract, as bearing on the art as practised in this country, and showing its present state on the continent:—

"The few English gem engravers who have ever attained to any celebrity, all flourished during the latter half of the eighteenth century: it will suffice to name Brown, Wray, Marchant, and Burch. Their works, all in intaglio, though fine and correctly drawn, are nevertheless much inferior to those of the contemporary Italian school, the last of whom, Pistrucci, survived till within a few years. With him, and Girometti at Rome, the art may be said to have expired, as far as regards the execution of works displaying equal genius, and commanding similar prices, with the *chefs-d'œuvre* of painting and sculpture. Even at Rome all that survives of this once so numerous profession are a few mechanics, rather than artists, who manufacture the cameo onyx studs so largely purchased by the visitors—mere trade articles, finished off by the dozen at the lowest possible expenditure of time and labour; some who still forge to order the mediocre antique intagli; and the only class making any pretension to taste and skill, the cutters of camei in shell. Thus the art of engraving designs upon hard and precious materials may be said now to have closed its career of thirty centuries in the same phase in which it started at the first dawn of civilization, when the Egyptian first fashioned his scarab out of the soft steachist, his first essay being a work in relief, intended for stringing on the necklace or bracelet; so, in our times, the Roman shell-camei, of an equally valueless substance, and designed for similar ornaments, alone preserve a faint shadow of the departed glories of the glyptic art."

Till the commencement of the present century, or till a few years afterwards, the eagerness for possess-

* Antique Gems: their origin, uses, and value as interpreters of ancient history, and as illustrative of ancient Art; with hints to gem collectors. By the Rev. C. W. King, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, Cambridge. Published by J. Murray, London.

ing these engraved gems was almost, if not quite, as great as picture collecting has since become:—

"It is a singular fact, considering how completely this taste had become extinct in England during the last forty years, that at no previous period had it prevailed to such an extent, both here and in the other parts of Europe, as during the last half of the preceding century and the commencement of the present. Never before had camei of importance fetched such extraordinary prices (witness the fragment ascribed to Apollonides and purchased by the Duke of Marlborough from Stosch for one thousand guineas); and the principal gems of the cabinets formed during the same years are known to have been acquired at sums falling not far short of the above in magnitude. I have lately seen a cameo of Roman work, and that by no means of the highest order, a Roma crowned by Victory, for which the Empress Josephine, herself a collector, psid ten thousand francs; and at her command Denon, then director of the Musée Impériale, selected from the gems there preserved a sufficient number to form a complete parure for the wear of this unfortunate lady, the very impersonation of refined and elegant extravagance. These gems, although mounted in a suite of ornaments intended by their origin to form a part of the crown jewels of France, never reverted to the Paris Cabinet of Antiques after the fall of the empress, but were, subsequently to her decease, dispersed amongst the various collections of European amateurs."

As in the case of the declension of the value of old pictures, so also in that of antique gems, the cause is to be attributed, in a great measure, to the fraudulent practices of dealers, who circulated large numbers of professed antiques. Of this, Mr. King remarks, the "celebrated" Poniatowsky collection may be cited as the most glaring example. The deception, especially where, as in many instances, the artists' names were forged, was extremely difficult of detection, and thus inexperienced amateurs were frequently defrauded of large sums. Other causes have also been in operation, which are referred to in the volume before us: not the least important, however, is fashion, which has attracted into other channels the taste of Art-collectors.

The importance of these Art-works to the student of ancient history is indisputable:—

"To the archæologist, or the inquirer into the usages of domestic life amongst the ancients, engraved gems are invaluable authorities, supplying as they do the most authentic details of the forms and construction of innumerable articles connected with the uses of war, of navigation, of religious rites, of the games of the circus and the arena, and of the festivals and representations of the stage, with the costume, masks, and all the other accessories of the scenic performance. Let any one, though totally unversed in this department of antique knowledge, cast his eye over a good collection of impressions from gems, and he will be both surprised and delighted, if a classical scholar, to perceive how much light is thrown upon ancient customs by the pictures which will there faithfully offer themselves to his view. There he will see the various pieces of the armour of the ancient Greek or Etruscan warrior, carefully made out in their minutest details. The obscure subject of construction of the ancient trireme has been principally elucidated by the representations thus handed down to our times; whilst the various exercises, scenes, and games of the palæstra, the theatre, and the circus, will be found abundantly illustrated by the most instructive examples."

To those who have never investigated this branch of Art, the numerous illustrations scattered through this volume will afford a very adequate idea of its beauty, no less than of the historic value which is associated with it. In many instances these gems supply the place of sculptured works, so that the miniature productions of the artists of antiquity oftentimes stand forth with an importance as prominent as the grander works of bronze and marble, bequeathed to us by the ancients. Mr. King's elaborate and learned treatise fills a vacuum in the Art-literature of the country, which all students of archæology will rejoice to possess, and of which they must long have felt the need: none of so recondite and comprehensive a character has hitherto been published among us.

THE ART-UNION OF GLASGOW.

We received, too late to appear in our last number, a letter from Mr. Kidston, who till very recently held the post of secretary to the Art-Union of Glasgow. The communication purports to be a reply to some remarks published in the *Art-Journal* for November last, and which that gentleman considers a reflection on his management of the society. There are several reasons why we do not print his letter in full; first, it is unnecessarily personal towards the writer of the article in question, and to ourselves for admitting it into our columns; secondly, it would occupy a space longer than that we could afford to a matter not of general interest; and thirdly, it has, as we have heard, already appeared in one of the Glasgow newspapers. We are quite willing, however, to allow Mr. Kidston to speak for himself, so far as to record such parts of his letter as seem to us the most necessary to his exculpation. In entering upon the matter at all we had no personal feeling against him, but simply fulfilled what we considered a public duty, from the statements which reached us, without respect of persons:—

"The amount of deficiency which required the committee to subscribe for 200 shares was in no way due to any act or omission of mine.

"Their very recent knowledge of the £5,000 deficiency dates from the beginning of 1858, when the losses of the society that had gradually been extending in amount, during the two previous years, rendered the raising of this sum from the Clydesdale Bank an imperative necessity, and which losses were also in no way due to any act or omission of mine. * * * * *

"The year preceding that in which I was appointed (1847) the subscriptions amounted only to £860. At the close of the transactions for the year 1855, before any loss arose, the amount had been raised to £20,282. A statement drawn out by Mr. Moore, now the secretary, shows there was a surplus of assets over expenditure (for the preceding seven years) of nearly £1,700.

"The auditor, up to the end of 1855, and for some years previously, was Mr. J. Wylie Guild, accountant in Glasgow, then, and now, a member of committee. The business of the society had at that time so much increased above what I ever contemplated, that it became self-evident a different mode of keeping the books must of necessity be adopted. At the commencement of 1856 I proposed a plan, but the committee at, as I believe, the instigation of Mr. Guild, adopted another. A gentleman was appointed to take charge of the cash and books, which were entirely taken out of my control—it will be borne in mind that up to this period there was a surplus—and Mr. Guild engaged to audit his accounts monthly. This monthly auditing, however, was never performed for the two years that the new cashier had charge. The consequence naturally was, that the accounts got into a complete state of confusion, the cashier was dismissed, and a statement, subsequently made up by Mr. Moore, the accountant for the society, proves that in these two years, 1856 and 1857, *a deficiency of over* £6,000 *was created*. That the committee knew of the heavy loss incurred during these years, and which your article asserts was only known to that body very lately, I think the manager of the Clydesdale Bank can prove. Gentlemen concerned in business, or not concerned in it, are not, I should think, very likely to be found binding themselves jointly and severally for large advances from a bank without knowing the purpose for which the money was required. The fact is, they were quite aware of it. Some have now paid up their proportionate shares, while others have renewed their obligation to the bank. * * * *

"During the whole of the twelve years of my service the committee took the entire management of the expenditure of the funds of the society. Not a painting, nor engraving, nor any other work of Art was ever purchased but by their sanction. The commission to agents was regulated by them, as the minute-book shows, and the same minutes will show still further the warm interest they took in details, so much so, that a considerable jealousy positively existed among the members themselves as to who should be appointed to go to London and elsewhere for the purpose of purchasing and arranging about pictures. * * * * *

"The real cause of the deficiency of the Art-Union of Glasgow did not proceed from mismanagement nor want of zeal on my part, but from the faulty nature of its constitution. So long as prosperity continued, and a yearly increase of subscribers ensued, all went well; but whenever from any extraneous causes—a change of taste in the public, bad times, or an unpopular print, then the defects of the constitution told. The purchasing of works of Art for prizes before the amount of funds to be received could be ascertained was the rock on which it split, *and this the committee has now virtually acknowledged*. In their prospectus recently issued, that which was always held out as the great and important difference between the Glasgow Art-Union and other societies, namely the selection of *all* the prizes by a "competent committee," is now abandoned. I mention this, not expressing my opinion on this point one way or the other, but merely showing that the Glasgow directors now concede that a society cannot be carried on in safety under any management when the entire selection and purchase of the prizes is left to the committee.

"ROBERT ALEXANDER KIDSTON.

"*London, Dec. 10th*, 1860."

[Since Mr. Kidston's communication came into our hands, we have heard that the Council of the Art-Union have published a statement, repudiating all the charges brought against them by their late secretary. We must, however, decline to re-open our pages to the discussion of this subject at any future time, as the matter is almost entirely of local interest.—ED. *A.-J.*]

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—We mentioned some time ago how useful and profitable it would be to make exchanges between the pictures in the Louvre and those in provincial museums; a Paris reviewer says on that subject:—"It is easy to indicate the paintings, signed, at Versailles, and which are wanting in the Louvre, for one has only to compare the catalogues of the two galleries; but the great difficulty existing in other localities makes the exchange almost an impossibility, or would necessitate great research and labour. In many local museums there is no catalogue, the keeper is rarely visible, it is the porter in attendance who drawls out the names of the painters, whose works are in many cases erroneously attributed. In more important towns, where a catalogue exists, it is rarely to be depended on; all pictures of the early German school are attributed to Albert Durer, while every provincial gallery professes to contain a Raffaelle, a Poussin, a Domenichino, a Rembrandt, &c.: the museums of Havre and Cherburg are examples of the most fantastic and erroneous attributions." A regular remodification in this matter is thus much wanted. —The various complaints made seem to have put a stop to the barbarous mutilations, called restorations, of the Louvre paintings for the present.—We read in the *Constitutionel* as follows:—"The Emperor has purchased the superb collection of articles of *vertu* belonging to Prince Soltykoff, which was to have been sold by auction: it is said the collection is to be placed in the Louvre."

FLORENCE.—It might be thought that the retirement of Leopold II. and his punctilious court from Florence would have increased the facilities of foreign artists in making memoranda of remarkable works, but in this respect the change is for the worse. Time was when the passport was all that was asked for, and in those days in the Palazzo Vecchio any picture—say a Titian of the value of two thousand pounds—would be removed from the walls and placed on an easel before any travelling student, but now each painter must have a balance at his banker's. An accomplished English artist presented himself recently at the Pitti Palace, and addressing himself to a *custode dei custodi*, a man in a glass case, and begged permission to sketch some of the glorious works he saw around him. The official replied that a reference to his banker would be required before permission could be granted. "I brought," said the Englishman, "money enough for the time I intend remaining, and therefore have no banker." The official regretted that permission could not be granted. Travellers who have visited these galleries know well the sordid and miserable appearance and circumstances of many of the artists who exist by copying in these famous halls. At some of these the artist looked curiously round, and quietly put the question—"Have all these gentlemen bankers then?" The gentleman in the glass case shook his head and smiled.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAPER-STAINING.

PART II.—ENGLISH.

A RETROSPECTIVE glance at the dwellings and decorations of early England will enable us more fully to appreciate the past and present of English paper-staining. The Norman conquerors built castles, as refuges or strongholds; but houses without staircases, and which were entered by ladders, were not likely to be remarkable for the richness or comfort of the internal decoration. The first step in that direction seems to have been taken by the second Henry. He prohibited fortified residences, except under special license, and this step paved the way for castles becoming mansions. Edward I. followed out the same policy, and, after the conquest of Wales, he converted Conway and Carnarvon into mansions for comfort, and castles for defence. The great hall, the oval chambers, glass windows, and private chapels now became luxuries of the great; and what these great halls were, may be seen from Westminster Hall, which was originally connected with a royal palace. As yet there was no trace of what is now understood as wall decoration. There were roofs of oak or chestnut, showing great constructive and artistic ingenuity, and panelled or planked wall-linings and stained glass windows; but even tapestry, that movable and more convenient form of Eastern ornamentation, was yet unknown among the noble, except, perhaps, in my lady's bower or parlour, where she received her visitors. The herald painters were the first race of colour decorators in England, and after the pointed style of architecture had given place to the Tudor, the superabundance of shields introduced into that style, gave ample scope for the introduction of abundant colours. Henry VIII. may be said to have first affected the architecture of England by the partial introduction of the Italian style, and although the palace at Cheam, known as Non-such House, was built by English workmen, it was decorated in all its details by Italian artists. Cousin to royal Charles of Germany, and the first Francis, Henry invited Raffaelle and Titian to London; but failing in securing artists of such eminence to decorate the palaces he was building with such profusion, he was compelled to accept the services of Trevisé, Parini, and Hans Holbein, and the trio combined the arts and crafts of historical and portrait painter, architect, and engineer, house decorator and modeller, carver and engraver. When John of Padua was appointed as Deviser of his Majesty's buildings, the introduction of the Italian style might be considered complete; and with it came wall and ceiling decoration, not of that sordid kind which is produced by machines, animate or inanimate, but of that higher style of embellishment which elevated the decorator into a position with the artist, and which, as the case of the three Italians employed by Henry VIII., found the decorator and the historical painter combined in the same person. Decorators in those days were like players, a peripatetic race, which "tramped" from mansion to mansion, or from city to city, asking work and finding it at rates even less remunerative than Germans receive who now follow the same mode of life; and it is said that to a band of these travelling artists Holyrood Palace, at Edinburgh, owes all its enriched ceilings and the vigorous plaster figures in that staircase, which is now so seldom seen as almost to be forgotten by those interested in Art, and the existence of which is all but unknown to the general public. Tapestry became fashionable about the same period. Queens worked at it with laborious diligence; and although Raffaelle would not leave Italy to decorate English palaces, he painted his magnificent cartoons as designs for wall decorations. Indeed, from the earliest times, tapestries have been considered gifts worthy of kings to bestow or receive. From those manufactured in the desert, for the Tabernacle, up to those last finished in the Gobelins—through Grecian, Persian, and European history, the amount and character of knowledge, civilization, and Art might be traceable in this species of interior embellishment. But it came late to England, and did not long remain: it was too laborious and artistic for the general education of those able to afford it, and too expensive for all but those millionnaires who counted their wealth by the number of their retainers, and whose bank accounts consisted of bullocks grazing on baronial acres. The small gentry and smaller middle class had each its substitute for what was beyond reach. The walls of the knight were covered with velvet, plain or figured; while worsted stuff sufficed for those of the squire; and even below these there would be found some covering for unseemly plaster. It was just at this period when the general desire for embellishment of this description forced invention to the discovery of paper-staining as a most desirable boon to domestic comfort, and the rapid strides of this manufacture showed that the discovery was welcomed with avidity, and worked with energy.

Nor were other circumstances less favourable, not only to supply a felt want, but also in the artistic requirements: the discovery was opportune, and English paper-staining may be considered as the offspring of a period and state of Art peculiarly adapted for the rapid and legitimate development of that branch of industry; although, as events proved, our countrymen allowed the French to run off with their chariot. The style now called Elizabethan was superseded by that compound of Roman and Gothic now known as the Italian; but the spirit of the Elizabethan, which was more distinctly national, had taken deep root, and still exercised a powerful influence on the habits and ideas of the people. In architecture the style had itself, as a fashion, passed away, but its principles—the principles of flat surface ornamentation, based on the repetition of well-balanced forms—remained in everything, from the family chests and wardrobes of the cavalier, to the pointed beard of the Puritan. This principle of stiff formality was like a upas-tree, blighting the higher aspirations of Art; but it was in a degree essential to successful paper-staining, and therefore in it found congenial development. It was the grave of high Art, but it was the basis of Art-industry; and while portrait-painting was going down, and historical painting was extinguished, the very causes of this degeneracy were producing creditable forms and well coloured surfaces—the bones and sinews of successful paper-staining.

Two distinct, and in some respects very different, influences gradually undermined the truer basis of the Elizabethan style, which had hitherto embraced our modern native Art-industry. The greater intercourse in earlier times between Scotland and France had little effect on the mansions of the northern kingdom, because neither the civilization, the wealth, nor the taste of the people, were such as to make them fascinated with French brilliance, although even there the influence of France is distinctly traceable in much of the plaster ornamentation of the seventeenth century. But in England, with its greater wealth, and, therefore, greater social requirements, as the love of foreign travel increased among the richer classes, the influence of French splendour became conspicuous, and, to some extent, the influence of Italian art also began to shed its radiance over the mansions of the noble; not merely in the gathering together of pictures and articles of *virtù*, which were exercising an involuntary influence upon the taste of their possessors, but in the more substantial form of having their drawing-rooms ornamented after the Italian style. It was, no doubt, very impure, and it often had a strong admixture of *Louis Quatorze* dashed into about an equal portion of Italian; but still, the latter was the evidently predominant element, and some of the apartments fitted up in this early style had often both richness as well as great delicacy of effect. One of the earliest, and by far the finest form in which this style superseded tapestry and preceded paper-hangings, was in the form of arabesques painted on satin or silk, and the panels fronted with gold mouldings and ornamentations—the arabesque forming the style, and the panel being filled with glass-damask, or left plain, which was, perhaps, the best arrangement, where pictures were required to be seen. Many of these decorations, generally the work of foreigners resident in this country, were equal to the best specimens of German decoration at present to be found in England—and perhaps that is not saying much. They were the painstaking productions of laborious journey-work, rather than vigorous and spirited work of great or even dextrous ornamentists.

As intercourse with our "natural enemy" increased, the Italian element gradually became less prominent, and for a long series of years nearly every publication issued, bearing on ornamental art, was made up exclusively of adaptations of the styles rampant during the reigns of the French Louises. For purposes of metal and gilded work, the style had advantages possessed by no other, and it was susceptible of the highest pitch of conventionalism; but when applied to wall decorations, it was also capable of being turned into ridicule: for nothing could well be more absurd than fragments of scroll-work, coming down from under the cornice, in vivid colours on the wall, supporting a bird of paradise, or cockatoo; or a heavier scroll emerging from a corner of the room, twisted and festooned till it was considered a becoming throne for a squirrel or a monkey. But while hand decorations were degenerating into the latter specimens of fantasies, the former—those with more of the Italian element—although less fashionable, were cheapened and popularized through the commoner medium of paper-hangings; and nearly one hundred years ago Eckhardt, whose premises were in the neighbourhood of May Fair, was turning out printed arabesques equal to anything yet produced by English paper-stainers. These arabesques were used for the corners of rooms; public taste then preventing that barbarism which latter progress has produced—of making perpendicular ornament answer horizontal purposes, and of lowering rooms, always too low, by taking as much as possible from the appearance of height both at top and bottom.

Another influence, still stronger, was at work, corrupting the former better taste in paper-hangings, and kindred Art-industries. Calicut, a seaport in the province of Malabar, is remarkable for more than being the first Indian port visited by Vasco da Gama. It received its name from "cock-crowing," and the sound seems determined to reverberate through all lands, as its influence has already permeated the life and industry of England. It was the seat of cotton manufactures in India, the spot from which we derive the word *calico*, and the influence of calico has been great over the industrial arts of this country, and especially our paper-staining. In Egypt and India the process of calico-printing has been used for 3,000 years, but there it was still kept as an art—one in which princesses sometimes spent their lives in elaborating with the pencil, figures which were to be fixed by the dyer. But the productive power of Britain could not endure such waste of time. The early processes were laid aside to make way for flat copper plates, and then the cylinder superseded the pencil in the

production of patterns. Whether calico-printing commenced in England in 1676, or in 1696, is comparatively of little consequence to the present purpose. It was undoubtedly a considerable time after the introduction of paper-staining, and not till commerce had made the richer classes acquainted with the brilliant fabrics of the East. After the large print-work was established at Broomly Hall, in Essex, the silk-weavers of Spitalfields became so riotous that government first imposed heavy duties, then prohibited the importation of printed cotton, and in 1720 prohibited the wear of all printed cottons, whether home-made or imported. Still the people had seen and become fascinated by the brilliant colours, and the law was relaxed, so that printed goods might be worn on paying a duty of sixpence a yard, and cotton was under fiscal laws till so late as 1831. But no enactments could restrain its influence on public taste. The love for show produced roses and green leaves, which the want of chemical knowledge and artistic feeling necessarily made crude; and the demand for chintzes stimulated production, but left taste uncared for. This acted and reacted on manufacturers and purchasers, till the last embers of Elizabethan influence were extinguished in floods of lakes and greens—hideous blotches that were supposed to represent flowers, as destitute of Art as they were untrue to nature. The vast increase of a rising middle class—those just risen, and therefore most anxious to proclaim their rise by seeing it reflected around them—and the general increase of wealth, stimulated the trade in printed calicoes, and the step from furniture prints to printed wall-papers was both short and easy. Each had to vie with each in brilliancy, to prevent the one killing, or, as the popular phrase went, "looking poor," beside the other; so that it became a competition in vulgarity rather than a combination of taste. Here French influence forced ignorance on in the wrong direction. Intercourse with France was bringing larger sections of the people into a cursory knowledge of the style common to France, which, through high protective duties, they were unable to purchase. The least observant traveller saw at a glance that the French were fond of colour, and that French colour was always pleasing, and English manufacturers and purchasers were seduced into the delusion that brilliancy and plenty of colour are synonymous terms. As if to intensify the evil, those whom our manufacturers were imitating were artistically a degenerate and degenerating race. What the Italian artists after the Carracci were to the period of Raffaelle, the French designs of the last century have been to the great French ornamentists; so that our manufacturers were following those who were falling by rapid strides from creative genius to meretricious show. Still French productions had charms which it was impossible to resist, and, worthy of all imitation, the charm of high finish, and the higher charm of hiding absence of thought in elegant and accomplished external qualities. They, as we, were revelling in the naturalistic theory of ornamentation; but false and delusive as it is, they produced their impossible flowers and hybrid fruit with a gorgeousness and delicacy of colour to which English manufacturers were, and still are, strangers—qualities irresistible to ordinary minds, and which perpetuated in this country what the rage for printed calicoes had so successfully introduced.

Such was the general state of paper-staining in England up to a very recent period—a period so recent that the trade is only now getting back to its first and truer standards of production, by emerging slowly but surely from that long intermediate state of declension, which has been but glanced at in this rapid sketch. One early barrier in the way of paper-staining becoming cheap, and, therefore, in extensive use in this country, was in expensive paper, and sometimes in the want of it. We, no doubt, read of Tate having a mill at Hertford early in the sixteenth century, and of a German who was knighted by Queen Elizabeth, for establishing one at Dartford in 1588; but so little progress had been made in English paper-making, and so much was brought from France and Holland, that the righteous soul of Fuller was stirred within him by the facts, and he declaimed "against vast sums of money expended in our land for paper out of Italy, France, and Germany, which might be lessened, were it made in our own nation." What now also appears another enormous disadvantage, but which was then common to all nations, was the fact that, when paper was found, it was in single sheets, which took sixteen, pasted together, to make up the piece of twelve yards; but as a set-off against this, the earlier English paper-stainers, like the French to this day, had the advantage of working on a linen, instead of a cotton, base—an advantage in many kinds of work so great, as to make all the difference between superior and inferior paper-hangings. How this difference arises, or in what it consists, is no part of the present subject, belonging more to the manufacture of paper than of paper-hangings; but that it does exist is a fact known to every practical printer, whether he work with types, plates, or blocks. The ground seems richer, and the impression clearer, as well as more solid, on paper made from linen; and this in part accounts for the better quality of surface, and apparent finish, which prevailed in the English made paper-hangings, before cotton became the staple "raw stuff" of our paper-mills. With an excise duty of 3*d.* per pound on printing papers at the mill, with all the vexations and restrictions which that represented, and with a further duty of 1½*d.* per square yard when this paper was converted into paper-hangings, it is not difficult to understand how the progress of paper-staining was impeded in this country, and how it became a French industry for the entire European market. The home trade was crippled, the export trade destroyed, and the natural result was to prevent enterprise from employing Art in perfecting the manufacture. That genius would have arisen equal to the occasion, had there been inducement to call it forth, is evident from many kindred arts, and from none more than from modern ceramic Art in England. Had a threepenny tax been levied on every pound of clay, and had one exciseman followed Wedgwood, and another stood over Flaxman, to watch and tax every figure produced, it is difficult to suppose that we could at this day have boasted of one of the crowning glories of the modern industrial Art of Europe—the Wedgwood ware of England. From the time that cotton became the base of English-made paper, up to the very recent period when the duty on paper was reduced from 3*d.* to 1½*d.*, and the excise duty on paper-hangings was abolished, everything was against the progress of paper-staining in this country; while in France, where the trade was not only unfettered, but encouraged, the makers there took one branch from this country after another, until we have nothing left but the raw material, which the French trade import from Britain, and then send it back in the form of manufactures.

The twenty years previous to the Great Exhibition of 1851 may be considered as the period during which paper-hangings began to assume the proportions of an important trade, and in the first rage for low prices the hideous darks produced were often worse, and seldom better, than the style of stencilling which the cheaper papers superseded; and indeed some of them were done by the same process. A series of these early patterns would, even now, be as great a curiosity as a series of the old popular and cheap literature, in which Teddy the Tyler secured a prominent place. Even at the Great Exhibition there were few branches of English Art-industry worse represented than paper-staining; and the failure consisted generally in an excess of overdoing. What were meant for "genteel" patterns were raw in colour, and sickly, instead of being refined; while those meant as showy, seemed to scream in treble-throated discordance. This was the rule, and the exceptions only made it more conspicuous; but to paper-stainers, as to others, that world's ordeal was of incalculable service; because, with the exception of paper-hangings used for the lowest markets, in a general way, the cheapest class of paper-hangings made now are based upon truer principles of wall decoration, than were the best class so late as 1851.

JOHN STEWART.

INDUSTRY.

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

THE title given to this statue by the lady who sculptured it was, if we remember correctly, 'The Knitting-Girl.' We have preferred one of a more general and comprehensive nature, warranted not only by the "attributes" with which the figure is invested, but also by the motto encircling the base—a line borrowed from the well-known "moral song" which, since it was written, almost every child who is taught anything, learns to lisp in its earliest years. All such abstract titles must, however, be considered comparatively indefinite; they furnish a clue to the meaning of the work, but nothing more: the key which opens it and makes it intelligible, must be found in the work itself. "Industry," for instance, might be exemplified in a hundred different forms, that would suggest themselves to any mind, especially in a country like ours, which may be regarded as the mart of industry, as varied as it is wide; in others it would be necessarily more limited; and in some few, the word would seem to be almost, if not quite, unknown, and would, therefore, have no definite meaning attached to it.

Mrs. Thornycroft's statue represents this moral virtue by a young girl, bearing in one hand materials for needlework, and in the other a book: the symbols are very properly selected, as significant of manual and intellectual "industry:" the face, however, is scarcely in harmony with these characteristics; it is childlike and pleasant, but there is an expression of heaviness that would incline us to assume that books and work were less acceptable than healthful play.

In all the qualities which constitute sculptural excellence, this little figure commends itself to favourable regard: it stands easily, the action of the limbs is natural, and the costume is picturesque in form and arrangement. If the fold which crosses the right arm, just above the elbow, were less obtrusive, it would have improved that portion of the drapery.

OBITUARY.

MR. ALFRED HERBERT.

WE have been requested, and willingly devote a small space in our columns for the purpose, to record the recent sudden death of this artist, who has left a widow and seven children totally unprovided for.

Mr. Herbert was a painter of marine subjects, but entirely self-taught. Till within the last five or six years his drawings were little known, except among dealers, one of whom, Mr. Henry Palser, of the Strand, became a liberal purchaser of them. Latterly, he was a regular exhibitor at the Royal Academy; but the difficulties of the former period of his life, and the claims of his large family, entirely prevented his making any provision for those who survive him. Their present destitute condition makes a strong appeal to the benevolent.



THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XIII.



'T was mid-autumn when we visited Beverly House; and the Sugar-Loaf Mountain, at the foot of which it stands, exhibited those gorgeous hues which give such unequalled splendour to American forests at that season of the year. From the summit is a grand and extensive view of the surrounding scenery, which Dr. Dwight (afterwards President of Yale College) described in 1778, as "majestic, solemn, wild, and melancholy." Dwight was then chaplain of a Connecticut regiment stationed at West Point, and ascended the Sugar Loaf with the soldier-poet, Colonel Humphreys. Under the inspiration of feeling awakened by the grandeur of the sight, he conceived and partly composed his prophetic hymn, beginning with the words—

"Columbia! Columbia! to glory arise,
The queen of the world and the child of the skies."

General Arnold was at the mansion of Colonel Robinson (Beverly House) on the morning of the 24th of September, 1780, fully persuaded that his treasonable plans for surrendering West Point and its dependencies into the hands of Sir Henry Clinton, the British commander-in-chief,—then in possession of New York,—for the consideration of a brigadier's commission in the British army, and £10,000 in gold, were working prosperously. This subject we shall consider



THE INDIAN FALLS.

more in detail hereafter. We will only notice, in this connection, events that occurred at the Beverly House.

Major André, Arnold's immediate accomplice in treasonable designs, had, in a personal interview, arranged the details of the wicked bargain, and left for New York. Arnold believed he had arrived there in safety, with all requisite information for Sir Henry; and that before Washington's return from Connecticut, whither he had gone to hold a conference with Rochambeau and other French officers, Clinton would have sailed up the Hudson and taken possession of the Highland fortresses. But André did not reach New York. He was captured on his way, by militia-men, as a suspicious looking traveller. Evidences of his character as a spy were found upon his person, and he was detained. Washington returned sooner than Arnold expected him. To the surprise of the traitor, Hamilton and Lafayette reached the Beverly House early on the morning of the 24th, and announced that Washington had turned down to the West Point Ferry, and would be with them soon. At breakfast Arnold received a letter from an officer below, saying, "*Major André, of the British Army, is a prisoner in my custody.*" The traitor had reason to expect that evidences of his own guilt might arrive at any moment. He concealed his emotions. With perfect coolness he ordered a horse to be made ready, alleging that his presence was needed "over the river" immediately. He then left the table, went into the great passage, and hurried up the broad staircase to his wife's chamber. In brief and hurried words he told her that they must instantly part, perhaps for ever, for his life depended on his reaching the enemy's lines without detection. Horror-stricken, the poor young creature, but one year a mother, and not two a wife, swooned and sank senseless upon the floor. Arnold dare not call for assistance, but kissing, with lips blasted by words of guilt and treason, his boy, then sleeping in angel innocence and purity, he rushed from the room, mounted a horse, hastened to the river, flung himself into his barge, and directing the



INDIAN BROOK.

six oarsmen to row swiftly down the Hudson, escaped to the *Vulture*, a British sloop-of-war, lying far below.

Washington arrived at the Beverly House soon after Arnold left it. As yet no suspicion of treason had entered his mind. After a hasty breakfast, he crossed to West Point, expecting to find Arnold there. "I have heard nothing from him for two days," said Colonel Lamb, the commanding officer. Washington's suspicions were awakened. He soon re-crossed the river, where he was met by Hamilton with papers just received revealing Arnold's guilt. He called in Knox and Lafayette for counsel. "Whom can we trust now?" he inquired with calmness, while deep sorrow evidently stirred his bosom. At the



VIEW FROM ROSSITER'S MANSION.

same time the condition of Mrs. Arnold, who was frantic with grief and apprehension, awakened his liveliest sympathies. "The general went up to see her," wrote Hamilton in describing the scene. "She upbraided him with being in a plot to murder her child, for she was quite beside herself. One moment she raved; another she melted into tears. Sometimes she pressed her infant to her bosom, and lamented its fate, occasioned by the imprudence of its father, in a manner that would have moved insensibility itself." Washington believed her innocent of all previous knowledge of her husband's guilt, and did all in his power to soothe her. "She is as good and innocent as an angel, and as

incapable of doing wrong," Arnold wrote to Washington, from the *Vulture*, imploring protection for his wife and child. Ample protection was afforded, and Mrs. Arnold and her infant were conveyed in safety to her friends.*

Mr. Arden kindly took us in his carriage from Beverly to Indian Brook, a clear mountain stream that makes its way in rapids and cascades, through a wild ravine, from the hills to the river. It falls into the deep marshy bay between Garrison's and Cold Spring. We stopped on the way to view the river and mountains below West Point, from the residence of Eugene Dutihl, Esq. His mansion is upon a point of the plain, shaded by a grove of pines, overlooking a deep dark dell, with a sparkling brook in its bosom, on one side, and the river and grand mountain scenery on the other. The view southward from his piazza is one of the most interesting and beautiful (though not the most extensive) among the Highlands, comprehending the site of Forts Clinton and Montgomery—the theatre of stirring and most important events in the war for



WEST POINT FOUNDRY.

independence. From thence we passed along the brow of the declivity next the river, to the mansion of Ardenia, from which one of the finest views of West Point may be obtained; and then rode to Indian Brook, passing, on the way, the ancient Philipsburg Church, in which the officers of the Continental Army had worshipped during the Revolution, and the grounds and mansions of wealthy residents in that vicinity.

We crossed Indian Brook on a rustic bridge, just below the Indian Falls, whose murmur fell upon the ear before we came in sight of the stream. These falls have formed subjects for painting and poetry, and are the delight of the neighbourhood in summer. In the small space allotted for each of our illustrations and accompanying descriptions, we can convey only faint ideas of the wild beauty of the scenes we are called upon to depict in this mountain region of the Hudson. We were on the Indian Brook on a bright October day, when the foliage was in its greatest autumnal splendour, and the leaves were falling



UNDERCLIFF.

in gentle showers among the trees, the rocks, and in the sparkling water, appearing like fragments of rainbows cast, with lavish hand, into the lap of earth. At every turn of the brook, from its springs to its union with the Hudson, a pleasant subject for the painter's pencil is presented. Just below the bridge, where the highway crosses, is one of the most charming of these "bits." There, in the narrow ravine, over which the tree tops intertwine, huge rocks are piled, some of them covered with feathery fern, others with soft green mosses, and others as bare and angular as if just broken from some huge mass, and cast in there by Titan hands. In midsummer this stream is still more attractive, for there, as Street has sung of the Willewemoc,—

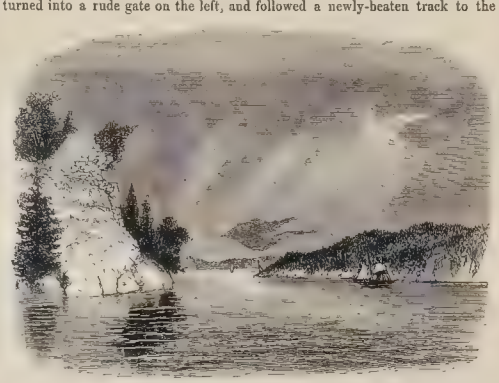
> "A fresh, damp sweetness fills the scene,
> From dripping leaf and moistened earth,
> The odour of the winter green
> Floats on the airs that now have birth;
> Flashes and air-bells all about,
> Proclaim the gambols of the trout,
> And calling bush and answering tree,
> Echo with woodland melody."

In the neighbourhood of this mountain stream, are delightful summer residences, fitted for occupation all the year round. Among the most pleasing of these, in their relation to the surrounding scenery, are those of Dr. Moore, late President of Columbia College, and Mr. De Rham, a retired merchant. We passed through their grounds on our way to Cold Spring village, and wished for space, among our sketches of the Highland scenery, for pen and pencil pictures of charming spots upon these and the neighbouring estates.

Our road to Cold Spring lay through the region occupied by portions of the American army at different times during the old war for independence. There, in the spring of 1781, the troops and others stationed there, were inoculated with the small-pox. "All the soldiers, with the women and children," wrote Dr. Thacher, an army surgeon, "who have not had the small-pox, are now under inoculation." "Of five hundred who were inoculated here," he wrote subsequently, "only four have died." This was about fifteen years before Jenner made successful experiments in vaccination.

This portion of the Highlands is a charming region for the tourist on the Hudson; and the lover of nature, in her aspects of romantic beauty and quiet majesty, should never pass it by.

The first glimpse of Cold Spring village from the road is from the northern slope of an eminence thickly sprinkled with boulders, which commands a perfect view of the whole amphitheatre of hills, and the river winding among them. We turned into a rude gate on the left, and followed a newly-beaten track to the



RUINS OF BATTERY ON CONSTITUTION ISLAND.

brow of this eminence, on the southern verge of which Rossiter, the eminent painter (a copy of whose picture of 'Washington at Mount Vernon' was presented to the Prince of Wales at the Federal Capitol), is erecting an elegant villa. The house was nearly completed, but the grounds around were in a state of transition from the ruggedness of the wilderness to the mingled aspects of Art and Nature, formed by the direction of good taste. It is a most delightful place for an artist to reside, commanding one of the most extensive and picturesque views to be found in all that Highland region. The river is seen broken into lakes, in appearance; and on all sides rise in majesty the everlasting hills. Only at one point—a magnificent vista between Mount Taurus and the Storm King—can the world without be seen. Through it a glimpse may be had of the beautiful country around Newburgh

Below us we could hear the deep breathing of furnaces, and the sullen, monotonous pulsations of trip-hammers, busily at work at the West Point Foundry, the most extensive and complete of the iron-works of the United States. Following a steep, stony ravine that forms the bed of a water-course during rain-storms, we descended to these works, which lie at the head of a marshy cove, and at the mouth of a deep gorge, through which flows a clear mountain stream called Foundry Creek. We crossed the marsh upon a causeway, and from a rocky point of Constitution Island obtained a good panoramic view of the establishment. Returning to the foundry, we followed a pleasant pathway near the bay, into a large grove spared from the original forest, in which are situated the dwellings of a former and the present proprietors of the works.* One of these, the honourable Gouverneur Kemble, an intimate and

* Mrs. Arnold was the traitor's second wife. She was the daughter of Mr. Shippen, a loyalist of Philadelphia, and was only eighteen years of age at the time of her marriage to Arnold, while he was military governor of that city in 1778. The child, above-mentioned, was named James Robertson. He entered the British army, and rose to the rank of Colonel of Engineers. He was at one time the side-de-camp of Her Majesty. In 1841 he was transferred from the Engineers' Corps, and in 1846 was a major-general and a Knight of the Royal Hanoverian Guelphic Order.

* The West Point Foundry was established in 1817, by an association organized for the chief purpose of manufacturing heavy iron ordnance, under a contract with the government. That still forms a large portion of its business. The works now consist of a moulding house; a gun foundry; three cupolas and three air furnaces; two boring mills; three blacksmiths' shops; a trip-hammer weighing eight tons for heavy wrought iron-work; a turning shop; a boiler shop; and several other buildings used for various purposes. The quantity of iron used varies with the nature and demand of work. Upwards of fifty tons of pig metal have been melted for a single casting. The annual

life-long friend of Irving and Paulding, and a former proprietor, withdrew from active participation in the business of the establishment several years ago, and is now enjoying life there in elegant retirement, and dispensing a generous hospitality. He has a gallery of rare and excellent pictures, and a choice library; and is surrounded by evidences of refined taste and thorough cultivation.

Leaving the residence of Mr. Kemble at twilight, we made our way through the grove, and the village of Cold Spring beyond, to "Undercliff," the summer dwelling of America's best lyric poet, George P. Morris. Broad Morris Avenue leads to a spacious iron gate, which opens into the grounds around "Undercliff." From this, through an avenue of stately trees, the house is approached. It is a substantial edifice of Doric simplicity in style, perfectly embowered when the trees are in full leaf, yet commanding, through vistas, some charming views of the river and the neighbouring mountains. Northward, and near it, rises Mount Taurus, with its impending cliff that suggested the name of the poet's country seat. It is the old "Bull Hill" which, in Irving's exquisite story of "Dolph Heyliger," "bellowed back the storm" whose thunders had "crashed on the Donder Berg, and rolled up the long defile of the Highlands, each headland making a new echo."

A late writer has justly said of "Undercliff"—"It is a lovely spot—beautiful in itself, beautiful in its surroundings, and inexpressibly beautiful in the home affections which hallow it, and the graceful and genial hospitality which, without pretence or ostentation, receives the guest, and with heart in the grasp of the hand, and truth in the sparkle of the eye, makes him feel that he is



COZZENS'S.

welcome." Over that household, a daughter, the "fair and gentle Ida," celebrated in the following beautiful poem, now presides:—

"Where Hudson's wave o'er silvery sands
Winds through the hills afar,
Old Cro' Nest like a monarch stands,
Crowned with a single star:
And there, amid the billowy swells
Of rock-ribbed, cloud-capped earth,
My fair and gentle Ida dwells,
A nymph of mountain birth.

"The snow flake that the cliff receives,
The diamond of the showers,
Spring's tender blossoms, buds, and leaves,
The sisterhood of flowers,
Morn's early beam, eve's balmy breeze,
Her purity define;
Yet Ida's dearer far than these
To this fond breast of mine.

"My heart is on the hills. The shades
Of night are on my brow:
Ye pleasant haunts and quiet glades,
My soul is with you now!
I bless the star-crowned Highlands, where
My Ida's footsteps roam:
Oh for a falcon's wing to bear
Me onward to my home!"

Between Cold Spring and West Point lies a huge rocky island, now connected to the main by a reedy marsh already referred to. It was called by the Dutch navigators Martelaer's Island, and the reach in the river between it and the Storm King, Martelaer's Rack, or Martyr's Reach. The word martyr was used in this connection to signify *contending* and *struggling*, as vessels coming up the river with a fair wind would frequently find themselves, immediately after passing the point of the island into this reach, struggling with the wind right ahead.

The Americans fortified this island very early in the old war for independence. The chief military work was called Fort Constitution, and the island has ever since been known as Constitution Island. It contains very little arable land, and is chiefly composed of rugged rocky heights, every one of which now bears the ruins of the old military works. To its shore nearest approaching West Point the Great Chain, which we have already considered, was fastened; and upon a high bluff near (delineated in the sketch) are yet seen the remains of a



CHURCH OF THE HOLY INNOCENTS.

heavy battery—a part of Fort Constitution—placed there to protect the river obstructions.

Constitution Island now belongs to Henry Warner, Esq., the father of the gifted and popular writers, Susan and Anna B. Warner.* They reside in a pleasant cottage, near the southern border of the island. Its kitchen was one of the barracks of Fort Constitution. It fronts upon a beautiful lawn that slopes to the river, and is sheltered by evergreen and deciduous trees, and beautified by flowers and shrubbery. Although within the sound of every



THE ROAD TO COZZENS'S DOCK.

paddle upon the river, every beat of the drum or note of the bugle at West Point, every roll and its echo of trains upon the railway, "Wood Crag" is

consumption varies from 5,000 to 10,000 tons, with about 1,000 tons of boiler-plate and wrought iron. The present number of hands employed is about 500. Sometimes 700 men are at work there. The establishment is conducted by Robert P. Parrott, Esq., formerly a captain of Ordnance in the United States Army.

* "Miss Susan Warner," says Duy Minck, in the "Cyclopædia of American Literature," "made a sudden step into eminence as a writer, by the publication, in 1849, of 'The Wide, Wide World,' a novel in two volumes." Her second novel was "Queechy." She is also the author of a theological work entitled "The Law and the Testimony." Her sister is the author of "Dollars and Cents," a novel; and several very pleasing volumes for young people. "The Hills of the Shatemuc," a tale of the Highlands, is the joint production of these gifted sisters.

almost as retired from the bustling world as if it was in the deep wilderness of the Upper Hudson. It is a charming home for a child of genius.

On a pleasant morning in October, while the trees were yet in full leaf and brilliant with the autumnal tints, we went from our home to Garrison's station on the Hudson River Railway, and crossed to Cozzens's, a summer hotel in the Highlands, about a mile below West Point. It is situated near the brow of a cliff on the western shore of the river, about 180 feet above tide water, and affords a most delightful home, during the heat of summer, to numerous guests, varying in number from 250 to 500. There, ever since the house was opened for guests in 1849, Lieutenant-General Scott, the Commander-in-Chief of the American army, has made his head-quarters during the four or five warmer months of the year. It is a place of fashionable resort from June until October, and at times is overflowing with guests, who fill the mansion and the several cottages attached to it. Among the latter is the studio of Leutze, the historical painter. Only a few days before our visit, it had been the scene of great festivity on the occasion of the reception of the Prince of Wales and his suite, who spent a day and a night there, and at West Point, enjoying the unrivalled mountain and river scenery that surround them.

The pleasure-grounds around Cozzens's are now extensive, and are becoming beautiful. They have been redeemed from the wilderness state, by labour, within ten years. We remember passing through that region before the hand of man was put forth for its redemption, and seeing the huge boulders—the "wandering rocks" of the geologist—strewn over the surface of the earth like apples beneath fruitful trees after an autumn storm.

Between Cozzens's and the mountains is a small cruciform stone church, erected years before the hotel was contemplated, chiefly by the contribution of Professor Robert W. Weir, of West Point, the eminent historical painter, and one of the best of men in all the relations of life. It is really a *memorial* church, built in commemoration of his two sainted children, and called "The



BUTTERMILK FALL.

Church of the Holy Innocents." For this pious purpose he devoted a portion of the money which he received from the United States Government for his picture of 'The Embarkation of the Pilgrims,' now in the Rotunda of the Federal Capitol. Divine service, according to the modified ritual of the Church of England, is held there regularly, and the seats are free to all who choose to occupy them. We trust our friend, whose modest nature shrinks from notoriety, will pardon us for this revelation of his sacred deed. The world, which needs good teachings, is entitled to the benefit of his noble example.

All about the cliffs, on the river front of Cozzens's, are winding paths, some leading through romantic dells and ravines, or along and across a clear mountain stream that goes laughing in pretty cascades down the steep shore to the river. The main road, partly cut like a sloping terrace in the rocks, is picturesque at every turn, but especially near the landing, where pleasant glimpses of the river and its water craft may be seen. Altogether Cozzens's and its surroundings form one of the most attractive places on the Hudson to those who seek health and pleasure.

At Cozzens's Dock we procured a waterman, who took us to several places of interest in the vicinity. The first was Buttermilk Fall, half a mile below, on the same side of the river. Here a small stream comes rushing down the rocks in cascades and foaming rapids, falling more than a hundred feet in the course of as many yards. The chief fall, where the stream plunges into the river, is over a sloping granite rock. It spreads out into a broad sheet of milk-white foam, which suggested its name to the Dutch skippers, and they called it *Boter Melck Val*—Buttermilk Fall. The stream affords water-power for flour-mills at the brink of the river. The fall is so great, that by a series of overshot water-wheels, arranged at different altitudes, a small quantity of water does marvellous execution. Large vessels come alongside the elevator on the river front, and there discharge cargoes of wheat and take in cargoes of flour.

Rude paths and bridges are so constructed that visitors may view the great fall and the cascades above from many points. The latter have a grand and wild aspect when the stream is brimful, after heavy rains and the melting of snows.

On the rough plain above is the village of Buttermilk Fall, containing over 300 inhabitants. The country around is exceedingly rough and picturesque, especially in the direction of Fort Montgomery, three or four miles below; while on the brow of the high river bank near, there are some pleasant summer residences. Among these is the dwelling of Mr. Bigelow, the associate of Mr. Bryant, the poet, in the ownership and conduct of the New York *Evening Post*.

Here on the smooth faces of the rock may be seen a desecration which deserves the severest reprobation. All through the Highlands, on the line of



UPPER CASCADES, BUTTERMILK FALL.

the Hudson River Railway, the same offence meets the eye. We refer to the occupation of smooth rocks by great staring letters, announcing the fact that one shopkeeper in New York has "Old London Dock Gin" for sale, and that another sells "Paphian Lotion for beautifying the Hair." We protest, in the name of every person of taste who travels upon the river and the road, against such disfiguring of the picturesque scenery of the Hudson Highlands, by making the out-cropping rocks of the grand old hills play the part of those itinerants who walk the streets of New York with enormous placards on their backs.

We crossed the river from Buttermilk Fall to the "Beverly Dock," which is interesting only as the place where Arnold, the traitor, entered his barge in which he escaped to the *Vulture* sloop-of-war, on the morning when he fled



BEVERLY DOCK.

from the "Beverly House," the cause of which we have already considered. Here he kept his barge moored, and here he embarked on that flight which severed him for ever from the sympathies of his countrymen—ay, of the world—for those who "accepted the treason, despised the traitor." His six oarsmen on that occasion, unconscious of the nature of the general's errand in such hot haste down the river, had their muscles strengthened by a promised reward of two gallons of rum; and the barge glided with the speed of the wind. They were awakened to a sense of their position only when they were detained on board the *Vulture* as prisoners, and saw their chief greeted as a friend by the enemies of their country. They were speedily set at liberty, in New York, by Sir Henry Clinton, who scorned Arnold for his meanness and treachery.

'LIFE AT A RAILWAY STATION,'

BY W. P. FRITH, R.A.

This great work of one of the ablest and most popular artists of the age, is, and has long been, "in progress;" and has been sold to Mr. L. V. Flatou, for the prodigious sum of eight thousand seven hundred and fifty guineas!—the 750 guineas being added to the amount as an inducement to the painter to forego the right to exhibit the work at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy. This is unquestionably the largest sum ever paid to an artist for a picture since Art was a profession. It is so large as to be almost incredible; but we speak from the best authority, when we state it to be correct; and as Mr. Flatou is known to be a gentleman of sound practical knowledge, as well as a thorough critic in modern Art, in which he is an extensive and successful dealer, we presume he has taken into wise account his chances of gain or loss by the transaction. These chances arise, first, from the public exhibition of the picture in London and in the provinces; next, from a purposed engraving; and eventually from its sale.

So startling a fact as this has certainly never occurred in connection with Art: an artist, by a single work, obtains a sum that any one of his predecessors in England would have regarded as the ample recompense of a life-long labour, the bare interest of which would have seemed a sufficient income to the best of the British masters who have not been twenty years in their graves. True, Mr. Frith will expend much time in the creation of this work, bearing in mind the immense amount of his reward, and the stake at issue; and, we are quite sure, will give value for "value received:" still, it will astonish the world to read this announcement as the simple record of a fact. The picture is ten feet in length, and the figures are, of course, of size in proportion; and besides the time Mr. Frith has devoted to its production, he has, we understand, been during many years making studies for it, having long looked forward to the theme as one that was calculated to extend and establish his well-earned fame.

In the hands of such a man—a man of rare genius and of matured knowledge in all that appertains to Art, and renders it effective for a great purpose—the subject is secure of the best possible treatment. And there can be conceived no subject with higher or more interesting capabilities; there is no incident of life, no phase of character, that need be excluded from it: the bride, "beautiful and young," with her husband-lover, will be there, setting out on their wedding tour; so will the arrested felon, for whom officials have been on the watch, with manacles ready; while, between the two extremes of hope and despair, virtue and crime, there will be an infinity of episodes—such as the reader may readily imagine.

The picture will therefore be, in the best sense, a great national work, full of portraiture of every class and kind that may illustrate the epoch, and "Life" as it is in England in the nineteenth century. The subject is most promising, and cannot be otherwise than most effective; it is precisely that which all who comprehend Art would have selected for Mr. Frith—and it is exactly that which all persons would desire to see pictured. Although, therefore, Mr. Flatou has paid for it so enormous a sum, it is more than probable—nay, we may regard it as certain—that he will be a gainer by the transaction; while artists, Art-lovers, and the public, will, by this means, obtain a work of universal interest, which could only be obtained by means out of the ordinary character of a commission to a Painter, and an order to an Engraver.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—It is said that the Academy intends this year to limit the width of frames to three inches and a-half. If such a resolution has been passed, it is not generally known to the profession. The adoption of such a regulation would be a means of admitting into each room about forty pictures more than could be hung with the usual discretionary frames; but inasmuch as the limit would be wholly inadequate for the frame of a large work, say a full-length portrait, the measure would render it necessary that such productions should be exhibited only in slips. It is believed that the new sculpture room for the Royal Academy, and the new Italian room for the National Gallery, will be completed, notwithstanding the severity of the frost, by the end of March. Be that as it may, the sculpture room will be ready for the reception of works at the usual time, and the exhibition will, as heretofore, be opened at the beginning of May.

The Houses of Parliament.—Mr. Maclise is assiduous in advancing his large work, the 'Meeting of Wellington and Blucher at La Belle Alliance after the Battle of Waterloo.' The process of working adopted in this case is nearly, we believe, identical with that according to which Kaulbach executed his great works on the staircase of the new museum at Berlin. With a view to learn this method, Maclise went to Berlin, and on asking permission to try the process on a piece of wall, he was treated somewhat cavalierly by the authorities, who of course knew that there was no art in England, and therefore no good thing could come out of Nazareth. But in an inconceivably short time Maclise completed his essay in a manner to change the patronizing coolness of his Berlin friends to the warmest admiration. According to this method, the face of the picture will be protected by a coating of silica, applied to the surface in a state of solution. The other frescoes advance but slowly.

The Museum at South Kensington will shortly receive some valuable additions from Rome, a selection from the Campana Collection having been purchased from the Papal government. The catalogue contains not less than eighty or ninety pieces of what we call modern sculpture, in contradistinction to the Greek. The principal of these is a well-known 'Cupid' in marble, and of the size of life, in a kneeling attitude. It is supposed to be the same that is mentioned by Vasari, the pendant to the 'Bacchus' in the Uffizj, at Florence, both by Michael Angelo. It was originally the property of the Riccardi family, and stood, perhaps, in the court of their palace, which contained a collection of valuables, insomuch as to constitute it a museum of great value. The Palazzo Riccardi is in the Via Larga at Florence, and although built about the middle of the fifteenth century, the design of the lower part of the street façade was re-cast by Michael Angelo, who executed other works for the family. Besides this 'Cupid' there are other sculptures by Donatello, Jacopo della Quercia, Andrea Orcagna, Lorenzo Ghiberti, Desiderio de Settignano, Rossellino, Luca della Robbia, &c., and in addition to the sculpture there is a selection of majolica ware.

The Graphic.—At the second meeting of this season, held on the 9th of January, there were among the contributions a small finished picture by T. Faed, containing two figures, lovers, or man and wife, who in the heat of a quarrel have all but turned their backs on each other. By the same artist there were also one or two sketches of cottage interiors; by A. J. Stark a large study of a dead stag, with a landscape background, also a close wooded landscape; by Duncan a portfolio of coast sketches; Carl Haag a portfolio of sketches in Italy and the Tyrol; Bredell a portfolio of oil sketches of Italian scenery; portfolios of the sketches of the late A. E. Chalon, carrying us back to the operatic celebrities of forty years ago; by F. Tayler some sketchy memoranda of the Dutch masters, especially a masterly Berghem; T. Dalziel a very highly finished coast view; H. Gastineau three drawings; and by Wells an elegant chalk study of a child's head.

The National Portrait Gallery.—The latest additions are—a portrait of Pope by Jervas; Sir Christopher Wren by Kneller; Sir Dudley Carleton, afterwards Lord Dorchester, and lady. With Pope is associated a second portrait, that of Mrs. Martha Blount, posed in a manner much like Titian's daughter. The canvas is very large, and we find the poet seated in a large red easy chair, with his head resting on his right hand. The features are those we always recognise as Pope's, but like most of Jervas's works the composition wants force and presence. The portrait of Wren, by Kneller, is, as usual, we were about to say, much better than Jervas's work: but the hands are so disposed as to break a line by an angle. The hands, moreover, make a useless display in the composition, as we sometimes see those of Vandyke, but without Vandyke's exquisite drawing. The head is well painted, and fresh in colour. The costume consists of a maroon velvet coat, with a wig of the kind called the Ramillies. Sir Christopher is here playing the fine gentleman with the "fifty-guinea wig." Sir Dudley Carleton and his wife, bearing date 1621, have been painted by some Dutch artist. The heads are bright in colour, especially that of the man, and broad in treatment. He wears the pointed beard of the time, and the hair of the lady is dressed *à la Chinoise*, but full and ornamented with pearls, as we see some of Rubens's female heads. She wears a black flowered satin gown, slashed, with a quantity of lace, made out with the utmost Dutch precision. In our last notice of this gallery the miniature of Queen Elizabeth, by Hilliard, was not placed. It is now hung over the fireplace in the great room, and framed so as to show at the back the card, the queen of hearts, on which it is painted. The drawing is accurate and extremely delicate, but the colour has flown, leaving the markings of the face almost obliterated. The drawing and painting, however, of the dress remain perfect, but so curiously minute that a magnifying glass is necessary for its perfect appreciation.

Mr. Burford's View of the City and Harbour of Messina, with the Straits of Faro and the Coast of Calabria, is the latest picture which has been placed in the "Panorama Royal, Leicester Square." Independently of its attraction as a work of pictorial art, the scene is especially interesting just now, from the peculiar position in which Messina stands with reference to the war for independence in that part of Italy. Messina and Gaeta are the only places yet held by the troops of the King of Naples. The feelings of the inhabitants of the former city are well-known to be strongly in opposition to the dynasty which has so long triumphed and tyrannised over them, but the citadel is garrisoned by some thousands of soldiers—little more, by the way, than an ill-disciplined rabble, yet sufficiently powerful to keep any rising in check—who will, probably, when they see a fitting opportunity, turn against and plunder those whom now they are presumed to protect. There are associations of classic history also connected with Messina and its neighbourhood, which, to the eyes of the student, will render it worth a visit. The view is taken from the lighthouse, a point which embraces the harbour, the entire city, and its environs so rich and picturesque, and the opposite shores of Calabria: all these are painted with truth and feeling. The water, or at least parts of it, are not so good; the hard dark-blue lines, which give the curl to its surface, disturb its tranquillity, as well as the harmony of that portion where Charybdis still is the terror of the Sicilian boatmen.

The Statues at Westminster.—We have protested earnestly against the erection of the colossal Cœur de Lion opposite to the north façade of the Houses of Parliament. It is said that, as a pendant to this statue, a second, that of the Black Prince, is to be placed there also; and these two heroes will complete the subjugation of not only both "your" Houses, but of the Abbey also. Under the vast barrel of Richard's *destrier*, Henry the Seventh's Chapel looks like a child's toy-box. But a like mistake has been made with all the interior statuary of the Houses. Admirable as are many of the works in St. Stephen's Hall, we long ago recorded an opinion that they were too large for the place: the like objection applies to the Prince's Chamber.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts held a meeting on the evening of the 10th of last month, to present the prize medals awarded by the society, in the session of 1860, to Mr. S. Solomon, for Historical Painting; to Mr. V. Cole, for Landscape; Mr. H. Tidey, for Water-

Colour Painting; Mr. J. Durham, Sculpture; Mr. S. J. Nicholl, Architecture; and to Miss M. Power, for Poetry.

The Polytechnic Institution.—The managers of this resuscitated and favourite place of resort are intent upon adding to its attractions, and making it, more than it ever has been, one of instruction. Under the direction of the Rev. C. Mackenzie, A.M., both morning and evening classes have been formed for educational purposes, in languages, the sciences, drawing, book-keeping, &c., &c., which classes are superintended by competent professors: there are also classes for learning chess. It is proposed to include architecture and building, as soon as a sufficient number of names are entered to justify the appointment of a teacher. The morning classes are designed chiefly for ladies; those in the evening for gentlemen. We are much gratified in seeing this movement, which cannot but be most beneficial in every way. Any one desirous of obtaining information respecting it, may learn particulars by applying at the institution.

Drawings by Flaxman.—We are desirous of directing attention to a proposition, which appears in our advertising sheet, for purchasing, by public subscription, a portion, at least, of the drawings by Flaxman, which the late Miss Denman inherited from him. Miss Denman's executor is desirous of disposing of these beautiful works, and it is hoped a sufficient sum may be raised—about £500 will be required—to enable the committee to acquire and place them with the Flaxman sculptures in the gallery of the London University, where they may be seen by the public and studied.

Ethnographic Sculpture.—The originality and character of the two negro busts by the French sculptor Cordier, which were exhibited at the Great Exhibition of 1851, cannot have been forgotten. M. Cordier is now exhibiting, at No. 121, Pall Mall, a collection of fifty-five sculptural works in bronze, marble, and a variety of other material, all modelled from nature, and typical of various races of the human family. These sculptures are of great variety, and extremely interesting to the ethnologist, as being all modelled from the life.

The Collier Controversy.—It has not been within the range of our duties to comment upon this exceedingly painful topic; we know that opinions, equally safe and equally strong, are divided in reference to the charges urged against Mr. John Payne Collier, and while they are so, it is but reasonable and just to believe that those who demand for him a verdict of full acquittal, have the best right to be heard. It is certain, that if he has many enemies, he has many friends, who would have fallen away from him long ago, if they had not entire faith in his innocence of wrong intended or wrong done. We allude to the matter now, only because an esteemed correspondent in New York has directed our attention to a testimonial that has been transmitted to Mr. Collier from the other side of the Atlantic: it is a silver inkstand, procured by the subscriptions of several gentlemen, who tender their homage to him, for his "devoted study and elucidation" of the Works of Shakspere, and record their "hearty condemnation of the manner in which Mr. Collier has been treated by the critics of the British Museum, and their gratification at his successful and satisfactory 'Reply' to the unworthy attacks made upon his literary reputation." At the head of the list of subscribers is the name of Mr. Balmanno, an English gentleman of high attainments in literature and Art, long resident in the United States. The "testimonial" is highly creditable to the artistic and manipulative skill of its producers, Messrs. Wood and Hughes, Gold and Silversmiths, of New York. It is, indeed—as we can say who have seen it—a very admirable piece of workmanship, such as would do honour to any of our great London firms. Its value to Mr. Payne Collier is large indeed—not to be measured by a thousand times its actual cost—as evidence of sympathy and trust, and as a mark of confidence in his integrity—doubly worth, coming, as it does, from the hands of strangers, far away from a doleful and irksome field of controversy.

The National Monument to the Memory of Sir John Franklin, for which Parliament voted a sum of £2,000, to be erected in Trafalgar Square, has been given to Mr. Matthew Noble; the sculptor has thus a great opportunity of obtaining, or rather establishing, fame, for he is in high repute, and he has earned the position he occupies by many evidences of industry and ability. Certainly it is not difficult to point to other sculptors who would have done the work better; and when the nation pays for Art, it is but just that what it buys should be the best the country can furnish. There may be "luck" in the success thus achieved by Mr. Noble; but we have no fear of his showing himself unworthy to receive one of the most important commissions that has yet been given by Parliament to a British sculptor.

The Statue of Oliver Goldsmith, executed by Foley for erection in Dublin, will stand prominently forth among the sculptural works of our time. Dublin is fortunate in the possession of such a work; would that all our public monuments had more of the quality of this statue. The head of Goldsmith could never be mistaken for that of any other man; the artist, therefore, with every confidence in his subject, and his own power, presents the figure standing uncovered. He holds in his left hand a note-book, and in his right, which has fallen to his side, a stile or pencil. He is earnest in thought, embarrassed about a rhyme, for he is clearly writing poetry—contemplating, perhaps, the old house at Lissoy, and sticking, it may be, at—

"Near yonder copse, where once the garden smil'd."

There is always an immense difficulty in statues in avoiding commonplace in the disposition of the hands; here they are not only naturally but usefully employed: but indeed every part of the figure is doing something, all the limbs and features bespeak natural purpose. Nolly in his heyday was fond of fine clothes; the costume here is neat, almost prim, and close fitting, without an angle to hang a query on; in short, this statue of Goldsmith is one of the greatest works of our school.

Sir Charles Eastlake has succeeded in securing at Rome, for the National Gallery, an example of Fra Angelico.*

Messrs. Sotheby and Wilkinson, of Wellington Street, Strand, have built a spacious and well-lighted room in Wellington Street North, for the exhibition and sale of works of Art. The dimensions of the room are 44 feet long by 26 feet in width, with a height of about 28 feet. It is proposed to open the room in February with an exhibition.

Piracies of Prints.—Several print-publishers have had an interview with the Home Secretary, for the purpose of obtaining facilities for stopping at the Custom House piracies of English engravings, and also to obtain a more speedy and less costly way of arresting such piracies and pirates. We believe the complaint is mainly against photographists and not against engravers; beyond doubt, protection is needed, and ought to be had. There are serious difficulties in the way, but they are not insurmountable, and we imagine the evil is one of very great magnitude.

Mr. George W. Flagg, an American artist, is engaged at No. 23, Newman Street, on a version of 'Columbus and the Egg,' which at once strikes the visitor as conceived in everything according to the canons of the Venetian school. The figures, only six or seven in number, are half-lengths, some seated, others standing, relieved by an open background. The heads are Veronese-like, both in colour and character. The composition is studiously simple, and the work promises, when finished, to be a production of great merit.

Messrs. Foster and Sons will sell by auction, early in the month, a selected portion of Mr. Henry Wallis's pictures. It includes many works of a high character, as will be seen by reference to our advertisement pages.

Artistic Copyright.—The Artistic Copyright Committee are re-commencing proceedings as the assembling of Parliament draws near. Probably, ere long, we shall be enabled to report concerning the course they mean to pursue. We again warn them as to the great risk they incur; that which they believe beneficial to artists and Art, may seriously imperil the interests of both. We are quite sure that nine collectors out of ten will never buy a picture with any condition of any kind attached to it. It is, so to speak, the birthright of an Englishmen, to "do what he likes with his own;" and we more than apprehend the danger of turning Art patronage into an entirely new channel, if the views of the committee are as broad and wide as we understand them to be. We earnestly entreat them, therefore, to pause and "inquire" duly and wisely as to the opinions of collectors, before they act on those of parties who, undoubtedly, often suffer intolerable wrong, but to whom a specially prescribed remedy may be a far worse evil than suffering.

Bazaar in Aid of the Female School of Design.—This is now a matter arranged; it will be held certainly in June, and, we trust, will receive the cordial and liberal aid of all Art lovers. We cannot doubt, that by this means a sufficient sum will be raised to avert so great an evil as the relinquishment of one of the best and most useful institutions of the Metropolis. In our next, we shall enter more at length into the subject, with a view to explain what the Female School of Design in Gower Street (now in Queen Square) has done, is doing, and may do, and the strong claims it advances on public support.

Statue of "America."—There is in progress at No. 23, Newman Street, a statue of "America," by Edward J. Kuntze, a German artist. It is conceived in the classic allegorical taste prevalent in the French and German schools. The impersonation is, of course, feminine. She stands with her left arm resting on a shield, bearing the arms of America, and with the right hand slightly extended as a welcome to all who may visit her shores. On the head appears a tiara of stars, from beneath which the hair flows gracefully on to the neck. At the feet of the figure is a profusion of American fruits and cereals. The statue is as yet only in the rough clay; but it is a work of good promise.

Langham Chambers Art-School.—On the evening of the 12th of January, the first of the usual series of conversazioni was held at the Langham School, on which occasion were exhibited many pictures of merit, previously to their being sent to public institutions.

The Soane Museum.—By the death of Mr. George Bailey the curatorship of the Soane Museum becomes vacant. The presentation is in the gift of the Royal Academy. The first meeting of the trustees was held on the 23rd of last month.

The Royal Exchange.—It is not long since the decorations of the Exchange were completed. They begin, however, already to tell of the damp and smoke of one winter, and will fade as rapidly as did Mr. Sang's former paintings. The only suitable ornamentation for the Exchange of the City of London would be a history in bas-relief of British commerce. The pretty blue background to the figures in the front of the British Museum has been long effaced. No mural painting, exposed to our atmosphere, can stand. It is now proposed to cover the open area of the Exchange with glass, which will add much to the convenience of the place.

Bust of Cromwell.—Mr. Noble has just completed the clay model of a bust of the Protector, which contains some very high qualities of Art. The reading of the head is, to some extent, new, but it is permeated with that energy, decision, and mental power which were so characteristic of its subject. The bust is, we understand, a commission from Mr. Thomas Potter, of Manchester.

Mr. Phillip's fine picture of 'The Marriage of the Princess Royal'—beyond question the best work of its order ever produced—has been placed by Mr. Gambart in the hands of the eminent French engraver, M. Blanchard, by gracious permission of Her Majesty.

The Statue of Crompton, one of the great benefactors of the cotton trade of Manchester, about to be erected by public subscription, is to be executed by the sculptor, Calder Marshall, R.A. It is thus in safe hands; a good, if not a great, work may be assured as the result.

The Duke of Richmond.—Subscriptions are on foot for the erection of a bronze statue of the late Duke of Richmond, to be erected somewhere in the county of Sussex. The site has not yet been determined.

The Hampstead Conversazione for this season commenced on the 16th of January, and will terminate on the 17th of April. These meetings are always attractive from the excellence of the works exhibited.

* Our contemporary, the *Athenæum*, states that this picture has been lost in the *Black Prince*, the vessel which was bringing it over.

REVIEWS.

ITALY: CHILDE HAROLD'S PILGRIMAGE. Engraved by J. T. WILLMORE, A.R.A., from the Picture by J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of London.

We do not think the council of the Art-Union of London could have selected from the works of Turner a picture better calculated to please the majority of their subscribers than this; and simply because it is an intelligible subject, which many painted by him are not to everybody. Though produced at a time (1832) when the artist was exhibiting some of his strangest Art-vagaries, as they have been called, his 'Italy' is not of the number: full of beautiful imaginative material, there is yet not a passage in it which properly belongs to the mere world of fiction—nothing that breathes the atmosphere of dream-land, and which is not in accordance with Byron's description, in the lines Turner adopted for his motto to the picture:—

"And now, fair Italy,
Thou art the garden of the world, the home
Of all Art yields and nature can decree—
Even in thy desert what is like to thee?
Thy very weeds are beautiful, thy waste
More rich than other climes' fertility:
Thy wreck a glory, and thy ruin graced
With an immaculate charm which cannot be defaced."

In the foreground, above which rises the slim but stately Italian fir, so frequently seen in Turner's pictures, a number of indolent people—the pleasure-loving men and women of modern Italy—are dancing and feasting on a plot of ground overlooking a river which winds its way between richly-wooded banks, half hiding fragments of ancient architecture, and stretching right and left upwards into lofty eminences crowned with castles and monastic buildings of mediæval date. A vast range of mountains closes in the landscape, over which the sun, as it descends, shines with a golden lustre, irradiating with equal glory the monuments of dead Italy and the abodes of the living; for in the middle distance we catch a glimpse of the towers and houses of a comparatively modern town, approached by a picturesque bridge that crosses the river at an angle with the base of the picture.

The print is of considerable size, but not too large for the purpose of the society; by which we mean that the cost of framing will not in this case, as with many Art-Union prints, involve an expense that falls heavily on many subscribers. That it will be popular we cannot doubt, for it is effectively engraved by Mr. Willmore, though we should like to see a little more of the soft Italian atmosphere thrown over the distance. If the masses of trees on the right bank of the river had been "kept down," there would be greater harmony throughout: they come too forward, in connection with the nearer parts on the left bank.

CHROMOLITHOGRAPHS. Published by ROWNEY and Co., London.

Since chromolithography attained the popularity it has now reached, we have been accustomed to see a large number of works of this kind making their appearance in the autumn and winter months,—by way, it might be supposed, of compensating us for the loss incurred by the closing of the majority of our picture galleries. Messrs. Rowney & Co. have just issued several novelties, both on a large and a small scale. Of the former size is 'On the River Findhorn, Morayshire,' after a drawing by T. M. Richardson: a lovely scene, not such as is usually associated with the idea of the Scottish Highlands, but of a rapidly-rushing river winding its way through a fertile and well-timbered country, with a distance extending miles away towards the Moray Firth, and the Ross-shire mountains, which bound the horizon. Mr. Richardson's pencil represents it in a bold and masterly manner, with great brilliancy of colour, and a fine effect of sunshine: the bit of foreground, with groups of figures collecting wood, is admirable. Next, there is 'On the Lake of Como,' from a drawing by T. Collingwood Smith, another print of large dimensions: on the right is a mountain range rising from the surface of the lake, and on the left a winding road along which some peasants are passing. Mountains and lake are of that deep blue colour peculiar to the country, broken, however, in the former, by a mass of rolling clouds tinged with the redness of an evening's sun. The sky, broken up into a multitude of forms, is cleverly managed, but it would have been better to omit those oblique lines in imitation of rays; they destroy the repose of the picture, and have not the effect intended. Mr. W. Bennett's 'Glen Tilt,' also of considerable size, is a close scene of rock and wood, between which a narrow spey tumbles and flows, widening out as it descends till it occupies the breadth of the foreground: the artist's free manipulation and truthful colouring have been well copied in this print. A Cuyp-like picture is that of 'Milking-time,' after T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., a group of fine milch-cows in the pasture at eventide—a capital copy: this, and the remainder, are prints much smaller in size. 'Urquhart Castle, Loch Ness,' and 'Loch Katrine, the Trosachs,' are a pair from drawings by T. M. Richardson; the former exhibited with the effect of heavy thunder-clouds, darkening mountain and lake; the other radiant with the morning sun. The whole of the above prints are lithographed and printed by Messrs. Hanhart, and they sustain the reputation this establishment has long enjoyed for works of the kind.

From the presses of the publishers, Messrs. Rowney, we have two nice little subjects, a 'View in South Wales,' after T. L. Rowbotham, a bold and sketchy drawing; and 'Loch Awe,' after R. P. Leitch, the latter very like one of our old friend John Varley's works—and this is paying it no valueless compliment.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY AND CORRESPONDENCE OF MARY GRANVILLE (MRS. DELANY). Edited by the LADY LLANOVER. 3 Vols. Published by R. BENTLEY, London.

The object of the accomplished author of this deeply interesting work, is "to give a true account of a person who as 'Mrs. Delany' is still revered, and has so been for more than a hundred years," but of whom very little beyond the name is now remembered. The task of informing the world concerning the lady and her age, has been undertaken by the descendant of her only sister; and Lady Llanover has done justice to the memory of one who was honoured during her time—that time including nearly the whole of a century—by sovereigns and peers, and received always the respectful homage of general society, through four eventful reigns, enjoying self respect, and respect mingled with admiration, in every circle of which she either formed a part or to which she was known by her "talents, industry, and ingenuity," as well as by those domestic virtues which have ever been the glories of English women in English homes. It was a fitting duty for Lady Llanover to discharge: if, however, there had been no other motive but that which leads one intellectual and accomplished woman to extend the fame and give force to the example of another, this work would have supplied ample evidence that it could not have been placed in better hands. The weighty volumes have been edited with fervent enthusiasm, yet judicious discrimination, indefatigable industry, a spirit of inquiry the most comprehensive and minute, omitting nothing that can elucidate or place "character" in a new and clear light, picturing persons and explaining events that are parts of history, and, in short, so describing many important epochs, as to supply materials for volumes far more pretensions than these are assumed to be.

Although the work consists mainly of the correspondence and diary of Mrs. Delany, its value is very largely enhanced by the illustrative and explanatory notes, of which the volumes are full; there is hardly a page that does not contain two or three. The "editing," therefore, may be accepted as an example to all who undertake similar labours,—labours too often performed as if the printer were the only interpreter required to communicate between a speaker and an audience.

It is impossible for us, with our limited space, to do more than direct attention to these valuable volumes. They are brought specially within our range by the number of excellent engraved portraits they contain, of "celebrities" who flourished during the reigns of Queen Anne and three of the four Georges. It will be readily understood that Mrs. Delany was intimate and corresponded with nearly all the famous men and women of the eighteenth century. Her letters are charming proofs of the simplicity, purity, and thorough "womanhood," of her mind and heart, while they evidence rare faculties of observation and judgment. But the immense number of striking anecdotes, of amusing or instructive episodes, of illustrative characteristics of many singular and often-changing periods, give the work a value that will secure its passage into every circle in which books are read.

BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER; being a Series of Biographical Sketches. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "Art and Nature," "Life in Spain," &c. 2 vols. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

These volumes are almost beyond the pale of our criticism, inasmuch as a major part of their contents has already appeared in the form of contributions to the *Art-Journal*; and we know that the "sketches" have been appreciated by our subscribers. The title, however, which Mr. Thornbury has given to his book is not strictly correct, for, under the head of "Last Hours of the Painters"—which make the concluding pages of the first volume—are stories of foreign painters as well as British. It would have been well had this been stated on the title page, so that the actual contents of the work should be at once notified. Again, these papers can scarcely be called "biographical;" they are rather stories founded on certain portions of the history of the painters, through which we make their personal acquaintance rather than their artistic; we do not so much see them in their works as in their world; we meet them less frequently in the studio than out of it, surrounded by their companions, and mingling with society. Our only objection to the book is its title; this, however, will in no degree mar its interest in the estimation of those who have not yet read these interesting and vivid sketches of the founders of our school of Art.

The papers which have not appeared in our Journal are, "A Ship full of Nobodies," "Blake the Visionary," "Stothard the Graceful," "Morland in the Sponging House," "David Scott:" all of them written with the same sparkling and graphic pen as those with which our readers are acquainted: so also are the chapters which conclude the second volume, on "Epochs of Painting," "Greek Art," "Moorish Art," and "Gothic Art." If we cannot endorse all Mr. Thornbury's opinions on these matters, we can agree with him in many, and can find amusement, and often instruction, in what he says concerning all. There are few writers upon Art and artists of our day who have the faculty of rendering their remarks so generally attractive as the author of these volumes.

QUARLES' EMBLEMS. Illustrated by CHARLES BENNETT, and W. HARRY ROGERS. Published by NISBET & Co., London.

There is so much beauty of thought and diction, and there are such grand truths, expressed in the quaint writings of old Philip Quarles, that they ought not to be hidden from all but those whose delight it is to search in the dim twilight of the literature of by-gone ages. Doubtless, in the new and handsome garb which is here given to them, they will find their way into places hitherto unknown to them; and, notwithstanding the taste of the age has little in common with the spirit of the 'Emblems,' they are a treasury of moral and religious wealth, which can scarcely fail to interest even where it may not be accepted in proportion to its worth. The two artists who have worked together on the illustrations—Mr. Bennett, we presume, designing the subjects, and Mr. Rogers, the borders which surround them—have done their parts well. The former seems to have most carefully studied the text, and imparted the essence of it to his work: Mr. Rogers's skill as an ornamentist is too well known to be questioned.

THE PROMISES OF JESUS CHRIST. Illuminated by ALFRED H. WARREN. Published by BELL and DALDY, London.

Here is a little book right worthy of a Christmas or New Year's present; it is dedicated, we see, to the Princess Alice, and fit is it for the hands of the daughter of any monarch in Christendom. These scriptural jewels are placed in chaste, rich, yet most simple settings: Mr. Warren has shown not only great skill in his designs, but much good taste also. Each page exhibits one or two verses from the Evangelists, beautifully printed in black letter, with coloured initials and ornaments. But surely three or four of the passages selected can scarcely be called "Promises." This elegant *petit souvenir* is printed by Messrs. Day and Son. In this, as well as in most of the "gift-books" which have come into our hands this season, we have occasion to notice the beauty and splendour of the covers, combined with simplicity of design: there is a manifest improvement of late in these matters. We hear that a young artist of the name of Dudley has designed many, which are now making their appearance.

ANCIENT IRON-WORK FROM THE THIRTEENTH CENTURY. By D. A. CLARKSON, Architect. Published by ATCHLEY & Co., London.

If, even half a century ago, the Art-manufactures of the mediæval ages had been as carefully studied as they have been within the last ten years, how much we now see would, in all probability, never have met our observation. Still, with the advances which have been recently made on all sides, we are yet far from appreciating and following out all that those glorious old workers have left for our admira-

tion. Look, for example—to instance one that suggests itself in the kind of manufactures to which Mr. Clarkson's book has especial reference—at the iron railings in front of the British Museum: can anything be more inornate and inappropriate than those common spear-headed rails? as if the building which they enclose were a prison or a lunatic asylum! We chanced to see the other day, not very far from the "Elephant and Castle," Newington, some iron-work in front of a kind of music-hall, recently opened there, which puts to shame the metal spikes that guard our National Museum from intruders.

Mr. Clarkson's quarto volume cannot fail to prove of infinite service to iron-workers. It contains nearly fifty lithographed plates—some of them showing three or four subjects—of examples taken from existing ancient specimens—gates, railings, panels, locks, keys, knockers, handles, hinges, &c., all good, and some truly beautiful. It would, however, have been more satisfactory, perhaps, had we known whence the examples were copied: there is no mention made of this. A numerous class of designers and Art-workmen, besides the iron-founder, will derive advantage from consulting these pages.

FAMILY PICTURES. By the Author of "MARY POWELL." Published by ARTHUR HALL, VIRTUE and Co., London.

The author of this charming volume (albeit a book of "shreds and patches") has signed her name to the dedication. We now know, therefore, that the author of "Mary Powell," and many other valuable books, is Miss ANNE MANNING, of Reigate Hill. Miss Manning thinks there are certain young people who will hereafter thank Aunt Anne for having secured them some of their family traditions. "They are not," she adds, with a very pardonable fragment of old English pride, "of great people, but of good people—fine old English merchants and Christian gentlemen." A much greater number than "certain young people" will thank Miss Manning over the Christmas fire for much that is interesting in this volume, and con over the "family canvas" with gratitude to, and sympathy with, the art that stamps their impress on the mind. The portrait of a "gentleman of the old school" might form not an unworthy *pendant* to Sir Roger De Coverley. We were much taken with a "Scrap of Autobiography," relating chiefly to what old Chelsea was in the year 1815, when Miss Manning lived there. She does not seem aware that there is a relic of Sir Thomas More's garden wall, forming a portion of the enclosure to the Moravian burying-ground, near "The Man in the Moon," still in existence. We believe the portion of Lindsay House (once the almost palace residence of Hortensia Mancini, Duchess de la Meilleraie) where Miss Manning speaks of having resided, was afterwards occupied by Martin, the painter of 'Belshazzar's Feast.' "Londsdale House," which she also mentions, is better known to the modern world as the hospitable residence of the Dowager Lady Shelley. But all those old-world memories are pleasant and profitable, and our only regret is that the "Family Pictures" are so few in number.

PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS OF THE ARCHITECTURE AND SCULPTURED DETAILS OF STEETLEY CHURCH, DERBYSHIRE. By JAMES CONTENCIN. With Plans and Sections measured and drawn by THEOPHILUS SMITH. Published by ROBERT WHITE, Worksop.

This remarkable and truly admirable work was undertaken with the view to secure a permanent memorial of one of the best and most characteristic examples of Norman ecclesiastical architecture that is now in existence in England, but which, unhappily, is fast hastening to decay. Small in its dimensions, placed in a secluded situation, and desecrated, as it would seem, even before the time of Henry VIII., Steetley Church is comparatively unknown; and yet the richness and variety of its details, and the fact of its having almost entirely escaped alteration in periods subsequent to the Anglo-Norman era, render it peculiarly interesting to the architect and the archæologist.

If this long-neglected relic of the earliest English architecture is worthy of attention, and has a lesson of its own to tell with characteristic impressiveness, it has at length been treated in a manner that more than compensates for long centuries of disregard and ruin.

The artists who have produced the volume before us—without question men who are actuated by that happy enthusiasm which is in itself so important an element of successful action—have done full justice to the ruined edifice of the old Norman architects. In their photographs we have exact fac-simile reproductions of the details of Steetley, presented with a degree of fidelity unattainable by other means, giving not only the peculiar style of the ornamentation, but the mechanical construction in all its minutiæ, and, in many cases, the actual toolings of the chisel. The photographs are in themselves of the highest order of excellence; and when it is considered that several of them were necessarily executed almost in the dark, their sharpness and precision are truly wonderful.

The volume in size is imperial folio, and it contains twenty-one photographs, with five outline lithographic plates of sections, plan and details, and two general sketches of the complete edifice as it now appears. The photographs are carefully mounted with tinted borders, and they produce a completely satisfactory result. The church itself has become the property of the Duke of Newcastle, and consequently it may be considered safe from any further injuries, except those that are inseparable from the lapse of time. The "illustrations" are appropriately dedicated to the duke.

We feel the utmost pleasure in inviting attention to the Steetley photographs, and in recording in strong terms our own high opinion of them and of the volume in which they appear. For the first time, they actually realize all that is to be desired in the illustration of architectural details. They give the true character both of the architecture and of the material in which the Norman builders worked. And they also set before the observer the exact present condition of every sculptured fragment, and of every time-worn stone. There is besides an air of painstaking thoughtfulness about the volume, which at once secures approbation, and at the same time inspires confidence in the judgment and skill with which the artists have accomplished their enterprise. We learn with sincere satisfaction that the present work is to be followed by companion volumes, to be devoted to the similar illustration of that noble relic of transitional Norman architecture, Roche Abbey, in Yorkshire, and of the South Transept Chapel of Worksop Priory Church. Specimens of the photographs for the illustration of both these fine ruins are before us, and they rank well with their Steetley comrades. The series, as we need scarcely add, admits of very wide extension; and we rely upon the artists to extend the range of their works, as widely as they may be enabled to do, through an adequate public appreciation of their efforts, coupled with a becoming support.

THE ORE SEEKER; A TALE OF THE HARTZ. Published by MACMILLAN & Co., London.

"The Ore Seeker"—the story is by "A. S. M.;" its twenty-six illustrations are by "L. C. H." We have no desire to raise the veil it pleases author and artist to assume. The tale is written with grace and spirit; it is illustrated by a free and yet careful pencil. "Christmas books" are of late, for the most part, either well-known poems, or selections from the poets, enriched by our best "book painters;" but here we have an original story, descriptive of the silver mines of the Hartz, their workers, and inhabitants, developing character and incident that, while keeping up our attention, excite the better feelings and sympathies of our nature from the first page to the last. It is refreshing to find a work so earnest in its purpose, unswerving in its morality, and faithful in its delineations. Those who are satisfied to receive coarseness as power, and "slang" as wit, who revel over tyrannical "lords of the soil" and an ill-used "people," will lay "The Ore Seeker" aside; while others, who desire to bestow a beautiful book, as well as a pure enlightened story, on a dear friend, or a beloved daughter, will thank us for recommending "The Ore Seeker," and enjoy its contents. There are some pretty snatches of poetry here and there that would set well to music. One especially might form a spirited part song; it commences thus:—

> "Strike, miners, strike! let the hollow sound,
> Loud through the chamber of metal bound;
> Scatter and crumble the stubborn soil,
> Glittering wealth will repay your toil."

"Ladies' Art" is no longer a phrase of reproach. The illustrations in this charming volume are in all respects worthy of the letter-press; they are happily conceived, and executed with truth and expression. We have seldom seen anything more touching than the finding of the child in the mine after the explosion, and the child-supplication of Emile to the unkind Bauman is pictured with charming feeling. The getting up is in every respect perfect, and does credit to the publisher. The book is entitled to longer notice, as one of the healthiest and pleasantest of recent publications; but there are so many demands on our space this month, that we must content ourselves with giving it an earnest recommendation to all Art lovers and lovers of wholesome fiction in sound literature.

LYRA GERMANICÆ: Hymns for the Sundays and Chief Festivals of the Christian Year. Translated from the German by CATHERINE WINKWORTH. With Illustrations by, and engraved under the superintendence of, JOHN LEIGHTON, F.S.A. Published by LONGMAN & Co., London.

This beautiful volume will form a valuable addition to the library of those who admire and can appreciate the highest forms of sacred poetry. Some years ago the late Chevalier Bunsen, whose recent death saddened almost as many hearts in this country as his own, collected and published a very large number—about nine hundred—of the most remarkable hymns of the German Reformed Church; many of them as distinguished for their poetic beauties as for the fervid Christian spirit apparent in every line. From the whole of these about one hundred have been selected for publication in their present form, and they have severally been chosen to harmonise with the collects of the English Church. The majority of the illustrations are by Mr. Leighton, who has had for his coadjutors Messrs. Armitage, Lawless, Keene, and S. Marks; and there are two well-known subjects by Flaxman. With three or four exceptions, these designs are excellent: equally so are the head and tail-pieces, and the initials: all have a Germanic feeling about them, which suits well with the peculiarity of the poetry.

CAPTAIN COOK'S VOYAGES OF DISCOVERY. Edited by JOHN BARROW, F.R.S., F.S.A. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

Whatever more recent enterprise has effected in the way of maritime discovery, the voyages of Cook will always afford so interesting and valuable a narrative, that there is little fear of the old circumnavigator being laid up in ordinary, as unfit for service. How many young hearts have not his adventures stimulated to brave the dangers of the seas, and thus have contributed to make both our royal and commercial marine what it now is. "Cook's Voyages" is, and ever will be, a "boy's own book," and, therefore, we hail such an inviting edition as this with exceeding satisfaction. Mr. Barrow tells us, in the preface, he has added to it many letters which have not hitherto been made public; while several wood-cuts give increasing attraction to this little volume.

THE BIRTHDAY SOUVENIR. Illuminated by S. Stanesby. Published by GRIFFITH & FARRAN, London.

This is certainly one of the most elegant gift-books of the season; not only are the "illuminations" varied as beautiful, but the texts, if we may so call them, both in prose and poetry, chosen for the purpose, are selected with care and judgment. We have gems of beauty and thoughtfulness from Moore, Longfellow, Hood, Shakespere, Johanna Baily, Hannah Moore, and some older worthies whom we rejoice to meet anywhere; but gathered as they are together, in this choice *bouquet*, we turn page after page, and feel grateful to possess a book so pleasant in literature and Art.

THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT. Illuminated by S. STANESBY. Published by J. FIELD, London.

A very few years ago this gay little volume would have been considered a marvel of chromatic printing; but we now see such gorgeous exhibitions of this process, that even large and costly volumes have ceased to make us wonder. Mr. Stanesby must not regard these remarks as disparaging to his book, which is most creditable to his taste; both in design and colour the illuminations are exceedingly attractive. In its sumptuous cover of green and gold, with a central ornament of *Magenta*—we believe the ladies would so express this tint—a prettier present could not be selected for boy or girl.

THE BOY'S BOOK OF BALLADS. Illustrated with Sixteen Engravings on Wood from Drawings by JOHN GILBERT. Published by BELL and DALDY, London.

A selection of about sixteen of the best old British ballads, such as a boy would find the greatest interest in reading. They include "Sir Guy of Gisborne," "Adam Bell, Clym of the Clough," "Sir Lancelot du Lake," "Chevy Chase," "The Heir of Lynne," "The Brave Lord Willoughby," "The Abbot of Canterbury," "Robin Hood and the Curtal Friar," "Valentine and Ursine," "The Miller of Mansfield," &c., &c. Mr. Gilbert has contributed an illustration to each, of that character which has made his pencil so famous and without a rival.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, MARCH 1, 1861.

AN EXAMINATION INTO THE ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART III.

THE instances of portraits in gold on glass pateræ, given in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, were selected from a number of others, as best illustrating the gradation or development of the especial characteristics of the likeness of our Lord, from that early period of the Italian church, when, owing, it is presumable, to no authentic information on the subject existing in the locality, the likeness was represented under the conventional type of character of a Roman youth, till, through successive phases, each more developed than the preceding, it attained to a fair resemblance (making allowance for minute scale and rudeness of workmanship) of the likeness, as now recognised.

It will be shown further on, that there is every reason to believe there existed in the East, from the earliest period of our era, portraits from which these were probably copied; but this question can hardly be entered upon, till it is established that these pictures on glass pateræ may be, with something approaching certainty, referred to the first age of the church.

Fortunately, the question of the antiquity of works of Art found in the Roman catacombs, is beset with fewer difficulties than attaches to those of even a much later age. Closed to all access for centuries, and the very existence of these cemeteries being forgotten, their contents have escaped the corrosive effects of light and air, alteration by the restorer, and dispersion by the collector; and being only given to the world at an age when the acuteness of criticism rendered it impossible to invest them with a fictitious or legendary history, they have thereby been shielded from the influences that have operated to deteriorate the value, and to cast a strong shade of doubt on numberless works (of, probably, equal antiquity), not so protected.

The range of time during which works of Art could have been placed in the catacombs, is necessarily limited. There is historic evidence that Pope Damasus closed the cemeteries to interments, and to access generally, in the year 365; it therefore follows that, even if we allow the origin of the Italian church to date from a period closely following the resurrection of our Lord, a few years more than three centuries comprise the extreme period during which they could have been executed; it is probable, however, that this time should be much more circumscribed, as, in the nature of things, it is hardly probable that cemeteries could have been required for interments on any extensive scale, or that particular fashions of decorating sepulchres could have established themselves, till the church had existed for some years. Again, it is scarcely likely that subterranean cemeteries would have been resorted to, or the sepulchres embellished on any extensive scale, after the conversion of the empire, when public attention would necessarily be engrossed by the erection and adornment of the sacred buildings above ground. But, admitting that the period of three centuries would apply to the general mass of works of Art in the catacombs, with respect to the glass pictures this time must be still further curtailed. Tertullian, who wrote about the year 160, makes mention of the portraits of our Lord as the good shepherd (see cuts 1 and 2), on the glass sacramental vessels of the "*first Christians*," thereby alluding to a practice of a time gone by. Also Eusebius, writing about the year 330, mentions the portraits of our Saviour and the apostles on the sacramental vessels of the primitive church, and states that the use of these glass chalices was discontinued, owing to an edict of the church, introducing those of metal in their place. That the cups from which the pictures in question were taken were such sacramental vessels, the inscriptions on them, the signification of their decorations, and the uses to which we find them applied, sufficiently attest.

It has been held that the practice of burying with vessels containing wine, was but the continuance of the pagan use of pateræ, under similar circumstances; but the objection, even were it sustained, would be absolutely pointless,



No. 1.



No. 3.

as it would but still further strengthen the conclusion, that they were the sacred vessels of the church. The pagan certainly buried with pateræ, but what was a patera? simply a sacrificial cup, containing a portion of the blood of a sacrificed victim. Christianize the idea, and it would be difficult to conceive of any practice that would at once so completely enter into and combine with every sentiment of the new faith, and, at the same time, so perfectly illustrate its creed. Human affection adheres with peculiar tenacity to every received mode of expressing itself on the occasion of the final parting; and to the Christian converts, who, in the freshness of their new-born faith, saw but the fructification of a certain hope in that event, which they had hitherto regarded as its extinction, the blood of the pagan victim would inevitably suggest that life-giving blood "of the Lamb slain from the foundation of the world," whereby they had "boldness to enter into the holiest of holies, by the new and living way which He had consecrated for them," and this passport to the heavenly kingdom would at once present itself as peculiarly the fitting accompaniment to the traveller bound to its shores.

Taking into consideration the testimonies of Tertullian and Eusebius, instanced above, and in the absence of any reason being urged to the contrary, we can scarcely err in ascribing these productions to the years ranging between the first establishment of the church, and a period antecedent to the birth of Tertullian, or between the years 60 and 120.*

The time within which we must look for the dates of these works being thus limited, the inquiry as to their respective ages presents fewer difficultics, the question being rendered much easier of elucidation by the nature of the uses to which they were devoted. Were we to find a number of such objects in a subterranean temple, there would exist no *prima facie* reason for concluding that they were not all of them of contemporaneous origin; but in the case of objects deposited in a series of interments, it of necessity results that such objects must have preceded each other in point of time; it accordingly follows, that much evidence which would not be absolutely conclusive, if it were possible that they were of contemporaneous origin, becomes greatly increased in significance in deciding on the respective priority of works that must, of necessity, belong to different periods.

Amongst the evidences that more especially

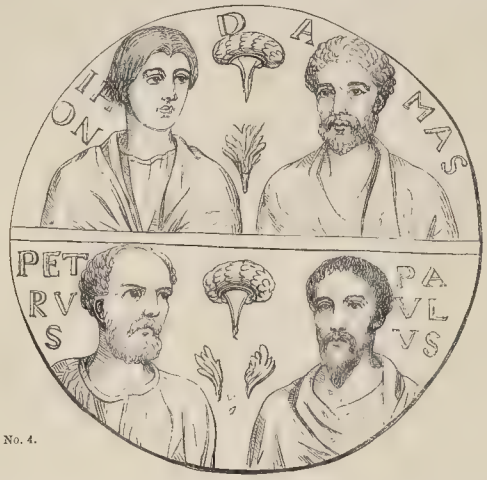


No. 2.

indicate the relative antiquity of the objects in question are—the places in the catacombs whence they were taken, whether nearer to, or farther from, the part first excavated; the orthography, particularly that of proper names of Greek or Hebrew origin, before they had been in circulation a sufficient time to have acquired an authentic form of spelling; the style of dress; the style of workmanship; and especially the nature of the symbols accompanying the figures. All the evidences indicated under these heads, would lead us to infer a priority of date to the ruder of the

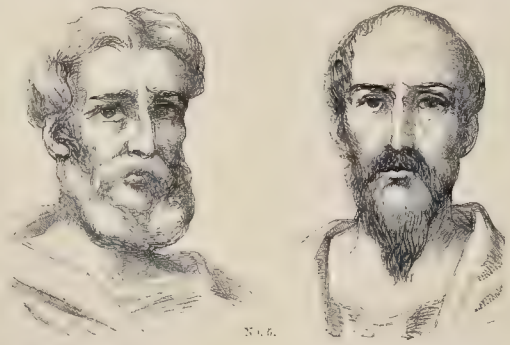
* Instances of portraits on glass have certainly been found, which must be ascribed to a period later than that of Tertullian, but they have invariably been representations of the persons buried in the graves whence they were taken.

likenesses, than to the more perfect. It is not now a question of the higher order of expression, or of the exact form of feature, but of such leading traits of character as we could expect to find in diminutive representations, executed by (probably) unskilled workmen in a new material; and in those instances in which the fact can be ascertained, it will be found that the works in which the likeness is most conventionally represented, or rather in which it is wholly absent, came from a part of the catacombs which must have been (from their mode of excavation) the first used. As a case in point, the cut in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, of the Raising of Lazarus, was taken from a grave near the entrance to the



No. 4.

Cemetery of St. Sebastian. It will be apparent at a glance, that in the countenance a mere conventional type of character has been all that the artist aimed at. The orthography of the name is different from that which it afterward assumed; and while no symbol whatever is used to indicate the principal figure, Lazarus is distinguished by a nimbus. The omission of what soon afterwards became so express a sign of the Divine person, and its transference to a mortal, can only be explained by the supposition that the use or the meaning of the symbol was as yet undefined. Probably it was accorded to the dead, but not to the living; and as it is certain that it was in use amongst the pagans as a decoration to the statues of their deities, it might not, amongst the first Christians, have been held as exclusively applicable to a Divine person. From the barbarous form of the Greek word ΖΕΣΕΣ, and the style of dress, it would appear that the illustration in the last number, in which our Lord is represented conferring the crown on SS. Peter and Paul, would belong to a period slightly subsequent to the picture of the Raising of Lazarus. Accordingly, with the important exception of the nimbus, we find no symbol to distinguish the principal figure, and the type of countenance which it exhibits, though certainly an advance from the mere conventional form of the preceding, is still deficient in the leading characteristic of the flowing hair. In the picture of our Lord conferring the crown on SS. Timothy and Justus, the costume is distinctly of the time of Trajan. The



No. 5.

two persons represented must have been in the middle period of life in the year 58 or 60; it is therefore probable that they died before the end of the century, and from the fact of their having, as far as can be learnt, occupied no very prominent position in the church of Italy, it is improbable that they would have been represented long after their decease. These considerations would lead to the conclusion that this work must be referred to the close of the century, in which belief we are strengthened by the fact of its having been taken from a more advanced position in the cemetery than those previously mentioned. The type of likeness in this picture is a decided advance on either of the preceding; but what especially distinguishes it, together with the three other pictures in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, is the use of the Alpha and the Omega to denote the principal figure.

That in the decorations of the works under consideration, a close approach to a received or authenticated form of likeness was required of the artist, is evident from comparing the annexed illustration (Cut 4) with the different portraits of the same person in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, and with the copy (Cut 3) from a fresco in the catacombs of SS. Achilli e Nereo. In the upper portion of Cut 4, the portrait of St. John, with the beardless face and hair divided in the middle, so far agrees with the representation of the same apostle in the cut further on, of our Lord and Judas, and in these respects conforms with the received



No. 6.

tradition. The portraits of SS. Peter and Paul are sufficiently obvious. The fourth personage in the same picture, indicated by the name Damas, was probably a person of the name of Damasus, who filled an important position in the church towards the end of the first century.

On looking at these pictures, the strong portrait-like individuality of each is at once apparent; this will be evident by comparing them with the conventional representations of our Lord, where no likeness is attempted—as in the Raising of Lazarus. This decided and recognisable distinctiveness existing (in the many portraits of the apostles found in the catacombs), with only the slight deviations that might be expected to result from the different materials in which they were executed,

is strong evidence that a close adherence to an authenticated type was required at the time. Consequently, when we see associated with these portraits of the apostles, others of our Lord, also marked by a strong and consentaneous individuality, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that they were also in close adherence to a recognised and authenticated type of character. In the same chapel in the catacombs, and forming part of the same series of decorative illustrations with the portraits of SS. Peter and Paul, in fresco, is the picture of our Lord, given in Cut 6. That it is amongst the oldest of the works in the cemetery, is remarkably evidenced by the fact of the picture of which it forms a part, having been cut through to admit of the interment of a person near the remains of the martyr beneath (to whom the chapel was dedicated). This aperture, marked in the cut by the quadrangular piece of shading, renders it difficult to form an opinion on the subject represented, but in the head of our Lord the leading characteristics are clear and unmistakeable, and it would be difficult to urge any reason why it is not worthy of the same acceptance as the portraits with which it is associated. Its great antiquity, besides being proved by its partial destruction to admit of an interment (at latest, in the beginning of the third century—probably at the beginning of the second), is further evidenced by the absence of any symbol to distinguish the Divine person. Whatever period may be assigned to the first use of symbols, the adoption of those borrowed from the imagery of the Apocalypse would seem to indicate a time when some precise information reached the church as to the true likeness of our Lord, since we find that they are almost invariably accompanied by an attempt, more or less successful, to render it according to the received form; whereas in the vast majority of works in which they are absent, the portrait is



No. 7.

the time of the author of the Revelations, it would seem not improbable that with these writings there came, to the church in Italy, that information respecting the Divine resemblance, that guided the artists in their subsequent efforts.

Leading directly to this inference, is the extreme rarity—I believe I might say the utter absence—amongst the numberless pictures and other works of Art in the catacombs, of the representation of any subject not directly taken from the Gospel or other writings of the Apostle John. This circumstance can only be accounted for on the supposition that the three first Gospels, as well as the Acts of the Apostles, were still unknown to the church at Rome; otherwise it is difficult to supply a reason for the omission of numerous subjects that may not only be considered as amongst the most important in the gospel narratives, but such as it may be supposed would more especially enter into the sentiments and forms of thought of a



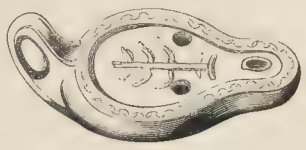
No. 6.

previously existing in the church? This last supposition would, of course, infer that the imagery of the Revelations must have been derived from ideas already generally diffused through the Christian communities; but as we



No. 9.

can scarcely admit of this, we are forced to the conclusion that the symbols of the pictures were derived from the sacred writings; and as it will be shown presently that there is historic evidence that portraits of our Lord (one at least of which can still be identified) must have existed in Asia Minor up to a period close upon



No. 10.

militant and a suffering church. The subjects of the change of the water into wine, the conversation with the Samaritan woman, and the raising of Lazarus, being peculiar to St. John's Gospel, are met with frequently in the catacombs; and some of his allegories, such as the Good Shepherd, the vine and the branches, &c.



No. 11.

are repeated continually and in every possible form; while no instance, as far as I could ascertain, of the Nativity, the Transfiguration, the raising of the daughter of Jairus, or the ascension of our Lord, is to be met with, these being amongst the more important of the subjects common to the three first Evangelists, but omitted by the last. That the apostle made no mention in his narrative of scenes, all of which are of striking, and two of them of stupendous significance, and to all but one of which he must have been a principal witness, is accounted for on the supposition of his having designed his Gospel as an appendix to the others, and to compensate for their omissions. This exclusive illustration of the writings of St. John would point to the conclusion that, though his works were posterior in date to those of the other sacred writers, they were earlier known to the church in Italy; but as it is beyond dispute that the whole of the Gospels were well known in Rome in the time of Tertullian (the third quarter of the second century), we cannot but infer that the greater part of the decorations of the catacombs were executed before the period in which he wrote. In further support of this view, we find portraits in repeated instances of such of the apostles and their coadjutors as exercised a direct influence on the teaching of the Christian communities of Italy. St. Peter and St. Paul are continually to be met with; also Timothy and Justus, both of whom were for some time resident in the locality, and associated with St. Paul in his ministry. With the apostles we also find St. John (as in the cut No. 4); but, excepting as mere conventional figures to make up the number of the twelve apostles, in no instance shall we find a portrait of any

other of the New Testament writers. This introduction of the portrait of St. John would seem to include him amongst the number of the special instructors of that church, though he had not actually visited it. Were it the case that the three first Evangelists were at this period known by their writings, we should certainly expect to find their representations, if not so numerous as the others, yet not altogether absent. Whatever may have occasioned the exclusive illustration of the writings of St. John in the Art of the early Italian church, there can be no question of the strong influence that the peculiarly spiritual tone of philosophy and feeling of that apostle exercised upon it. While the three other evangelical historians are more occupied with the actions and parables, the last initiates us into the inner mind and mode of thought of the Divine Master.

During the years that our Lord consorted with the disciples, it is interesting, and at the same time disappointing in the extreme, to consider the amount of conversation and teaching that, emanating from the very fountain head of inspiration, is necessarily lost to us; to use the simile of St. John, "The world itself would not contain the books that could be written." In selecting from this abundance of material such parts as might, in their individual opinion, best portray the life and character of their great Teacher, the evangelists must, unconsciously to themselves, have been actuated in a great measure by their own idiosyncracies of character. Those scenes and conversations that had most struck them at the time, that had touched most effectively the chords of their own feelings, would not only be impressed most vividly on their memory, but, after a lapse of years, would present themselves as being the best exponents of the character of which they were treating. To the more ordinary form of intellect, a miracle, a man raised from the dead, heaven itself opened to the view in the glories of a transfiguration or of an ascension, would appeal at once and more particularly to the physical and carnal comprehension by the sentiments of wonder and admiration; and in the narrative of such an observer, events of this order would necessarily be prominent. It was requisite that the greater number of the evangelists should have been of this form of intellect, otherwise we might have been left unacquainted with many of the principal events in the gospel history. St. John, a mind of another order, with a deeper and more spiritual insight into the character of our Lord, felt rather the soul-quickening influence of the new-taught truths, where others were lost in astonishment at the suspension of nature's laws. On his intellect and memory the celestial transfiguration of his Divine Teacher made less impression than his words of love and infinite power on descending the Mount; while other apostles remembered but the radiance and the heavenly company, he had no thought but for the words, "I am the way, the life, and the truth; I am the living bread which came down from heaven;" while the less spiritual ears of the other apostles were occupied by the prophecy of the destruction of Jerusalem, John was listening to the promise, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any one pluck them out of my hand;" while in the final interview with the apostles immediately preceding the ascension, they were occupied with the glories amid which their Master ascended to his place, St. John gives us only the loving deed of reconciliation, the unsurpassable, unutterable act of tenderness to him who had disowned and deserted him, "Simon Peter, lovest thou me? feed my lambs;" and instead of terminating his history (as shallow critics pretend he should) by the physical ascension, he gives us the infinitely more appropriate and more impressive last command of his departing Lord, simple as words could express it, but universal and comprehensive in its incidence as the sound of the last angel, "Follow thou me." Pity it is that a professed commentator has added three verses to a Gospel that terminated so emphatically.

The entire writings of the beloved disciple, his Gospel, letters, and Apocalypse, are but the embodiment of his own peculiar and intellectual temperament in as far as it was (notwithstanding its humanity) in strict affinity with that of his Divine Teacher, and are devoted to the inculcation of those higher and more spiritual truths, of which the divinity of the word, and the light which was from the beginning, the unity with the Father, the certainty of the resurrection, and the love and unity of the church, were the principal. Whatever might have been the time or the occasion on which those doctrines found their way to Italy, certain it is that they obtained the most perfect response in the heart of the first Christian community there. Unfortunately the literature of the early church has been lost to us, but we may see how deeply the new teaching had struck its roots, by its being reflected and reproduced in every form which pictorial or plastic art could make available; it entered exclusively and universally into the decorations of the churches, the cemeteries, the jewellery, and even the common household implements of the people. This will be seen instanced in the cut on the preceding page of a lamp, on which is represented the seven golden candlesticks, or "the seven lamps which are the seven spirits of God," from the Revelation; also in the rings with the Alpha and the Omega, and the anchor of the soul, amongst the jewellery; again in two beautiful illustrations of the good shepherd, the one in which a wolf is represented as attacking the sheep being evidently suggested by the passage, "My sheep shall never perish, neither shall any pluck them out of my hand." The allegory in this last is also added to by the introduction of the tree of life, and the mystic ΙΧΘΟΥΣ, the secret symbol for the name of Jesus Christ—a sign that, owing to its real meaning being veiled from the pagan multitude, was evidently in use among the members of the Christian community as a means of recognition. Hence we see it in the signet ring, and again expressed under the actual form of a fish, bearing the bread and the water of life, also on the preceding page.

Our Lord, as the protecting shepherd, is shown in the illustrations mentioned above; as the way and the truth, He is typified in numberless representations giving the word to his disciples, examples of which will be included in the next number of the *Art-Journal*. As "the resurrection and the life," in Cut 7, He is depicted in a work of a singular order of merit, considering the time in which it was executed. A great part of the face is unfortunately obliterated, but enough remains to show not only a likeness of the true type, but an attempt at a high order of expression; and of the attitude it is sufficient to say that it has been adopted by every generation of artists in delineating the same subject from that time to the present. In the beautiful vision of the resurrection by Fra Angelica, in the Louvre, the action of the principal figure is an exact reproduction of this. Judging from the place this picture was taken from, in the catacombs of St. Agnese, its attempted obliteration,* and from the absence of symbol, it would appear to belong to an early period in the second century; certainly it is older than the third age of the church.

* The cause of the obliteration of so many of the pictures of our Lord in the catacombs will be referred to afterwards.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE ARMOURER.

H. Leys, Painter. J. Godfey, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 1 ft. 6 in. by 1 ft. 3 in.

Since the establishment in London of the annual exhibitions of modern foreign paintings, and the introduction of similar works into the provincial galleries,—such as those of Manchester, Liverpool, and Birmingham, where, within the last two years, they have formed no inconsiderable part of the collections,—the pictures of Henry Leys have become well-known in England; and deservedly so, for they possess qualities not often found in the works of those continental artists who devote themselves to *genre* painting, and that class of historical subject which partakes of the same character: in his own country he holds a very distinguished rank. Leys was born at Antwerp in 1814, and was a student in the academy of that city. His first appearance as an exhibitor was at the exposition of Brussels, in 1833, when he had scarcely reached his nineteenth year. The picture he sent was entitled 'The Massacre at Antwerp, in 1576;' it attracted much attention, and showed that the artist had carefully studied in the school of the best ancient masters of the Low Countries, while it evidenced talent which promised much for the future. Between the years 1833 and 1836 he produced some works that far exceeded the hopes his most sanguine friends had entertained of him. After exhibiting at Antwerp, in 1834, a picture called '*Un Combat des Chaperons blancs sous Philippe-le-bon*,' he sent to the *salon* of Brussels, in 1836, three paintings, 'The Massacre of the Magistrates of Louvain, in 1379;' 'A Fortune-teller predicting to a Bandit Chief the death that awaits him;' and 'A Family defending themselves against an Attack of Spaniards, in the sixteenth century.' The first-named of these pictures, especially, called forth the highest praises from contemporaneous critics, for the spirit and boldness of the composition, its truth of action, its marvellous colouring and *chiaroscuro;* it astonished every one to see that an artist so young, for Leys was then only twenty-two, could have produced a work that would have done honour to a veteran. The two other pictures are small, but of a quality scarcely inferior to the larger one: the 'Bandit' scene is spoken of as worthy of Rembrandt.

Among the works exhibited in his own country shortly after those just referred to, were—'The Studio of Rembrandt,' 'Rich and Poor,' 'A Flemish Interior in the sixteenth century.' These productions well sustained the reputation the artist had acquired by his earlier works.

The mantle of one of the old Flemish painters seems to have fallen upon the shoulders of Leys when he was occupied on the picture of 'The Armourer.' In the days to which the subject carries us back, the artizan who worked at the forge was something more than an ordinary smith; he was often a real artist in metal, and welded rich armour for the steel-clad knight, as well as iron for the hoofs of his war-horse. The Flemish armour has always been celebrated for the "temper" of the metal, and the exquisite finish and delicacy with which the finest examples are wrought; the forges of Liège, Antwerp, and Bruges sent out equipments in which the bravest warriors of Europe, and the most distinguished sovereigns, were proud to encase themselves. It is the interior of one of these famed workshops which is here represented; it seems to be divided into two parts—that in the foreground for the superior kind of manufacture, and that in the background for the more common description. In the former are lying about various pieces of armour, and on the table are some ornamental objects in metal; in the latter is the armourer's assistant, who appears to be examining some article brought by the woman, probably for repair.

There is an immense amount of detail in this picture, painted with extreme care and elaboration, which is carried so far as to give a not very agreeable appearance to the texture of the work: in technical phraseology it looks "liney;" much of this, however, the engraver has judiciously got rid of. It is a dark picture, with an effect such as we find in most of the works of Rembrandt.

'The Armourer' is in the Collection at Windsor.



THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

1861.

This exhibition was opened on Monday, the 11th of February, with a catalogue of six hundred and thirty-five pictures, and fifteen sculptural pieces. Judging the character of the collection by its prominent works, it is about equal to the best we have seen here of late years. That is, however, saying little: the Institution has grievously degenerated; the artists have lost all confidence in the management; no one is responsible—there is utter ignorance as to who does the work; the whole business of gathering and hanging seems left to chance; the consequence is, that those who have prospects of success elsewhere decline to be contributors here. Year after year, therefore, the exhibition consists of "mediocrities"—with here and there a good work, "a Triton among the minnows." No one is content, and the Institution does little or nothing to advance Art. If things endure as they are, if all hope of improvement is forbidden, the abandonment of the Institution would be no calamity. We have again and again urged these views on the Directors—without effect: the list contains the names of many of the most esteemed and respected noblemen and gentlemen of the kingdom, but they give no heed to the establishment to which they lend their honoured names; we believe few, if any of them, ever see the exhibition until it is opened to the public. Surely it is high time that something should be done to remodel the British Institution.*

Some of the landscape and quasi-city views are of high class; they all speak of earnest study—work early and work late—painting a small feature of some desiderated phase of nature, and waiting patiently for weeks for its repetition. That there are men who do this we know; and those who do not follow their example, will labour in vain in the twilight of their own studios. In all our figure pictures the domestic has superseded the poetic, as melodrama and farce have thrust off the boards the "legitimate" drama; but in this we are not singular—in every school in Europe painting, Hermione-like, has stepped off the historic tripod: thus, in the following summary will be found a various compound of the threadbare and the commonplace.

No. 1. 'Seville,' R. Ansdell, A.R.A. Again Sevilla—*muy leal y noble;* but Seville is not the picture,—all we see of the city being the Moorish filigreed tower of the cathedral, topped by the famous Giralda. The subject is a halt at a fountain by a mule driver, by whose side, standing by the drinking-trough, is protruded the head of an honest, hard-working ox. On the right sits a woman selling fruit, and these, with the mules, make up the picture, which is what is called a "gallery piece." The anxiety of the painter has been to be punctiliously accurate in all the properties, and they are faultless; but the composition is crowded, and this has been overlooked in the realization of nationality and supplementary material. The surfaces are under the tyranny of an arbitrary vehicle—perhaps copal.

No. 2. 'The Gipsy Mother,' C. Dukes. A woman seated, nursing her child; more complete than anything that has lately appeared under this name.

No. 4. 'Abbeville,' L. J. Wood. The old Abbey of St. Vulfran is of course here the chief feature, with a section of ancient houses, less tenderly dealt with than is the habitude of this painter. A little more this way, and out of the picture, used to be over the door of one of the houses of entertainment, "Here we do take the English in;" the interpretation of the legend always appeared in the bill. No. 24, 'Malines,' by the same artist, is a happier essay; the feature here is, of course, the tower of the *Metropole*.

No. 5. 'The Tag-Shepherd,' F. W. Keyl. What a *tag*-shepherd may be we are at a loss to know; he looks, however, much like another shepherd. The subject is a piece of the Downs, like the scenery below Lewes. These pasture slopes are really so wonderfully painted—so real, we mean—that the picture might be walked upon with impunity.

No. 9. 'Baby's Breakfast,' G. Smith. This is a conclusion such as cannot be arrived at without a fine apprehension of the beautiful. The incident is simply a cottage mother feeding her child upon her knee, the bread and milk being held by an elder child. Commonplace enough as to subject, but by no means common as to the manner of the art. There is space enough for the group, and there is no other perfect form to diminish its importance. The light focus, and the declension of the degrees from it, are extremely skilful; the colour is powerful but unobtrusive, because harmonious; and few artists could afford to leave bits of prominent outline here and there so muzzy, so cunningly, carefully indefinite.

No. 20. 'Art Critics in Brittany,' A. Solomon. From these simple people the artist may have extracted some very plain opinions. They are assembled in laughing conclave in front of the easel of some wandering painter: the figures are well painted, characteristic, and full of expression.

No. 23. 'Michael Angelo's Visit to Venice,' A. Greppi. This artist does not appear to have been accustomed to "expose" his works among others that have been painted in the agonies of competition for colour and effect. We are abreast of the library, and the water is covered with boats, in one of which a dark figure represents Michael Angelo. The painter might have introduced more colour into his work. He paints his gondolas black; it was not, we believe, until after the time of Michael Angelo that the government, to check the luxury of the Venetians, promulgated and enforced the order that all gondolas should be painted black.

No. 27. 'Anglers,' E. T. Parris. Warmth, mellowness, breadth of colour, and breadth of tone, are the characteristics of this little picture, which, in its sunny softness, has reference to points that were aspirations with the departed, rather than the living members of our landscape school.

No. 29. 'New England Scenery, America,' J. F. Cropsey. There is much vigour, and a strong sense of justice to nature, in all this excellent artist does. His works are always deeply interesting, as well as novel and striking, and possess many of the best qualities of Art.

No. 33. 'Circumstantial Evidence,' W. Hemsley. The evidence is that of a well picked bone lying on the floor of a cottage kitchen, whence is got up a charge of theft against a dog that tries to look innocent and unconscious. There are two firmly painted figures in the picture, which is throughout harmonious in colour and well considered in composition.

No. 37. 'Sunbeams,' G. Lance. English hothouse fruit is readily distinguishable from that which, in its wilder luxuriance, supplies continental painters with models. The sunlight here is a charming passage, vivified by the mastery of the shaded portion. Into the composition enters a part of an old brick wall, in the nooks and crannies of which the garden spider will establish himself in the summer months.

Nos. 38 and 39 are, respectively, 'Once a Week' and 'All the Year Round,' J. Hayllar. A peripatetic knife-grinder, at church "once a week,"—at his grinding machine "all the year round:" minute even to a gray hair.

No. 46. 'The Sunny Side,' T. Danby. Here is not only the rhythm of the art of painting, but the sentiment of song in a full measure. It is but a river, with a high wooded bank on the further side, and on this a flat shore; but it has something more Arcadian than the poets ever dreamt of. Its hilarious sunshine takes us out of this "rag and famish" world. The figures, the trees, the boat's sail, are all extremely beautiful in form.

No. 51. 'A September Morning—Mount's Bay, Cornwall,' J. Mogford. The perfect accomplishment of the purpose proposed here, and the feeling of the rendering, evidence a power beyond that shown in antecedent works.

No. 52. 'Teresina,' Frank Wyburd. Scarcely will this work be attributed to the painter of 'Amy Robsart,' 'Janet Foster,' and 'Undine'—less to him of the 'Fisherman's Wife'(?) of last year. Colour and softness have given way to a composition of most substantial presence. But we read in the picture—remembering what has gone before it—the tale of a dire struggle to avoid falling into mannerism.

No. 53. 'A German Flower Girl,' W. Gale. A head—pretty, but scarcely, as a picture, worthy of the name under which it appears.

No. 59. 'Coaxing,' E. Davis. A surface much like enamel appears in parts of this work. It shows a little girl on her grandfather's knee; and the title is made literal enough by the child's caresses. Some parts of the draperies look as if painted without reference to a reality; but, withal, the picture is very conscientiously elaborated.

No. 62. 'The Villa d'Este, Tivoli,' F. Lee Bridell. In examples of Art like this, painting comes very near to poetry in force of expression. Here is the suppression of as much of the material as might vitiate the sentiment, with, on the other hand, a certain prominence given to forms which exalt the tone of the argument. We are placed on one of the terraces, whence, on the left, appears the villa famous for its frescoes illustrating the history of Tivoli. The treatment is simple, but most impressive.

No. 66. 'A Quiet Shot,' E. J. Niemann. The title here is a derogation from the grand style of the picture, the material of which is a foreground incumbered with rocks like the ruins of a shattered world, and shut in by mountains draped with dark and sullen clouds, that are presumed to cast a black veil over parts of the landscape. The quiet shot is about to be taken, by a sportsman, at a herd of deer, that look suspicious of coming evil.

No. 67. 'An Offering,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A. The title is curt and unsatisfactory. The picture presents simply a goat bound and laid upon a pile, as if for a burnt offering, according to Leviticus ix. 15, "And he took the goat, which was the sin offering for the people, and slew it, and offered it for sin, as the first." In any of his essays Sir E. Landseer never approaches a second time anything he has previously done, and this is certainly far enough away from everything that has preceded it. Many of his works point allusion beyond the surface of the canvas. If Sir E. Landseer feel that there are shortcomings in the Royal Academy which require expiation—here it is.

No. 73. 'Harvest,' H. Dawson. The rain-cloud sunset, which this artist paints, is, to us, a disagreeable effect, because it is *too* true. The light and air of this sky make us forget the paint, and this is something, for Mr. Dawson does not spare it. The sky makes the ground, with its wealth of yellow sheaves, look thin and spare, but we see in the beauties of

* We direct here the reader's attention to a letter on this subject, by W. P. Frith, Esq., R.A., and printed in another part of the *Art-Journal*. It was received after the above paragraph was written.

the work the result of late and early painting, working bit by bit to the end—a conclusion with an incontrovertible expression of truth.

No. 80. 'Near Burnham Beeches,' G. Sant. The water and ground here are admirable, but the sky is not so happy.

No. 83. 'Namur,' G. C. Stanfield. We are placed here close to the fork where the Sambre and the Meuse meet, looking over to the ancient and picturesque town, which hangs *à l'amphithéâtre* on the opposite height. Any cutler or hardwareman in the place might lay his finger on his own house, so conscientiously is the whole made out.

No. 84. 'St. Peter's, Rome' (painted on the spot), T. Jones Barker. A small picture, in which we have, as prominent objects, St. Peter's on the right, and the Castel St. Angelo on the left; we are outside the walls, and therefore approaching the city with the Monte Vaticano on our right. The sunlight effect is forcible.

No. 90. 'Vierlander Peasants—the Love Spell,' P. Levin. The object here is to show accuracy of local costume, which after all, in a case of this kind, is really very secondary. It is the old story of the flower oracle.

No. 98. 'Wanton Calves,' F. W. Keyl. The wantonness of these animals consists in having broken a fence, and, of course, feeding upon thorns and briars, coarser food than that which they have quitted. No animals can be better painted than these calves; they put the herbage around them out of countenance.

No. 100. 'The Sea Shore,' W. Gale. The bright green mounds—on which the little girl in this picture stands *sautent aux yeux*—supersede everything in the composition. The figure is as interesting as are always those in the works of this painter.

No. 103. 'Arabs,' A. Cooper, R.A. How often soever it may be that Mr. Cooper's figures are questioned, it is not often that his horses are disqualified. It must, however, be said here, that the chest of the principal horse is too heavy.

No. 104. Finished design for 'Full Ripe,' G. Lance. One of those small, sketchy looking, yet carefully finished studies, of which Mr. Lance has exhibited several of late.

No. 105. 'On Hampstead Heath,' E. C. Williams. Of the entire Campagna of London, Hampstead Heath is most abundantly stored with paintable material. This nook might be a hundred miles from the great metropolis.

No. 106. 'Swaledale, Richmond in the Distance,' E. J. Niemann. The small pictures of Mr. Niemann are infinitely preferable to his large ones. We look up the Swale and see the old castle, on the left bank, sparkling in the distance. It is one of the best of its author's minor essays.

No. 107. 'The Fair Neapolitan,' A. Johnston. To give more than common value and interest to a single head, is a task to a master of the art. This is a very simple study, but its very simplicity, with its life-like and transparent colour, constitutes its beauty.

No. 110. 'Sunset at Sea,' H. Dawson. The phase is similar to that in the harvest picture,—the sun dipping behind a cloud. We are not far "at sea," for there is even in the foresea a frigate at anchor. The sky and the water are unexceptionable.

No. 111. 'Felice Ballarin reciting Tasso to the people of Chioggia' (painted for engraving), F. Goodall, A.R.A. This is a small copy of the picture exhibited a year or two ago at the Academy. It is a forcible memento of the picture, with all its picturesque heads and figures.

No. 113. 'Sporting Companions,' H. Weekes. These are part of a pack of harriers, that seem just to have concluded their day's run. The persons, and especially the heads of the dogs, are so curiously individualized, as to show that each is a portrait.

No. 121. 'Narcissus,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A. It is refreshing to meet with a picture of this class. Art has become so commercial, that it is unprofitable to do else than paint down to the commonest work-day intelligence. This is an elegant idea, and a pity that it should have been thrown away on a small picture. The picture presents three nymphs, standing by the brink of a pool, and contemplating the flower into which Narcissus has been turned. The figures are admirable.

No. 128. 'Arcade, Genoa,' and 'Brunecken, Tyrol,' J. Holland. These pendant sketches are low in tone, but broad and most agreeable in colour.

No. 143. 'Evening — Seaford Bay,' E. Hayes, A.R.H.A. This pretty bay is painted with a sentiment coincident with the first term of the title. The settled tranquillity is broken only by the whisper of the ripple, as it breaks on the sand.

No. 144. 'Early Sorrow,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A. The sorrow is that of a little girl, who is weeping over her dead canary. The figure is fresh and bright in colour.

No. 151. 'Tintern Abbey, and the Valley of the Wye,' H. Jutsum. In painting broadly local greens, great experience is necessary to treat them harmoniously. They are effectively mellowed here by air and sunlight. We see the Abbey from the opposite bank of the river. It is presented under an evening effect, beautifully in harmony with the subject. Indeed, there is more poetry in the picture than has been seen in any of Mr. Jutsum's recent works.

No. 153. 'Moorland Path, Burnham, Bucks,' A. MacCallum. The entire field described in this composition looks like the exhausted site of an ancient forest. The hard inequalities in the ground are minutely modelled, and every feature formally rendered; the whole being lighted by an autumn sun, according to the evidence of the dead leaves.

No. 155. 'Summer Showers,' G. A. Williams. The motive is successfully placed in the sky: that is the telling part of the picture. The *locale* is Rochester, viewed from some point above the bridge.

No. 162. 'Rose and Verbena,' T. Worsey. The bits of auxiliary rock may or may not be true;—be this as it may, it is a piece of fascinating painting, and the flowers are really equal to anything that has ever been done in this department, though the greens are somewhat too metallic.

No. 164. 'Morning in the Viescher Thal—Going up to the high pasturage,' Harry Johnson. The material of this composition could be nothing but Alpine. The scene is a rocky ravine—a cleft in the bones of the earth. Without seeing the picture, it might be assumed that the sun would be already lighting the snowy heights: and so it is. The bright pink hues shine forth from the maiden peaks; but the effect is given at some sacrifice, the whole of the intermediate sections of the composition being kept down, to force the lighted points.

No. 168. 'The Close of Day—Ben Mac Dui,' A. J. Stark. The immediate subject is a dead stag, lying on the mountain side. A substantial and effective study of the animal.

No. 169. 'The Studio of Rembrandt,' J. Gilbert. Nobody will attempt Rembrandt after this. The versatility of this painter is something like that of the familiar who so complacently removed the roofs of the houses, according to Lesage, for Don Cleofas Leandro, &c., the student with the catalogue of high-toned Spanish names. Rembrandt's studio! Who would have thought that any man would have succeeded in such a theme? Let Mr. Gilbert try the Boar's Head in Eastcheap next, *temp.* Henry IV. We are introduced when Rembrandt is taking a first sitting (that is seen through the canvas) of that famous Burgomistress whom we all know so well, and whom we have seen at the British Institution;—sour exceedingly, even more so than the duenna in Leslie's picture of Sancho and the Duchess. The great master stands before his easel in a dirty red robe, wearing the hideous cap that he commonly covered with. Most earnestly is he eyeing that starch, grim old woman; and his working attitude, piercing eye, and firm hand, all tell how fast he is painting. Nothing in the room looks new: even the master's hair is rusty, from the frequency of its having been painted. Everything in that room has done its duty. What an easel! and what a canvas!—that has clearly been stretched by Mrs. Rembrandt, who is now engaged in adjusting the sour old woman's drapery. Mr. Gilbert has possessed himself of a copy of that famous bill of sale in which were finally entered many of the studio properties lying about the room. Upon some of these faces Mr. Gilbert must have dwelt a whole quarter of an hour! But enough;—fare thee well, great master of the leger-de-main of the Art; we shall long remember thee in thy den.

No. 176. 'La Dent Blanche, from Evolena, Canton Valois,' Frank Dillon. Another Alpine gorge, with the "Dent Blanche" telling in the pink sunlight,—and very successful as a description of this effect.

No. 185. 'The Omnibus—One in, one out,' T. M. Joy. An incident in omnibus travelling. A young lady, desirous of entering the vehicle, but doubtful whether she can fulfil the terms of the conductor's proposition: the conveyance looks full. The situation is literally described.

No. 188. 'Campagna di Roma,' G. E. Hering. The tract of country, with its own peculiar features, and all the traces of a great historical period, can never be mistaken. In the nearest site a bridge crosses a sluggish stream, and the flat expanse is bounded in the distance by the Apennines.

No. 196. 'A lazy Girl,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A. The "Eastward, Ho!" and the works that have followed it, have effected a remarkable change in Mr. O'Neil's manner. All his small works used to be finished with the utmost nicety; but this seems to have been raked in with a currycomb.

No. 202. 'Fruit' (painted from nature), Miss E. H. Stannard. This, and No. 542, another fruit composition under the same title, are extremely happy in their imitation of the reality.

MIDDLE ROOM.

No. 207. 'Clifton,' E. J. Niemann. Again, the smaller works of Mr. Niemann are the most pleasing. The point of view here is from the cliffs overhanging the Avon, looking upon, and down, the river, and across the Bristol Channel to the opposite Welsh coast. The description is faithful.

No. 210. 'The Wife of the Water Carrier—Trying on the Jewels,' A. F. Patten. The story is from Washington Irving's "Tales of the Alhambra," and it is set forth here literally according to the title. A dirty, ragged, sluttish gipsy, of the highest degree of pictorial quality, is decking her head with diamonds, and attitudinizing before her glass. The pleasure and gratification gleaming in the face is a masterpiece of expression, and the drawing and pose of the figure are beyond all praise; it is so difficult to get a model to maintain such a position with any spirit.

No. 219. 'The Homely Meal,' H. R. Roberts. Simply a boy sitting in the "ingle" nook discussing a porringer of broth or brose. The picture is broad and low in tone.

No. 222. 'Fisher Boy,' J. G. Naish. The boy himself is satisfactory enough, but if the sea and the other objects around him had been more simply painted, the entire composition had been much more intelligible.

No. 227. 'An Italian boy with Monkey—Luncheon Time,' Gustave Girardot. The manner of working shown in this face has much of the timid character that arises from copying. The feeling is rather Italian than French. Other parts, however, of the work are well drawn and painted.

No. 229. 'Scotch Lambs, Colley, and Puppy,' G. Horlor. These "lambs" are sufficiently well fleeced and horned to be sheep; there are two of them: the colley is playing with her pup,—she is not so well represented as the sheep.

No. 230. 'A Covert of Old Trees,' T. J. Soper. Difficult though it be to shake off a vicious method, this artist has succeeded in escaping from his heavy and opaque leafage. The place is a piece of road, screened in and overhung by trees, which are treated with much freshness of tint.

No. 231. 'Lights and Shadows of the Way-side,' J. A. Houston, R.S.A. These lights and shadows are represented by an old woman who stands begging, with a lucifer match-box in her hand—that is the *shade*. She is relieved by a little girl dressed in the excess of the prevailing fashion for children—she is the *light*. The contrast between the two is carried even to the manner of the painting. The old woman is unexceptionable.

No. 238. 'Cattle Reposing,' H. Weekes, jun. These cows are taken for better for worse—there is no casting about for pretty models. Thus are they set before us with all their personal flaws and marks, telling us their ages respectively, and what family they have. The dozing heads of the animals are unexceptionable.

No. 240. 'Near Portmadoc, North Wales,' H. Brittan Willis. In this, also a cattle picture, the agroupment is arranged studiously with reference to effect of colour, in which this artist is especially successful. The cattle are backed by mountains and an expanse of hill pasture—but the animals constitute the picture.

No. 244. 'The Woods of Sweet Chestnut above Varenna, Lake of Como' (study from nature), F. Lee Bridell. The subject is not tempting for those whose taste is challenged only by the "pretty." A passage of wooded upland scenery, with no remarkable feature to recommend it, must depend upon a sentimental treatment, if the picture is to be in anywise impressive. This landscape is presented to us under the aspect of deepening twilight, and the result realized is grand and solemn. It appears to have been painted entirely on the spot. There is as much local veracity as in Poussin, but more sentiment.

No. 245. 'The Young Chief's Bridal Day,' J. Ritchie. The figures in this large composition are less sharp and persistently prominent than others we have seen in works exhibited under this name. It is highly elaborated, and shows the young chief and his bride coming forth among his clansmen and retainers, who are assembled beneath the old trees in front of his mansion to do him homage. It is altogether in better feeling than all that has preceded it by the same hand.

No. 246. 'A Scene in Holland,' J. W. Carmichael. This is Rotterdam; the noble tower of the Church of St. Lawrence is before us, with a canal crowded with market-boats, leading the eye to the church as a principal point. The amount of labour is enormous—labour of a kind which only appears on close examination. The boats are drawn, rigged, and floated in a manner that has never been accomplished in any other similar works that have ever come under our notice. It is market day, and both on the water and the quays there is a sparkling animation that harmonises effectively with the sunny effect of the scene. Notwithstanding the nicety of finish that prevails throughout the whole, the composition is everywhere broad and atmospheric.

No. 256. 'Girl of Brittany,' E. J. Cobbett. She sits in profile at work, wearing a white cap of the peculiar shape prevalent in one of the districts of Brittany. Everything is suppressed and lowered in tone except the head, which is hence the point of the picture.

No. 258. 'La Fleur de Lis,' J. H. S. Mann. The flower is held in the hand of a poor child, who earnestly offers it for sale. She wears the Breton costume, and stoops over her basket of flowers, with her head turned to the left with much earnestness of expression. The head of this little girl is infinitely sweet—a *capo d'opera* of this class of art.

No. 270. 'Bovignes on the Meuse,' G. C. Stanfield. Mr. Stanfield is remarkably fortunate in his selection of materials; few of his subjects are at all commonly known. This is not less picturesque than any, nor will it suffer in comparison with the best of his works.

No. 271. 'Rus in Urbe,' E. C. Barnes. The professedly punning title is illustrated by a countryman, who has fallen among London thieves, who are fleecing him of his bank-notes; but the mistake is, he does not look sufficiently well conditioned to be possessed of bank-notes.

No. 280. 'Kurdish Irregular Cavalry reconnoitering near Kars,' T. Jones Barker. This large picture we have seen and noticed before.

No. 294. 'The Edge of Wimbledon Common,' J. Peel. Another subject from the Campagna di Londra, and a view that will not lose by comparison with any piece of flat scenery in Europe.

No. 295. 'The Broken Window-pane,' Miss E. Brownlow. The incident and its consequences are clearly shown.

No. 296. 'A Cottage at Pyrford, Surrey,' F. W. Hulme. The subject is simple enough, but it is celebrated with much elegance of feeling and neatness of description. The red-tiled house, the trees, the shred of garden, with its complement of flowers and horticultural items, are all detailed with a feeling which carries the beautiful into the most ordinary objects.

No. 298. 'Travelling, Past and Present,' T. M. Joy. That is, travelling in 1760 and 1860; the contrast between a man in a mask presenting, at the coach window, a pistol, and demanding your purse, and a man without a mask quietly asking you for your ticket. It is all pointedly told, but the 1760 picture is, perhaps, too much like Frith's version of the same thing.

No. 300. 'On the Coast, Cornwall,' W. Hemsley. The sunny light and sparkle of this little picture are perfectly sustained through the entire composition. It represents some coast children playing with a crab.

No. 301. 'A Neapolitan Peasant: Thoughts of Home,' Gustave Girardot. It is much too large for a subject so unimportant—a peasant standing with his bagpipe under his arm.

No. 308. 'The Household Ingle,' J. Morgan. We see nothing of the ingle, its existence is supposititious. There is, however, a group consisting of a materfamilias, her baby in its cradle, and an elder boy on the floor by her side; the principal figure comes well out, but the painting looks crude.

No. 313. 'The Note Book,' J. D. Wingfield. A girl standing reading; the face is well coloured, warm, and life-like.

No. 316. 'The Sermon,' J. B. Burgess. These are but two figures, an old rustic labourer and his wife, but we see that they are in church. They are standing in the aisle, having approached the pulpit the better to hear the discourse, for the old man is deaf. All these circumstances are clearly set forth, and the two heads are perfect in character, and most careful in execution.

No. 317. 'The Thames at Wargrave, Berks,' H. B. Gray. This material is rather domestic than picturesque; we are clearly within the domain of some river-side habitation; but the placing of the objects, and their treatment, are highly satisfactory.

No. 324. 'Evening on the Lagunes of Venice,' G. Pettitt. The object here is to give as much as possible of the light of the golden sunset. The line of view runs parallel with the Riva degli Schiavoni, but much beyond it, placing the San Giorgio in the distance as a principal object. The artist has proposed a glowing picture, and he has succeeded.

No. 339. 'London from the Thames in 1861,' J. Danby. Verily some of these "below bridge" pictures are among the best of their time. The point of view here is from the Surrey shore, nearly opposite the Custom House. The sun, reddened and enriched by the London atmosphere, hangs just over London Bridge, which is but faintly seen, though we are so near it. The square and perpendicular warehouses on the right are superseded by a quantity of craft, just sufficient for the purpose, and by successions of finely felt gradations, the eye is led round to the principal objects. It is altogether a performance of very high class.

No. 348. 'From the Hill Side,' W. Duffield. The feature of this composition is a "fat buck," which is served up with a garniture of game and a variety of still-life items. In the importance given to this class of subject, the painter vies with the Dutchmen, but in execution he excels them.

No. 355. 'The Duet,' W. J. Muckley. The picture is placed high, but it is brilliant, and appears carefully finished.

No. 364. 'Bridge near Beddgelert,' P. West Elen. The subject is well chosen, and better painted than any late works of the artist.

No. 369. 'Burial of Charles I. in St. George's Chapel, 1648' (finished study for a large picture), C. Lucy. If the artist carries into his large work the quality that he has secured in this study, the result will be the best of his productions.

No. 377. 'A Burn on the Moor, Isle of Arran,' G. E. Hering. An admirable study, rising into favourable comparison with some of the most serious of the Dutch painters.

Of the pictures in the South Room there remains space to mention only some of them by their titles, as No. 385, 'A Scene in Leigh Woods,' J. Syer; No. 386, 'The Cow Shed,' B. Herring; No. 405, 'I'm Going a Milking, Sir, she said,' J. D. Wingfield; No. 407, 'A Coast Scene,' H. T. Dawson, Jun.; No. 411, 'Preparing for Dinner;' No. 424, 'The Gem,' A. J. Woolmer; No. 429, 'A Little Eastern;' No. 430, 'On the Lago Maggiore,' G. E. Hering; No. 435, Scene from 'Le Diable Boiteux,' J. H. S. Mann, &c.

The sculptural works are—No. 636, 'Non Angli sed Angeli,' T. Sharp; No. 637, 'Maidenhood,' J. Hancock; No. 638, 'The Novice,' T. Earle; No. 639, 'Moses breaking the Tablets,' J. Long; No. 640, 'Ideal Bust of a Warrior,' W. D. Jones; No. 641, 'One of the Surrey Volunteers,' W. J. O'Doherty; No. 642, 'Satan addressing the Sun,' F. D. H. Browne; No. 643, 'Mother's Joy'—marble, Alexander Munro; No. 645, 'From Lalla Rookh,' J. S. Westmacott; 'Rachel,' E. Bennett; No. 647, 'The May Queen,' G. Halse; No. 648, 'A Shepherd'—marble, F. Thrupp; 'Charity'—marble, Torello Ambuchi; No. 650, 'Cupid caught flying,' E. Davis.

These productions are mingled—marble and plaster—and, for their limited number, of many qualities.

THE

SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS.

A GLANCE at this exhibition is enough to show that the quality of the works of which it consists is much superior to that of former years. This season copies are "conspicuous" by their absence, the space which they have hitherto occupied being more worthily filled by original works. Indeed, the time will shortly come when copying will be but little practised even by ladies, for the earnestness with which they seem now to work will enable them to realize their own conceptions. In this, as in every exhibition of works of Art, there is a proportion of mediocrity; but inasmuch as every exhibition derives its tone from the fairest proportion of its contents, it is not our purpose, nor have we space, to dwell upon the questionable productions of the collection. The easiest kind of criticism is a sneer; the most difficult an expressed discrimination of the real beauties of Art. It is much to be regretted that broad white margins on the water-colour side of the room are still so prevalent; they not only injure the general effect, but suggest, in reference to the artists, a diffidence in their powers. The addition of a number of French works is a new and striking feature; while the works of the members and usual contributors are far in advance of antecedent efforts; the drawing generally is firmer, and the execution and dispositions show a command of the means of composition, greater than has hitherto appeared in their pictures. In compliance with a request of the ladies of the committee, Baron de Triqueti, the eminent sculptor of the French school, has permitted the exhibition of his chalkelephantine vase, a work we have previously noticed.

Mrs. ELIZABETH MURRAY (late of Teneriffe) is again a prominent contributor; her works are (139), 'Lost and Won: Gamblers in the Campagna of Rome;' a party of young Italian rustics, two boys and a girl, the former of whom have been gambling, and the winner exults while the loser weeps. No. 158, 'A Spanish Scribe reading the Gipsy's Love-letter,' is this lady's *cheval de bataille*. It is a large drawing, representing the abiding nook of the scribe in some Andalusian city, it may be. The man has seen much literary service, and comes down to us in the threadbare livery of the Muses through a long vista of years; but he still wears his hat jauntily, and reads pointedly at the gipsy, whose emotions are stirred by the matter he communicates. Besides the scribe and the nut-brown heroine, there is a gallant muleteer, a girl of the scribe's family, and a black boy eating an orange. The drawing is remarkable for its dash, independence of manner, and very spirited incident. No. 193, 'A Neapolitan Girl going to the Festival,' is a joyous creature already anticipating, in her overflowing hilarity, the pleasures of the day; she is beating a tambourine, and dancing to her own music. This is certainly one of the most successful single figures Mrs. MURRAY has ever exhibited. Beside these there are (227) 'Two Little Monkeys,' and portraits of 'Temple, the son of H. J. Murray, Esq., H.B.M. Consul at Portland, U.S.,' and of 'Garibaldi'—a drawing from the life. The works of this lady add greatly to the interest of the exhibition.

'An Arran Reaper' (183), Miss GILLIES, is a girl wearing one of the sun-bonnets common in some parts of these islands, and especially in Arran, trussed up so as to form an extremely effective head-gear. The figure has all the beauty and interest that can be given to such a study without passing the pale of rustic incident. Conceptions of rusticity are too frequently interpreted by an exterior that has no power of expression beyond its own coarseness. The sweetness of this figure is by no means an inconsistent attribute of humble life. 'Edith and Major Bellenden (153) watching from the battlements of the castle the approach of the Life Guards.' Both these figures are in profile, with features marked with an intensity of expression that fills the imagination with the military state below. Miss Gillies exhibits also (273) 'A Gipsy Girl,' and 'At the Spring (288).' Mrs. BACKHOUSE, another early contributor to these exhibitions, has sent some brilliant studies of children in humble life, which, in the best qualities of water-colour art, are equal to anything of the kind we have ever seen; these are (175) 'Deux sous la pièce,' a child offering for sale a basket of plums; (222) 'For our pie,' a child carrying some rhubarb stems so as to throw the large leaves above her head; (279) 'Nanny,' and 'Patient Waiting' (280). Madame PEYROL's (Juliette Bonheur) two pictures (oil) are examples of that kind of earnest study that prevails among a large section of the women of the French school. These are (52) 'Combat de Coqs,' and (75) 'Dindons,' and present a contrast in the stirring motive of the former, and the tranquil dignity of the latter. The 'Dindons' is, in the best sense of the word, a study marking a conquest over many chief difficulties in painting; the subject is unaspiring, but the low-toned brilliancy elicited in the treatment shows the composition to have been conducted according to the best principles of Art. In the cock-fight there is less sentiment, but the picture is admirable in colour, and *masterly* (that is, a *coup de maîtresse*) in execution. The combatants—two of the most curiously ugly birds that could have been selected from twenty *basses cours*—have just crossed rapiers, and are steadily eyeing each other for the first lunge. These are small pictures, but they are equal to the best of Madame Peyrol's works.

Under the name of LOUISE EUDES DE GUIMARD are five pictures, of which some are aspiring in character, as (1) 'La Captivité de Babylone,' a large work, dealt with in a manner far above all the minor tricks of the art; again (13), 'Une Laveuse,' (34) 'Le Tasse et la Princesse Eleanore,' (38) 'La Prière de l'Enfant,' 'L'enlèvement de Madame Beauharnais Miramion en Août, 1648,' all of which show that accuracy of drawing and firmness of execution which well-directed study alone can give. In (67) 'Tombs at Gadara—the Snowy Hermon in the distance,' Mrs. ROBERTON BLAINE, a sweeping breadth of shade shows a cherished contempt of all prettinesses, and a feeling exalted beyond the temptation of small infirmities—a desert solitude dimly seen in deepening twilight, with one spot in the distance, which the sun's light has not yet forsaken. This lady sends also other works, all distinguished by a vigorous, masculine decision of manner. By Mrs. W. OLIVER there are 'Near Pheffers, Switzerland' (54), 'On the Rhine' (170), and others, exhibiting a command of both oil and water-colour material. The landscapes (15) 'Loch Long, from Arrochar,' and (35) 'The Strath Bra'an Hills, Perthshire,' Mrs. J. B. BROWN, bear the fresh appearance of having been painted on the spot; and Mrs. J. T. LINNELL's 'Sheaves,' and (76) 'Margin of a Wood,' show how slight a subject may be worked into a powerful picture in well-instructed hands. 'The Gleaner' (49), ELLEN PARTRIDGE—a study of a child with her gatherings, is an extremely brilliant performance, much superior to all that has before appeared under this name. The contributions of FLORENCE PEEL are, as usual, various in *genre*, but her best is (179) 'A dead Wood-pigeon;' besides which she has sent (36) 'Aram Lilies,' and essays in landscape and portraiture. The versatility of this lady's power is remarkable; for her 'Dead Pigeon' in water-colour, her 'Aram Lilies' in oil, and 'Portrait of Mr. Hewitt' in chalk, are admirable examples of their respective *genres*. Mrs. WITHERS's 'Winter Berries' (165), and 'Lilies and Roses' (174), are executed with much sweetness of feeling; and Miss WALTER's flower compositions are fully up to the brilliancy and delicacy of nature—these are (127) 'Spring Flowers,' (149) 'Apple Blossom and Nest,' (158) 'Pomona's Gifts,' &c. 'Fruit' (133), Miss LANCE, is remarkable for colour and facility of manner. Mrs. E. D. MURRAY exhibits (39) 'Scarborough,' (58) 'A Calm,' (93) 'The South Stack Lighthouse,' &c.

Besides the French pictures noticed, there are yet others that deserve mention; as (28) 'Faust et Marguerite,' Madame O'CONNELL; (44) 'Le Repos,' (étude de cheval), Madlle. LOUISE L'ESCUYER—simply a grey horse, just unharnessed, drawn with character, and painted with power and an intimate knowledge of the means of effect; (60) 'Un enfant donnant à manger à un ane,' is a pendant by the same hand, and equally happy in treatment; (62) 'L'Oiseau,' Madame CROSSON, a child playing with a bird; (99) 'Les Reflets,' a small picture of two children standing at the brink of a pool, delicate and beautiful, both in colour and execution; and by the same, (74) 'Les Petits Artistes,' a small composition of much beauty.

By Lady Belcher are contributed three interesting drawings, (119) 'Furness Abbey,' (212) 'Marinella,' and (147) 'Hereford Cathedral.' 'Le Benedicite' (167), by EMMA BROWNLOW, a mother teaching her child to say its prayers, is an interesting and skilfully-executed work, though not in the best manner of the artist. Mrs. VALENTINE BARTHOLOMEW, an old contributor, exhibits two drawings, 'The Pet of the Family,' (118), and (128) 'The Basket of Eggs;' and by Mrs. HIGFORD BURR, (150) 'Vespers in the Chapel of the Sacro Speco,' is another of those highly finished works by this lady, that we have been accustomed to look for in these exhibitions. (162) 'A Street View in Salisbury,' LOUISE RAYNER, is somewhat opaque, and too patent in its finish; but the drawing and *chiaroscuro* are the work of an accomplished artist. (83) 'Saint Perpetua and Saint Felicitas,' Mrs. LEE BRIDELL, is the story of Vivia Perpetua and her slave, who suffered martyrdom A.D. 203. By the same artist there is a very successful study of a head in chalk (195). 'Old Houses, Sorrento' (182), and a 'View from Santa Lucia, Naples,' Miss WILKINSON, are made out in a broad and decided manner, which takes a very artist-like direction. No. 110, 'Please remember the Grotto,' and (120) 'Snowdrop,' are two interesting drawings by ADELAIDE BURGESS; and by Mrs. COL. KEATING there are some extremely well-executed pieces of still-life. 'My First Model' (271), FANNIE HOSEASON HALL, a small study, apparently of a little Welsh girl, is, for a "first model," painted with great firmness; and (247) 'The Bird Finder,' Miss HEWITT, is a drawing of much merit. (143) 'Golden Wealth,' (144) 'Vesuvius from the Strada Nuova,' are interesting contributions from Mrs. STURCH. On the pedestals are placed some highly-wrought miniatures by Madame LELOIR, CLARA E. F. KETTLE, and ALICIA LAIRD; and by Miss FRASER two exquisite drawings, 'The Burning of Rode's House,' and 'Standing to be Photographed.' We have before had occasion to call attention to the brilliancy of Miss Kettle's miniatures. The only piece of marble sculpture in the room is a 'Sleeping Child,' by Mrs. THORNYCROFT; the little figure is grouped with a dog, that seems to watch the infant sleeper, an incident given with striking truth. We repeat, that a careful examination of these works will be followed by the conviction, that the powers of women in Art only require an institution like this to mature a development which will place their productions on an equality with those of men.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LIV.—GEORGE EDWARDS HERING.



By no means among the least of the benefits conferred by the art of painting is the topographical knowledge we derive from it. It falls to the lot of very few, compared with the many, even in these days of easy and rapid transit, to journey beyond the limits of their native country: but Art, as it is now practised, brings every spot of beauty or interest home to us. Such are the wandering propensities of a large number of painters, and especially of our own—such their energy, their disregard of dangers and difficulties, their desire to see and to show to others whatever is rich and rare on the face of nature, or is known to fame by the records of history, that there is scarcely an accessible region, civilized or savage, throughout the world, unvisited by the artist, and which does not seem to be almost as familiar to those who tarry at home, and who have the opportunity of seeing the results of his travels, as the highways along which we daily walk to our ordinary avocations. Neither cold nor heat, height nor depth, distance nor climate, deters him from his task of persevering labours. In Art, as in all other matters, the resolution, courage, and love of adventure that form such powerful elements of action in the English character, enable him to triumph over all obstacles, and achieve results unapproached by the painters of other countries.

How ignorant, in comparison with ourselves, must our forefathers have been of much with which we are intimately acquainted! rarely venturing beyond the shores of England, except upon urgent claims of business, and travelling but little within the confines of their own country,—Art, yet in its infancy among them, restricted in its practice, and limited as to its diffusion,—their geographical and topographical knowledge was bounded by such information as the writings of travellers afforded. But no description, however graphically or eloquently narrated, can convey to the mind so impressive and truthful a representation as that which comes within the range of the eye: hence the painter's art assumes a value far beyond that of the author: hence, too, the painter and the engraver have, in these latter days, gathered around us all that is magnificent and beautiful in the natural world, all which is associated with the history of mankind in its brightest or darkest periods, and which our fathers knew only by name.

Among the painters of our school who, in early life, at least, was one of these travelling artists, is the subject of this notice, George Edwards Hering, whose father, a native of Germany, settled in London some years since, and carried on an extensive business as a bookbinder, gaining great distinction in this branch of trade by the taste and skill he brought to bear upon it; he was the "Hayday" of his time. The family name was originally Von Heringen, of the Grand Duchy of Brunswick, and the head of it bore rank as a baron, a title which the eldest lineal descendant might now claim, if he so chose, together with "an old bit of ruin and a few stinging-nettles, dignified as a castle and estate," as the subject of this notice once jocularly remarked to the writer. The elder Hering died when George, who was born in London, was very young; and a few years afterwards, while studying on the continent, he had the misfortune to lose his eldest brother, who had been to him a second father. As soon as he had reached the age when it was necessary to seek out a business or profession, he filled a situation in a banking-house for some short time, but left it in disgust, and obtained the consent of his family to let him study painting as a profession, a pursuit towards which he had the most intense desire. With this object in view he started for Munich, in the winter of 1829, skating and sleighing a large portion of the continental journey, with a light heart and a not very weighty purse, for he had determined to do the best he could for himself, and to be as far as possible independent. As his feelings and taste led him to adopt land-



ISOLA PISCATORI: LAGO MAGGIORE. [J. and G. P. Nichols.

scape painting, it seems strange he should have chosen Munich rather than England wherein to study it—England, whose landscape painters are unrivalled, and where nature and the climate combine to afford subjects so picturesque and varied, and effects so beautiful, that no country in the world can surpass them. Perhaps, however, the Teutonic blood in Mr. Hering's veins impelled him towards Germany, for it certainly could not have been the greater advantages it offered for the study of such art as he was desirous of gaining. Be this as it may, Munich was reached, and there the young artist remained for some time hard at work in the schools of the Academy, and meeting with many kind friends, among whom were the late Lord Erskine and his family, who showed him much attention. As Mr. Hering went to Munich for the purpose of studying portraiture, which his family wished him to practise, it is more than probable that a visit paid to the beautiful lakes and mountains of the Tyrol, in the company of his noble friends, induced him to change his views, and select landscape painting. Furnished with letters of introduction from his lordship, he proceeded to Venice, and stayed there two years, at the expiration of which he started on a wandering tour, visiting in turn all the chief cities of Italy, then the Adriatic, Constantinople, Smyrna, and other places in the East. Returning to Rome he there met with Mr. John Paget, and a mutual friend, Mr. Sanford; with these gentlemen he undertook a journey through Hungary, and Transylvania, to the Carpathian mountains. Mr. Paget's account of the tour, published, under the title of "Hungary and Transylvania," by Murray, is most interesting and instructive; Mr. Hering made the drawings which illustrate the work, and in the text he is very frequently referred to as "H—." On his return to England, after an absence of seven years, he brought out, with the consent of Mr. Paget, his large folio

book of illustrations called "The Danube," which he dedicated, by permission, to Count Széchenyi, the distinguished Hungarian statesman: the fine scenery on the banks of the noble river is ably depicted in this publication.

It must have been a pleasant, vagabondish sort of life he led in those past years, notwithstanding its perils and discomforts, for travelling in those days was not what it is now. At one time he was tossing about in a small boat in the Mediterranean, during a storm which lasted eight days, and of course without much hope of seeing England again. Venice was a favourite place with Mr. Hering; he left it once, but soon, and almost unconsciously, found himself there again. He would probably have settled down in Rome, but for the meeting with Mr. Paget, and the consequent project of the long Hungarian journey. When artists are found together abroad, they are far more gregarious and social than at home, and many hours, and even days, of enjoyment, to lighten the labours of the studio, do they pass in each other's company. When Mr. Hering was in Rome there flourished what was known as the "Artists' Society of the Ponte Molle," the members of which had an annual festive day of comicalities: it was spent in the Campagna, and in visiting some caves at Chiavarra. On one occasion, in 1835, when he was present, the authorities of Rome got alarmed, and imagined that under the disguise of an Art-carnival, some political disturbance was intended. As a consequence of this apprehension, the artists found, on their return to the city in the evening, all its gates closed against them, and a troop of cuirassiers drawn up for their reception. After some parleying, and many explanations, they were permitted to enter, but only one by one, the gate being closed immediately after each conspirator had passed through and been stripped and examined to ascertain if he carried any warlike weapons. A formidable band, doubtless, these men of the chisel and the palette must have presented to the Papal soldiery, for there were nearly two hundred of them, all well mounted—*on donkeys;* and so hurriedly was the ceremony of opening and shutting the gate performed, that one unfortunate animal got his tail so firmly jammed in that a considerable time elapsed before it could be extricated, during which time another gate of immortal Rome—the city of the Cæsars—had to be opened for the ingress of those who were still outside the walls. Even the empty beer-barrels they brought back were carefully examined for contraband of war. One luckless artist, who committed some offence, real or presumed, against the authorities, was condemned to a month's imprisonment: on being released, his sympathising friends presented him with a collection of sketches as a memorial of the day's adventure and its results to him. Horace Vernet's drawing represented a dragon flying in the air at a quiet, harmless donkey: the insect typified the cuirassed dragoon. A brother painter who was present at this Ponte Molle *conspiracy* has informed us that, prior to Mr. Hering's arrival in Rome, the English artists held little communication with the other foreigners resident there, and especially with the Germans; but Hering being a German among the Germans, and an Englishman among the English, broke down the barrier between them, and was the means of producing a social fraternization which all enjoyed.

Thorwaldsen was in Rome then: "How kind," we have heard Mr. Hering say, "used that grand old man to be to us younger ones! how we liked to



Engraved by] BRIDGE NEAR PELLA: LAGO D'ORTA. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

walk and talk with him!" What a simple, but pleasing, tribute is there in these few words to the amiable and generous character of the great Danish sculptor.

Instead of occupying our remaining space with a detailed description of Mr. Hering's pictures, which would be, to a certain extent, only a monotonous repetition, from the peculiar character of his works, we prefer introducing an extract from Paget's "Hungary," describing an incident in the travels of the artist and his companions, in which the former was rather ludicrously circumstanced: "On looking round us in the morning, we found we were just on the reedy shore of the lake, which offers nothing but low hills on the other side; and on this not a tree or a rock, still less a grassy bank, to render it passable. At some little distance to the left, however, the peninsula of Tihany is a very beautiful and striking object, and the monastery and its church look well on the summit of the hill. H— soon set off to see if he could get a sketch of it, and we determined not to leave without paying it a visit. . . . .

"When we got home from the ball, H— had not returned from Tihany, and we concluded that he had availed himself of the hospitality of the monastery; but his hungry look and call for breakfast as he awoke us the following morning, were pretty good proofs that he had not tasted of the church's fare. It appears the holy brothers have been so much tormented by curious visitors from Füred that, for the last year or two, they have closed their doors against all comers. Luckily, a poor carpenter took pity on H—'s melancholy situation, and shared with him his meagre dinner. As evening drew on, however, H— had discovered some very picturesque peasants, whom he persuaded to sit to him; and quite forgetting in his delight that the sun will set, and daylight pass away, he found himself without shelter in a dark night, and some miles from Füred, without having once thought where he was to lay his head. The friendly carpenter came to his aid a second time, and offered him the best shelter his cottage could afford. It was a very poor one, but there was no choice, and H— gladly accepted the offer. When they reached the door, the wife and children were already asleep. A bed, however, was soon got ready for H—, who groped his way to it as well as he could in the dark, for the people were too poor to indulge in the luxury of candles. He was soon convinced that he was not alone: a coughing on one side, cries on the other, a cackling and a rustle of feathers above, and a butting of horns below, continued at intervals throughout the night, and afforded him abundant matter for speculation as to who and what his fellow-lodgers were; but it was not till morning broke that he became aware he had been sleeping in close proximity with two women, half a dozen children, a hen and chickens, and a great billy-goat! in fact, the good Samaritan had left his own chamber, and, with it, wife, maid, and all its other occupants, to the mercy of the stranger whom he had taken under his roof. A bit of black bread, and a little goat's milk, were all the poor man had to offer him for breakfast, but any recompense was firmly but respectfully refused."

On his arrival in England, after so long an absence on the continent, Mr. Hering settled down in the metropolis, where, and in its suburbs he has since resided, making only short visits abroad to the lakes and mountains of Italy—

his favourite sketching-ground, where he finds an almost inexhaustible supply of subjects for his easel. His first exhibited picture was sent to the Royal Academy in 1836—a view of 'The Ruins of the Palace of the Cæsars;' it was followed in 1837 by 'Venice,' and in 1838, by a 'Portrait of a Lady,' a view of 'The Castle of Hanyad, Transylvania'—a picture for which a poetical quotation served as a title. The work, however, which brought him prominently into notice was the 'Amalfi,' exhibited at the British Institution in 1841, and which was bought by the Prince Consort. For this success he was chiefly indebted to the poet Rogers; the incident connected with the purchase is referred to on page 140 of the *Art-Journal* for 1856, where an engraving of the painting is introduced as one of the "Royal Pictures." Not very long after this, the artist published a small illustrated work, "The Mountains and Lakes of Switzerland, the Tyrol, and Italy," and dedicated it to his friend Mr. Rogers, from whom he always received much kindness.

From 1836 to the present time, this painter has been a regular contributor both to the Academy and the British Institution; from the former gallery, especially, we do not remember one exhibition in which he was an absentee, nor can we call to mind more than one or two pictures by him of English landscape. Italy is the land of his idolatry, and the scenery of the country he represents with a feeling purely Italian; the atmosphere of Italy—soft, sunny, and tranquil—pervades his works; we do not think Mr. Hering could paint a thunder-storm, were he to try, so much is his spirit imbued with the peace and sunshine of nature; in this respect he follows the example of Claude rather than of Gaspar Poussin, and of many English artists, too, who, in some way or another, seem to see the scenery of southern Europe through the atmosphere of the north; or perhaps it is that these prefer to exhibit the country only under more varied, but not less truthful, aspects, while Mr. Hering is contented to show it under one alone, and that the more inviting, and, therefore, the more pleasing.

We point out, almost at random, a few out of the many pictures which, at various times, have arrested our attention in the Academy:—'Lerici, on the Gulf of Spezzia' (1846): a scene of perfect repose, in which the town forms a portion of the distance, and near it is the villa once inhabited by Byron and Shelley. 'Venice' (1848): little of the city is visible here, but the water, enli-



ON THE COAST OF GENOA.

vened by a gondola and a fishing-boat, is, with the sky, rendered with infinite tenderness and truth. 'The Ruins of Rome, from the Garden of the Palace of the Cæsars' (1850): here the majestic Coliseum is the principal object in the composition; its base is in shadow, while the golden tints of the western sun illuminate the whole upper part: much poetical feeling is apparent in the treatment of the subject. 'The Brig ower the Burn—Perthshire' (1851): one of the few pictures of home scenery painted by this artist, and one in which he has proved that his predilections in favour of Italy have not closed his eyes to, nor drawn away his feelings from, the beauty of nature in his native land. 'The Temple of Jupiter, in the Island of Ægina' (1854): the few columns and other architectural remains of this once far-famed edifice, and its surrounding scenery, are admirably represented in this charming picture, under an effect of sunset that almost deepens into early twilight. 'Angera—Lago Maggiore,' exhibited at the British Institution in the same year: another evening scene; mountains, lake, and monastery, all painted with combined truth and beauty of colour. 'Mountain Road, near Arona, Lago Maggiore,' also exhibited at the British Institution, in 1858, is, perhaps, one of the most powerfully painted pictures which Mr. Hering has produced: the management of light and shade is strikingly effective. 'Evening in Greece, Ruined Temple, Cape Colonna,' and 'Morning in Italy, on the Lago Maggiore,'—this lake, it will be perceived, is favourite sketching *ground* with the artist,—both pictures in the Academy, in 1858, are among the works which have added to his reputation; and in the same category may be placed two which appeared in the Academy the year following, 'Returning from Torcello,' two gondolas returning to Venice in the evening, and 'Morning on the Lago Maggiore,' in which the hazy mist of early day enveloping the distant mountains is very skilfully rendered.

The three subjects we have selected to engrave as examples of his pencil exhibit the general character of his compositions, and his method of treating them; he works with a firm and free touch, finishes carefully, and his colouring is true to nature, bright and transparent. His pictures are not crowded with material, for in the selection of subject he looks after pictorial quality rather than quantity: a bit of mountain scenery, a quiet lake, with a few adjuncts, oftentimes suffice for his purpose.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

MODERN ITALY.

Engraved by W. Miller.

This picture, though strictly ideal, has less of that unreal character than is usually seen in the Italian compositions of Turner. His thoughts seem here to have descended from the lofty pedestal of imagination which so often presented Italy rather as a land of enchantment than of the material world, and he has exhibited a scene full, indeed, of picturesque and poetical beauty, yet one we can look upon without overstraining our fancies to bring it within the range of fact. In the centre of the composition is a river, in which are several persons bathing; as it approaches the bridge it becomes narrow, and rushing through the single arch somewhat tumultuously, is lost to view. On the right bank is a procession of monks and other *religieux*, probably on their way to the church a short distance beyond. The architectural fragments and buildings on the left of the foreground, and which are continued to the water's edge, are suggestive of ancient Roman ruins, but the city, or town itself, is of comparatively modern erection, though numerous edifices are scattered about, here and there, that must be associated with an earlier date; for example, just above the bridge the painter has introduced the well-known ruin of the Sibyl's Temple, at Tivoli. Beyond the latter, is a richly-wooded, undulating country; and still further an extensive flat, not unlike the Roman *Campagna*, with the Tiber intersecting it, and bounded by a chain of hills, rising here and there to a considerable eminence. Throughout the entire composition there is an admixture of ancient and modern Italian recollections, but the latter largely prevail, and they are made more manifest by the introduction of figures, which identify the work with the living population of the country: take away from it the left-hand corner, and there would be little by comparison left to send back the thoughts into long past ages. The idea of the composition was, in all probability, borrowed from the scenery on the Falls of the Anio, near Tivoli, the neighbourhood of which abounds with numerous remains of ancient temples and villas.

Though the entire scene is of extreme natural beauty, its richness is derived from these architectural fragments, so lavishly bestowed upon it, and which, like the ornamental workmanship on a Corinthian edifice, constitute its highest attraction. The principle of the artist's treatment of chiar-oscuro makes almost every object subservient to the breadth of light on the central mass of rock and buildings.

The picture was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1838; the title it then bore, was 'Modern Italy: the Pifferari.' These Pifferari, two of whom are seen by the flight of steps in the left-hand corner, playing before an image of the Virgin or some saint, may be compared with our "Christmas Waits." They are shepherds of Calabria, who, writes Sir G. Head, in his "Rome, a Tour of Many Days," "descend from the mountain heights regularly at the Christmas season, according to custom from time immemorial, and make an annual pilgrimage to Rome, for the express purpose of wandering about from place to place in the city, and saluting, with their native music, all the various portraits of the mother of our Saviour. The primitive, pastoral appearance of these people, and their wild mountain melodies, harmonize especially with the simple sentiment of homage naturally generated in the mind on the recurrence of our Lord's nativity; for their clothes, together with their instruments, are actually such as may readily be imagined to be both the same, unchanged and unimpaired, that have been handed down from generation to generation from the birth of our Saviour . . . . From the moment that the Pifferari arrive, eight or ten days before Christmas, till the day of the festival, not only for the whole day, but for more than the whole day, by dark and by daylight, three or four hours before sunset till three or four hours afterwards, in the depth of winter, do they wander about continually from place to place all over the city."

This fine picture—with several others by Turner, equally important and fine in character—is in the possession of H. A. J. Munro, Esq.

OBITUARY.

MR. ROBERT BURFORD.

Since the sheets of our last number were at press, intelligence has reached us of the removal, by death, of several artists with whose names and works the public has, more or less, been familiar for many years. First in seniority—and also, it may be assumed, in prominence—is that of Mr. Robert Burford, of the Royal Panorama, Leicester Square, who died at his house in Camden Road Villas, on January 30th, in the seventieth year of his age. In the *Art-Journal* for 1857 (pp. 46 and 47) appeared a lengthened history of the origin and progress of these most popular exhibitions, until they came, in 1827, under the sole management of the painter whose death has recently occurred. To say that during this period Mr. Burford sustained the reputation achieved by his predecessors would not do him justice; for he undoubtedly increased the interest and value of these pictorial representations, by the judgment and artistic skill which he brought to bear on them, for he was an artist in the true sense of the word; his mind was sensitive to every quality of picturesque beauty of scenery, and his hand delineated it with unequivocal truth and power: there have been, as we often remarked when writing of his pictures, passages in them which, if framed and hung up, would have graced any gallery, free and broad as their execution was. Our memory will not serve us to specify all the panoramas that drew the thousands of visitors to Leicester Square, during the thirty-four years in which he was engaged on those huge canvases; but there were few great public events or places of extraordinary pictorial or political interest, which have not been made the subject of his pencil. Among them have been, the 'Battle of Waterloo,' re-painted from the drawings made for the former panorama, twenty years before; 'Cabool,' 'Baden,' 'The Embarkation of the Queen at Treport,' 'Hong Kong,' 'Ruins of Baalbec,' 'Athens,' 'Constantinople,' 'Rouen,' 'Battle of Sobraon,' 'Grand Cairo,' 'The Himalaya Mountains,' 'Paris,' 'Vienna,' 'Ruins of Pompeii,' 'Switzerland, from the Summit of Mount Rhegi,' 'The Vale of Cashmere,' 'Killarney,' 'The Polar Regions,' 'Lake of Lucerne,' 'Nimroud,' 'Salzburg,' 'Granada,' 'The Battle of Alma,' 'Siege of Sebastopol,' 'Sebastopol after the Siege,' 'St. Petersburg,' 'Moscow,' 'Sierra Leone,' 'Delhi,' 'Lucknow,' 'Benares,' 'Canton,' 'Venice,' 'Rome,' and 'Messina,' noticed in our columns last month only.

Mr. Burford visited many of the European places above mentioned, and sketched the views himself; drawings of others were placed in his hands by travellers, whose skill as draughtsmen enabled them to furnish him with truthful representations: in fact, the topographical accuracy of his pictures constituted one of their chief excellencies, and gained for them the most favourable testimony of those best acquainted with the respective localities and scenes.

In what way his death will affect the Leicester Square exhibition it is impossible to say. Mr. Burford has left one son, who is in the medical profession; perhaps Mr. H. C. Selous, who has for many years assisted in his labours, may continue the exhibition, with some assistance.

MR. HENRY HALL PICKERSGILL.

We record, with much regret, the recent death of Mr. H. Hall Pickersgill, eldest son of the academician. This amiable and accomplished artist displayed equal ability for the two schools of history and portrait, and practised both till within a short period of his death. His works, free from all mannerism, are the productions of a conscientious, as well as hard-working man. Educated in a severe school of Art, he aimed at perfection in all his works, and never spared time or labour to obtain it. Early in his career he travelled in the Netherlands, and made there many valuable copies and sketches of its most celebrated masters. He shortly afterwards visited Italy, and stayed for some time at Venice, Bologna, Florence, and Rome. There he applied equally hard to his profession, making faithful drawings of pictures, and sketches of its people, costume, and pastimes. The result of his study in the two schools were some fine historical works, combining the accuracy of the Dutch with the higher aspiration of the Italian. The chief of these were his 'Right of Sanctuary,' a grand composition, describing Lord Holland, half brother to Richard II., taking refuge in St. John of Beverley, after committing murder, and being received there by the monks in time to save him; 'The Prison Scene of Margaret and Faust,' a splendid rendering of a fine dramatic conception; 'Holy Water,' devout and pure, two Italian women entering a church; 'The Woman of Samaria;' 'Finding of Moses;' 'The Death Scene of Romeo and Juliet;' 'Titania;' and many others, all in various collections in this country. Receiving flattering overtures for commissions in Russia, he was induced to go there, and remained for two years in St. Petersburg, chiefly engaged upon portraits. Whilst there, he made most valuable records of the costume and character of the people, which he, on his return, applied to some pictures painted of that country. We allude to a 'Sunset Scene on the Neva,' and 'Fishing on the Neva.' After this he became almost exclusively engaged upon portraits, and painted many for Manchester, Shropshire, Herefordshire, and Wolverhampton. The chief for Shropshire were Mr. Slaney, M.P. for Shrewsbury, a presentation picture; the late Mr. Robert Burton (the banker) and his son; a fine whole-length of Mr. Danville Poole, of Whitchurch, with two terrier dogs; and many more of the principal gentry of that county. For Wolverhampton he painted a fine presentation picture of Mr. Lees, the founder of the Orphan Asylum there. Of the portraits in London, and those which struck us on the walls of the exhibition, were Sir H. Halford, Mr. and the Hon. Mrs. H. Selwyn, Mrs. W. M. Grenfell, and, in last year's exhibition, Mrs. Lister, in the east room, in Spanish costume, and a Giorgione in effect.

Mr. H. Hall Pickersgill, though worn out in body, died in the zenith of his professional career. We deeply lament his loss, for he was as accomplished a gentleman as he was an artist, and will be regretted by all those who personally knew him. He has left a valuable collection of foreign copies and sketches, the work of his own pencil, much artistic property, and some of his best pictures.

MR. WILLIAM WEST.

The death of this painter is announced to have taken place late in January, at his house at Chelsea. Mr. West, who had reached his sixtieth year, was a member of the "Society of British Artists," and had obtained the *soubriquet*, among his brother-artists, of "Norwegian West," and sometimes of "Cascade West," to distinguish him from another artist of the same name, Mr. S. West, a portrait-painter. The epithets were borrowed from the scenery of many of his pictures, especially of those painted a few years ago, which chiefly consisted of views in Norway, and of that description in which cascades form a principal feature, like those in the works of the old Dutch masters, Ruysdael and Everdingen. Latterly he took his subjects from the Welsh hills, and the rock-bound coast of Devonshire. Mr. West painted with great truth the geology of nature, as exhibited in its rock formations, and seemed oftentimes to have sacrificed the poetry of his art, in his aim after this single quality; at any rate, we may indicate this as the highest merit of his works, without losing sight of much else that is valuable in them. Mr. West was, we believe, a native of Bristol, and resided there till within the last few years.

MR. THOMAS LINDSAY.

This artist, one of the earliest members of the New Water-Colour Society, with which he had been connected more than thirty years, died, on the 23rd of January, at his residence, Cusop, Herefordshire. His pictures, the majority of which were representations of Welsh scenery, were pleasing, but not of a high character; his colouring was feeble and unimpressive, and his manipulation wanted firmness; he belonged, in fact, to a school of Art which had passed away. Mr. Lindsay, at his death, was in the sixty-eighth year of his age.



ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

No. 2.—THE BOY WEST AND THE RED INDIANS.

INTRODUCTION.

WEST, the favourite court painter of George III., was born near Philadelphia in 1738. This fortunate man, who flooded England with classical and scriptural scenes, most of which now gather dust peacefully in that almshouse of faded Art, Hampton Court, was the son of Quaker parents, and early gave proof of a certain faculty for Art. I have taken him at the age of ten, when he already began to draw cleverly, and have pictorially arranged for my purpose the well-known old story of a strolling band of Indian hunters giving the boy lumps of their war-paint to colour his sketches with.

Much as I dislike and despise the feeble art of West, I should not have chosen this place to illustrate a scene of his life, did I not consider that English Art owes somewhat to the American Quaker. His colour was clear and transparent (as in the 'Battle of La Hogue,' &c.); he helped us to break away from the bondage of the black and brown old masters; he introduced, too, a larger manner amongst us; and if his powers were small, his aims at least were great. If his classical subjects were somewhat stale and conventional, it is certainly to him, in 'The Death of Wolfe,' that we owe the first bold attempt to paint modern subjects in modern dress. By his courtly tact, too, he won royal patronage for Art from a not too wise king, who had let Wilson starve and Barry die neglected. West led the way, also, to liberal prices for English pictures; and the high rank he personally attained helped to do away with the old exploded Grub Street traditions of poor artists, that had so long prevailed among the general rich public, and operated injuriously on the social position of painters.

I trust my recent tour in America has enabled me to give a little more local character to the scenes than I otherwise should have done.

SCENE I.

Farmhouse on the Schuykill, near Philadelphia.

A kitchen leading by a verandah into a garden; Benjamin West, aged ten, dressed in knee breeches, buckled shoes, and little snuff-brown Quaker coat, is watching beside the cradle of his little rosy niece, Mercy, whom he guards with a fly-flap made of the grey feathers of a wild turkey tied on to a long cane handle, useful to keep off flies and mosquitoes. "Pilgrim's Progress," with huge rude woodcuts of Apollyon and Great-Heart, lies open on the boy's knees, as he watches eagerly the beautiful face of the sleeping child—no sound in the room but the drowsy tick of the old-fashioned clock in its long coffin case of oak, the droning purr of the dozing cat by the stove, and now and then the flap and slap of Charity's hands, as she manufactures "corn dodgers" and "corn cakes" for to-morrow. As for the "helps," they are far away in the barn, "corn-shucking." Outside in the verandah you hear the bees clustering, half-pleased, half-angry, on the autumn blossoms, which now and then a gust of passing wind plucks off and blows almost to the feet of little Benjamin. Suddenly the boy, irresistibly led, hurries to a side-table, gets his father's two standishes of red and black ink, and begins to sketch the sleeping child on a blank sheet of paper that lies on the table.

Just at this moment, as the boy is eyeing affectionately the rounded lines of black and red, enters to him the father West,—a tall, portly man, in decent Quaker dress, who, with a certain air of command, kisses the sleeping child awake. He looks sternly at little Benjamin, who, like a brave, honest boy, does not shuffle away or hide his clandestine work.

"Why, thou art wondrous busy about something," says Mr. West; "come and show thy father, child, what thou art doing. Come, Ben, show it thy father, lad; for I have some friends of thine outside that are waiting to see thee."

Boy Benjamin blushes with pretty innocent modesty, and brings his father the drawing, which Mercy from the cradle, now wide awake, claws and cries for, being attracted by the pretty black and red lines. Boy Benjamin, correctively and gravely slapping her, looks up at his father's face with the utmost earnestness.

Father, first looking at the sketch with his right eye, then with his left eye, lastly with both eyes, first far off, and then near, expresses his bland approval.

"Yea, my dear boy Benjamin, thou hast not inaccurately depicted the features of thy little niece, Mercy; and that, too, with a skill beyond thy years. God promises to make thee, I guess, lad, a very Bezaleel."

"Who was Bezaleel, father?" says the boy, taking back the drawing with delight; "and, oh, mayn't I be a painter, father?"

"Bezaleel was a Levite boy in the Israelitish camp, who fashioned vestments for the high priest, and who shaped the golden pomegranates and bells that were hung on the border of the high priest's robe."

"Oh, let me be a Bezaleel, father; you know there are rich painters in Philadelphia."

"It is a thriftless art, Benjamin; and it has never been practised by our simple brotherhood. I have yet no clear proof, either, that such is God's will concerning thee."

"But God, father, gave me the wish to draw Mercy; and the skill to do it, father."

"He did so, my son; but he may, for aught I know, have given thee other powers too, more adapted to glorify His name and do Him service. But does this new passion of thine, then, take away all thy curiosity to know who it is whom I have brought five miles down the river, from my furthest corn-patch, to see thee—'the little medicine man,' as they call thee?"

"Oh, it's the three Indians, father—where are they?"

"They have brought thee some war-paint, lad; for they are returning from a scalping party in the Delaware country, rejoicing after the godless and blood-thirsty manner of their race. They have brought me a fat buck, Benjamin,—a mighty fat, and, I doubt not, a savoury buck, Benjamin."

"Oh, call them in, father, please!"

Exit Mr. West, and returns in a few minutes with two Mohawk Indians, and an Indian boy of some fourteen summers. The eldest Indian is a spare-made, yet colossal old man, whose face is barred with stripes of red and black. He wears on his breast a large hand, painted in vermillion, and enclosed by a black circle. It is that emblem which gives this Mohawk chief the significant name of "The Red Hand." Over his shoulders falls a huge blue blanket, painted with yellow suns. His legs are protected by high fringed leggings, and his mocassins are of bear skin. I need scarcely mention the tomahawk and scalping knife in his girdle, or the quiver of arrows that rattles at his back, as he takes his long, stern strides towards the little artist.

The second, a stripling of about eighteen, and in the prime of youthful beauty, is "Elk Heart," a young Mohawk brave. He wears no other decoration to his close-shaved head but two black and golden feathers of the Baltimore oriole, which are fastened to his long scalp lock. Elk Heart carries his strong hickory bow in his left hand, and in his right a belt of wampum.

The youngest of the three, "The Leaping Panther," is also daubed with war-paint, his forehead especially being completely masked with vermillion. But, underneath his rather hideous disguise, his bright, fierce eyes shine with pleasure as little West runs to him, and shakes first his hand, then that of Red Hand and Elk Heart.

They all smile, and express approval, as the boy shows his savage patrons the drawing he has just done. The eldest chief, stately in his robe and trappings, makes signs to Elk Heart, who, bringing out a wampum case, inlaid with beads and shells, presents the delighted little Quaker boy with four rich lumps of vermillion and yellow ochre, such as the Indians use when they would bedaub themselves for war, and render themselves specially hideous to their enemies. Elk Heart, to show the young artist how they should be employed, draws forth from a moose-skin pouch a piece of black and a piece of white paint, and, baring his chest, paints himself after a horrible fashion with alternate ribs of black and white, so that he now resembles a huge moving skeleton, about to enact a "Dance of Death." The little Quaker artist claps his hands with delight, and says to his father—

"Oh, father, please thank the good, kind Indians for bringing me these beautiful paints! Now I'll paint red cows, father; and our geranium flowers, father, that Mr. Seth Franklin sent us from England, and—— but what does Elk Heart want to do now? See, he is stringing his bow with deer sinews, and Red Hand is smoothing an eagle-feather arrow."

Here the Father West translates the boy's thanks, a little enlarged and heightened with scriptural figures, to the three Mohawks, who all exclaim in one breath, "Ugh! it is well."

Then Red Hand—or "The White Buffalo," as he is oftener called—draws his tomahawk from his belt, and fills the pipe at the back of it with willow-bark tobacco, which he is about to light, when the boy West runs and brings him a large brown jar of the best Maryland tobacco, which his father keeps for his especial smoking. He empties it all into the chief's wampum pouch.

The old chief, greatly pleased, accepts the gift, and says in Mohawk to the father—

"Ugh! 'the little medicine man' hath no tortoise feet—he glides swift as the green snake through the spring sunshine. Ugh! the White Buffalo loves 'the little medicine man' of the Schuykill river: and his heart yearns to take him with him to the Mohawk wigwams, in the woods beyond the Potomac."

"Nay," says Mr. West, "that be far from me, Red Hand. I owe thee much for keeping the Indians' torch from the cornfields of me and my kinsmen,—the God of Jacob reward thee for it, [and snatch thee too at the last day as a brand from the burning—*this in English*],—but all this would be indeed purchased dear, were I to part with the child of my old age, my little Benjamin, whose right hand He who is mighty hath made so cunning. No, Red Hand, ask aught else, even to the half of my substance, and I give it thee; but not my Benjamin."

Here the old Quaker puts his hand on his boy's head, and kisses his fair white forehead.

The two Mohawks, Elk Heart and Flying Panther, give "Ughs!" of pleasure and approval, and Elk Heart says to the old chief, his uncle—

"The white man in the brown blanket and the black mocassins hath well spoken. Take the fawn from the doe, but take not 'the little medicine man' from the good white face; for he believes not in the same Manitou as we do,

and he would fade like a broken grape-vine in the smoke of our hunting fires."

"Ugh!" gutturally groaned the pertinacious old chief; "what do the panther and the elk care for the old eagle who has lost its young? I am childless among men! I am like the barked tree among the young saplings: I have no green leaf left on my boughs to love—not one. I yearn for 'the little medicine man' to carry my bow, and hold his tomahawk to guard my head in our war parties; for my limbs are growing weak as an unstrung bow. Ugh! I love 'the little medicine man,' who knows so well how to put on the war-paint, and would blazon the number of scalps on my tent pole and on my tanned buffalo skins."

"This is the evil one's promptings!" says old West aloud in English, half alarmed at the old chief's pertinacity.

"Red Hand! if those Delawares had not killed thy child—"

"Ugh!" groans the old man, rocking to and fro, then leaping up, to swing his tomahawk, and waving a bunch of red Delaware scalps.

"Wouldest thou," goes on the Quaker, stolidly—"wouldest thou have torn him from the beaver dams and the deer tracks, the eagle's cliff and the salmon leap, to have sent him to the white man's house, to starve for air in our smoky cities, to sit all day for years, watching men at our sea-side rolling down tobacco casks and sugar hogsheads—would you like him to have forgot the Great Spirit, whom you worship—he who smote the behemoth with his thunders on the Big-bone Licks?"

"No!" says Red Hand; "I would rather, even now, if the Great Spirit sent him back to me suddenly through yonder door, slay him with this tomahawk, or send these swift eagles' feathers to drink his heart's blood. The white man's life is not life. It is the mere existence of the prairie dog, or of the torpid bat that we find asleep when we cut down hollow maple-trees in winter."

"Ask the boy yourself, in your own language," says West, "and I will translate to him what you say; if he giveth his consent, yea, I will send him with you, though it break my heart."

"Ugh! so let it be!" says the old chief, calling the boy to his knee.

"Benjamin, do you know what the Indian has been saying?"

"No, father. Does he want me to draw him?"

"No, Benjamin: he wanteth to take thee with him, hundreds of miles away, across the Potomac to the Mohawk hunting-grounds."

"O, then I never should be a great painter, father!" (*cries*).

The father translates the reluctance of the son, which, indeed, his tears, and the frightened way in which he clings to his father's knees, already pretty well shows. From time to time the boy looks up half pouting and half frightened, at the old Indian, or smiles at the gestures of "the Flying Panther," who wants to lead him into the garden, and teach him how to use the Indian bow.

"Tell the little medicine man," says the old chief, "that we will turn that soft woman's heart of his into iron-stone. I will teach him how to kill the wild deer on the leap, and the salmon as it sleepeth. I will make his foot so soft that its sound shall not scare the watching beaver. Our squaws too shall teach him how to press the crimson from the maple leaf in autumn, and how to broider his deer-skin robes with the feathers of the blue bird, and the black and orange oriole. He shall learn, from our young men, how to make belts of the black snake's skin, and fringes for his dancing mocassins from the snake's rattle. He shall eat buffalo hump, and after my death all my robes and bows and scalps shall be his."

"I thank thee, Indian. Thy words are softer than butter, yet to a father's heart are they sharper than any two-edged sword. Not for all the buffalo robes of the whole Mohawk nation should my little Benjamin forsake his Christian kinsmen, and go and live like Ishmael, whose hand was against every man. Still, I thank thee, Red Hand, for thy kindness."

"Ugh!" thought Red Hand, "the hearts of these white men in the brown robes are like water. They are squaws in men's clothing. They are, but for their fire-tubes, to us Indians, but as a rabbit to the rattlesnake. Ugh!"

"And now, Red Hand," says the Quaker farmer and merchant, his thoughts relapsing instinctively to money-making, just as a bent twig, the temporary pressure removed, returns to its own shape, "how are buffalo robes selling among thy tribe this fall?"

"Our tribe has had no time to chaffer skins this fall. The Delawares have been on our trail, and we have spent the time that we should have been trapping beaver in taking scalps."

'O, father, look at Flying Panther, how grand he looks when he stretches his bow!" says the little medicine man.

"Were his soul as fair as his body, he were, indeed, a second David guarding his sheepfold."

"Well, he *is* good, father! How kind he was, giving me his beautiful paints; I'm going to draw him, father. Oh lend me a sheet of letter paper, and I'll paint his red feathers, and make his lips real red just as they are."

"Better get to thy Bible, Benjamin. But here, run thou to Seth and Amos, and bid them leave the corn-shucking in the barn, and come and boil some large bowls of hominy for our Indian friends; and tell Patience to fry some bacon—plenty mind—and bring in a large jug of cyder, the weaker cyder: for Red Hand is foot-sore, the Delawares have been chasing him for two days. Oh, I wish that thy dear mother were not away in Philadelphia city; then had we had a feast of fat things. Tell Seth, too, to cut them a large dish of venison steaks; and be diligent about it, for the Indians must be on their way by sunset. I know their habits well. They would not sleep under a white man's roof for all the riches of London town."

SCENE II.

Evening of the same day. Mrs. WEST *working by the store; Mr.* WEST *with* BENJAMIN *on his knee.*

Mrs. West. To think of those horrid Indians wanting to carry off our dear Benjamin! I hope, Mr. West, that thou wilt never let them come near the place again, at least on Sabbath eves.

Mr. West. My dear Ruth, it grieveth me to hear thee thus harsh in thy language towards the poor Indians. Thou shouldest chasten thyself before the Lord, and pray him to correct these evil dispositions, that are indeed as canker-worms to godliness. Have I not often told thee that in the old wars in Virginia, Red Hand once saved my life, and sent me with a guard of Mohawks to the fort at Verbocken, where General Edwards then was with the 9th Regiment? How Benjamin's drawings of birds and beasts did delight the young man and the boy! Yes, verily I thought they would have left every robe and belt they had as presents to "the little medicine man." Oh, Benjamin! God grant that this gift of thine be not a snare. I pray God it be not a snare. And now, Benjamin, kiss thy mother and go to bed, for it getteth late, yea, sun-down is long since past; and remember, Benjamin, to pray God that thou be not as the wicked man who hid his talent in a napkin, and buried it in the earth. Kiss thy mother, boy, and then call Charity to take thee to bed.

NOTES
ON THE
MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. II.

THE best known, perhaps, beyond the Alps of all our Florentine sculptors' studios, is that of Hiram Powers, in Via Chiara, near the Porta Romana, and backed by the pine and ilex wooded slopes of Boboli. No visitor to Florence for the last twenty years, whether *connoisseur* or mere tourist "doing his lions" as lions, but has rambled through that studio, or rather *suite* of studios, and criticised to the best of his discrimination, either in plaster or in the marble, the long series of works which they contain.

The two statues which first made Mr. Powers's name a celebrity in the world of Art—*i. e.* the 'Greek Slave'—and the 'Fisher-boy,' are now too well known to require description. The studio contains a recently finished repetition of the latter graceful figure, which many a reader will remember with admiration. The stripling stands on the shore beside his drying nets, holding a sea-shell to his ear, and dreamily listening to its hollow whisper, as it

"Remembers its august abodes,
And murmurs as the ocean murmurs there."

Several other ideal works succeeded to these two, a great number of portrait busts, and not a few portrait statues, executed on commission for the American government, or for municipal bodies in the United States.

Among the few finished works now in the studio are two busts, as admirable for breadth of conception as for perfection of finish. The one is a likeness of Mr. Sidney Brookes, of Newport, United States, brother-in-law to the Mr. Everett, so well and favourably known in England. It is a striking head, full of power and benevolence, and evidently rendered into marble *con amore* by the artist. The other is a portrait of Mrs. Powers, the sculptor's wife, in which strict fidelity of resemblance is rarely blended with a subtle pervading energy of expression, and ably combined with the simple, straight, Donatello-like folds of the cloak and narrow falling collar round the throat, and the life-like waves of the hair. There are also bust-length repetitions of several of the ideal works, and one of the beautiful Proserpine bust, growing from the waist upwards, out of the lip-shaped curves of a setting of acanthus leaves. In an adjoining room is the plaster model of the statue of Webster, which was so fiercely and ungenerously attacked in some of the American journals on its first arrival at Boston, the place of its destination, before it had even been erected on its pedestal or exposed to the public view. Much ill-natured animadversion was cast at the time on the every-day coat and waistcoat and nether garments in which the statue is dressed, as being beneath the dignity of sculpture. But the fault (if fault there be) rests rather with the unpicturesque requirements of the time than the faithful presentation of the model "in his likeness, as he lived." And indeed it is hard to conceive that any degree of fancy dress draping, in any manner of senatorial toga, would have better harmonized with the homely massive features of the eminent statesman, than the workaday garb he wears.

Here also is the plaster model of the 'California;' the statue itself is in the possession of Mr. W. B. Astor, of New York, son of the famous *millionnaire*, Jacob Astor, a name suggestive of costly sable robes and piles of miniver, by which his colossal fortune was made. Of all Powers's ideal works the 'California,' which is one of the latest, is also the fullest of character, and, if such a term may be allowed, of piquancy of expression. There is an admirably skilful blending of the half-savage Indian type with the pure outline of her watchful, slightly smiling, treacherously beautiful face, with its somewhat low broad forehead, full lip, and long, soft eye. Bending a little to one side as she leans lightly against a fragment of rock, in which are seen the quartz crystals, the matrix of the precious ore, she holds in her left hand the divining rod whose marvellous reputed virtues in the discovery of springs or veins of metal are not, strange to say,

considered apocryphal, even in our own day, by here and there a man of cultivated mind. California, while she temptingly holds out the wand of promise in her left, keeps the right hand, in which she grasps a bunch of thorns, stealthily behind her, the whole action of the figure forcibly embodying the moral of her perils and allurements in both a local and general sense.

A colossal statue of Benjamin Franklin, eight feet high, commissioned by the American government, is now being just sketched out in the block. It represents the philosopher musing beside the trunk of a lightning-riven tree, and the *pose* of dignified thoughtfulness and concentrated mental power is excellently well given, without exaggeration or *parti pris* in its assumption.

In the 'Penseroso,' now in the possession of Mr. J. Lennox, of New York, there is the least of classical severity to be found in any of Mr. Powers's statues, the California perhaps excepted. Il Penseroso, in her accessories, as well as the style of her beauty, is of a purely romantic school; she wears her

> "Robe of darkest grain
> Flowing with majestic train,"

and pensively raises her fair face,—

> "With even step and musing gait,
> And looks communing with the skies,
> Her rapt soul sitting in her eyes,"

totally unlike the *nonchalant*, sensuous loveliness of the peerless beauties, earth-born or Olympian, so rife in the world of Greek Art, and so faithfully reproduced by many a deserving artist who mistakes the requirements of a time whose more varied and higher-reaching inner life calls for incarnations of its Art-ideal differing widely from those which peopled the laurel groves of Attica with the "marble glories, vision-bred," of nymph or goddess.

Another noble ideal work of Powers's is the 'America,' which, within a short time, will be sent off to the United States, where, if publicly exhibited, her eloquent presence will, it may be hoped, drop in a word of wholesome reproof amid the stormy whirl of party rage now rampant through the land. The statue is about six feet one in height. She stands, calm and majestic, her forehead crowned with the star-sprinkled tiara, her face bent slightly forward, and lips just parted, her right foot resting on the links of a broken chain, her left arm raised and pointing heavenwards, and the folds of her mantle sweeping across the lower portion of the body only, and falling in simple drapery to the ground. Behind her stand the fasces, significantly stripped of the axe, and reduced to the emblematic "bundle of sticks," the well-worn moral of whose united strength her sons seem just now to have so perilously forgotten. On the fasces lies the laurel crown of victory, the meed of united power. The whole conception of the figure, which, from its expression and attributes, might well bear the name of 'Liberty,' is grand and imposing, and worthily embodies the uprising of freedom upon the riven fetters of despotism, while the heavenward aspiration of triumphant thankfulness goes along with the stubborn and concentrated effort of energy and perseverance, in working out a nation's great career.

There is a story attached to this statue, which is well worth the telling, both as a curious episode in contemporary Art-history, and as an example of the undiscriminating turbulence with which, in these times of agitation, narrow sectional feeling, and prejudice, will blindly intrude themselves into the calm world of artistic aspirations—the sphere least fitted, one should think, of all others, for the indulgence of party virulence. The 'America,' was executed some five or six years back, and had been more than once proposed to the American government, as a work of Art well worthy of its purchase, when an appropriation was made by Congress of twenty-five thousand dollars, in the form of an amendment to the civil and diplomatic list, authorizing the then President, General Pierce, to contract with Hiram Powers for some work of Art executed, or to be executed, and suitable for the adornment of the new buildings of the Capitol at Washington. After the passing of this amendment, Mr. Powers received communications from more than one friend in America, announcing that the order for the just finished statue was in fact complete, and only wanted the form of a contract with the President. Acting upon this announcement, therefore, Mr. Powers offered to the American government to execute a *colossal figure in bronze or marble* for the sum appropriated; but this offer was received with lukewarmness by the President, who appeared unwilling to come to any decision on the subject. An influential friend of Mr. Powers then took up the matter, and entered into correspondence respecting it with the President; but although the latter appeared not wholly disinclined to carry out the views of Congress with regard to the statue, still no satisfactory result could be arrived at, greatly to the surprise both of the gentleman engaged in the correspondence, and of Mr. Powers himself. A specific mention of the statue in the amendment would, of course, have obviated all necessity for negotiation, but this had been purposely omitted, owing to the well-known objections of a distinguished senator to all allegorical subjects for sculpture, and the fear entertained, lest the explicit naming of the statue might have elicited a speech from him in opposition to the bill, which would have prevented it from passing. Still Mr. Powers's friends regarded the allotted sum as virtually intended to cover the purchase of the 'America,' although the time went on without bringing any decisive reply, and only increased the danger of the appropriation lapsing to the surplus fund, in default of being drawn out of the treasury within the space of two years.

About this time Mr. Powers received a visit from a brother artist, since dead, then residing at Rome, who, in the course of conversation, inquired of him how matters were going on with regard to his 'America.' Mr. Powers naturally replied that nothing had as yet been settled; that he was inclined to fear that the order would fail of effect, but that he was totally at a loss to comprehend the President's apathy in the matter, who seemed utterly disinclined to come to terms. On this, the artist friend courteously offered his services in the business, saying that he was going from Florence direct to Washington, where he should see the President and Colonel Meigs, the then superintendent of the new Capitol buildings, and would gladly be of use to Mr. Powers in coming to an arrangement. This seemingly kind offer, however, Mr. Powers declined, saying that the negotiation was already in another friend's hands. The artist-visitor then quitted his studio, and went forthwith to call upon another American gentleman, living not ten doors off, whom he informed that *he* had lately received a commission from the American government for a statue of 'America,' or 'Liberty,' which he said was even then in course of execution at Rome, and of which he actually left a photograph, at parting, with the acquaintance in question. Of course this revelation furnished the "word of the enigma" to Mr. Powers, wherewith to solve the previous mystery of the affair. The President's unwillingness to declare himself was necessarily the result of a prior engagement, and Mr. Powers's America had to give place to a full-armed Minerva-like figure, whose goddess-panoply assuredly but ill befits the vigorous embodiment of a youthful country.

So much for the curious Art anecdote attached to this statue. The deeper-lying reason for the opposition to its purchase may probably be found, as has been said above, in the fierce political feeling which shows out from the attacks subsequently made upon Mr. Powers in some United States journals, especially the *New Orleans Delta*. Is it not a strange indication of the spirit of party feud, to find in an article which professes to be an Art-criticism, such passages as the following? "As to the *abolitionism* of Mr. Powers"—not, observe, as to his grace of imagination or perfection of finish—"there can be no question; for he once said to me, that should the attempt ever be made to introduce slavery into territory now free, he, for one, would 'shoulder a musket to prevent it.'" And further on, the writer bitterly taxes the sturdy opponent of slavery with the favours and benefits formerly received from wealthy "Southerners," and more than implies that mere gratitude and good feeling should prevent his expressing the abolitionist opinions which he attributes to him, but which, as is well known among the circle of his friends at Florence, Mr. Powers does not entertain. It is truly lamentable to see a well and hardly-earned artistic reputation assailed with accusations of plagiarism from the antique, ignorance of drawing, and lack of ennobling sentiment, because the artist happens to hold, or is supposed to hold, different political opinions from his assailants; but when the tone of high-handed reprehension maunders off into reproach for not even exhibiting in his works "the merit of difficulty of posture," indignation breaks up perforce in laughter, and one rather enjoys than otherwise the queer contradictory fervour with which Mr. Powers's assailants, as if playing zealously at the nursery game of "I have you here! I have you there!" in one paragraph make a telling hit at him, as a starveling charlatan supported by undeserved public charity, and in the next brands him as a surly *millionnaire*, who loves his "almighty dollars" too well to open his house at Florence for artistic *re-unions*. From both of which perilous extremes it is needless to say that Mr. Powers is as far removed as can well be conceived, by the simple, studious and home-keeping, yet genial and cheerful way of life, which is no secret to such as really know him.

But to return from the unwholesome atmosphere of political discord and envious detraction, to the stiller and purer air of the Florentine studio, within its homely little garden, perfumed with lemon and bergamotte blossoms, and in summer all aflush with brilliant scarlet pomegranate flowers. The cast of the statue of Washington executed, for the Freemasons' Lodge of Fredericksburg, in Virginia, deserves a word of notice. Meritorious in itself, and by no means wanting in individuality, the proportion of the figure is completely and irremediably destroyed by the ungainly masonic insignia, the collar and apron in which it is dressed. Here, too, is the cast of the admirable bust of General Jackson, which, however often seen, still calls for a fresh pause to take in the *ensemble* of rugged outline and resolute energy which make up the striking resemblance of that characteristic old head.

Mr. Powers is now engaged upon a statue of Jefferson, which is, in fact, only in part sketched out in the clay. It is somewhat larger than life, and the easy, graceful *pose* of hands and head, as well as the delicate modelling of the refined and shrewd, but not imaginative, nor very powerful, countenance, give good promise for the excellence of the future work.

Only a few doors from Mr. Powers's studio, on the opposite side of Via Chiara, we come to that of another American sculptor, Mr. Hart, in one of those quaint Art-hives, formerly convents, now nests of studios, which abound in Florence, and give a touch of pleasant mediæval character to its artist-life. Indeed, the unpretending old street, especially towards this, its lower end, has a certain demure, old-world personality about it, which is found so often in the least pretentious sites of the "City of Flowers."

Looking along its narrow perspective, the tall trees and lofty iron gates of the beautiful Torrigiani Gardens lead the eye on pleasantly to the brown old Roman gate; and a certain terraced and pillared summer-house, jutting out from the gardens over the street, is in spring all festooned and flounced with lavish clusters of tiny pink roses, and musical with blackbirds and nightingales, in right countrified fashion. The Porta Romana itself, which closes the prospect, is a sturdy, square gateway tower, with a projecting dark, red-tiled roof, and a species of heavy wooden portcullis-like barrier, which is drawn up by day, and let down after ten every night. Above and beyond the gateway, against the sky, are the tufted chestnut-trees outside the city wall. Not far from the gate, a little higher up than Powers's studio, is a small dilapidated church, with ornamented portal, and broad entrance steps, now also a home of Art, and which we shall have to visit on a future occasion. On the opposite side is the old convent above mentioned, with its immense gaping *porte cochère*, giving a view of the queer rambling courtyard within, its walls partly clambered over by an aged vine, and one corner occupied by the invariable huge ancient well, with well-worn marble lip, and ever-creaking chain.

Here, among many a brother artist's studio, is that of Mr. Hart, who, besides two very promising groups in the clay of 'Peace,' and the 'Genius of Freedom,' has just executed the model for a likeness-bust, of very great merit, of Mr. Theodore Parker, the celebrated Unitarian preacher, who died a few months since at Florence. Mr. Parker had been residing at

Rome for his health for some time, and was with difficulty brought on to Florence on his way homeward to America, but lived only a few days after his arrival there. The difficulties Mr. Hart had to encounter in the way of making a successful likeness were great indeed, and required no ordinary talent and skill to overcome them. The portrait is a posthumous one, and has been executed from a photograph and a mask taken from the features after death. Yet the friends of Mr. Parker agree in declaring the resemblance to be excellent, and the character of the remarkable head—a fitting head for a large-hearted and earnest philanthropist—to be all they can desire. It is a pity that a resolute adherence to such unpicturesque minutiæ of modern costume as the ungainly high shirt-collar should have been insisted on, so as to add yet another difficulty to the artistic handling of the bust. Still the work reflects much praise on the young sculptor, who will shortly execute it in marble.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The grand feature at present in discussion at Paris is the competition for the building of the Opera; it will be placed on the "Boulevard des Capucines," with a street in front, leading direct to the Théâtre Français; several new streets are projected round the edifice; the whole will form a magnificent cluster of buildings when carried out.—We have often spoken of the picture-cleaning at the Louvre; here is an anecdote, from the *Revue des Beaux Arts*, relating to that subject:—"In 1848, when M. Jeanron was named director of the Museum of Art, he suspended immediately all restoration of the paintings in the Louvre; this raised many complaints. He was summoned to the Prefecture of Police, but refused to go; subsequently he waited on the Minister of the Interior. The minister, M. Dufaure, listened to his arguments, came to the Louvre, studied with M. Jeanron the question, and was satisfied, by what he saw and heard, that the director was right. 'What astonishes me,' said the minister to M. Jeanron, 'is, that amongst many letters written to me on the subject is one from M. X——, who has one of the finest galleries in Europe, and who says our paintings remain hidden by old varnish.' The next day M. Dufaure and Jeanron paid a visit to M. X——, who was pleased to show his gallery, recounting the history and quality of each painting, and, to crown all, insisted on the marvellous state of preservation they were in, and that, by his great care, *they had never been cleaned*. On hearing this, the minister and M. Jeanron exchanged a slight glance, and understood the collector's argument; he evidently desired to have all paintings cleaned and restored except *his own*."—At the end of this month (March) is the period for sending in works of Art for the Paris Exhibition; very little has transpired concerning its character; pictures there will be, no doubt, in great numbers, but most of the really great painters of France are gone, and now it is only execution, colour, and manual dexterity which the present generation seems to aim at: at the last exhibition the foreigners were certainly pre-eminent.—The Soltykoff Collection, which it was said was bought for the Louvre, has been purchased by the Baron F. A. Seillière, for 1,750,000 francs, less the European arms and armour, which were sold to the Emperor for 250,000 francs; it is this that gave currency to the report that the entire collection was to be placed in the Louvre.*

DUSSELDORF.—The school of Art here has lost one of its most celebrated painters: M. Köhler, Professor of Painting at the Academy, died at Montpellier, in France, on the 30th of January. He had long suffered from an affection of the lungs, and had repaired to the south of Europe in the hope of arresting his complaint. M. Köhler was a painter of history and *genre*.

* [Our Paris correspondent writes word that circular letters, asking for pictures, either for sale or for a foreign exhibition, are frequently being received by the artists of that city. These letters come from foreigners resident in London, whom he denounces as swindlers, for in several instances which have come within his own knowledge, pictures so forwarded have never been seen or heard of by their owners. We have some recollection of reading in the police reports, not very long since, of an application, by a Belgian artist of distinction, to the sitting magistrate for aid to enable him to discover the whereabouts of a painting obtained from him under similar circumstances. As we know our journal has many readers among continental artists, a word of warning may save them from being victimised.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—We find by an appendix, which has lately reached us, to the Report of the Royal Scottish Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland for the last year, the particulars of which we published some months ago, that the principal prizes were thus awarded:—The six oil pictures, by J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., illustrating the old Border ballad of "The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow," and which were a commission to the artist from the society at the price of £600, to Mr. John Gardiner, Dunfermline, the place, by a singular coincidence, of Mr. Paton's residence; 'The Arrest of Pietro d'Apine,' by William Douglas, R.S.A., £220, to James Mathewson, Brankstone Villa, Northumberland; and 'Fair Rosamond and Queen Eleanor,' James Archer, R.S.A., £100, to George Armstrong, engineer, Alnwick.

DUBLIN.—The latest day for receiving the contributions intended for the forthcoming exhibition, in Dublin, of the Fine Arts and Ornamental Art, is announced to be April 20: we alluded last month to the specialities of this exhibition.

BIRMINGHAM.—The annual meeting and ballot of the Birmingham and Midland Counties Art-Union took place in the Town Hall, late in the month of January: the chair was occupied by Sir Francis E. Scott, Bart., who opened the proceedings by some judicious remarks on the importance, among a community of Art-manufacturers, that such Art should be studied as would alone conduce to the elevation of their productions, but that this end would not be attained solely by the circulation and study of such pictures as are usually found in the public exhibition-room. The student of ornamental art "must study nature at the first hand, and gain a true knowledge of her outlines, her forms, her colours, her tree and leaf and flower structure; and when he knew these he would be more likely to produce a satisfactory work of Art-manufacture than if he had only studied objects of pure Art, which were not of the slightest use or assistance to him." Mr. W. Hall (honorary secretary) then read the Report, which showed that out of the 26,820 tickets which had been issued by the society, 24,210 had been sold, realizing the sum of £1,210 10s. This, after deducting the necessary expenses, left £920 to be balloted for. The sum thus left had been appropriated in prizes as follows:—One of £100, one of £75, one of £50, two of £30, three of £25, five of £20, eleven of £15, fifteen of £10, five of £8, and twenty-one of £5. To this list also was added four prizes awarded, but unclaimed, last year—one of £25, one of £10, one of £7, and one of £6. Several pictures were selected last year on behalf of prizeholders who did not choose their pictures within the stipulated time. Four of these being unclaimed, they were put into the ballot this year as extra prizes, and were allotted as follows:—landscape by W. Hall, ticket 8,277; landscape by Boddington, ticket 26,878; fruit piece by Meakin, ticket 18,665; figure by Bouvier, ticket 17,573.

LEEDS.—At the last annual meeting of the School of Art in this town, held in the Town Hall, Edward Baines, Esq., M.P., in the chair, the Report read by the hon. secretary stated that the school was in a very flourishing condition with respect to the progress of the pupils, but that the accommodation for the central school was very insufficient for the requirements of so large a town. The present school could only accommodate fifty students at one time. Comparing the number of persons under instruction through the agency of the school, it was stated that only two other towns in the kingdom exceeded Leeds in that respect, London and Manchester, the former having 10,970 under instruction, the latter having 8,951, whilst Leeds had 3,150. The comparison of the work for the year 1859, with the results of 1860, showed as follows:—

	1859.	1860.
Number of medals awarded	11	20
Number of students passing senior examination	53	103
Number of students passing junior examination	73	159

Besides the work in the central school, there were no less than thirty-two schools and classes at present taught by masters from the School of Art, and these classes were increasing every day. A great demand for Art-instruction was being developed in the manufacturing districts: the influence of this was felt in the School of Art. A few years ago Leeds could only find work for one master and an assistant, whilst at the present time it was necessary to have a staff of four masters and three assistants for the School of Art and the teaching of schools and classes in Leeds and the neighbourhood. This would give an idea of the increase of the work. Mr. Baines, after remarking that the medals had already been distributed by Lord Palmerston in the Town Hall, alluded to the very insufficient room for the central school. This, however, would be remedied when the new School of Art, a part of the Mechanics' Institution building, was erected. Subscriptions for the new building are being now collected. A large and commodious picture gallery is to be connected with the school, which will be thrown open to the public at frequent intervals. It will also, in conjunction with the exhibition room of the School of Art, be occasionally used for the exhibition of works of Art from the South Kensington Museum, when arrangements have been made for the circulation of parts of that collection. The new school will, when erected, be one of the largest in the United Kingdom. It is a good feature, this spread of Art-instruction in our large towns. Sheffield, Manchester, and Birmingham already have important schools of Art, and Leeds seems determined not to be behindhand in the matter.

HERTFORD.—A meeting, which was attended by a large number of the principal inhabitants of this town and its immediate vicinity, was held at the Town Hall, on the 18th of January, to consider the propriety of establishing a School of Art here. The assembly was addressed by the Right Hon. W. Cowper and Sir M. Farquhar, the two members for Hertford, and other gentlemen, and a subscription entered into to defray the preliminary expenses.

COVENTRY.—Lord Leigh, with a benevolent view to aid the distressed weavers of Coventry, as well as to stimulate the pupils of the school of Art in that city, has offered to present a gold medal for the best fancy ribbon, in style, make, and harmony of colour; and a silver medal for the best six designs for ribbons. Lady Leigh also proposes to give a prize for the best plain ribbon, having special reference to cheapness as well as quality.

SHEFFIELD.—A society for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Sheffield, and for the mutual improvement of its members in Art, has recently been established in Sheffield, with every prospect of success. The society, which formerly met at each other's houses, has now got a local habitation in Paradise Square. Mr. Christopher Thomson, landscape painter, has been elected president, and Mr. J. T. Crawshaw, animal painter, the secretary.

HEREFORD TOWN HALL has been sold for £200. The *Builder* gives an engraving of the clock-tower—a lofty and fantastic thing, from the design of Mr. C. H. Edwards—which is to replace that venerable and interesting structure, the "unwise destruction" of which even architects "regret." The erection of the clock-tower in question is to be commenced in the spring. It will occupy and "commemorate" the site of the unfortunate old hall, in the centre of the High Square of Hereford. As it will be 110 feet high, it will prove a pretty conspicuous monument to visitors, of the bad taste of the Hereford people. Drinking fountains below, a clock and balcony above, and a staircase between; the materials stone and iron; the style "Jessamy Gothic." Such is the proposed "clock-tower."

BOLTON.—The medals and prizes awarded by the Department of Science and Art to the successful competitors in the Bolton School of Art were distributed on the evening of the 6th of February. In the course of a few preliminary remarks made by the chairman, the Rev. H. Powell, Vicar of Bolton, were the following:—"With respect to the present condition of the school, it was at once encouraging and discouraging. It was discouraging in respect of the attendance; for while, in the first quarter of its establishment, the number of pupils was 92, and the next upwards of 200, since then it appeared to have gone on decreasing until it stood at 144; he might, however, add that, from all the indications they saw before them, he believed they would find additional students would come in, and that their school would in a short time be even more flourishing than it had ever been before. Looking at the school from another point of view, nothing could be more encouraging and gratifying. In point of numbers they were not so large as others, yet their prizes were in excess of schools where the students were more numerous; as this last year, when the attendance was only 140, yet we had 15 medallists, and no less than 50 prizes—a fact which reflected infinitely to the energy and great ability of their excellent master, Mr. Walker." The medals were handed to the students by Lieutenant-Colonel Gray, M.P. for the town.—On the same evening another meeting was held in Bolton to determine the "character and site" of the statue of Samuel Crompton, for which Mr. Calder Marshall, R.A., has received the commission. Both subjects were long and somewhat warmly discussed, but, finally, it was resolved by a large majority that the figure should be a sitting one—the sculptor had submitted two models for approbation, one a standing figure, the other sitting—and the site should be Nelson Square.

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XIV.

WE rowed to Garrison's, where we dismissed the waterman, and took the cars for Peek's Kill, six miles below, a pleasant village lying at the river opening of a high and beautiful valley, and upon slopes that overlook a broad bay and extensive mountain ranges.* We passed the night at the house of a friend (Owen T. Coffin, Esq.), and from the lawn in front of his dwelling, which commands the finest view of the river and mountains in that vicinity, made the sketch of the Lower Entrance to the Highlands. On the left is seen the Donder Berg, over and behind which Sir Henry Clinton's army marched to attack Forts Clinton and Montgomery. On the left is Anthony's Nose, with the site of Fort Independence between it and Peek's Kill; and in the centre is Bear Mountain, at whose base is the beautiful Lake Sinnipink,—the "Bloody Pond" in revolutionary times. This view includes a theatre of most important historical events. We may only glance at them.

Peek's Kill, named from the "Kill of Jan Peek," that flows into the Hudson just above the rocky promontory on the north-western side of the town, was



LOWER ENTRANCE TO THE HIGHLANDS, FROM PEEK'S KILL.

an American depôt of military stores, during the earlier years of the war for independence. These were destroyed and the post burnt by the British in the



SCENE IN FORT MONTGOMERY CREEK.

spring of 1777. There, during most of the war, was the head-quarters of important divisions of the revolutionary army; and there the British spy was hanged, concerning whom General Putnam wrote his famous laconic letter to Sir Henry Clinton. The latter claimed the offender as a British officer, when Putnam wrote in reply:—

"*Head-quarters, 7th August*, 1777.

"SIR,—Edmund Palmer, an officer in the enemy's service, was taken as a spy, lurking within our lines. He has been tried as a spy, condemned as a spy, and shall be executed as a spy; and the flag is ordered to depart immediately.

"P.S.—He has been accordingly executed." "ISRAEL PUTNAM."

At Peek's Kill we procured a waterman, whose father, then eighty-five years of age, conveyed the writer across the King's Ferry, four or five miles below, twelve years before. The morning was cool, and a stiff breeze was blowing from the north. We crossed the bay, and entered Fort Montgomery Creek (anciently Poplopen's Kill) between the two rocky promontories on which stood Forts Clinton and Montgomery, within rifle-shot of each other. The banks of the creek are high and precipitous, the southern one covered with trees; and less than half a mile from its broad and deep mouth, in which large vessels may anchor, it is a wild mountain stream, rushing into the placid tide-water through narrow valleys and dark ravines. Here, at the foot of a wild cascade, we moored our little boat, and sketched the scene. A short dam has been constructed there for sending water through a flume to a mill a few rods below. This stream, like Indian Brook, presents a thousand charming pictures, where nature woos her lovers in the pleasant summer time.

From the mill may be obtained a view of the promontories on each side of the creek, and of the lofty Anthony's Nose on the eastern side of the river, which appears in our sketch, dark and imposing, as we look toward the east.



FALLS IN FORT MONTGOMERY CREEK.

Fort Montgomery was on the northern side of the creek, and Fort Clinton on the southern side. They were constructed at the beginning of the war for independence, and became the theatre of a desperate and bloody contest in the autumn of 1777. They were strong fortresses, though feebly manned. From Fort Montgomery to Anthony's Nose a heavy boom and massive iron chain were stretched over the river, to obstruct British ships that might attempt a passage toward West Point. The two forts were respectively commanded by two brothers, Generals George and James Clinton, the former at that time governor of the newly organized State of New York.

Burgoyne, then surrounded by the Americans at Saratoga, was, as we have observed in a former chapter, in daily expectation of a diversion in his favour, on the Lower Hudson, by Sir Henry Clinton,—in command of the British troops at New York. Early in October, the latter fitted out an expedition for the Highlands, and accompanied it in person. He deceived General Putnam, then in command at Peek's Kill, by feints on that side of the river; at the same time he sent detachments over the Donder Berg, under cover of a fog. They were piloted by a resident Tory or loyalist; and in the afternoon of the 6th of October, and in two divisions, fell upon the forts. The commanders had no suspicions of the proximity of the enemy until their picket guards were assailed. These, and a detachment sent out in that direction, had a severe skirmish with the invaders on the borders of Lake Sinnipink, a beautiful sheet of water lying at the foot of the lofty Bear Mountain, on the same general level as the foundations of the fort. Many of the dead were cast into that lake, near its

* Peek's Kill was incorporated in 1817. It is the most northerly place on the Hudson (being forty-one miles from New York), where business men in the metropolis reside. It is so sheltered by the Highlands that it is an agreeable place of residence in the winter. It contains ten churches, excellent schools, and has a population of about 4,000.

outlet, and their blood so incarnadined its waters, that it has ever since been vulgarly called "Bloody Pond."

The garrisons at the two forts, meanwhile, prepared to resist the attack with desperation. They were completely invested at four o'clock in the afternoon, when a general contest commenced, in which British vessels in the river participated. It continued until twilight. The Americans then gave way, and a general flight ensued. The two commanders were among those who escaped to the mountains. The Americans lost in killed, wounded, and prisoners, about 300. The British loss was about 140.

The contest ended with a sublime spectacle. Above the boom and chain the Americans had two frigates, two galleys, and an armed sloop. On the fall of



LAKE SINNIPINK.

the forts, the crews of these vessels spread their sails, and, slipping their cables, attempted to escape up the river. But the wind was adverse, and they were compelled to abandon them. They set them on fire when they left, to prevent their falling into the hands of an enemy. "The flames suddenly broke forth," wrote Stedman, a British officer and author, "and, as every sail was set, the vessels soon became magnificent pyramids of fire. The reflection on the steep face of the opposite mountain (Anthony's Nose), and the long train of ruddy light which shone upon the water for a prodigious distance, had a wonderful



ANTHONY'S NOSE AND THE SUGAR LOAF, FROM THE ICE DEPÔT.

effect; while the ear was awfully filled with the continued echoes from the rocky shores, as the flames gradually reached the loaded cannons. The whole was sublimely terminated by the explosions, which left all again in darkness."

Early on the following morning, the obstructions in the river, which had cost the Americans a quarter of a million of dollars, continental money, were destroyed by the British fleet: Fort Constitution, opposite West Point, was abandoned. A free passage of the Hudson being opened, Vaughan and Wallace sailed up the river on their destructive errand to Kingston and Clermont, already mentioned.

A short distance below Montgomery Creek, at the mouth of Lake Sinnipink Brook, is one of the depôts of the Knickerbocker Ice Company, of New York. The spacious storehouses for the ice are on the rocky bank, thirty or forty feet above the river. The ice, cut in blocks from the lake above in winter, is sent down upon wooden "ways," that wind through the forest with a gentle inclination, from the outlet of Sinnipink, for nearly half a mile. A portion of the "ways," from the storehouses to the forwarding depôt below, is seen in our sketch. From that depôt the ice is conveyed into vessels in warm weather, and carried to market. About 30,000 tons of ice are annually shipped from this single depôt. Ice is an important article of the commerce of the Hudson. We shall consider the subject more fully hereafter.

From the high bank above the ice depôt, a very fine view of Anthony's Nose and the Sugar Loaf in the distance may be obtained. The latter name the reader will remember as that of the lofty eminence in the rear of the Beverly House. At West Point and its vicinity it forms a long range of mountains, but looking up from the neighbourhood of the Nose, it is a perfect pyramid in form. It is one of the first objects that attract the eye of the voyager, when turning the point of the Nose on entering the Highlands from below. Its form suggested to the practical minds of the Dutch a *Suycker Broodt*—Sugar Loaf—and so they named it.

We crossed the river from Lake Sinnipink to Anthony's Nose, through the point of which the Hudson River Railway passes, in a tunnel over 200 feet in length. This is a lofty rocky promontory, whose summit is almost 1,300 feet above the river, and with the jutting point of the Donder Berg, a mile and a half below, gives the Hudson there a double curve, and the appearance of an arm of the sea, terminating at the mountains. Such was the opinion of Hendrick Hudson, as he approached this point from below. The true origin of the name of this promontory is unknown. Irving makes the veracious historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, throw light upon the subject:—

"And now I am going to tell a fact, which I doubt much my readers will hesitate to believe, but if they do they are welcome not to believe a word in this whole history—for nothing which it contains is more true. It must be



TUNNEL AT ANTHONY'S NOSE.

known then that the nose of Anthony the trumpeter was of a very lusty size, strutting boldly from his countenance like a mountain of Golconda, being sumptuously bedecked with rubies and other precious stones—the true regalia of a king of good fellows, which jolly Bacchus grants to all who bouse it heartily at the flagon. Now thus it happened, that bright and early in the morning, the good Anthony, having washed his burly visage, was leaning over the quarter railing of the galley, contemplating it in the glassy wave below. Just at this moment the illustrious sun, breaking in all his splendour from behind a high bluff of the Highlands, did dart one of his most potent beams full upon the refulgent nose of the sounder of brass—the reflection of which shot straightway down hissing hot into the water, and killed a mighty sturgeon that was sporting beside the vessel. This huge monster, being with infinite labour hoisted on board, furnished a luxurious repast to all the crew, being accounted of excellent flavour excepting about the wound, where it smacked a little of brimstone—and this, on my veracity, was the first time that ever sturgeon was eaten in these parts by Christian people. When this astonishing miracle became known to Peter Stuyvesant, and that he tasted of the unknown fish, he, as may well be supposed, marvelled exceedingly; and as a monument thereof, he gave the name of Anthony's Nose to a stout promontory in the neighbourhood, and it has continued to be called Anthony's Nose ever since that time."

Down the steep rocky valley between Anthony's Nose and a summit almost as lofty half a mile below, one of the wildest streams of this region flows in gentle cascades in dry weather, but as a rushing torrent during rain-storms or the time of the melting of the snows in spring. The Dutch called it *Brocken Kill*, or Broken Creek, it being seen in "bits" as it finds its way among the rocks and shrubbery to the river. The name is now corrupted to Brockey Kill. It is extremely picturesque from every point of view, especially when seen glittering in the evening sun. It comes from a wild wet region among the hills, where the Rattlesnake,* the most venomous serpent of the American

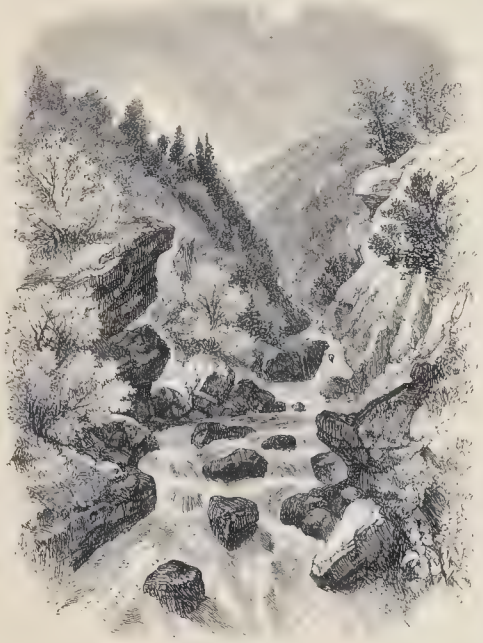
* The *Crotalus durissus*, or common northern Rattlesnake of the United States, is of a yellowish or reddish brown, sometimes of a chestnut black, with irregular rhomboidal black blotches; head large, flattened, and triangular; length from three to seven or eight

continent abounds. They are found in all parts of the Highlands, but in far less abundance than formerly: indeed they are now so seldom seen, that the tourist need have no dread of them.

A little below the Brocken Kill, at Flat Point, is one of those tunnels and deep rock cuttings, so frequently passed along the entire line of the Hudson River Railway; and in the river opposite is a picturesque island called Iona, containing about 300 acres of land, including a marsh meadow of 200 acres. Only about forty acres, besides, is capable of tillage. It lies within the triangle formed by the Donder Berg, Anthony's Nose, and Bear Mountain. There we spent an hour pleasantly and profitably with the proprietor, C. W. Grant, M.D., who resides there, and is extensively engaged in the propagation of grape-vines and choice fruit-trees. He has a vineyard of twenty acres, from 2,000 to 3,000 bearing pear-trees, and small fruit of every kind. He has eleven propagation houses, and produces more grape and other fruit-plants than all other establishments in the United States combined.

Iona is upon the dividing line of temperature. The sea breeze stops here, and its effects are visible upon vegetation. The season is two weeks earlier than at Newburgh, only fourteen miles northward, above the Highlands. Iona is at the lower entrance to this mountain range. The width of the river between it and Anthony's Nose is only three-eighths of a mile—less than at any other point below Albany. The water is deep, and the tidal currents are so swift, that this part of the river is called "The Race."

Southward from Iona, on the western shore of the river, rises the rocky



THE BROCKEN KILL.

Donder Berg, or Thunder Mountain, where, in summer, the tempest is often seen brooding. "The captains of the river craft," says Irving, in his legend of 'The Storm-Ship,' "talk of a little bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin, in trunk hose and sugar-loafed hat, with a speaking-trumpet in his hand, which, they say, keeps the Donder Berg. They declare that they have heard him, in stormy weather, in the midst of the turmoil, giving orders in Low Dutch, for the piping up of a fresh gust of wind, or the rattling off of another thunder-clap. That sometimes he has been seen surrounded by a crew of little imps, in broad breeches and short doublets, tumbling head over heels in the rack and mist, and playing a thousand gambols in the air, or buzzing like a swarm of flies about Anthony's Nose; and that, at such times, the hurry-scurry of the storm was always greatest. One time a sloop, in passing by the Donder Berg, was overtaken by a thunder-gust, that came scouring round the mountain, and seemed to burst just over the vessel. Though tight and well ballasted, she laboured dreadfully, and the water came over the gunwale. All the crew were amazed, when it was discovered that there was a little white sugar-loaf hat on the mast-head, known at once to be the hat of the Heer of the Donder Berg. Nobody, however, dared to climb to the mast-head, and get rid of this terrible hat. The sloop continued labouring and rocking, as if she would have rolled her mast overboard, and seemed in continual danger, either of upsetting, or of running on shore. In this way she drove quite through the Highlands, until she had passed Pollopel's Island, where, it is said, the jurisdiction of the Donder Berg potentate ceases. No sooner had she passed this bourne, than the little hat sprung up into the air like a top, whirled up all the clouds into a vortex, and hurried them back to the summit of the Donder Berg, while the sloop righted herself, and sailed on as quietly as if in a mill-pond. Nothing saved her from utter wreck but the fortunate circumstance of having a horse-shoe nailed against the mast—a wise precaution against evil spirits, since adopted by all the Dutch captains that navigate this haunted river.

"There is another story told of this foul-weather urchin, by Skipper Daniel Ouslesticker, of Fish Kill, who was never known to tell a lie. He declared that,



RATTLESNAKE.

in a severe squall, he saw him seated astride of his bowsprit, riding the sloop ashore, full butt against Anthony's Nose, and that he was exorcised by Dominie Van Geisen, of Esopus, who happened to be on board, and who sang the hymn of St. Nicholas, whereupon the goblin threw himself up in the air like a ball, and went off in a whirlwind, carrying away with him the nightcap of the Dominie's wife, which was discovered the next Sunday morning hanging on the weather-cock of Esopus Church steeple, at least forty miles off. Several events of this kind having taken place, the regular skippers of the river for a long time did not venture to pass the Donder Berg, without lowering their peaks, out of homage to the Heer of the Mountains; and it was observed that all such as paid this tribute of respect, were suffered to pass unmolested."

We have observed, that the tempest is often seen brooding upon the Donder Berg in summer. We give a sketch of one of those scenes, drawn by the writer



IONA, FROM THE RAILWAY.

several years ago, when the steam-engine of an immense pumping apparatus was in operation at Donder Berg Point. Concerning that engine and its co-workers, there is a curious tale of mingled fraud, superstition, credulity, and "gullibility," that vies with many a plot born in the romancer's brain. It cannot be told here. The simple outlines are, that some years ago an iron cannon was, by accident, brought up from the river depths at this point. Some speculator, as the story goes, at once conceived a scheme of fraud, for the success of which he relied on the average ignorance and credulity of mankind. It was boldly proclaimed, in the face of recorded history, that Captain Kidd's piratical vessel was sunken in a storm at this spot with untold treasures on board, and that one of his cannons had been raised. Further, that the deck of his vessel had been penetrated by a very long auger, hard substances encountered by it, and pieces of silver brought up in its thread—the evidence of coffers of specie

feet. On the tail is a *rattle*, consisting of several horny enlargements, loosely attached to each other, making a loud rattling sound when shaken and rubbed against each other. These are used by the serpent to give warning of its presence. When disturbed, it throws itself into a coil, vibrates its rattles, and then springing, sometimes four or five feet, fixes its deadly fangs in its victim. It feeds on birds, rabbits, squirrels, &c.

below. This anger with its bits of silver was exhibited, and the story believed. A stock company was formed. Shares were readily taken. The speculator was chief manager. A coffer dam was made over the supposed resting-place of the treasure-ship. A steam-engine and huge pumps, driven by it, were set in motion. Day after day, and month after month, the work went on. One credulous New York merchant invested 20,000 dollars in the scheme. The speculator took large commissions. Hope failed, the work stopped, and nothing now remains to tell the tale but the ruins of the coffer dam and the remains of the pumps.

The true history of the cannon found there is, probably, that it is one of several captured by the Americans at Stony Point, just below, in 1779. They



DONDER BERG POINT.

attempted to carry the cannon, on flat boards, to West Point. According to the narrative of a British officer present, a shot from the *Vulture* sloop-of-war sunk one of the boats off Donder Berg Point. This cannon, probably, went to the bottom of the river at that time. And so vanishes the right of any of Kidd's descendants to that old cannon.

A few weeks after my visit to the Donder Berg and its vicinity, I was again at Peek's Kill, and upon its broad and beautiful bay. But a great change had taken place in the aspect of the scene. The sober foliage of late autumn had fallen, and where lately the most gorgeous colours clothed the lofty hills in indescribable beauty, nothing but bare stems and branches, and grey rugged rocks, were seen, shrouded in the snow that covered hill and valley, mountain and



THE PEEK'S KILL.

plain. The river presented a smooth surface of strong ice, and winter, with all its rigours, was holding supreme rule in the realm of nature without.

It was evening when I arrived at Peek's Kill—a cold, serene, moonlight evening. Muffled in a thick cloak, and with hands covered by stout woollen gloves, I sallied out to transfer to paper and fix in memory the scene upon Peek's Kill (or Peek's Kill Creek, as it is erroneously written), of which I had obtained a glimpse from the window of the railway-car. The frost bit sharply, and cold keen gusts of wind came sweeping from the Highlands, while I stood upon the causeway at the drawbridge at the mouth of Peek's Kill, and made my evening sketch.* All was cold, silent, glittering, and solitary, except a group of young skaters, gliding spectre-like in the crisp night air, their merry laughter ringing out clear and loud when one of the party was made to "see stars"—not in the black arch above—as his head took the place of his heels upon the ice. The form of an iron furnace, in deep shadow, on the southern side of the creek, was the only token of human labour to be seen in the view, except the cabin of the drawbridge keeper at my side.

A little north of Peek's Kill Hollow, as the valley is called by the inhabitants, is another, lying at the bases of the rugged Highlands, called the Canopus Hollow. It is a deep, rich, and interesting valley, through which flows the Canopus Creek. In its bosom is pleasant little Continental Village, so named in the time of the Revolution because the hamlet then was made a depôt for continental cattle and stores. These were destroyed by Governor Tryon, at the head of a band of German emissaries, three days after the capture of Forts Clinton and Montgomery. That officer, who had been governor of the colony of New York, and was now a brigadier in the royal army, hated the Americans intensely. He really seemed to delight in expeditions of this kind, having almost destroyed Danbury, in Connecticut, and East Haven, Fairfield, and Norwalk, on the borders of Long Island Sound, in the same State. Now, after destroying the public stores and slaughtering many cattle, he set fire to almost every house in the village. In allusion to this, and the devastations on the Hudson, above the Highlands, by General Vaughan, Trumphill, an American cotemporary poet, wrote indignantly:—

> "Behold, like whelps of Britain's lion,
> Our warriors, Clinton, Vaughan, and Tryon,
> March forth with patriotic joy
> To ravish, plunder, and destroy.
> Great gen'rals! foremost in their nation,
> The journeymen of desolation,
> Like Samson's foxes, each assails,
> Let loose with fire-brands in their tails,
> And spreads destruction more forlorn
> Than they among Philistine corn."

It is proper to observe that Tryon's marauding expeditions were condemned by the British public, and the ministry were censured by the opposition in parliament for permitting such conduct to pass unrebuked.



SKATERS ON PEEK'S KILL BAY.

On the following morning, when the sun had climbed high towards meridian, I left Peek's Kill for a day's sketching and observation in the winter air. The bay was alive with people of all ages, sexes, and conditions. It was the first day since a late snow-storm that the river had offered good sport for skaters, and the navigators of ice-boats.† It was a gay scene. Wrapped in furs and shawls, over-coats and cloaks, men and women, boys and girls, were enjoying the rare exercise with the greatest pleasure. Fun, pure fun, ruled the hour. The air was vocal with shouts and laughter; and when the swift ice-boat, with sails set, gay pennon streaming, and freighted with a dozen boys and girls, came sweeping gracefully towards the crowd,—after making a comet-like orbit of four or five miles to the feet of the Donder Berg, Bear Mountain, and Anthony's Nose,—there was a sudden shout, and scattering, and merry laughter, that would have made old Scrooge, even before his conversion, tremulous with delight, and glowing with desires to be a boy again and singing Christmas Carols with a hearty good-will. I played the boy with the rest for awhile, and then, with long strides upon skates, my satchel with portfolio slung over my shoulder, I bore away towards the great lime-kilns on the shores of Tomkins's Cove, on the western side of the river, four or five miles below.

* This railway-bridge and causeway, is called Cortlandt Bridge. It is 1,496 feet in length. At its north-western end is a gravelly hill, on which stood a battery, called Fort Independence, during the Revolution. The Indians called the Peek's Kill, *Mag-ri-ga-ries*, and its vicinity, *Sack-hoes*.

† The ice-boats are of various forms of construction. Usually a strong wooden triangular platform is placed upon three sled-runners, having skate-irons on their bottoms. The rear runner is worked by a tiller attached to a post that passes up through the platform, and thereby the boat is steered. The sails and rigging are similar to the common large sail-boat. The passengers sit flat upon the platform, and with a good wind are moved rapidly over the ice.

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL SCOTTISH ACADEMY.

THE Thirty-fifth Exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy was opened to the public on Saturday, the 9th of February, and as usual the rooms, from morning till dusk, were crowded with the beauties and celebrities of modern Athens. Next to the exhibition of the Royal Academy, the exhibition of the Northern incorporated artists is the most important in the kingdom; and the interest excited is locally greater than that produced by the opening of the Royal Academy in London. Everybody goes to the Royal Scottish Academy, and the productions of the various artists are at least thoroughly discussed, if they are not always so perfectly appreciated or understood; but this very process of universal discussion has a stimulating effect upon artists, especially the younger men, which often incites them to dare what would otherwise be unattempted. There is, moreover, a healthy national pride in the maintenance of a singularly well defined national school of Art—a Scottish school of painting, in which the pictures bear as strong an individuality of thought and treatment as the Dutch school, when compared with the treatment of domestic art by English artists. This abiding peculiarity of the Scotch, as compared with English painters, is the strongly marked difference in the style of colour. How this difference arose, or where the elements of the Scotch school of colour came from, would be more interesting in the inquiry than practically useful in the solution. In early British Art, nearly all the men who achieved eminence belonged to the north side of the Tweed. Jamieson, and Aikman, and Stephenson, and others, were Scottish artists of repute, when Art, in this southern portion of the island, was exclusively represented by foreigners; but while Jamieson was learning from Vandyke, and Stephenson from Rubens, and others were bringing back from Rome the reflections and knowledge of the great Italians, yet none of these sources seem to furnish any root from whence the Scottish school of colour would naturally arise, because it is as essentially different in its leading characteristics from the gorgeousness and splendour of the Italians, as from the voluptuous sensuousness of the greater Flemish, or the more meritorious brilliancy of the earlier or later French. Nevertheless, these were the sources from whence it could only be naturally expected, because these were the schools with which the artists of Scotland, as a class, alone came into contact. With the great masters of Spain, their opportunities of becoming acquainted must have been of the most limited character; and yet the schoolmasters of the most distinguished Scotchmen would, so far as style would indicate paternity in colour, seem to have been not Giorgione, Rubens, and Vandyke, but Velasquez and Murillo, with their Spanish compeers. The Art of Scotland, if reflected at all, must be a reflection of the Art of Spain, and Velasquez would seem to have been the deity which has so long presided over colour in the Scottish school of painting. Historically we know of no evidence sufficient to warrant the conclusion that the works of the great Spaniards were known to the early Scottish artists, so as to become their types and standards in the domain of colour; and the only other alternative is that in the Scotch, as in the Spanish mind, there is that which, if we may so speak, graduates to a not unsimilar style of expression through the medium of colour. What that something is, we shall not at present even venture to suggest, but the investigation is not beneath the attention of some of those Scotch metaphysicians, who take so deep and lively an interest in the Art of Scotland, and to their surpassing powers of hair-splitting, we heartily recommend and consign it. That the Art of Scotland, especially in colour, seems to be based on the Art of Spain is a fact, which none acquainted with the subject can even yet enter the Scottish Academy's exhibitions without perceiving at a glance; and how, without intercourse between the artists of the two countries, it should have been so for generations—while the artists of those countries with which the Scottish artists had intercourse, and where they studied, should have left no impress upon Scottish Art—is a question not beneath the labour and elucidation of the keenest intellect in Scotland, who permits Art to share in the researches of his learned leisure. That resemblance to the tone of the great Spaniards grows fainter year by year, as the works of the fathers are supplanted by those of the children; and the time seems not far distant when the depth and grandeur of their artistic progenitors of the Scottish school will have fled as a reality, leaving only its shadow on the path of their successors, in glimpses of repose on which the eye can rest with pleasure, amidst the ever increasing dreary wastes of raw and tawdry brilliancies.

Without attempting to go over more than a very few individual pictures—some of these for the purpose of showing how the strong men sustain their renown, and others for the purpose of showing where strong men may be expected—our duty will be best discharged by seizing on the salient points of the exhibition as a whole, and by attempting to ascertain its value, first as a test of artistic thought, and then as to its value as an advancement of those principles upon which sound progress in Art depend. As a rule the most recent exhibition is always declared the best. Artists who have finished their toil, and are waiting for their reward, have strong grounds for desiring the public to believe that their most recent works are their best; and it would be contrary to human nature to expect any decided expressions of a different opinion from those whose joint labours make up our annual exhibitions. To the public the sensation of novelty is always pleasing, and when that is set forth in the brilliancy of gold and colour—combined with that less acknowledged influence of gratification of seeing themselves, or those they love, conspicuous on the walls—it is not surprising that each new exhibition should be pronounced at least equal to its immediate predecessors by a large section of the public. They cannot distinguish between the attractions of novelty and the increase of excellence in Art, and in the vast majority of instances the critics who guide them are like unto them; and hence the cooling process through which so many go, from their first bursts of ardour to the freezing point of indifference, between the opening and closing of modern exhibitions. The present exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy will this year have to encounter a full share of this diminishing applause, and although now heralded as a very fair average exhibition, or "one of the best for years," it will probably not escape the appellation of being very common-place before its term of weeks have run half their appointed course. There is a sad confusion of ideas in many minds upon the standard by which exhibitions should be judged: progress seems to be ignored, and many talk of a good average exhibition as something with which both artists and the public should be satisfied. If average progress be included, the standard is unexceptionable; but if an average exhibition means one equal to the average of the last ten or twenty years—which it almost universally does—then the standard is not only delusive but destructive, because it will almost invariably be based upon substituting material development for artistic thought, and when that is not the idea attached, average exhibitions too often represent artistic stagnation. The present exhibition of Scotland represents this first class of average exhibitions: it is prolific in evidences of manipulation and material progress, but it is equally deficient in those higher qualities of deep thought, strong imagination, and refined feeling, which formed the worthy and only enduring part of the artistic excellence of the Scotch school but a very few years since. A few of the great old landmarks remain, but if the members of the Scottish Academy mean to keep up their old high reputation, they must infuse more thought, earnestness, and energy into their exhibitions than is this year apparent. It would be more flattering to Scotch artists, and perhaps to Scotland, to laud the increasing vigour of the Scotch school; and it is true that the quantity of good painting exhibited this year by native artists is double what could have been gathered together twenty years ago; but our duty is not to cry "peace," but to speak the truth in love, and to ask if the general respectability of the present is any improvement on the daring vigour of the past, and whether the substitution of landscape for those historical pictures, which formerly constituted the strength of the exhibition, be any indications of worthy progress. Go back in memory but a few years, to the period when Harvey was producing such pictures as 'The Past and Present,' 'The Mud Rake,' or 'The Trial of Shakspere;' when Lauder was exhibiting his 'Trial of Effie Deans,' or 'The Glee Maiden;' when David Scott was revelling in a strength which produced 'The Paracelsus,' and 'The Globe Theatre;' when Allan was illustrating Scotch History, or Eastern Manners; when Duncan, and Bonner, and Kennedy, and William Simson, were painting history full of instruction, or *genre* full of beauties; and when the Rev. John Thomson was painting Scotland's rugged shores, washed by waves whose vigour would sweep half the sea-pieces in the present exhibition into the ocean of oblivion;—and where shall the present exhibition furnish equivalents to such works by such men? A retrospect like this is far from flattering to Scottish Art and artists, because, although the fathers cannot be expected to live for ever, or equal the works produced in the heyday of their strength, the public is entitled to expect successors equal to the carrying forward of such works; and it behoves the younger men to see that the position of Scottish Art is not allowed to suffer in their hands. It is not want of talent, but want of high purpose and earnest devotion which is the bane of the younger race of Scottish artists. They, with very few honourable exceptions, are "bit" painters rather than the painters of great pictures; and however clever the "bits," they will never either build up or sustain an artistic reputation. Nor is the excuse of youth one that can be accepted as sufficient for this wasting of time and talents on the dashing off or elaborating of bits instead of pictures. Such apologists for artistic trifling forget that Raffaelle died when he was thirty-seven years of age, and they also forget that all the men who have raised the fame of Scottish Art to its present high position had produced great works long before they had reached the ages of those who remain distinguished as the producers of clever bits, but who are, up to this time innocent of the production of one really great effort in pictorial art in their respective walks,—for we are not speaking of what is called high art, but high class works in their own peculiar walks. This is a reproach which these young men ought at once to wipe out, and which they must obliterate if they mean to carry forward the honours which with conspicuous haste has been so plentifully showered upon them—for many of this class are associates, and some of them have secured the highest honours which the Royal Scottish Academy can offer. The diploma pictures of these, which we have not seen, are no doubt excellent, but the "bits" presented year after year to the public, in the annual exhibition, form but a sorry basis for the full-blown honours of an R.S.A. It is necessary to speak plainly upon this subject, because there is a strong disposition to assume that the Scottish exhibitions must now mainly depend upon the young artists for support and attraction, and then to plead this alleged youth as a reason why pictures should be judged by a lower standard than that applied to the important works of those who made this Scottish Academy Exhibition, what it has long been, the best exhibition in Britain, with the single exception of that of the Royal Academy. The present, and all former exhibitions, extinguish both these "youthful" pleas, because the strength is now where it has ever been—with the old, we might almost say with the original, members of the Academy—with Sir John Watson Gordon and Harvey, with Macnee, Graham Gilbert, and Maculloch, with Lauder, Lees, and Colin Smith; and although Hill does not exhibit this year—probably to escape the ignorant and pretentious envy and invective which was heaped upon him last year by a gang who, attempting to play iconoclast, only committed critical *felo de se*—yet Hill's high feeling for landscape has always been a strength to the Scottish school, as his pictures have been to the exhibitions for all who could see beyond the mere material dross, the smooth laid colour, and the careful journey-work misnamed finish, for which some others are unfortunately lauded by the ignorant. Nor can the plea of youth be admitted as a reason for lowering the standard of criticism, although it might have been a reason why the Academy should have husbanded rather than sown their honours broad-cast; but the honours being achieved, the individual becomes merged in the body corporate, and the pictures of all are amenable to the highest test achieved in the department they represent. Tried by this, the only standard of progress, the works of these younger men, clever and respect-

able although many of these pictures are, will unfortunately be found wanting in many of those elements which are essential to high class pictures, and in none more than in breadth of grasp, depth of thought, and earnestness of purpose.

Among those not connected with the Royal Scottish Academy whose pictures adorn the walls, we find Linnell, sen., who has two pictures, 'Spring' and 'Autumn'—the 'Spring' being the greater local favourite of the two, although from both many of the Scottish landscape painters may and will learn important lessons in colour. These pictures are the property of Mr. Unwin, Sheffield. Roberts also is represented by two pictures—the most important, 'The Piazza, Rome,' already known to the English public, and noticed in the *Art-Journal*—both the property of Mr. J. Tennant Caird, Greenock, one of the few great collectors in Scotland. Creswick's 'Milford Haven' is also there, after being seen in London for years past; and Frere's 'Rainy Day,' the property of another Scotch collector—Mr. Wilson of Banknock. There is a beautiful pastoral, by Hook, the property of Mr. G. F. Burnett, Enfield Chase; and Rothwell's 'Calista,' one of the finest specimens of modern colour; besides some portraits,—that of Beechey being fine, and the lady bearing the mind back to the female portraits of Geddes. 'The Poet and his Wife,' by Maclise, for its exquisite expression, forms one of the strong points of the exhibition; and this picture also belongs to Mr. Unwin, Sheffield. A small picture by E. W. Cooke, belonging to Mr. Caird,—Horsley's 'Showing a Preference,'—and three small pictures by F. Maddox Brown, close the list of what may be called foreign aid; and an exhibition which can maintain its ground with so little support from without, must have no small share of vital strength within. To the evidences of that strength we shall now address ourselves.

Sir John Watson Gordon, the venerated President of the Royal Scottish Academy, stands, and has for years stood, in the front rank of European portrait painters, and, unlike most other men, his strength in painting grows with his years. With his well-known portrait of Professor Munro, exhibited in the Royal Academy some two years ago, the English public are already familiar; and when we say that these other portraits exhibited at Edinburgh, by Sir Watson Gordon, fully support the fame of the 'Munro,' all has been said that can be said on the merits of these later painted portraits, except the evident attention paid by this artist to variety of background. Others, eminent in this branch, have considered themselves well set out with five patterns of backgrounds; but Sir John Watson Gordon is less easily satisfied, and the introduction of variety into the backgrounds is one of the growing charms of his latter portraits. Daniel Macnee and Colvin Smith also maintain their ground and strengthen their position—the former giving us admirable specimens of womanly women, a merit seldom reached by artists of inferior power; and the latter giving us equally vigorous likenesses of vigorous men, which Mr. Smith can do as successfully as any artist of his time, the combination of likeness with intellectual strength being his peculiar power. A portrait of Mr. John Berridge, by George Harvey, shows that this artist still retains that cunning in this walk which enabled him so successfully to transmit the immortal Christopher North to posterity on canvas—a living embodiment of the whole man, gathered into a focus, and reproduced by genius into a great portrait; and although his subject is this year less important, his treatment of it is equally artistic. The portrait of Dr. Guthrie, by Mr. N. Macbeth, is a clear and decided step in advance of this artist's former works; and, although the expression of the mouth may be doubtful, the portrait as a whole, in expression, attitude, and colour, cannot otherwise be characterized than as a great success. Two portraits—one of a gentleman, the other of a lady—by Mr. Orchardson, also indicate most important progress by the artist; and a continuance in the same path will soon place Mr. Orchardson among the best portrait painters in Britain. There are, however, two distinctions that he would do well to bear in mind: first, that breadth of touch has no necessary connection with breadth of style—a remark suggested by his portrait of a lady; and, second, that successful colour depends on decision of tint, and not on losing one colour in another, by means of one uniform tone of glazing. That style of producing harmony and immediate richness has no doubt strong attractions, because it is in truth a style of harmony made easy; but it can never lead to permanent success, and is apt to beget a uniformity and manner which soon disgusts by repetition those whom it may at first charm by richness. A girl, painted and exhibited by this artist—one of the gems of the exhibition—shows that he does not require to resort to what may be called illegitimate means for the production of good colour. Let him follow out the same faithful course in his larger portraits, and he will soon be heard of on both sides of the Tweed as a most successful portrait painter. Portraits of 'Lady and Child,' by Francis Cruikshank, also display progress; and there are some capital portraits of children by McTaggart.

In historic and illustrative art there are many examples, but few *efforts*; and of these latter a very small proportion only are moderately successful. The older men seem to have retired from these branches, and left it exclusively in the hands of the rising generation; and, unfortunately, they do not rise to the honour thus thrown upon them. Noel Paton is, unfortunately, not equal to himself in his 'Islesman at Home;' for, although finished with his usual care, and containing passages of great beauty—such as the mother's head—yet the theme wants interest, and the colour—an effort to represent firelight—does not redeem the defect just mentioned. Colour has always been Mr. Paton's weakest point, and neither this 'Islesman,' nor the very small picture from the "Tempest," show Mr. Paton's strength where he so often excels. He is no doubt expending his powers on some greater work, and these have been exhibited more to conform to the rules of the Academy than as products of his inherent power, and as such we accept them with a hearty welcome. One of the most ambitious pictures in the rooms is 'Queen Mary urged to sign her Abdication,' by Mr. W. Fyfe—a name new to us; but it shows capacity as well as ambition, although not in equal proportions. Although large, it has already found a purchaser, which is at least encouragement for others to leave their "bits" and betake themselves to pictures; and the partial success, and its early recognition, ought to encourage Mr. Fyfe to strive after those excellences, the want of which so greatly mar the good parts of this picture. To go over these beauties and defects in detail would involve an essay on the whole principles of Art, and that is sufficient excuse why a dogmatic opinion is substituted for detailed reasons—a course which only necessity can justify; because it is precisely in such efforts of youthful genius as this that kindly, intelligent, and honest criticism, based on the fundamental principles of Art, would be most useful, both to the artist and the public. 'Cromwell's Bartizan,' by James Drummond, R.S.A., is one of, or rather the best work of its class in the exhibition. The 'Bartizan' is the top of an old house in the upper part of the High Street, Edinburgh, from whence Cromwell and some of his followers are viewing the country around, after the battle of Dunbar. The figure of Cromwell is commanding, and the whole getting up of the picture most creditable both to the artistic skill and the historical knowledge of the artist. 'The Death of King Arthur,' by James Archer, R.S.A., also occupies a post of honour; and, although deficient in those higher elements which are essential to great historical pictures, yet the harmonious tone of colour which pervades it, and the feeling thrown into some of the heads, render this a good and pleasing treatment of a difficult subject. 'The Return from Maying,' by Mr. Crawford, one of the recently-elected associates, displays a laudable ambition to justify the honour he has reached, and no small amount of very good painting. Where so much energy and labour has been bestowed, the effort ought to be applauded, although the result may, in many respects, be very far from successful. There is nothing thoughtful in the composition, nor in the subject, nor in the style of treatment; but a still more visible defect is that want of earnestness in the figures in what they are doing, and that "standing for their portrait" air which so many of them seem to display. It is a stage procession, and not a real one; and the time for stage attitudinizing and effect has passed away in pictorial art. If Mr. Crawford would bestow as much labour upon the same number of living, romping rustics, as he has done upon these theatrical beaux and belles, he would produce a picture many times better than this one, although this is, as a whole, the best he has ever painted. But the artist who displays the greatest progress in this class of subject is Mr. Alexander Leggatt, his 'Rescued Mariner,' a young man rescued from drowning, being a picture of varied and striking excellence, both in its human feeling and poetic treatment in colour. It has defects in drawing, the colour has a tendency to blackness, and there is evident want of care and experience in the handling of details; but, as a whole, it raises Mr. Leggatt to a far higher rank in his profession, and shows the possession of capacity which he will soon turn to very good account. Let him but dare to paint up to what he feels, and if this picture be a true index of his feeling, he will soon leave many behind him in the race for fame. 'Shinty (*Anglice*, Hockey) on the Ice,' by Charles Lees, is one of those subjects which Mr. Lees has emphatically made his own, and which he treats with a combination of delicacy in the landscape, and of vigour in the figure, which are often charming and always agreeable. The present is one of the charming class of these compositions, and although the figures have too much the appearance of being on a slide, yet, on closer inspection, the fun is evidently both fast and furious in the foreground, while the distant landscape is bathed in a flood of wintry sunlight. The large picture of the 'Curlers,' by the same artist, has been painted for several years, and has before been both seen and noticed. 'Will they Weather it?' by J. Houston, R.S.A., is another most desirable picture of its class, where the combination of figure and landscape is equally perfect, and where harmony of colour and refinement of general treatment are blended with a rare knowledge of what is necessary for the production of good pictures. But nothing human is perfect, and some parts of the girl in this picture are not equal to the boy, the rocks, or the sea, which are excellently painted. Mr. John Burr only exhibits one small sketch, but that is very good, being more perfect in composition, and higher in sentiment, than many of his pictures, while it is quite equal to his former works in colour. There are many pictures by Nichol, Pettie, Cameron, Gavin, Glass, Feeds, the Lauders, and others of average merit by the respective artists; but while the general merit disarms criticism, they show no sufficiently striking point of excellence to warrant more than a general reference to their existence.

In landscape, the present exhibition at Edinburgh is particularly strong; and the greatest and most important landscape in the rooms is 'Glen Dhu, Isle of Arran,' by George Harvey, R.S.A. For largeness of drawing, aerial colour, sublime simplicity of treatment, and refined subdued sentiment, this is one of the grandest lanscapes ever produced by the Scottish school. In subject it is comparatively nothing: a hill, another range of hills, and a stream running between them, with a shepherd and some sheep, and two stunted trees in the middle distance; but the wonderful play of sunlight on the range of hills, and the solitude and reality of feeling which pervades the whole, and we will add, the increased refinement of colour visible throughout the entire picture, combine to constitute a whole which the artist has not previously reached—a higher standard of achieved excellence by which his other and future works will now and henceforth be judged. Previous to the production of this 'Glen Dhu,' Mr. Harvey's 'Goat Fell, Isle of Arran,' would have been considered one of his happiest efforts in effect, and the thought in this is altogether pitched upon a higher key; but the realization of the thought in the 'Glen Dhu' is more perfect than in the 'Goat Fell,' so that even with the less exalted thought the picture has become more perfect. A realization of the 'Goat Fell,' as perfect as the 'Glen Dhu,' would be the nearest approach to perfect poetic landscape which the Scottish school has ever made, and Mr. Harvey gives us strong grounds for hope that he will yet achieve that triumph also.

Very different in style, but scarcely less successful in realization, are the landscapes of Mr. A. Fraser, whose strength depends not upon sentiment or poetic thought, but upon seizing every-day nature with a manly grasp, and reproducing what he see

not after the manner of Pre-Raffaellism, but in that higher style of literalism which generalizes reality, but without throwing over it the higher light of poetry. In his own walk these pictures, especially the upright 'Mountain Stream,' show Mr. Fraser to be one of the strongest landscape painters of the Scotch school; and if he could diffuse an imaginative spirit over his present grasp of nature he would be a great landscape painter. Samuel Bough also makes steady progress in his art, and his 'St. Andrew's Bay in a Storm' is the very best large picture he has yet produced. Nothing can exceed the windy, stormy feeling which the picture produces on the mind; and one almost instinctively begins to shiver with a sensation of cold before it—a high tribute to the reality of the work; but this feeling is too much the result of causes which rather detract from, than add to the value of the picture as a work of Art. Abundance of raw whites and cold greys will produce the same effect without much merit in the disposition; and this St. Andrew's, admirable as it is, and clever almost to a fault, would have been greatly improved had *tone* converted that into colour which now obtrudes itself upon the eye as paint. Macculloch maintains his ground in a large picture of Highland loch scenery, but makes no decided progress even in perfecting his own style, and there is a tendency to blackness in some parts which does not carry with it either depth or solemnity; but, in spite of the littleness in drawing, there is an effect in the rolling mass of clouds, and in the general style, highly attractive and pleasing, with far more sentiment than this artist usually reaches in his pictures. Some large goats near the foreground sadly mar the whole by detracting from the size of both hills and loch, and if these goats were obliterated the importance of the picture would be very greatly enhanced, for it is one of the best which Mr. Macculloch has produced for years, and almost approaches his former 'Dream of the Highlands.' Mr. Milne Donald has also some good pictures; and the same may be said of Cranstoun, Hargitts, Henshaw, E. T. Crawford, Giles, Munro, Vallance, Peter Graham, McWhirter, Edmonston, Wintour, Macherppon, W. H. Paton, Pettitt, and a perfect host of others. In a picture, 'The Fisher Children,' by James Cassie, where the sea-beach is beautifully painted, the whole treatment reminds one of the best qualities of Hook fused with the tone of Dyce in landscape. There are, of course, many other good pictures. The public expect that the Lauders should paint creditable landscapes; although we could not expect that Miss Lauder should follow close on the heels of her father in the same walk. People expect that if Mr. William Douglas forsakes history, and paints sea-shore bits of rock and wave, that he should do such things well; although they were not entitled to expect that Master Farquharson should have produced one of the best small landscapes in the room; yet so it is, and while we can only encourage the young, we cannot even notice the works of those who have become stagnant or retrograde in either style or capacity.

Of the sculpture we can only mention the works of Brodie, Mossman, Slater, and Miss Paton. The beautiful female bust by G. E. Ewing, and a Roman matron by John Hutchinson, as being the works of younger men, might, from their merit, claim more lengthened criticism; but space and the patience of readers alike forbid the discharge of what would otherwise have been a pleasing duty.

Of the water-colour drawings we have little to say; but that little is, upon the whole, more in commendation than the reverse. Since the days of Hugh Williams, who was the father and founder of the present water-colour school in Scotland, and many of whose works, as his views of Greece, will bear comparison with the works of Girtin, and even Turner, the Scotch have always had a line of artists in water-colours; and although none of the present men have displayed the same quality as Williams of power over pictorial effect, yet some of the drawings in the present exhibition are highly creditable to the artists that produced them. Among these are Ferrier, Fairbairn, Greig, Frier, and others, whose works give pleasing variety, if they fail to add additional importance to this northern exhibition. Had our space permitted, we might have noticed a few of them somewhat in detail.

PICTURE SALES.

The sales, by auction, of works of Art, have commenced this season at an unusually early period of the year. On the 6th of February, Messrs. Foster dispersed the remaining and most valuable portion of Mr. Henry Wallis's collection; and later in the month, after our sheets had gone to press, two or three other collections, but of minor importance, were disposed of by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, who advertise for sale, during the present month, the "Cabinet of English Pictures and Drawings of J. Anderson Rose, Esq.;" the "Cabinet of English Pictures of G. J. Durrant, Esq.;" the "Collection of Drawings of the late P. C. Edwards, Esq.;" a "Cabinet of English Pictures and Drawings received from the Country," containing examples of some of our best painters; the "Works and Collection of the late A. E. Chalon, Esq., R.A., and J. J. Chalon, Esq., R.A.;" and the "Highly Important Collection of Mr. Flatou," the well-known dealer.* Considering that all these sales will take place before the actual business of the season is presumed to have begun, much transfer of Art-property by auction may be anticipated ere it closes.

But, judging from the prices realised by Mr. Wallis's pictures—the first portion, we know, was sold at, perhaps, the most unfavourable time of the year, when everybody was out of town—buyers do not seem inclined to pay such large sums for their acquisitions as have hitherto been given. We have, for some time past, felt that there must come a reaction, that the price paid by dealers, in their desire to outbid each other, could not be maintained, and, indeed, ought not to be; for the system was unsound, insecure, and operated to the injury both of artists and the public, by putting a fictitious value upon Art. The market, to speak commercially, has been forced up into an unhealthy condition, almost universally acknowledged, but against which none seemed to have the courage to make a stand. As in all similar cases, the disease appears to be at length curing itself, and every one interested in Art must rejoice to see a prospect of its flourishing upon sound and just principles as between the painter and the public; the former receiving due remuneration for his labours, and the latter not compelled to pay more than the true value for what is purchased. We cannot recognise in these matters the Hudibrastic commercial axiom that

"The value of a thing
Is just as much as it will bring."

At the sale in question, we understand, very few pictures were bought by dealers; indeed the dealers, universally, in town and country, are growing "shy" of purchases. Messrs. Agnew did not attend the sale, neither did Messrs. Grundy. Mr. Flatou, as we have intimated, and also Mr. Gambart, are making all prudent arrangements for contracting their business, or bringing it entirely to a close. We can name other dealers who are moving in a like direction. Without their "aid"—or, rather, without their competition—the prices produced at sales will be very different from what they have been.

The principal pictures in Mr. Wallis's Collection, sold in February, were, out of eighty-eight enumerated in the catalogue,—'A Coast Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 130 gs. (Poole); 'The Sentinel,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 120 gs. (Woodward); 'The Duet,' F. Stone, A.R.A., 110 gs. (Woodward); 'Chancel of Roslin Chapel,' D. Roberts, R.A., 102 gs. (Crofts),—Mr. Wallis paid 122 gs. for this at the sale of Mr. Houldsworth's Collection last year; 'South Downs,' T. Creswick, R.A., and R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 122 gs. (Haigh),—bought last year for 125 gs.; 'Broken Vows,' P. H. Calderon, 112 gs. (Coleman),—bought last year for 150 gs.; 'Naaman's Wife's Little Maid,' J. Sant, 130 gs. (Tooth); 'At Pisa,' D. Roberts, R.A., 225 gs. (Vokins); 'View in Kent—Sunset,' J. Linnell, 175 gs. (Poole); 'Nave of a Cathedral in Spain,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., 106 gs. (Rought); 'Hampstead Heath,' J. Linnell, 210 gs. (Colls),—this, if we remember rightly, is the picture sold last year with Mr. Wells's Collection for 235 gs., the purchaser gave the name of *Jones*; 'Interior of a Cottage,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 107 gs. (Wilkinson)—also sold at Mr. Wells's sale for 100 gs.; 'A Shore Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 112 gs. (Coleman); 'The Bread of Life,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 105 gs. (Rought); 'English Cottages,' T. Creswick, R.A., and F. Goodall, A.R.A., 118 gs. (Poole); 'Highland Lake Scene,' P. Nasmyth, 135 gs. (E. Daniel); 'The Doves,' J. Sant, 160 gs. (Graves); 'Juliet's Soliloquy,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 230 gs. (Coleman); 'Uncle Tom and his Wife for Sale,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 590 gs. (Graves),—sold last year at Mr. Houldsworth's sale for 770 gs.; 'A Welsh Girl at a Stile,' J. Sant, 150 gs. (Sir W. Eden); 'Rural Landscape,' J. Linnell, 205 gs. (Houldsworth); 'On the Medway,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 250 gs. (Cheverton); 'The Keeper's Daughter,' W. P. Frith, R.A., and R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 362 gs. (Sewell); 'Pandy Mill, North Wales,' W. Müller, 325 gs. (Sewell); 'Summer's Sunset,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 270 gs. (Haig); 'The Opening of Waterloo Bridge in 1817,' J. Constable, 440 gs. (Davenport),—in 1858 this fine picture was bought in by Mr. Wallis, we believe, for 555 gs.; 'Circe,' Etty, 440 gs. (Thistlethwayte),—so also was this for 510 gs.; 'Solomon Eagle,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 410 gs.,—knocked down last year to a purchaser of the name of *Jones*, for 780 gs.

We have shown in a few instances, where we could conveniently refer to them, the prices given at former sales, just to bear out the remarks made at the commencement, and not for the purpose of deteriorating the value of these or any other works. We would, so far as lies in our power, place the artist, the dealer, and the collector, upon fair and honourable ground with each other.

* Mr. Flatou is, we understand, about to contract materially his business as a picture dealer—a profession in which he has attained considerable eminence, not alone by the magnitude of his transactions, but by his judgment and experience—in order that he may devote all his time and energies to the large engagement in which he has embarked, in reference to Frith's picture of 'Life at a Railway Station.'

THE EXHIBITION OF THE ARCHITECTURAL PHOTOGRAPHIC ASSOCIATION.

The architectural galleries in Conduit Street are now very consistently filled with the collection of photographs which has been formed for the present year by the committee of the Architectural Photographic Association. The photographs at once bear testimony to the peculiar felicity with which architectural subjects are rendered in sun-pictures, and they also attest the sound judgment with which these particular subjects have been selected. It is necessarily a primary object with such an association as this, that its photographs should comprehend a great variety of examples of the art of architecture. Accordingly, this collection associates the triumphs of the Gothic era with the wondrous relics of the palmy days of both Egyptian, Greek, and Roman art. Here the cathedrals of France and England, the monastic remains also of England—which, to the architect, are still eloquent amidst their ruin—the relics of Carthage, the mysterious excavations of India, the lotus-capitals of the Nile Valley, and the columnar structures of the Greeks and Romans, are brought together, to form (with various other kindred objects) a single collection of architectural photographs. The subscribers, who have to select from this ample store, cannot complain that they have not abundant range of choice.

The effectiveness of these photographs in their artistic capacity is truly wonderful. They bring before the eye, not the details of every detail merely, but the texture of the stone, and, oftentimes, even the touches of the chisel. Such photographs are absolutely invaluable through their rendering of architectural feeling and character and expression, as well as because of their exact fidelity of representation.

While admiring greatly the subjects that have been selected for producing this collection, we certainly should have felt additional pleasure from the presence of a series of representations of the architectural works of our own times—the works that architecture is now producing both in this country and in foreign countries. A comparison between these works and their predecessors of earlier times

would be more than interesting, because it would be valuable. In future, we trust the arrangements of the committee will include modern architecture, with the details of architectural accessories.

The lectures that are so judiciously associated with this exhibition are singularly interesting in themselves, and they are also eminently suggestive of the propriety of *always* associating a course of consistent lectures with an Art-exhibition. Thus are exhibitions gifted with a language which may convey a comprehensive teaching. Thus photographs, and pictures also, and sculpture and the productions of Art-manufacture, are made indeed *phonetic*—they tell to all what they have to say, and what is worth hearing and ought to be heard.

We are glad to know that the Architectural Photographic Association is in a flourishing condition, and cordially commend it to the sympathy and the support of our readers.

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It is not improbable that we may date the downfall of British art from the Parliamentary Session of 1861; for, beyond all question, if the bill which the Attorney-General has introduced into the House of Commons passes into a law, there will be hereafter comparatively few purchasers of British pictures. We have often treated this topic; yet it is our duty to do so again and again, as long as there is any chance of arresting the progress of a measure fatal to the best interests of those it professes to serve. Our opportunities of testing its results have been many; we have repeatedly ascertained the views of collectors, and know that, in nine cases out of ten, buyers would not have made purchases if they had not felt assured that what they bought was entirely their own. There is in all Englishmen a peculiar sensitiveness on this head; the mere shadow of a right over his property is what he cannot tolerate; in land a freehold differs very little from a copyhold, yet a buyer will pay largely for the advantage—often a merely ideal advantage—he considers the one to possess over the other. We knew a gentleman who, when completing the sale of a large estate, sought to reserve a right of walking in the park: the contracting party at once declined the purchase; very gladly would he have accorded the *permission*, but he objected to concede the *right*. There will, no doubt, be some artists who can dictate what terms they will, and whose works will yet be bought, who may, if they please, stipulate as to the size and gilding of the frame, even to the tone of colour in the room where it is to be hung; but with the great mass of picture-producers it is otherwise, and as the law—if it becomes law—will apply to all, the consequences will be fatal. We do not hesitate to say there will be few buyers of works over which there is a power which can only have the effect of impressing the buyer with the belief that he is not the owner of what he buys. We repeat, it is the Englishman's peculiar privilege—almost his birthright—to believe he may do what he likes with his own. Once more we warn the British artist that the bill in progress will be their ruin; wealthy manufacturers and merchants will seek elsewhere for elegant luxuries, and decline to collect objects over which they have not entire control. The danger comes, too, at a perilous time for Art: the dealers are giving up business, discouraged, as they say, by the enormous prices they pay and, consequently, are compelled to ask, for modern first class and second-class paintings; we know that Messrs. Christie and Mr. Foster anticipate discouraging "sales" this year, and that, under the very best circumstances, there are clouds lowering over British art while British artists are anticipating only sunshine. The day of large prices is either past or passing; buyers are growing doubtful and "shy," and if, to strengthen their hesitation, there comes an Act of Parliament to tell them that what they buy is not their own, the result may be foreseen without the guidance of "Mr. Interpreter." Those who may suspect our motives in giving this emphatic warning, will do well and justly to bear in mind that the *Art-Journal* has been, during many years, the earnest and zealous advocate of British artists and British art; we claim (and can adduce ample evidence to support such claim) the merit of having directed the tide of "patronage" into this good and right channel. Month after month, for years, we laboured to show the impolicy of buying old masters, and the wisdom of purchasing British pictures; and it is well known to many that a large proportion of those who have been, and are, the largest and most liberal patrons of British art, have been made so by the arguments and proofs we adduced in order to carry to their minds that conviction which entirely arrested the trade in Raffaelles and Titians, and transferred it to the dealers in modern Art. We entreat our artist-readers to believe that in the warning we give them concerning this most evil bill, which is now on its way through Parliament, we are influenced by no selfish motives, but are actuated wholly and solely by a deep and devoted desire to promote the true interests of British artists and British art.*

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "The Art-Journal."

EXHIBITION OF THE WORKS OF THE LATE T. STOTHARD, R.A.

Sir,—It is intended, I believe, to form an exhibition of such of the works of the late T. Stothard, R.A., as can be collected together; we may, therefore, calculate upon a rare treat if the plan be judiciously carried out. That inimitable artist, who was undoubtedly the founder of the British School of Historical Painting, from the time of Sir Joshua Reynolds, will be better understood and appreciated. We may readily conceive that it will be under the superintendence of a select few, who will properly arrange such gems as can be collected. In the Memoir of the artist, by Mrs. Bray, his daughter-in-law, it is stated that engravings from his works amount to some thousands, while there are many great works still in existence, which have never been engraved, and which this exhibition, we trust, will bring to public view.

A question arises—provided such an exhibition take place—to what should the proceeds, after deducting all necessary expenses, be appropriated? We learn from your valuable journal that the proposal emanates from the youngest branch of the family, Mr. R. T. Stothard; but we know that there is an elder son, who, in the year 1823, took honours at the Royal Academy, and from that date, if we may judge from the annual catalogues of the exhibition, has done good service to the Arts for many years as a medal engraver. This son has, we believe, a family; surely we may presume that he will be a partaker of his due portion. We have reason to believe that such aid would be to him acceptable and opportune at a period of life when that strength of sight, so necessary for his art, is found to fail, &c. C. T.

FRAUDULENT TRADE MARKS.†

Sir,—The attention of the public having been called to the above important commercial question, by a letter in the *Times*, dated January 28th, allow me, Mr. Editor, through the pages of your journal, to urge upon artists and Art-manufacturers to take some steps now to remedy the evil.

A case of goods was lately opened at the Custom House, from Ostend; in it was a quantity of cutlery of the manufacture of Liège, bearing the forged mark of the Incorporated Company of Cutlers; also about five hundred gross of pencils of German make, bearing the forged stamp of an old London maker. The Cutlers' Company has the power and means of prosecuting in the case, but the pencil-makers, printsellers, painters, and others, who have their good names stolen from them by foreign pirates, have no redress until the law is altered.

The pencil-makers of this country have ever been celebrated for the manufacture of pencils from Cumberland lead—a mineral unknown elsewhere—an article so different from what foreign pencils are made of, that no artist who ever used the one could mistake it for the other. The pencil trade has been ruined by the introduction of highly-varnished, gold-lettered substitutes, which, from the low cost of importation, stationers and others, who care not how they do business so that they make money, have been induced to sell. From the cheap material used, they bear a much larger profit than London-made pencils, and houses that have done a large business with pencils of their own make, now sell German pencils with their name stamped upon them. There is no Incorporated Company of Pencil-Makers to attend to the interest of the trade, to prevent foreign pencils coming over with English names, or London makers making up composition and selling it as Cumberland lead; and it is now done to such an extent, that it is difficult to know where to buy the article, although the raw material is cheaper and better than ever it has been before.

That the pencil-makers of the present day are to blame, I admit, for allowing their pencils to be driven out of the market by a cheap substitute, and assisting to produce the evil by vending (for the sake of greater gain) German pencils marked as English, by selling, as Cumberland lead, a compound of greased German lead and lamp-black, for BBB, and antimony and German lead mixed for H, HH, and HHH; they have thereby thrown themselves out of the pale of protection, it having been wisely held by the judges of this land that one man cannot proceed against another for fraud unless he comes into court with clean hands himself. Fortunately, it is easier to test a pencil for Cumberland lead than it is to tell if a razor be a real Mappin or a Liège substitute.

In the year one thousand eight hundred and fifty-nine, I went into the shop of a stationer in Bishopsgate, to purchase a dozen of a newly-advertised pencil, brought out by a wealthy firm in the city. Stamped on the cedar was "Cumberland Lead!" I cut one, and told the shopman there was no Cumberland lead in it. He assured me not only was I under a mistake, but that the highly respectable firm that brought them out had just purchased the right to manufacture them, by the patent process, of a gentleman he named. That gentleman having been dead five years, I suggested that the respectable firm he mentioned must have had a long journey to get the agreement signed; and, slitting another pencil open where glued up, pointed out to him that the compound inside the cedar was of Goodman's Fields manufacture, scarcely dry from the hands of the maker, and, further, that the deceased gentleman he mentioned had never parted with his process, except to his partner, who was then, and is now, carrying on the business.

Hundreds of gross of these fine, hard pencils have been exported to Russia and elsewhere, to uphold the name for integrity of the British manufacturer. Should they again be imported with a pirated name stamped upon them, who is the most to blame of the two, the original exporter or the importer?

An Old Student.

Sir,—Our attention having been drawn to a letter, which has appeared in all the daily papers, concerning trade marks, wherein our names are prominently mentioned, we beg to assure you that we have suffered, and still continue to suffer, most severely from the great quantities of pencils that find their way into this country from the continent, with our names and labels actually counterfeited to the very letter. The articles themselves are of a most worthless character, so that besides being robbed of our business, it deeply injures our reputation. May we earnestly and respectfully join in the hope of your powerful advocacy, to endeavour to obtain protection from these most dishonest continental manufacturers.

Brookman and Langdon.

28, *Great Russell Street, February* 14, 1861.

* The great evil that has long existed without a remedy is the continual forgeries of modern pictures; and to avert this was, we believe, the origin of the Copyright Bill. It is effectually prevented for the future by the "Trade-marks Bill" now passing through parliament. Clause 7 enacts that—

"Whosoever, with intent to defraud, or to enable another or others to defraud, any person, shall forge or counterfeit, or procure or cause to be forged or counterfeited, any name, word, letter, initial, cypher, monogram, or other mark whatsoever used to denote any picture, painting, drawing, engraving, lithograph, print, plate, model, sculpture, or other work of Art to be the work, production, or manufacture of any person, whether alive or dead, or shall make, or procure or cause to be made, any imitation of any such name, word, letter, initial, cypher, monogram, or mark, so resembling the same as to be likely to deceive, or shall apply, or procure or cause to be applied, any such name, word, letter, initial, cypher, monogram, or mark, whether the same be genuine or not, to any picture, painting, drawing, engraving, lithograph, print, plate, model, sculpture, or other work of Art, not being the work, production, or manufacture of the person or persons denoted or intended to be denoted by such word, name, letter, initial, cypher, monogram, or mark, shall be guilty of a misdemeanor."

This offence is punishable by two years' imprisonment, with or without hard labour, or by a fine, or both, as the court shall award.

† Our correspondents on this subject will see, by our notice above, that it is engaging the attention of Parliament, with a view to remedy the grievance complained of.

RAMBLES OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST

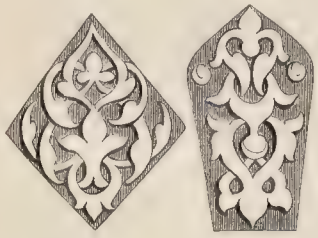
AMONG

OLD BOOKS AND IN OLD PLACES.

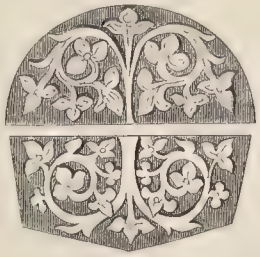
BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

PART II.

WE owe the term *illumination*, as applied to the decoration of old manuscripts, to the old French term for the artist himself, *enlumineur;* and it is a term conveying a greater significance in its native, than in its translated, form. The brilliancy and beauty of much of this ancient art are marvellous to look upon, but the names of few of the patient artists, who devoted their lives to book illustration, have descended to us. There is one, however,



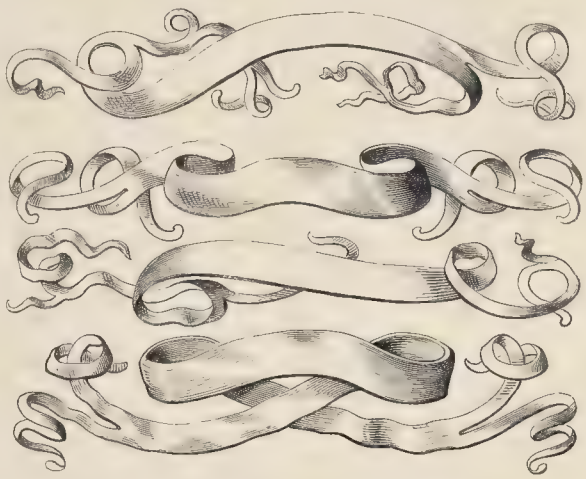
Julio Clovio, whom to name is a sufficient warrant of the high-class minds who honoured their art by honouring literature. There can be no greater pleasure than in turning over the matchless pages of these old volumes, and seeing them reveal the passages of the poet or romancist, as understood by the men of the middle ages, to whom they were addressed, or giving us pictures of life and manners of which we possess no other record, and whose value need not be insisted on in the pages of this journal, where so many copies have been published as eliminating mediæval manners. Their value as adjuncts to books when simply decorative, is now very generally acknowledged; and the ladies of the present day rival the cloistered recluses, in labouring like them to enrich a cherished volume. It is, however, the art of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries that is now especially imitated, and the reason is to be found in its showy elaboration of design and colour. There is an earlier style that presents strong claims to attention, that of the two preceding



centuries, specimens of which are given in the small cuts on this and the following page. In them will be noticed the orientalism that occasionally prevails, and shows its Byzantine parentage; a trace of the Greek volute and acanthus leaf is visible in the earlier examples; in the later we seem to look on Turkish design. The applicability of such fragments of ornament is manifold.

When the art of engraving aided the press in producing works of a decorative order, we occasionally turn over pages in which the master-minds of the day taxed their powers of invention. The old wood-engravers were supplied by designers with drawings of the best class, and very quaint and original are the ornaments which embellish the books of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries,—particularly such as were published in Germany, or at Lyons, the latter city being then most eminent for the taste and beauty of its illustrated volumes, the former for a bolder but quainter character of Art. There are useful hints to be had in the pages of all, for such as would avail themselves of minor book-ornament. To render our meaning more clear, we select a series of scrolls for inscriptions from German books, of the early part of the sixteenth century, and which might be readily and usefully adapted to modern exigencies, when dates or mottoes are required either by the painter or sculptor. Ornamental frameworks for inscriptions abound in old books, and are not unfrequently of striking design and peculiar elaboration; we engrave an example at the foot of our page, from a volume dated 1593, as an excellent specimen of this particular branch of design. Such tablets not unfrequently headed the first page of a volume, and received in the centre the title of the book. The wood-engraver is thus the legitimate successor of the older illuminator.

A large demand was made on the imaginative faculties of the designers of that day by the metal-workers, the gold and silversmiths, the jewellers,



and all connected with such decorative manufactures as the luxury of wealth and taste calls into exertion. The name of Cellini stands prominently forth as the inventor and fabricator of much that was remarkable; the pages of his singular autobiography detail the peculiar beauty of many of his designs; the Viennese collection still boasts some of the finest of the works so described, particularly the golden salt-cellar he made for Francis I. of France. The high art which he brought to bear on design applied to jewellery was followed by other artist-workmen, such as Stephanus of Paris, and Jamnitzer of Nuremberg. The metal-workers of the latter city, and of Augsburg, had an universal reputation at the close



of the sixteenth century for their jewellery and plate, particularly the latter. They kept in employ the best designers of the day, and such men as Hans Holbein, Albert Aldegrever, Virgil Solis, and a host known as the "little masters," supplied the demand with apparent abundance, but it could only be satisfied by the multiplication of these designs by means of the engraver's art. Hence we have at this period, and the early part of the seventeenth century, an abundance of small engravings, comprising a vast variety of designs for all articles of ornament; and from them we have selected two specimens of those intended to be used in the manufacture of the pendent jewels, then so commonly worn on the breast of rich ladies. These jewels were sometimes elaborately modelled with scriptural and other scenes

in their centre, chased in gold, enriched by enamel colours, and resplendent with jewels. The famed "green vaults" at Dresden have many fine examples, in the Louvre are others, and some few of a good kind are to be seen in the Museum at South Kensington. The portraits of the age of Francis I. and our Queen Elizabeth, frequently represent ladies in



a superfluity of jewellery, of a most elaborate character. The portrait of the unfortunate Mary of Scotland, recently added to our National Portrait Gallery, is loaded with chains, brooches, and pendants, enough to stock the show-case of a modern manufacturer. This love of elaborate jewellery was a positive mania with many nobles in the olden time.



Our James I. was childishly fond of such trinkets, and most portraits represent his majesty with hatbands of jewels, or sprays of jewellery at their sides. His letters to his favourite, Buckingham, are often full of details of the jewels in which his majesty delighted.

Perhaps no article of personal ornament has exhibited a greater variety of design and decorative enrichment than the cross. It has at once been made an embellishment and a badge of faith. We select one of singular elaboration and beauty, now the property of Lady Londesborough. It is a work of the early part of the sixteenth century; the ground is of frosted gold, upon which is a foliated ornament in *cloissonné* enamel of various colours. It is also enriched with pearl and crystal; the lower part of this cross is furnished with a loop, from which a jewel of value might be suspended.

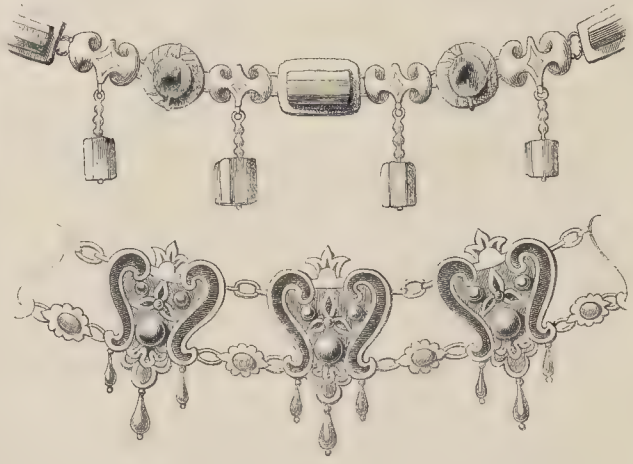


By way of curious contrast, as well as to show the style of various ages in the article of necklaces, we place at the foot of our second page two examples of widely different eras. The upper one is that of a Roman lady, whose entire collection of jewellery was accidentally discovered at Lyons, in 1841, by some workmen who were excavating the southern side of the heights of Fourvières, on the opposite side of the Seine. From an inscribed ring and some coins deposited in the jewel-box, the original proprietress appears to have lived in the time of the Emperor Severus, and to have been the wife of one of the wealthy traders, who then, as now, were enriched by the traffic of the Rhone. The necklace we



engrave is of gold, set with pearls and emeralds; the cubical beads are cut in lapis-lazuli, as are the pendants which hang from others. This love of pendent ornament was common to all antique necklaces, from the days of ancient Greece to the end of the sixteenth century. Our second specimen is an illustration of this: it is copied from the portrait of a lady (bearing date 1593), and composed of a series of enamelled plaques, with jewels inserted, connected to each other by an ornamental chain.

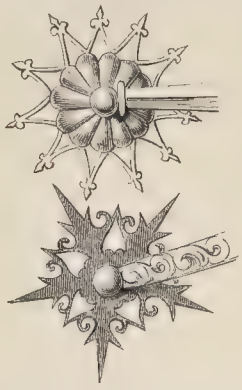
We have already alluded to the constant demand on the inventive faculty of the Art-workman for articles of all kinds in the olden times: nothing was thought unworthy his attention. We devote our third page to a proof of this, in a selection of articles of ordinary use which have received a considerable amount of decorative enrichment. The spur-rowels, from the collection of M. Sauvageot, of Paris, are remarkable proofs of the faculty possessed by the ancient armourers in invention. So simple



a thing as a spur-rowel, in our days of utilitarianism, would seem to be incapable of variety, or at least unworthy to receive much attention. It was not so in past times, when workmen even delighted to adorn their own tools. We engrave an armourer's hammer, from the collection of Lord Londesborough, which has received an amount of enrichment of a very varied character. The animals on one side, and in foliated scrolls, connect the design across the summit of the implement with a totally new composition on the opposite side. We would not insist on any part of the design as remarkable for high character; it is simply given as an instance of the love of decoration so prevalent in the sixteenth century.

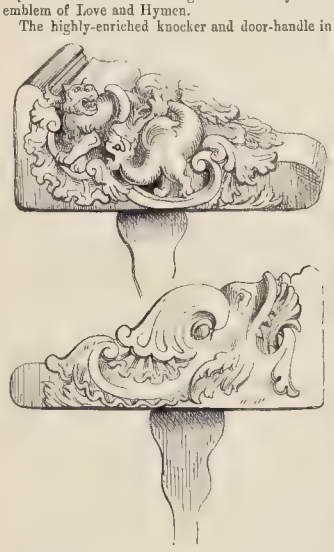
When ladies delighted in lace-working, and in starching and preparing their produce most carefully, they showed their good housewifery in washing

and ironing it with their own fair hands. It was gallantry on the part of their spouses to make befitting presents of all things requisite for their labours, and worthy their use. The box-iron we engrave is one which has thus been given, and is



chased with the monogram of the fair lady who originally owned it, within a "true lover's knot." The cupidons of the handle ending in flowers may be an emblem of Love and Hymen.

The highly-enriched knocker and door-handle in



the centre of the page were sketched from the original, on one of the ancient houses of the quaint city of Nuremberg. The bell-pull beside it is also from the same locality. There is probably no town in



Germany where more artistic old iron-work is to be seen than in this place,—once the richest of trading communities, when Albert Durer flourished within its walls, and the Emperor Maximilian held royal state in its old castle. To all who would realize the chivalric days of the old German empire, we would say, "Go to Nuremberg."

The bellows of carved chestnut-wood, with which



we close our selection, is in the possession of the Count de Courval. It is of simpler and "severer" design than common, inasmuch as it was usual to



enrich these useful domestic implements with an abundance of elaborate designs, and fill their centres with scenes from sacred and profane history.

"OLD" ENGLAND.

There is, it would appear, in the mind of man, a principle which prompts him to regard, with some degree of pleasure and veneration, the relics of departed days, or the scene of any remarkable bygone transaction. And this principle, whether natural or inherited, or to whatever cause due, is found to be so prevalent as to be esteemed universal. It is named the sentiment of Veneration. Its birth has been traced to a lofty source, and many an encomium has, at different times, been bestowed upon it by writers not unknown to fame. But an examination of the claims upon which their eulogies are based will indubitably lead to the discovery that its descent is not to be boasted of—its parentage by no means so honourable as is represented. At the best, Veneration is but the daughter of Wonder and Fear. The savage, when first he beheld the steam-ship doing battle with the winds of heaven, and overcoming, as appeared to him, the laws of the Great Spirit, was filled with wonder, and bent the knee in reverence. Afterwards, however, when the novelty of the spectacle had worn itself out—when ignorance had given place to knowledge—he contemplated the same object with the utmost unconcern. Wonder vanishes at the approach of knowledge; when there is no longer any fear, veneration also takes its departure. But although the sentiment springs from no such high lineage as is mostly claimed for it, it yet forms an important element in human nature, and is extremely beneficial in human affairs. This it is which makes men conservative of the past, and cautious of change in the future; forms the basis of chivalrous loyalty; and is a prime source of all religious feeling. It is seen in democratic states equally with aristocratic, and if in the former the objects upon which it is exercised differ, it is not for that the less visible there. Things are mutable, and those now reverenced will one day disappear, but only to be succeeded by others. Reverence itself is seldom lost.

To this sentiment, love of fame is the complement. There have never been wanting a few select minds who have declined subjecting themselves to either of these influences, and have proved themselves superior to both. But the majority of mankind have, in all ages, shown themselves not otherwise than solicitous to set apart certain opinions and objects as suitable for their veneration. And to supply the demand created by this exigency, there has been no lack of candidates. Ambition, that infirmity of noble minds, is ever as ready to offer "something that the world will not readily let die" as the world is to receive what is offered for its acceptance. Thus, we see, men have perpetually striven to transmit their names to times far distant from their own. With toil and care they have erected monuments which they imagined are to endure through all ages—sometimes in grassy mound, sometimes in builded pyramid or costly fane; now by the imposition of a religion, or the founding of a royal dynasty; anon by effecting the liberty of a state or the freedom of a race. In every case the end in view is the same,—the having themselves in remembrance hereafter.

To England the times gone by have bequeathed a prodigious number of such legacies; and in no nation has reverence for the past taken deeper root than in ours. The feeling manifests itself in a vast variety of ways. We call our country "Old" England, and are proud of her age. When we typify the Englishman, do we not delight to do so by picturing him as a gentleman somewhat advanced in years? Are we not predisposed to bestow a larger share of support upon an old established "institution" than upon its newly-started competitor, however favourable the auspices under which the latter sprang into existence, however satisfactory its guaranty of success may be? Our houses of business which have been "established for upwards of a century" take care to advertise that fact, and they find their account therein. The bar parlour of the Old Three Crowns is much more likely to be found filled on an evening, than the one at the New Inn on the opposite side of the way, notwithstanding the fact of the beverages to be obtained at the latter being, in all respects, equal to those of its rival. And when we make pilgrimages to Old England—visibly and tangibly represented by her time-honoured mediæval ruins—do we not pay tribute to this sentiment?

Old age is allowed to count honours, where youth is not permitted to do so.

The same sentiment has a demonstrative influence on Modern Art, where it shows itself in a tendency to look upon Age and Decay as a legitimate field for the display of artistic skill, and to regard them as types of the beautiful, or, at least, as useful accessories to Beauty. Hence, a man in rags is thought to be a much more interesting subject for the pencil, than another in goodly raiment; a rude thatched cottage, with children, dirty and in tatters, playing in the adjoining kennel, is chosen for representation in preference to a decent dwelling house; a narrow, sombre street composed of gable-ends, tottering, irregular, and many-coloured by the hand of Time, is held in greater esteem than ever so stately a terrace of modern mansions—albeit this is built without an architectural blemish, and with an elegance to which that has no pretensions. Especially in regard of mediæval ruins, those glorious examples of grandeur in decay, does this tendency display itself. To light upon "a really fine old ruin" will an artist travel many a league, over highway and byway, through unfrequented parts, enduring much fatigue; and when, at length, he reaches the object of his search, the pleasure he experiences is a compensation for every toil. He "jots down the really fine old ruin," carries it away in his portfolio, and, if he is a master in his art, will find a purchaser as ready to buy as he to sell.

This disposition to rank decay as a type of the beautiful, is, I presume, a peculiarity of modern Art; I do not find it to have existed in ancient Greece. She, too, looked back with reverence to the Past, and saw there much to admire. But it was courage, strength, and length of days—never Decay; to be beautiful was with her to be young, fresh, joyous—above all, to be young. And in modern Art it has been developed only in late years. The ruin has not always been considered an object of beauty, and certainly at the beginning of its decline, not even an object of interest.

A not uninteresting subject for inquiry would be, when did it first of all come to be regarded as such?

The ordinary mind is disposed to look upon the time of the origination of any social change which is destined seriously to effect posterity, as one of tumult, anxiety, and confusion. It overlooks the fact that those who were spectators of the event in its birth, had not the same means of seeing its magnitude as we who are witnesses of it in its results. It would be an error to suppose that the western voyage of Columbus, which gave his age a new world—or the Renaissance of Art and Religion—or the invention of printing—affected men in the manner, and to the extent, we are liable to imagine, and think it ought to have affected them. The actors are ever too near the action to see its effect. Besides, things are gradual in their processes; men, in time, get used to all exceptional conditions, and *forget* to consider them exceptional. It is only the Partingtons of society who wonder how it was possible for the ancients to "carry on," seeing they had no bread and butter, no tea and coffee, no lucifer matches and penny newspapers.

Thus it fares with our representative old ruins. When the castles were dismantled by order of parliament, "lest they might be held by disaffected persons," the event excited, in the cotemporary mind, ideas and emotions by no means kin to those we are apt to imagine it did. To us, at this distance of time, that would appear to have been a period of melancholy and universal excitement, when the tenants of the strong fortress migrated to the modern dwelling house; and equally so that other, when the time honoured old abbey came to grief, when the performance of matins was rudely interrupted, when the monk had to abandon his teaching, and the lay-brother his gardening operations, all because the king's grace had seen fit to change his religious opinions. But even these events were soon regarded as matters of course, and men went on their way to follow, as usual, their several avocations. Castle and abbey, widowed of their grandeur, lay unheeded, their chief importance consisting in their capacity to furnish material for other buildings. A long time elapsed before they were looked upon in any other light. Scott, it undoubtedly was, who elevated them to rank as objects of veneration. He it was who, by giving the general mind a turn in the direction of mediæval antiquities, first secured for these souvenirs of Old England the interest which they now inspire. Others before him may have felt an archæological concern in them, but he it was who popularized the feeling, and gave it an additional stimulus, by endowing them with poetic beauty, and throwing around them the magic of genius. Thenceforward they became sanctified relics of chivalric and monastic glories; and, now, does a land proprietor, on whose estate one of these happens to stand, meditate its destruction or mutilation? Woe is him! he is forthwith stigmatised, and treated accordingly.

Thanks then to the feeling evoked by Scott, there remain to this country, more, perhaps, of these monuments than to any other. We have castles, abbeys, priories, crosses, and cathedrals in abundance, each a reminder of other days, each possessing its traditional story. In one will be pointed out to you the room in which was born the first Tudor, in another the royal chamber "in which is King Charles' window." Here, are the remains of that splendid pile which was erected and richly endowed by William the Conqueror, in commemoration of the battle which delivered over to him a kingdom; there, those of that other in which the last Stuart came to the resolution of flying from his indignant subjects. This is the spot where, for the last time, stood a knight proclaiming himself ready to "answer all comers" at tilt and tournay; in this, for the first time, was the printing-press set going on its errand in England. These ruins are the cast aurelia shells out of which the nation emerged into her modern existence. Whilst inhabiting these, her energies were concentrated upon the nutritive functions, economising her resources for future use; whilst now, her power of active movement is illimitable and irresistible.

Some one has said that were all written records of our history destroyed, the chief incidents could yet be ascertained from our language. In like manner, could we interpret aright the teachings of one of these broken walls, we should have a most instructive lesson, and such a one as is seldom to be found in books. Each one is a type of the struggle between Old England and New. When we enter it we are conscious that our tread is on a system, and that we are surrounded by an epoch in stone. Its situation is, in most instances, in harmony with its fallen condition. It is out of the vulgar gaze. Silence surrounds it, and to reach it we have to pick our steps through a thorny path, brushing aside the underwood that has completely choked up the moat of former times—a solemn contrast with the time when every road, for miles around, led hitherward to the baron's residence. Then all was bustle and activity; now, the sound of the armourer is dumb; the inner and outer ward are both deserted; the donjon keep has not been inhabited for centuries; "the voice of the people is heard no more. The stream of Clutha is removed from its place by the fall of the walls; the thistle shakes there its lonely head; the moss whistles to the wind. Desolate is the dwelling of Moina."

Washington Irving has recorded the delight experienced by an American when he beheld, for the first time, a mouldering ruin of an abbey overrun with ivy. He was from a land to which time had left no such legacies. What would not America give in exchange for these treasures? And were she fortunate enough to become their possessor, how she would value them! Nor is it at all to be wondered at, for they are the heirlooms of the race, and what is birth without its proper pedigree? Even a horse, with ever so valuable qualities, has infinitely more value to most eyes when his pedigree is traceable to illustrious ancestors. You treat the descendant of "Hero" or "Flying Childers," though degraded to the plough, with greater regard than his work-mate, notwithstanding his inferior qualities. And that picture you have in your gallery, and on which you set such store, would it be worth so much by half—nay, faded and dimmed as it is, would you even give it house-room—did you not possess in your *escritoire* convincing proof of its being the production of a master? Or, to ask a more pertinent question, would you, my lord, set so high a value upon yourself as you do, were you not encouraged by that curious *tree* that hangs against the wall of your library? Scarcely so, I am thinking. Well, these ruins of Old England scattered over the land, are the genealogical tree of our race. Not the truest pedigree, for that is to be looked for elsewhere, but what stands to *it* in the same relation as the tree does to the individual. They are the symbol of a reality.

Is it strange, then, that America should desire to share with us our inheritance? She claims to be co-heir with us in their possession, and, in one instance, even expressed her readiness to purchase our share. But when she wished to carry Shakspere's house across the Atlantic, to be taken care of and exhibited as the earthly dwelling-place of her most illustrious poet, we most vigorously said, No! Our pride was hurt, and we stood on our rights. We retain the deeds, and have no intention of parting with them so long as they will hold together. We have no objection to their being examined, and, if it be desired, to allow correct transcripts of them to be taken. Indeed, thanks be to Art, we are now enabled to do so; to multiply copies and send them out unto the ends of the earth, so that every son and daughter of our Anglo-Saxon race may have one—and this with little money cost. Only yesterday, I myself bought (not at any great land and estate agent's, but in a small shop near to the Lyceum Theatre, here in the Strand) no less an edifice than Kenilworth Castle for the modest sum of sixpence! and a notice in the window intimated that there were I don't know how many hundred such like bargains to be had within. What an opportunity for an ambitious American! By expending a dollar, in this way, he might become the proprietor of half the historical remains of OLD ENGLAND, carry them away with him in his pocket, and make presents of them to his friends on the other side of the Atlantic. In no other way, he may rest assured, will they ever come into his possession.

THOMAS PURNELL.

CUPID CAPTURED BY VENUS.

FROM THE GROUP BY G. FONTANA.

WITHOUT raising a question upon the artistic merits of this work, the fitness of the subject, as one adapted to sculpture, fairly admits of discussion. The essential attributes of great sculpture are, or should be, beauty of form, grandeur of design united with simplicity, and the expression of the feeling, act, or sentiment of which the work is presumed to be an exponent. We sometimes remark of the figures of a painter that they are "statuesque;" and in the same way we might speak of a piece of sculpture, that it is "picturesque." But it is undoubtedly a mistake for the two arts, distinct as they ever must be, to attempt to imitate or to encroach on the natural limits of each other; and the mistake is the greater when the sculptor assumes, as it were, the prerogative of the painter: for the latter has colour wherewith to modify the sculptural appearance of his work, while the latter has no such aid, and his production must, therefore, stand as conveying an imperfect idea, yielding no real satisfaction to the spectator, who looks for something more than ingenuity of design and skilful and dextrous manipulation.

While thus stating our objections to the style of which the work of Signor Fontana—who is an Italian sculptor resident in London—is a notable example, we must bear testimony to the playful and poetical fancy which designed it. The arch look of Venus, and the scarcely less arch, yet imploring, expression of the young captive, are well rendered; but our objection to the florid qualities of the group must be acknowledged in their full force when we examine the lower portion of it: here, the absence of colour—which, in a picture, would have separated the various parts, and given to each its proper place—creates almost a confusion of the whole. No skill of execution—and there is abundance of it here—could grapple with, in order to detach from each other, such a mass of draperies, fish, shells; and, as a consequence, the eye wanders over it all, unable to rest upon any given point, or to fix the mind on any especial beauty. We are too much the advocates of purism in Art to admire all this, and must protest against it, even while acknowledging the delicacy with which the sculptor has executed his task, and his powers of invention.


CUPID CAPTURED BY VENUS

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

THE APPEAL OF MR. W. P. FRITH, R.A.

THE following letter has been addressed to the *Times* (and a copy of it has been sent to the *Art-Journal*) by Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A. We entirely agree with the accomplished artist in the view he has taken: indeed the writer only adopts the sentiments we have enunciated, year after year, during the last twenty-two years. We are justified in quoting, in a note, some passages from the *Art-Journal* in support of this statement:*—

SIR,—For many years past the exhibition of pictures at the British Gallery in Pall Mall has been of such a character that the artists have looked upon it with regret, not unmixed with contempt, and the public with indifference or reproof. Foreigners have left the rooms with a lower opinion of English painting; and what might be a credit to us, and a source of advancement to Art and artists, is neither one nor the other. At the private view last Saturday the eyes were shocked by the general display of mediocrity, while a very few good pictures by well-known names were hung either at the ceiling, or in dark and obscure corners. What is the reason of this? Why, with a few exceptions, are the best artists of the country scared from Pall Mall? The answer is easy. The management is in the hands of a secret and irresponsible committee. For years it has been sought to penetrate the mystery, but we are no nearer the solution than we were twenty years ago. The institution is supposed to be governed by directors who hang the pictures annually. Will any of them come forward and acknowledge the hanging of this season? Will the arranger unveil himself, and clear up the mystery for us? At the Royal Academy, at the Suffolk Street and Portland Galleries, the artist hangers are known; why should the British Gallery have the privilege of shrouding itself in secrecy? I ask in the interest of my brethren in the profession that the arranging of the pictures should henceforth be placed in the hands of artists to be chosen from the Royal Academy, the Suffolk Street and the Portland Galleries; then the annual display will rise from its meagre mediocrity, confidence will be restored, and we shall have fewer instances of the hopes of many months being overthrown in an instant by ignorance or caprice, to give place to productions which ought never to be seen in public. The directors of this institution are public men, and amenable to public opinion; they hold in their hands the heartstrings of the artists—little as they may think of such a matter, and they ought either to resign their office or to fill it with justice. I think it is vain to expect this of them. If the hanging committee could be made to consist of one artist from the Royal Academy, one from the Suffolk Street, and the other from the Portland Gallery, then, whatever may befall an exhibitor, he will be more satisfied than with the blow in the dark which now constantly deprives him of his long looked-for chance and its much needed advantages. I believe the publication of this letter will serve a body of men who suffer long before they grumble, even to each other—a body whose interests have suffered greatly through ignorant or careless judgment, and in whose cause I write disinterestedly, for I have nothing to gain or to lose by the British Gallery.

I am, Sir, your obedient servant,
Feb. 11. W. P. FRITH.

Mr. Frith is entirely disinterested in this act; he is fighting the battle of his younger or less prosperous brethren in Art. The British Institution can now do him neither good nor harm. It is possible—nay, it is probable—that he long ago suffered under the pernicious power against which he protests; that, when climbing the hill of Fame, he

"Felt the influence of malignant star,"—

the star that rules the destinies of exhibitors in the British Gallery; and his desire to remove impediments out of the way of others is highly to his honour.

* So far back as the year 1840, in a long introductory notice to the exhibition of that year, we said, in speaking of the management of the Institution, arising out of complaints which then reached us,—"We know, indeed, little of its affairs, but it is notorious that a very small proportion of the governors take part, directly or indirectly, in the formation of its annual exhibitions. Whether this is a consequence of a law of the society, which possibly delegates the most important of its duties to a 'committee,' or is the result of indifference, we cannot say." In 1842 we wrote thus:—"We say, without hesitation, the exhibition at the British Institution is fertile in proofs either of ignorance or partiality," &c. &c. In 1844 we commenced with, "FROM BAD TO WORSE! the mode in which 'THE BRITISH INSTITUTION FOR PROMOTING THE FINE ARTS IN THE UNITED KINGDOM' is now conducted, would be discreditable to a company of picture dealers." In the notice for 1848 is the following passage:—"It is utterly impossible to review this exhibition without deep sorrow for the utter absence of 'management' it displays." In 1852 our preliminary remarks stated, "All attempts to render the collection attractive as an assemblage of meritorious productions seem to be fruitless. . . . . For more than a dozen years we have been labouring in vain to induce the directors to exert their influence, and to exercise their integrity, in rendering this exhibition the valuable auxiliary it might be to artists and to Art." In 1854 we said,—"There yet lacks evidence of the abandonment of a system under the influence of which the institution has been so long a receptacle for 'mediocrities.'" In 1858,—"Here notoriously, year after year, we find evidence of the greatest 'favouritism.' . . . . There is a mystery in the management that, notwithstanding our experience of twenty years, we could never fathom. . . . . We have repeatedly entered our protest against the shameful dereliction of a solemn duty." In short, scarcely a year has passed since the existence of the *Art-Journal* without our voice being raised in condemnation of those who profess to manage the affairs of the British Institution.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—The elections this year have been more than commonly interesting, and certainly are, on the whole, satisfactory. Mr. Poole has been promoted to full honours, having waited for the step nearly a quarter of a century, and having been all that time as worthy of it as he is to-day. It was almost "a tie" between him and Mr. Boxall—a very excellent artist, but one who is only a portrait-painter, and not to be compared with Mr. Frost, who is also by many years his senior on the list of associates. The associates elected were Mr. Ansdell, Mr. Faed, Baron Marochetti, and Mr. Edward Barry. The two first-named long ago established their right to the distinction; Mr. Barry received it, no donbt, partly as a tribute of respect to the memory of his father, and in part as a recognition of his own abilities; but it will not be denied that there are other architects better entitled to it. Of the appointment of Baron Marochetti it is not easy to speak; it was foreseen:* the Royal Academy worship the Powers who are the Baron's patrons; these patrons not only give him private commissions, but those which the Nation awards to professional desert,—and the Royal Academy bows to judges so much more enlightened than themselves. The Baron is unquestionably a man of great and singular ability; he is a gentleman of rare acquirements, of peculiarly graceful and winning manners, and we may not dispute his claim to admission into the body of which he is now an associate, and will soon be a member. We do not say he is not the best of the sculptor candidates, whose names were on "the list;" but we have a right to ask if there were no British artists who might have been justly preferred to him—taking all things into consideration? We presume the Baron, although he has for many years resided in England, is not a British subject; the art he professes is one that, in this country, peculiarly requires fosterage; and while there are—as there certainly are—many of our sculptors struggling for the means to achieve fortune, having acquired fame, we cannot but think the honours of the Royal Academy ought to have fallen to one of them.

* A contemporary which, by some mysterious power, obtains information concerning all the interior movements of the Royal Academy, and generally makes public that which is understood to be private, gives us this information:—"Mr. Boxall and Mr. Poole having the highest number of scratches, a vote was taken, and Mr. Poole was elected by a majority of one voice—there being 15 for Poole, 14 for Boxall. The first contest for an associateship lay between Mr. Faed and Mr. Ansdell; on a scrutiny Ansdell showed 16 votes, Faed 13. The second contest lay between Mr. Faed and Baron Marochetti, when Faed was chosen by 15 against 14 voices. Baron Marochetti ran successfully against Mr. Edward Barry, and Mr. Barry against Mr. Penrose. Barry obtained 20 votes against 9 for Penrose."

THE SCHOOLS OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—We learn from the *Athenæum*, that a special meeting of the Academicians has been held to consider this subject, with a view to "reform them altogether." It is a good and a wise "move," and we trust will be effective. It is well said by our contemporary, that "the evil has been eating into the heart of the society," and that a remedy is imperatively called for.

"THE FRENCH EXHIBITION," in Pall Mall, will be opened early in March.

MR. WESTMACOTT, R.A., and MR. HART, R.A., are delivering their annual course of lectures, at the Royal Academy, on Sculpture and Painting.

THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.—We greatly regret to find that objections have been already urged against the proceedings of the commissioners; at present they are limited to a protest against the "haste" with which arrangements have been made, as regards plans, &c., for the erection of the buildings. We borrow from the *Builder* the following remarks:—"Without any appeal for suggestions to the country in general, or to the architectural profession in particular,—without a hint to the guarantors of the fund to provide against loss, or even a single note of preparation, the public suddenly learn that the design is agreed on, the plans made, the specifications written, and that tenders for the erection of the building are being sought for. The transaction has an aspect of slyness, to say nothing of its doubtful wisdom, and will tend to arouse a feeling we should be sorry to see prevail. Sir Joseph Paxton has already pointed out, in a letter to the *Times*, together with his objection, as a guarantor, to the looseness of the conditions, and to spending so large a sum as this building would require (say a quarter of a million), the fact that a fair estimate of the cost cannot possibly be made in the few days given, and that the person who tenders for the erection of the building, 'must do so at great risk, unless he has been so fortunate as to have had access to the plans before they were given to the public.'" It is quite certain that there is no time to be lost; that all preparations for 1862 should be proceeded with at once, and we may assume, that the commissioners preferred the hazard of running against public opinion to the peril of delay. We trust, however, that such explanations will be given, as may remove a painful impression, and prevent the danger that cannot fail to arise from suspicion.

THE COUNCIL OF THE ART-UNION OF LONDON being anxious to assist in the cultivation of Fine Art and the practice of Design, as applied to Manufactures, and especially with reference to the Schools in connection with the Science and Art Department of the Committee of Council on Education, propose, with the concurrence of that department, to set apart the sum of £100 each year, to be offered to the pupils in those schools, on certain conditions. The council consider it desirable to promote the study of the human and animal forms, containing, as they do so much interest, variety, and beauty, and the full acquaintance with which once attained, seconded by freedom and mastery of handling, will give the student fuller powers of conception and greater facility of treament. These qualities are essential for raising ornamental art to a high state of perfection, and for enabling the productions of England to compete successfully with those of other countries where the Art education of the manufacturer is more cultivated. There will be five premiums of £10 each, and ten premiums of £5 each, to be competed for by persons being *bona fide* pupils in any of the schools of Art in connection with the above department. There cannot be a doubt of the advantages to be gained from this movement; but we question whether it is not a departure from the rules of the society, and therefore one which requires the sanction of the subscribers, some of whom would probably object to such an appropriation of even so small a portion of the funds: it offers to them no *quid pro quo*.

THE BLENHEIM "TITIANS."—The recent destruction, by fire, of these pictures is, in reality, no very great loss either to the public, or to the world of Art. Placed in an apartment by themselves—or, at least, with only one other painting—because unfit for general observation, they were rarely visited except from curiosity, or by those who took especial interest in Art. Nearly a century ago, considerable doubt existed as to their being the works of Titian; but of late years no one has thought of attributing them to the great Venetian colourist. They were nine in number, the subject 'the Loves of the Gods,' and were presented to the great Duke of Marlborough, in 1708, by Victor Amadeus, Duke of Savoy, and afterwards King of Sardinia. Dr. Waagen is of opinion they were the work of Alessandro Varatori, called Il Padouanino, who died in the middle of the seventeenth century; he was a great admirer of Titian, and very successfully imitated his colouring. In a subsequent paragraph the Doctor says: "An English connoisseur has since drawn my attention to the fact, that the compositions of these pictures belong to Perino del Vaga, and have been engraved by Caraglio." Vaga was a Florentine, and was employed by Raffaelle to assist in some of the works in the Vatican; very many of his designs and frescoes, especially those painted in the Doria palace at Genoa, are taken from ancient mythological history. "It is therefore probable," continues Waagen, "that Padouanino, who was so limited in powers of invention, painted these pictures from Caraglio's engravings." This opinion is in a great degree confirmed by Mr. George Scharf, who, in a communication inserted in the *Athenæum*, shortly after the fire at Blenheim, describes these engravings, which are exceedingly rare, but which he has very recently had an opportunity of examining; and there seems to be no question that the pictures were painted either from them, or from Vaga's original designs. Mr. Scharf, however, makes Alessandro Veronese the painter, and not Alessandro Varatori; he seems to have confounded the two, for he calls the former Padouanino; his proper name was Alessandro Turchi, surnamed L'Orbetto; he was a Veronese by birth. The 'Rape of Proserpine,' by Rubens, which perished in the same unfortunate conflagration, was a picture whose loss is deeply to be deplored, for it was a masterpiece, grand in design, powerful in colour, and, for Rubens, elegant and chaste in its forms, and careful in execution. Its destruction is irreparable, as no copy of it is known to be in existence. While lamenting the loss of this magnificent painting, whose dimensions were thirteen feet wide, by six feet eight inches high, we must feel thankful the ravages of the fire extended no further; had it reached the main building, what havoc might have been made among the glorious works which adorn the walls of the noble ducal palace of Blenheim.

FEMALE STUDENTS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Since the days of Angelica Kauffmann, one of the original Royal Academicians, the recognition and encouragement of female Art in this country has been much neglected, and many obstacles have interfered with the full development of talents which, under proper cultivation, might have produced, in England, artists of equal eminence with Rosa Bonheur and Henrietta Browne. It cannot be too generally known that the restrictions which have so long prevented ladies from participating in the advantages offered by the Royal Academy, have at length been withdrawn. At the council in June last, the best drawing sent in by candidates for the studentship, proved to be the work of a lady, and, on the recommendation of Sir Charles Eastlake, she was at once admitted. Since then three other ladies have been equally successful: in the month of January last fourteen drawings were approved of by the council, and in this case also, the best drawing was sent in by a lady, who, with five other successful competitors, made her drawing under the superintendence of Mr. Thomas Heatherley, of the School of Art in Newman Street, the able successor of the late Mr. J. M. Leigh. All impartial lovers of Art must rejoice at the practical refutation which the Royal Academicians have thus made to the charge of exclusive tendencies, by this spontaneous recognition on their part of the right of women to be treated on an equal footing with men.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.—Notice has been given at the British Galleries of the National Gallery at South Kensington, that henceforth no copy is to be made of any picture there, the painter of which is living, without his written consent.

STATUE OF THE BLACK PRINCE.—We have already announced that a scheme is on foot for giving Cœur de Lion a companion in Palace Yard, and to Baron Marochetti another commission. While the project for obtaining a replica of Foley's truly great work, the equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, "hangs fire," the sum of £3,000 is assumed to be easily raised, as "a piece of patronage" to the Baron, and in order to place another blot on the area that fronts "the New Palace at Westminster."

SCHOOLS OF ART.—Our columns have always been open to record the progress of schools of Art, and to show, by the dissemination of their reports, that all towns with public spirit may have such a centre of Art-education as an Art school necessarily is. In the Exhibition of 1851 the students of the School of Design obtained a medal in the section of design. We hope now that ten years of further progress has been made, some united action may be taken by the conductors of schools of Art, so that they may be well represented in the contemplated Exhibition of 1862. It is an opportunity that ought not to be lost.

STATUE OF GOLDSMITH.—A model, half life-size, of this statue, by Mr. Foley, R.A., may be seen at the rooms of Messrs. Elkington, 20, Regent Street, during the present month; it has been placed there to enable it to be seen by residents in, or visitors to, London, who have subscribed to the work, or purpose doing so. Though the movement for the statue originated in Dublin, where it is to be placed, the committee will be glad to receive aid from any quarter. The writings of Goldsmith have made him a "citizen of the world;" it is right, therefore, that his fellow-citizens everywhere should have the opportunity of testifying their appreciation of his genius.

ART EXHIBITION AT HANLEY.—In the large and populous town of the Staffordshire Potteries there is about to be an exhibition of pictures and other works of Art, to which we desire to direct public attention. The Literary and Scientific Institution, which is also a Mechanics' Institute, having found the rooms they have hitherto occupied small and inconvenient, have erected a building, in all respects worthy of the high objects they have in view—a structure of considerable elegance, in all respects good; but, as usual, funds are required for its completion, and the committee expect they will be supplied by the contemplated exhibition. It will be so, if they succeed in procuring such aids as will render it attractive. We therefore entreat the assistance of such of our readers as have power to contribute; the purpose is excellent, the results may be largely beneficial. Either at Hanley, or in its immediate neighbourhood, the best of our British potters reside; it is close to Stoke-upon-Trent, where are the famous factories of Minton and Copeland; renowned Etruria is close at hand, where the descendants and representatives of the great Wedgwood are striving, and with success, to uphold the renown of the mighty master of ceramic art; the sound and good manufactory at Cauldron Place skirts the town; and there are many other important establishments, giving employment to thousands of Art-workmen. To them the exhibition may be a rare teacher, and immense results may arise from this effort to gratify and instruct them. We earnestly hope, therefore, that artists and collectors will assist this project, for the present benefit of a valuable institution, and the service that may thus be rendered to the hereafter.

ARTISTS' GENERAL BENEVOLENT INSTITUTION.—The annual general meeting of the subscribers of this institution was held at 32, Sackville Street, Piccadilly, on Friday the 8th of February, James Hargrave Mann, Esq., V.P., in the chair, when a Report from the president and council was read, stating that this institution has never received greater proof of general interest and support than during the past year, there being the greatest attendance at the last anniversary dinner, and a larger subscription list than had been for many years. Sixty-nine applicants were relieved during the year, with the sum of £1,006. The late Richard Ellison, Esq., who was a constant and liberal benefactor for many years, has, by his will, most kindly bequeathed the sum of £250, and a contingent legacy of £500. The ensuing anniversary dinner will take place on Saturday the 23rd of this month, when the Right Hon. William Cowper, M.P., First Commissioner of Works, has consented to preside, and the council hope the friends of the institution will secure a good attendance on that occasion. The following gentlemen were elected directors in lieu of the eight senior directors, who go out by rotation, viz.—Richard Redgrave, Esq., R.A., J. C. Horsley, Esq., A.R.A., Charles G. Lewis, Esq., Augustus L. Egg, Esq., R.A., Joseph Jennings, Esq., E. J. Cobbett, Esq., F. S. Cary, Esq., and W. C. T. Dobson, Esq., A.R.A. The printed auditors' report shows that the subscriptions and dividends received during the year was £1,457 14*s.* 4*d.*; the expenses for printing, salaries, and room for meetings, being only £102 18*s.* 2*d.*, and those connected with the dinner, £104 3*s.* 2*d.* Since the establishment of the society, in 1844, relief has been afforded to 1,928 applicants by sums amounting to £23,104.

IN THE "JOURNAL OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS" we find the following announcement:—"It will be remembered that the late Mr. Matthew Uzielli was the first gentleman who came forward as a guarantor for the Exhibition of 1862, having promised his name for £10,000, but his death before the execution of the Guarantee Deed left no liability on his estate. The council, however, have much pleasure in announcing that Mrs. Uzielli has, in the most liberal manner, intimated her intention of guaranteeing to the amount of £5,000, and Mr. Theodosius Uzielli has, with similar liberality, promised his own name for £3,000." The guarantee fund now amounts to £370,100.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.—We desire to correct an error which appeared in our notice of the presentation works that have been prepared for their subscribers of the current year by the council of this Art-Union. Inadvertently we stated, in the last *Art-Journal*, that *both* the busts executed in Copeland's ceramic statuary were by Mr. W. Calder Marshall, R.A., whereas one of these busts, that of 'Enid the Fair and Good,' is by Mr. Felix M. Miller. We are assured that Mr. Miller will accept this expression of our regret at having unintentionally attributed his beautiful bust to so distinguished an artist as Mr. Calder Marshall. The two busts stand honourably side by side; and, while the younger sculptor may be justly proud of the companionship in which his work is placed, the academician may rejoice to know that there are such rising members of his grand art as Mr. Miller.

THE GUARDS' CRIMEAN MEMORIAL in Waterloo Place still looks pitiable as ever. The "Honor" and the three bronze sentries are enveloped in canvas. The trophy of guns is formal and poor as at the first. The inscriptions and decorative (?) accessories have vanished—and so far it is well. But, what is in contemplation? How much longer is a work that ought to be a national honour, to continue to be a public disgrace?

A SECOND ANNUAL EXHIBITION IN THE HALL OF THE PAINTERS' COMPANY is announced by the able master of that corporation, Mr. Sewell, and decorators of every class are invited to send their works for exhibition, and also to appear as candidates for an honourable recognition of their merits. Last year we expressed in strong terms our hearty sympathy with the project that then was inaugurated by Mr. Sewell, and now we cordially repeat our former words. We ask for every possible support for Mr. Sewell, and we desire to offer to that gentleman the utmost encouragement to persevere with his most excellent plans. As before, also, we now suggest to Mr. Sewell that he should associate with his proposed exhibition a series of lectures, which might convey lessons of varied practical utility and interest to artist workmen, to the employers of artist workmen also, and to their patrons.

THE PROPOSED FINE ART GALLERY AT MANCHESTER.—We regret to learn that this project is abandoned. The sum asked for was, we presume, too large; yet it is as a drop of water taken from a running stream, compared with the immense wealth of Manchester, and its vast resources. Mr. Fairbairn, however, did his best: "the attempt, and not the deed, is in our power;" and gratitude is none the less his due, because he has failed to awaken his fellow citizens to a full consciousness of the incalculable value of his scheme. He had, indeed, large support, but it was insufficient.

Mr. Joseph Severn, the "veteran" artist (for so we presume we may term him), has been appointed British Consul at Rome, where he was long a resident, although, we believe, many years ago. He was "the friend of Keats," and in his arms, it is said, the young poet died. This is a graceful tribute to Art, and a well-earned compliment to a most meritorious gentleman.

The Pugin Fund.—We learn from the *Critic* that "the amount hitherto received on account of the Pugin Travelling Fund has risen to a little more than £900. Were the numerous architectural societies spread throughout the land to join in the movement in a worthy spirit, the fund would speedily reach a more adequate figure. We should conceive £2,000 to be the minimum required worthily to carry out the project. But many who ought to honour the memory of Pugin are very lukewarm in the cause."

Art Institute in New York.—We learn from the *Builder* that "a fresh impetus is about to be given to the encouragement of Transatlantic art by the erection of a new establishment, to be termed the 'Institute of Fine Arts,' in New York. The Düsseldorf collection, once the property of Mr. Boker, forms the nucleus of the enterprise. Mr. H. W. Derby, the proprietor of the Düsseldorf Gallery, as soon as it came into his possession, seeing that the present gallery was inadequate to his purpose, determined to devote his energies towards establishing the largest Art-gallery hitherto attempted in that hemisphere.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts proposes having a *conversazione* in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in the month of May, the Lord Mayor having most courteously allowed the use of this noble apartment for the purpose. The gathering cannot fail to be attractive.

Registration of Designs.—From a return recently made to the House of Commons, on the motion of Mr. Scholefield, we learn that, during the last five years, the sum of £8,468 9*s.* has been received by the Registrar for "Ornamental Designs," and £5,714 10*s.* for "Useful or Non-ornamental Designs." The return shows the respective sums paid under the different classes of designs entered for registration. We observe that, during the last two years, the total amount received for "ornamental" designs shows a considerable increase over the three preceding years, and a decrease, almost in equal proportion, in the sum paid for "useful or non-ornamental" designs.

"The St. James's Magazine."—A new magazine under this title is announced, to be edited by Mrs. S. C. Hall. It is understood to be addressed "chiefly, though by no means exclusively, to the women of a household;" and there can be no doubt that articles will be supplied by the best and most popular authors of the age and country. From the character of Mrs. Hall's writings, it may be assumed that the work will be of a high and genial character, dealing strongly but generously with the varied subjects to be considered and discussed; while the interesting and the amusing will be necessarily prominent, due regard will be had to matters more substantial.

The London Stereoscope Company are, it is said, preparing an album for presentation to Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, to consist of six hundred of the most distinguished men and women of her subjects. Each portrait will be accompanied by an autograph. A work of deeper interest to the future it would be difficult to conceive.

The Well at Cawnpore.—The ladies of India, with Lady Canning at the head of their committee, purpose to erect a monument over the too famous well at Cawnpore. Gilbert Scott, R.A., has made designs for this work.

The late Mrs. Jameson left an unfinished history of our Saviour; Lady Eastlake is now occupied in completing it for Messrs. Longman.

The Statue of Industry, published in the February Part of the *Art-Journal*, is the work of "Mr." and not "Mrs." Thornycroft, to whom it was allotted. Our readers are aware that both are sculptors, and that each is eminent in the profession. It is pleasant to find them thus working together, happily and in perfect harmony; their productions being so nearly alike in character and in merit, that it is almost natural to mistake the work of the one for that of the other.

REVIEWS.

A Manual of Monumental Brasses. With Two Hundred Illustrations. By the Rev. Herbert Haines, M.A. Published by J. H. & James Parker, Oxford and London.

This goodly octavo volume, which is published "with the sanction of the Oxford Architectural Society," corresponds in its general style and character with the yearly volumes of the Archæological Institute, when they used to appear under the auspices of Mr. Parker. It is scarcely necessary to add that the entire "getting up" of the work is unexceptionable; nor is there much more necessity for stating that many of the illustrations are old friends, who have found their welcome long ago. Mr. Parker always turns out his books in the best manner, and he very generally introduces into them woodcuts that have been published more than once before. Accordingly, this manual of Mr. Haines' fulfils, to the letter, these prevailing conditions of Oxford publication. The book itself, indeed (though it does not specify that fact), is a second edition, very considerably enlarged and improved, of a somewhat similar "manual" which appeared about twelve years ago. Mr. Haines has carefully and diligently collected all the fresh information bearing upon his subject, which has been brought to light since the publication of his first edition, and his work now has attained to a most satisfactory completeness. It contains, in addition to full information upon almost every point, a truly remarkable "list" of the monumental brasses which yet remain in the British Isles. This list is arranged in counties, and it shows that not less than 3,200 mediæval brasses, with figures, &c., and 1,200 inscriptions and fragments are known to be still in existence in this country. It shows, also, both that memorials of this class have been recently executed in considerable numbers by living artists, and, on the other hand, that valuable early brasses have not uncommonly been abstracted from our churches during the last few years. The principal drawback from the excellence of Mr. Haines' volume, is his classification of the brasses in centuries, instead of arranging them in accordance with their several varieties of subjects. This latter system of classification obviates a repeated recurrence to brasses of the same class, and it also carries on the interest of the reader more steadily by a continuous description of the several members of a single group, in their order of chronological succession.

Amongst the most interesting portion of Mr. Haines' volume is the account which he gives of the comparatively recent discovery of brasses in many parts of the continent of Europe, in addition to the celebrated examples in Belgium. These memorials are chiefly found in Prussia, Poland, and Switzerland, in some of the German States, and in Denmark and Sweden, and they are always worthy of attentive consideration. But very few examples have been noticed in Southern Europe, while, in the North, this species of memorial evidently enjoyed a decided popularity. We observe with much satisfaction that Mr. W. H. J. Weale, of Bruges, is preparing for publication in England an illustrated treatise on the monumental brasses, and, also, the incised stone slabs of Northern Europe.

It is pleasant, at the present time, when archæology is no longer a study of recent introduction, to find that such a work as that of Mr. Haines should make its appearance; for brasses have ever been the delight of archæologists in the first days of their zeal for mediæval art; and, accordingly, while we infer from Mr. Haines' work that the brass-rubbing sentiment still flourishes as vigorously as ever, it follows that we may assume the ranks of archæologists to receive continually fresh accessions to their strength. It is true, indeed, that in some few instances the love of these engraven plates of the olden time never languishes, and that there are veterans as well as recruits who will hail Mr. Haines' book with cordial gratification. Brasses, however, are generally in especial favour with young archæologists; and, since archæology is so valuable a study, we rejoice to discern in this new "Manual of Brasses" characteristic tokens that archæology is popular as ever.

Mr. Haines' manual will be found eminently useful by every student of English history, by all artists also, and, indeed, by every individual who may desire to know the personal memoirs of our predecessors, by whom, in past centuries, this England of ours was inhabited. With a minutely exact record of all that may tend to elucidate the history of brasses themselves, Mr. Haines has associated much that by ready inference applies to the men who produced these memorials, as well as to the men and women whose memories they were designed to perpetuate. The text receives the most valuable aid from the wood-cuts, all of them (with a very few exceptions) from the skilful and experienced hand of Mr. R. B. Utting, whose name is so closely connected with this class of wood engraving. Many of the illustrations are repeated from the former edition of the work itself; many others are new; but the most important examples, upwards of thirty in number, have been obtained from Mr. Boutell's works on brasses, though Mr. Haines gives no intimation that such is the fact, nor does he even allude, except in the slightest manner, to the publications of that gentleman, to which he evidently is so greatly indebted.

We cannot omit to notice the care with which Mr. Haines directs attention to the slabs that have been despoiled of their brasses. These silent witnesses to sacrilegious spoliation prove that the number of brasses that have been "lost," is fully equal to that of the existing specimens. The indents cut upon the faces of these slabs are frequently both curious and interesting, since they show many instances of the outlines of compositions, of which there are no similar examples known to be in existence.

A Treatise on Wood Engraving, Historical and Practical; with upwards of Three Hundred Illustrations engraved on Wood. By John Jackson. The Historical Portion by W. A. Chatto. Second Edition, with a New Chapter on the Artists of the Present Day. By Henry G. Bohn, and One Hundred and Forty-five additional Wood Engravings. Published by H. G. Bohn, London.

Engraving on wood has now become a portion of the Art-constitution, so to speak, of the country,—and a very important part too: the number of persons whose talent and labour it calls into requisition, either as artists, engravers, or printers, would, if summed up, form no inconsiderable amount. Even the preparation of the raw material, the wood blocks, has become a distinct trade; while some hundreds of tons weight of box-wood are annually imported into this country, chiefly from America and Turkey, to supply the demands of the draughtsmen. When Mr. Jackson brought out the first edition of his valuable work, more than twenty years ago, he could little have anticipated the extent to which his art would be applied within so comparatively a short space of time.

A more fitting opportunity, therefore, than the present for republishing this admirable and comprehensive treatise could not be; and Mr. Bohn has done good service to Art, by obtaining the copyright and wood blocks from Mr. Mason Jackson—himself an eminent engraver on wood, and son of the original proprietor of the work—and re-issuing it, for the earlier edition has long been out of print, and is very rarely to be met with.

A brief history of the art of wood engraving appeared in some of the very earliest numbers of our Journal, in the year 1839: these papers were followed two or three months afterwards by a long notice of Mr. Jackson's work, which then first came into our hands. It would be quite superfluous to offer now any comment on a volume which, for its ample, accurate, and comprehensive information, has always been regarded as a standard history of the subject discussed in its pages. To the number of illustrations that originally appeared, Mr. Bohn has added seventy-five, to supply deficiencies which he considered might be advantageously filled, and has appended a few lines, when necessary, by way of description.

In the chapter devoted to the artists of the present day, little else is attempted than the introduction of numerous specimens of their works, borrowed from the various illustrated books which have been published during the last twenty years, or thereabouts: these examples are accompanied by the names of the engravers, with a reference to the different books in which they have been engaged. At the end of the chapter is what professes to be lists of "Painters who occasionally draw upon wood," of "Professional draughtsmen on wood," and of "Engravers on wood not before mentioned:" but our own experience and practical knowledge of these matters compel us to state that these lists are very imperfect; many names are altogether omitted which ought to be there—for instance, Messrs. Nicholls, and Messrs. Butterworth and Heath, engravers whose works will bear comparison with most of the artists comprised in Mr. Bohn's lists; the former is a long established "firm," the latter is of more recent date; but in both cases the pages of the *Art-Journal* bear good evidence of their skill.

Comparing the productions of the wood engravers of the present day with those of whom Jackson makes mention, it is satisfactory to know that the art has not deteriorated in the slightest degree; in

some respects, as in landscape, it has unquestionably advanced; and this because the draughtsmen on wood are better artists than those of a quarter of a century ago, and know better what the engraver requires. More depends on the draughtsman than the uninitiated are aware of; we have often seen drawings very carefully made on the wood which would not "cut" well, for a peculiar style of pencilling is necessary to produce an effective engraving; and this is to be attained only after considerable practice. Certainly there is in the present day no lack of encouragement both for the artist and the engraver, for never was there such a demand for both, whether their labours are devoted to illustrate a penny periodical or a costly volume of standard literature.

Attempts have been made of late to apply photography to wood, and thus supersede the pencil of the artist; but hitherto they have failed for any really practical purpose; and we do not see how it could be successfully adopted, inasmuch as there must be in a photographic picture the absence of that peculiar manipulation absolutely indispensable to the engraver. We will not go so far as to say that a subject thus transferred to the block would not "cut," but it would be most ineffective, and very unlike a good wood engraving. The merit that belongs to Mr. Bohn in the editing this work is, as our readers will readily believe, very considerable.

THE DOWIE DENS O' YARROW. Illustrated by J. NOEL PATON, R.S.A. Published by the Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland. Edinburgh.

The society which has put forth this work has latterly adopted the plan of presenting to its subscribers a series of engravings bound into a volume, instead of a single large print, such as is usually given to the members of other and similar societies. True, also, to its strictly national character, it chooses Scottish pictures and Scottish subjects; yet, sometimes, as we find here, calls in the aid of the Southerner's graving-tools. The six pictures engraved in this volume were, as we have elsewhere stated, a commission to Mr. Paton, and formed the principal prize in the last year's distribution. The old Border ballad they illustrate is very popular in the North, and offers several good pictorial "situations," of which the artist has availed himself with the skill and talent that have given him so high and well-deserved a reputation,—though we do not think Mr. Paton's strength lies in such subjects as these; he is more of an imaginative painter than one who has made this kind of historical *genre* his practice. The first plate, engraved by R. C. Bell, and rather heavily, represents the quarrel: there is considerable spirit in the general arrangement of the principal group, and much character in their faces; but the subject is too much crowded in every way to be effective. The next is the parting of the knight from his wife in the courtyard of his castle: he has mounted his horse to ride to the place of combat in the "Dens o' Yarrow," and embraces tenderly her he is never to see again; the *pose* of this group—figures and animals, for two noble hounds are among them—is very easy and natural, and the sentiment of the subject is truly felt; the plate is carefully engraved by Lumb Stocks, A.R.A. The third plate, engraved by the same hand, represents the lady watching for the return of her husband, in a recessed window of her bed-chamber: the subject is rich from the accessories and ornamental furniture; but Mr. Paton has certainly violated the principles of composition, by placing the dog, at its full-length, in the foreground, at a right angle with the figure and with the lines of the recess. The fourth plate, engraved by C. W. Sharpe, discloses the combat, in which treachery overcomes valour, and the brave knight, after killing or disabling a number of his foes, is stabbed from behind. Notwithstanding the spirit infused into this subject, its action is too melodramatic to be dignified. The fifth plate represents a group of figures, among whom is the wife, mourning over the knight's dead body on the field of battle; it is engraved by C. W. Sharpe, but whether owing to his translation of the picture, or to the painter's method of arranging the light and shade, the print is most ineffective: nowhere can the eye rest on a single passage. The last plate, engraved by L. Stocks, is the gem of the whole; the knight and his lady, both dead, are lying side by side on a temporary bier, which their retainers bear homewards on the shoulder. The picture breathes a deeply solemn and fine poetical feeling: the slow march of the strong-limbed bearers, the weeping followers, the riderless charger with his head earthwards, the landscape dimmed by evening twilight, show that a poet-painter's mind was at work on the theme: it is evidently one which the artist *felt*, and success was, therefore, a necessary result.

INDIA AND HIGH ASIA. By HERMANN, ADOLPHE, and ROBERT DE SCHLAGINTWEIT. Published by TRÜBNER & Co., London; F. A. BROCKHAUS, Leipzig.

In the month of August, 1859, we directed the attention of our readers to this work, then preparing for publication. Some idea of its character, importance, and magnitude may be formed from the contents of the title-page:—"Results of a Scientific Mission to India and High Asia, by Hermann, Adolphe, and Robert De Schlagintweit; undertaken between the years 1854 and 1858, by order of the Court of Directors of the Honourable East India Company. The work will consist of Nine Volumes of Scientific Text, and of an Atlas in Three Volumes Folio, containing Views and Maps, with explanatory Letter-press."

A more detailed description of this vast literary and artistic undertaking was given in our previous notice. We are induced to refer to the work again from our having just received from the German publishers several specimens of the forthcoming prints, which are executed on a large scale, and, so far as we remember, are exact fac-similes of the drawings submitted to our inspection by the two surviving brothers, when they visited London in 1859; Adolphe was assassinated on his travels, by a tribe of barbarous Asiatics. Much of the scenery represented in these views is of the grandest character: towering mountains of more than Alpine height crowned with snow; vast ranges of hills wild, solitary, and almost verdureless; deep, rocky ravines, fit hiding-places for beasts of prey. Other pictures, however, have a civilized and pleasant aspect: hills and valleys partially clothed with trees, and a narrow river, perhaps, winding its way through the hollow; small, tranquil lakes, not unlike some of our own Welsh and Scotch, except that they lack the rich foliage which so often graces the latter, and gives beauty and colour to them. One view represents a singular suspension foot-bridge of cane, stretched across a wide river, the banks of which, on either side, are covered with goodly trees that serve to sustain the passage-way; another view, "The Kúnda Range, in the Nigrhis," might very well pass for a home-scene in Wales, or the mountain counties of the north of England; while here and there is a town standing on a dry, sandy plain, backed by lofty hills, on whose distant summits are visible the walls and towers of edifices which have the appearance of ancient baronial castles of Europe. Such are the varied contents of the portfolio now at our side.

These prints are executed, some in tinted lithography—they can scarcely be called chromo-lithographs—and some, the major part, are printed in oils. The work, when completed, will form a magnificent record of travels, and a most valuable addition to the geographical, scientific, and statistical history of the quarter of the world to which it refers. A publication of this extent and character could only have been produced under such patronage, and with such support as it has received both at home and abroad.

THE STANDARD LIBRARY ATLAS OF CLASSICAL GEOGRAPHY, Completed to the Present State of Knowledge. Published by H. G. BOHN, London.

The members of the College of Preceptors, and indeed every one engaged in educational work, must welcome the appearance of this cheap, convenient, and clearly-engraved atlas of the countries known to the ancients. But its utility is not limited to teachers; for there are few readers of the history and literature of the Greeks, Romans, and other nations long passed away, who have not felt the pressing want of such a "handy" work of reference as this. It contains twenty-two maps of countries known under the titles they bear in classic history, with a copious index giving the latitude and longitude of every place named therein.

HOOD'S OWN; OR, LAUGHTER FROM YEAR TO YEAR. Being a further Collection of his Wit and Humour, with a Preface by his Son. Second Series. Published by E. MOXON & Co., London.

We welcome this Second Series of Hood's inimitable writings and humorous designs with unqualified satisfaction. The son is not only hereby honouring the genius and the memory of his worthy father, but he is also conferring a benefit on the public in general, in thus giving them, in something like a collected form, what has hitherto been scattered over a great variety of publications. Quite true is the remark of the younger Hood,—who, by the way, inherits not a little of the father's talent,—that, "although Thomas Hood has been dead fifteen years, his fame, instead of dying out, is on the increase;—indeed, time has rather added to than obscured his popularity, and his writings find an ever increasing circle of readers in England; while, in America, he is almost better known than in his own country." This is only what was to be expected, since "Tom Hood," as he was familiarly called, wrote the greater part of his works, a generation has arisen, who, in their childish days, scarcely knew him; and hence, with the progress of time, comes a wider circle of popularity, which these re-publications will greatly aid in extending. The collected works of Hood will one day become standard books of English literature of a class almost unique.

THE LEGEND OF ST. SWITHIN: A Rhyme for Rainy Weather. With twelve Illustrations by JOHN FAED, R.S.A. Published by HAMILTON, ADAMS, AND Co., London; J. MENZIES, Edinburgh.

We scarcely know whether the poem or the illustrations, which are here united, have afforded us more amusement. The author of the former has transferred his hero from the episcopal city of Winchester, his usual residence, as history says, to a temporary dwelling on the banks of the Dee. It is summer time, and every river and streamlet is dried up. St. Swithin is a "droughty saint," and can procure no water to mix his grog; but hearing that the abbot of a neighbouring priory has some in his well-stored fish-ponds, he sends to beg a butt-full to "fill his tubs and pails:"—

> "'St. Swithin,' roared the abbot,
> 'Fie on the drunken rogue!
> Dares he propose to drain my pond,
> That he may swig his grog!'"

The refusal evokes St. Swithin's wrath; so he works some magic spell which brings down torrents of rain over the whole locality. The deluge destroys the abbot's stately tower, frees the "trout and perch" from their imprisonment, carries away his flocks and herds, and, finally, sends the holy but selfish owner of all these good things floating helplessly down the roaring flood, "perched on a cole of hay." There is an excellent moral tacked on to the end of the droll story. First, a warning against intemperance, by exhibiting its bitter fruits; next, a lesson is read to the selfish and the churlish; and, lastly, a word of advice is given upon that Christian virtue, charity, in the estimate we form of the character of others:—

> "Before we judge our neighbour's cause,
> First let us look within;
> Perchance we harbour in our heart
> Some secret, darling sin.
>
> "Some pleasant and congenial vice
> We nurse as fondly there,
> As the abbot nursed his favourite fish,
> And spurned St. Swithin's prayer."

There is a quiet humour, altogether free from vulgarity, in Mr. Faed's drawings which is most entertaining; and looking at them as artistic works, we cannot but speak of them highly. The frontispiece, representing a poor woman weeping beside her husband, who lies by the roadside in a state of helpless intoxication, is an admirable picture, full of instruction. The illustrations are of considerable size, and are printed in lithography. They have been very carefully transferred to the stones by Mr. C. Schacher.

SHAKSPERE: HIS BIRTHPLACE AND ITS NEIGHBOURHOOD. By JOHN R. WISE. Illustrated by W. J. LINTON. Published by SMITH, ELDER, AND Co., London.

This is something more than a mere topographical history of Shakspere's birthplace,—we adopt the author's orthography of the poet's name, and not that we are accustomed to use,—and it certainly merits, in the way of introduction, more than the modesty of Mr. Wise has permitted him to say in the opening chapter. "The aim of this little book is not very high; but if it will, in some measure, take away the reproach of meagreness from the handbooks to Stratford, and throw some little light on the text of Shakspere, by giving the reader a better idea of the land where the poet lived, I shall be very well content."

Independently of what the writer tells us about Stratford, he unfolds in a pleasant, simple manner what we may assume to be a picture of Shakspere's mind and habits as developed in certain expressions and passages throughout his writings, sonnets as well as dramas, and explains phrases and words peculiar to the county of Warwickshire, which are also to be found therein. As an epitome of what the most distinguished commentators have put forth, united with much that is Mr. Wise's own, this story of Stratford and Shakspere will be read with pleasure and profit by those who have neither leisure nor opportunity to digest more elaborate comments.

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, APRIL 1, 1861.

THE HERMITS AND RECLUSES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART I.

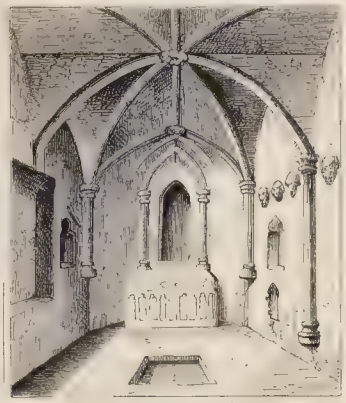
WE have already said* that the habitations of all the solitaries, both those of Hermits and those of the stricter Recluses, were alike in many respects, and that they are all indifferently called Hermitages. Before we proceed to direct our attention more exclusively to the recluses, their habitations, and manners of life, we will lay before the reader a few examples of hermitages which may—some of them—have been the abode of recluses, though the majority of them were more probably inhabited by hermits. These still exist, because they were hewn out of the living rock; while those which were mere bowers, or huts, or timber houses, have perished by time. There are, it is true, ancient hermitages, built of stone, still standing, both in England and on the continent of Europe, but we are not in a position to give the reader any definite description of them.

At Cratcliffe, near Winster, in Derbyshire, in a wild and inaccessible situation, there is a cell hewn out of the rock, 13 feet long, and 11 wide, by 9 feet high; at its east end it has an altar of the living rock, and over it a crucifix is sculptured out of the rock-wall.†

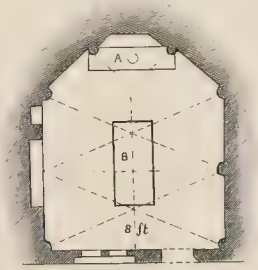


EXTERIOR VIEW OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL, KNARESBOROUGH.

St. Robert's Chapel, at Knaresborough, Yorkshire, is a very excellent example of a hermitage.‡ It is hewn out of the rock, at the bottom of a cliff, in the corner of a sequestered dell. The exterior, a view of which is given above, presents us with a simply arched door-way at the bottom of the rough cliff, with an arched window on the left, and a little square opening between, which looks like the little square window of a recluse. Internally we find the cell sculptured into the fashion of a little chapel, with a groined ceiling, the groining shafts and ribs well enough designed, but rather rudely executed. There is a semi-octagonal apsidal recess at the east end, in which the altar stands; a piscina and a credence and stone seat in the north wall; a row of sculptured heads in the south wall, and a grave-stone in the middle of the floor. This chapel appears to have been also the hermit's living room. The view of the exterior, and of the interior and ground plan, are from Carter's "Ancient Architecture," pl. lxvii. There is another hermitage, whose chapel is very similar to this, at Warkworth. It is halfway up the cliff, on one side of a deep romantic valley, through which runs the river Coquet, overhung with woods. The chapel is hewn out of the rock, 18 feet long, by 7½ wide, with a little entrance-porch on the south, also hewn in the rock; and, on the further side, a long, narrow apartment, with a small altar at the east end, and a window looking upon the chapel altar. This long apartment was probably the hermit's living room; but when the Earls of Northumberland endowed the hermitage for a chantry priest, the priest seems to have lived in a small house, with a garden attached, at the foot of the cliff. The chapel is groined, and has Gothic windows, very like that at Knaresborough. A minute description of this hermitage, and of the legend connected with it, is given in a poem called "The History of Warkworth" (4to. 1775), and in a letter in Grose's "Antiquities," vol. iii. A view of the exterior, showing its picturesque situation, and a ground plan of the chapel and its appurtenances, will be found in Herne's "Antiquities of Great Britain," pl. 9.



INTERIOR VIEW OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.



GROUND PLAN OF ST. ROBERT'S CHAPEL.

There is a little cell or oratory, called the hermitage, cut out of the face of a rock near Dale Abbey, Derbyshire. On the south side are the door and three windows; at the east end, an altar standing upon a raised platform, both cut out of the rock; there are little niches in the walls, and a stone seat all round.*

There is another hermitage of three cells at Wetheral, near Carlisle, called Wetheral Safeguard, or St. Constantine's Cells—Wetheral Priory was dedicated to St. Constantine, and this hermitage seems to have belonged to the priory. It is not far from Wetheral Priory, in the face of a rock standing 100 feet perpendicularly out of the river Eden, which washes its base; the hill rising several hundred feet higher still above this rocky escarpment. The hermitage is at a height of 40 feet from the river, and can only be approached from above by a narrow and difficult path down the face of the precipice. It consists of three square cells, close together, about 10 feet square, and 8 feet high; each with a short passage leading to it, which increases its total length to about 20 feet. These passages communicate with a little platform of rock in front of the cells. At a lower level than this platform, by about 7 feet, there is a narrow gallery, built up of masonry; the door to the hermitage is at one end of it, so that access to the cells can only be obtained by means of a ladder from this gallery to the platform of rock 7 feet above it. In the front of the gallery are three windows, opposite to the three cells, to give them light, and one chimney. An engraving will be found in Hutchinson's "History of Cumberland," vol. i. p. 160, which shows the picturesque scene—the rocky hill-side, with the river washing round its base, and the three windows of the hermitage, half way up, peeping through the foliage; there is also a careful plan of the cells in the letter-press.

A chapel, and a range of rooms—which communicate with one another, and form a tolerably commodious house of two floors—are excavated out of a rocky hill-side, called Blackstone Rock, which forms the bank of the Severn, near Bewdley, Worcestershire. A view of the exterior of the rock, and a plan and sections of the chambers, are given both in Stukeley's "Itinerarium Curiosum," pls. 13 and 14, and in Nash's "History of Worcestershire," vol. ii. p. 48.

At Lenton, near Nottingham, there is a chapel and a range of cells excavated out of the face of a semicircular sweep of rock, which crops out on the bank of the river Lene. The river winds round the other semicircle, leaving a space of greensward between the rock and the river, upon which the cells open. Now, the whole place is enclosed, and used as a public garden and bowling-green, its original features being, however, preserved with a praiseworthy appreciation of their interest. In former days this hermitage was just within the verge of the park of the royal castle of Nottingham; it was doubtless screened by the trees of the park; and its inmates might pace to and fro on their secluded grass-plot, fenced in by the rock and the river from every intruding foot, and yet in full view of the walls and towers of the castle, with the royal banner waving from its keep, and catch a glimpse of the populous borough, and see the parties of knights and ladies prance over the level meadows which stretched out to the neighbouring Trent like a green carpet, embroidered in spring and autumn by the purple crocus, which grows wild there in myriads. Stukeley, in his "Itinerarium Curiosum," pl. 39, gives a view and ground plan of these curious cells. Carter also figures them in his "Ancient Architecture," pl. 12, and gives details of a Norman shaft and arch in the chapel.

Before we take a final leave of these hermits and their picturesque habitations, let us call to mind Spenser's description of a typical hermit and hermitage, while the originals still lingered in the living memory of the people:—

"At length they chaunst to meet upon the way
An aged sire, in long blacke weedes yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray,
And by his belt his booke he hanging had;
Sober he seemde, and very sagely sad,
And to the ground his eyes were lowly bent,
Simple in shew, and voide of malice bad;
And all the way he prayed as he went,
And often knockt his brest as one that did repent.

"He faire the knight saluted, louting low,
Who faire him quited, as that courteous was;
And after asked him if he did know
Of strange adventures which abroad did pas.

* *Art Journal*, Jan. 1860, p. 17.

† Engraved in Carter's "Ancient Architecture," pl. 12.

‡ Eugene Aram's famous murder was perpetrated within it. See Sir E. L. Bulwer's description of the scene in his "Eugene Aram."

* See view in Stukeley's "Itin. Curios.," pl. 14.

'Ah! my dear sonne,' quoth he, 'how should, alas!
Silly * old man, that lives in hidden cell,
Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,
Tidings of war and worldly trouble tell?
With holy father sits not with such things to mell.'†
* * * * *
Quoth then that aged man, 'the way to win
Is wisely to advise. Now day is spent,
Therefore with me ye may take up your in
For this same night.' The knight was well content;
So with that godly father to his home he went.

"A little lowly hermitage it was,
Down in a dale, hard by a forest's side,
Far from resort of people that did pass
In travell to and fro; a little wyde
There was an holy chappell edifyde,
Wherein the hermite dewly wont to say
His holy things, each morne and eventyde;
Hereby a christall streame did gently play,
Which from a sacred fountaine welled forth alway.

"Arrived there, the little house they fill;
Ne look for entertainment where none was;
Rest is their feast, and all things at their will;
The noblest mind the best contentment has.
With fair discourse the evening so they pas;
For that old man of pleasing words had store,
And well could file his tongue as smooth as glas;
He told of saintes and popes, and evermore
He strowd an Ave-Mary after and before."‡
Faery Queen, i. 1, 29, 33, 34, 35.

And now we proceed to speak more particularly of the recluses. The old legends tell us that John the Hermit, the contemporary of St. Anthony, would hold communication with no man except through the window of his cell.§ But the recluses of more modern days were not content to quote John the Egyptian as their founder. As the Carmelite friars claimed Elijah, so the recluses, at least the female recluses, looked up to Judith as the foundress of their mode of life, and patroness of their order.

Mabillon tells us that the first who made any formal rule for recluses was one Grimlac, who lived about 900 A.D. The principal regulations of his rule are, that the candidate for reclusion, if a monk, should signify his intention a year beforehand, and during the interval should continue to live among his brethren. If not already a monk, the period of probation was doubled. The leave of the bishop of the diocese was to be first obtained, and if the candidate were a monk, the leave of his abbot and convent also. When he had entered his cell the bishop was to put his seal upon the door, which was never again to be opened unless for the help of the recluse in time of sickness or on the approach of death. Successive councils published canons to regulate this kind of life. That of Millo, in 692, repeats in substance the rule of Grimlac. That of Frankfort, in 787, refers to the recluses. The synod of Richard de la Wich, Bishop of Chichester, A.D. 1246, makes some canons concerning them: "Also we ordain to recluses that they shall not receive or keep any person in their houses concerning whom any sinister suspicion might arise. Also that they have narrow and proper windows; and we permit them to have secret communication with those persons only whose gravity and honesty do not admit of suspicion."*

Towards the end of the twelfth century a rule for anchorites was written by Bishop Richard Poore† of Chichester, and afterwards of Salisbury, who died A.D. 1237, which throws abundant light upon their mode of life; for it is not merely a brief code of the regulations obligatory upon them, but it is a book of paternal counsel, which enters at great length, and in minute detail, into the circumstances of the recluse life, and will be of great use to us in the subsequent part of this paper.

There were doubtless different degrees of austerity among the recluses; but, on the whole, we must banish from our minds the popular‡ idea that they inhabited a living grave, and lived a life of the extremest mortification. Doubtless there were instances in which religious enthusiasm led the recluse into frightful and inhuman self-torture, like that of Thaysis, in the "Golden Legend:"—"She went to the place whiche th' abbot had assygned to her, and there was a monasterye of vyrgyns; and there he closed her in a celle, and sealed the door with led. And the celle was lytyll and strayte, and but one lytell wyndowe open, by whiche was mynistred to her poor lyvinge; for the abbot commanded that they shold gyve to her a lytell brede and water." Thaysis submitted to it at the command of Abbot Pafuncius, as penance for a sinful life, in the early days of Egyptian austerity; and now and then throughout the subsequent ages the self-hatred of an earnest, impassioned nature, suddenly roused to a feeling of exceeding sinfulness—the remorse of a wild, strong spirit, conscious of great crimes, or the enthusiasm of a weak mind and morbid conscience, might urge men and women to such self-revenges, to such penances as these. Bishop Poore gives us episodically a pathetic example, which our readers will thank us for repeating here. "Nothing is ever so hard that love doth not make tender, and soft, and sweet. Love maketh all things easy. What do men and women endure for false love, and would endure more! And what is more to be wondered at is, that love which is faithful and true, and sweeter than any other love, doth not overmaster us as doth sinful love! Yet I know a man who weareth at the same time both a heavy cuirass§ and haircloth, bound with iron round the middle too, and his arms with broad and thick bands, so that to bear the sweat of it is severe suffering. He fasteth, he watcheth, he laboureth, and, Christ knoweth, he complaineth, and saith that it doth not oppress him; and often asks me to teach him something wherewith he might give his body pain. God knoweth that he, the most sorrowful of men, weepeth to me and saith that God hath quite forgotten him, because He sendeth him no great sickness; whatever is bitter seems sweet to him for our Lord's sake. God knoweth love doth this, because, as he often saith to me, he could never love God the less for any evil thing that he might do to him, even were he to cast him into hell with those that perish. And if any believe any such thing of him, he is more confounded than a thief taken with his theft. I know also a woman of like mind, that suffereth little less. And what remaineth but to thank God for the strength that he giveth them; and let us humbly acknowledge our own weakness, and love their merit, and thus it becomes our own. For as St. Gregory says, love is of so great power that it maketh the merit of others our own without labour." But though powerful motives and great force of character might enable an individual here and there to persevere with such austerities, when the severities of the recluse life had to be reduced to rule and system, and when a succession of occupants had to be found for the vacant anchorholds, ordinary human nature revolted from these unnatural austerities, and the common sense of mankind easily granted a tacit dispensation from them; and the recluse life was speedily toned down in practice to a life which a religiously minded person, especially one who had been wounded and worsted in the battle of life, might gladly embrace and easily endure.

Usually, even where the cell consisted of a single room, it was large enough for the comfortable abode of a single inmate, and it was not destitute of such furnishing as comfort required. But it was not unusual for the cell to be in fact a house of several apartments, with a garden attached; and it would seem that the technical "cell," within which the recluse was immured, included house and garden, and everything within the boundary wall. It is true that many of the recluses lived entirely, and perhaps all partly, upon the alms* of pious and charitable people; but it was the bishop's duty, before giving license for the building of a *reclusorium* to satisfy himself that there would be, either from alms or from an endowment, a sufficient maintenance for the recluse. Practically, they do not seem often to have been in want; they were restricted as to the times when they might eat flesh-meat, but otherwise their abstemiousness depended upon their own religious feeling on the subject; and the only check upon excess was in their own moderation. They occupied themselves, besides their frequent devotions, in reading, writing, illuminating, and needlework; and though the recluses attached to some monasteries seem to have been under an obligation of silence, yet in the usual case, the recluse held a perpetual levee at the open window, and gossipping and scandal appear to have been among her besetting sins. It will be our business to verify and further to illustrate this general sketch of the recluse life.

And, first, let us speak more in detail of their habitations. The reclusorium, or anchorhold, seems sometimes to have been, like the hermitage, a house of timber or stone, or a grotto in a solitary place. In Sir T. Mallory's "Prince Arthur," we are introduced to one of these, which afforded all the appliances for lodging and entertaining even male guests. We read:—"Sir Percival returned again unto the recluse, where he deemed to have tidings of that knight which Sir Launcelot followed. And so he kneeled at her window, and anon the recluse opened it, and asked Sir Percival what he would. 'Madam,' said he, 'I am a knight of King Arthur's court, and my name is Sir Percival de Galis.' So when the recluse heard his name, she made passing great joy of him, for greatly she loved him before all other knights of the world; and so of right she ought to do, for she was his aunt. And then she commanded that the gates should be opened to him, and then Sir Percival had all the cheer that she might make him, and all that was in her power was at his commandment." But it does not seem that

* Simple. † Meddle.

‡ Since the above was written, the writer has had an opportunity of visiting a hermitage very like those at Warkworth, Wetheral, Bewdley, and Lenton, still in use and habitation. It is in the parish of Limay, near Mantes, a pretty little town on the railway between Rouen and Paris. Nearly at the top of a vine-clad hill, on the north of the valley of the Seine, in which Mantes is situated, a low face of rock crops out. In this rock have been excavated a chapel, a sacristy, and a living-room for the hermit; and the present hermit has had a long refectory added to his establishment, in which to give his annual dinner to the people who come here, one day in the year, in considerable numbers, on pilgrimage. The chapel differs from those which we have described in the text, in being larger and ruder; it is so wide that its rocky roof is supported by two rows of rude pillars, left standing for that purpose by the excavators. There is an altar at the east end. At the west end is a representation of the entombment; the figure of our Lord, lying as if it had become rigid in the midst of the writhing of his agony, is not without a rude force of expression. One of the group of figures standing about the tomb, has a late thirteenth-century head of a saint placed upon the body of a Roman soldier of the Renaissance. There is a grave-stone with an incised cross and inscription beside the tomb; and in the niche on the north side is a recumbent monumental effigy of stone, with the head and hands in white glazed pottery. But whether these things were originally placed in the hermitage, or whether they are waifs and strays from neighbouring churches, brought here as to an ecclesiastical peep-show, it is hard to determine; the profusion of other incongruous odds and ends of ecclesiastical relics and fineries, with which the whole place is furnished, inclines one to the latter conjecture. There is a bell-turret built on the rock over the chapel, and a chimney peeps through the hill-side, over the sacristy fireplace. The platform in front of the hermitage is walled in, and there is a little garden on the hill above. The curé of Limay performs service here on certain days in the year. The hermit will disappoint those who desire to see a modern example of

"An aged sire, in long black weedes yclad,
His feet all bare, his beard all hoarie gray."

He is an aged sire, seventy-four years old; but for the rest, he is simply a little, withered, old French peasant, in a blue blouse and wooden sabots. He passes his days here in solitude, unless when a rare party of visitors ring at his little bell, and, after due inspection through his grille, are admitted to peep about his chapel and his grotto, and to share his fine view of the valley shut in by vine-clad hills, and the Seine winding through the flat meadows, and the clean, pretty town of Mantes *la jolie* in the middle, with its long bridge and its cathedral-like church. Whether he spends his time

"Bidding his beades all day for his trespas,"

we did not inquire; but he finds the hours lonely. The good curé of Limay wishes him to sleep in his hermitage, but, like the hermit-priest of Warkworth, he prefers sleeping in the village at the foot of the hill.

§ One of the little hermitages represented in the Campo Santo series of paintings of the old Egyptian Hermit Saints (engraved in Mrs. Jameson's "Legends of the Monastic Orders") has a little grated window, through which the hermit within (probably this John) is talking with another outside.

* Wilkins's "Concilia," i. 693.

† Several MSS. of this rule are known under different names. Fosbroke quotes one as the Rule of Simon de Gandavo (or Simon of Ghent), in Cott. MS. Nero A. xiv.; another in Bennet College, Cambridge; and another under the name of Alfred Reevesley. See Fosbroke's "British Monachism," pp. 374-5. The various copies, indeed, seem to differ considerably, but to be all derived from the work ascribed to Bishop Poore. All these books are addressed to female recluses, which is a confirmation of the opinion which we have before expressed, that the majority of the recluses were women.

‡ Thus the player queen in "Hamlet," iii. 2:—

"Nor earth to me give food, nor heaven give light!
Sport and repose lock from me day and night!
To desperation turn my trust and hope!
An anchor's cheer in prison be my scope!
Each opposite that blanks the face of joy
Meet what I would have well, and it destroy," &c.

§ The wearing a cuirass, or hauberk of chain mail, next the skin became a noted form of self-torture; those who undertook it were called *Loricati*.

* An alms box was hung up to receive contributions, as appears from "Piers Ploughman,"—

"In ancres there a box hangeth."

And in the extracts hereinafter given from the "Ancren Riewle," we shall find several allusions to the giving of alms to recluses as a usual custom.

she entertained him in person; for the story continues that "on the morrow Sir Percival went unto the recluse," *i.e.* to her little audience-window, to propound his question, "if she knew that knight with the white shield." Here is a woodcut of a



SIR LAUNCELOT AT THE HERMITAGE.

picture in the MS. "History of Sir Launcelot" (Royal 14, E. III. folio 101 v.), entitled "Eusi q Percheva retourna à la rencluse qui estait en son hermitage."*

In the case of these large remote anchorholds, the recluse must have had a chaplain to come and say mass for her every day in the chapel of her hermitage.† But in the vast majority of cases, anchorholds were attached to a church, either of a religious house or of a town, or of a village; and in these situations they appear to have been much more numerous than is at all suspected by those who have not inquired into this little known portion of our mediæval antiquities. Very many of our village churches had a recluse living within or beside them, and it will, perhaps, especially surprise the majority of our readers to learn that these recluses were specially numerous in the mediæval towns.‡ The proofs of this fact are abundant; here are some. Henry, Lord Scrope, of Masham, by will, dated 23rd June, 1415, bequeathed to every anchoret § and recluse dwelling in London or its suburbs, 6*s.* 8*d.*; also to every anchoret and recluse dwelling in York and its suburbs, 6*s.* 8*d.* In a will of the fifteenth century‖ we have a bequest "to the ancher in the wall beside Bishopsgate, London."¶ In the will of St. Richard, Bishop of Chichester,** we have bequests to Friar Humphrey, the recluse of Pageham, to the recluse of Hogton, to the recluse of Stopeham, to the recluse of Herringham; and in the will of Walter de Suffield, Bishop of Norwich, bequests to "anchers" and recluses in his diocese, and especially to his niece Ela, *in reclusorio* at Massingham.††

Among the other notices which we have of solitaries living in towns, Lydgate mentions one in the town of Wakefield. Morant says there was one in Holy Trinity churchyard, Colchester. The episcopal registers of Lichfield show that there was an anchorage for several female recluses in the churchyard of St. George's Chapel, Shrewsbury. The will of Henry, Lord Scrope, already quoted, leaves 100*s.* and the pair of beads which the testator was accustomed to use, to the anchorite of Westminster: it was his predecessor, doubtless, who is mentioned in the time of Richard II.: when the young king was going to meet Wat Tyler in Smithfield, he went to Westminster Abbey, "then to the church, and so to the high altar, where he devontedly prayed and offered; after which he spake with the anchore, to whom he confessed himself."* Lord Scrope's will goes on to bequeath 40*s.* to Robert, the recluse of Beverley; 13*s.* 4*d.* each to the anchorets of Stafford, of Kurkebeck, of Wath, of Peasholme near York, of Kirby, Thorganby near Colyngworth, of Leek near Upsale, of Gainsburgh, of Knessall near South well, of Dartford, of Stamford living in the parish church there; to Thomas, the chaplain dwelling continually in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester; to Elizabeth, late servant of the anchoret of Hampole; and to the recluse in the house of the Dominicans at Newcastle; and also 6*s.* 8*d.* to every other anchoret and anchoritess that could be easily found within three months of his decease.

We have already had occasion to mention that there were several female recluses, in addition to the male solitaries, in the churchyards of the then great city of Norwich. The particulars which that laborious antiquary, Blomfield, has collected together respecting several of them, will throw a little additional light upon our subject, and fill up still further the outlines of the picture which we are engaged in painting.

There was a hermitage in the churchyard of St. Julian, Norwich, which was inhabited by a succession of anchoresses, some of whose names Blomfield records:—Dame Agnes, in 1472; Dame Elizabeth Scot, in 1481; Lady Elizabeth, in 1510; Dame Agnes Edrigge, in 1524. The Lady Julian, who was the anchoress in 1393, is said to have had two servants to attend her in her old age. "She was esteemed of great holiness. Mr. Francis Peck had a vellum MS. containing an account of her visions." Blomfield says that the foundations of the anchorage might still be seen in his time, on the east side of St. Julian's churchyard. There was also an anchorage in St. Ethelred's churchyard, which was rebuilt in 1305, and an anchor continually dwelt there till the Reformation, when it was pulled down, and the grange, or tithe-barn, at Brakendale was built with its timber; so that it must have been a timber house of some magnitude. Also in St. Edward's churchyard, joining to the church on the north side, was a cell, whose ruins were still visible in Blomfield's time, and most persons who died in Norwich left small sums towards its maintenance. In 1428 Lady Joan was anchoress here, to whom Walter Ledman left 20*s.*, and 40*d.* to each of her servants. In 1458, Dame Anneys Kyte was the recluse here; in 1516, Margaret Norman, widow, was buried here, and gave a legacy to the lady anchoress by the church. St. John the Evangelist's Church, in Southgate, was, about A.D. 1300, annexed to the parish of St. Peter per Montergate, and the Grey Friars bought the site; they pulled down the whole building, except a small part left for an anchorage, in which they placed an anchor, to whom they assigned part of the churchyard for his garden. Also there used anciently to be a recluse dwelling in a little cell joining to the north side of the tower of St. John the Baptist's Church, Timber Hill, but it was down before the Dissolution. Also there was an anchor, or hermit, who had an anchorage in or adjoining to All Saints' Church. Also in Henry III.'s time a recluse dwelt in the churchyard of St. John the Baptist, and the Holy Sepulchre, in Ber Street. In the monastery of the Carmelites, or White Friars, at Norwich, there were two anchorages—one for a man, who was admitted brother of the house, and another for a woman, who was admitted sister thereof. The latter was under the Chapel of the Holy Cross, which was still standing in Blomfield's time, though converted into dwelling houses. The former stood by St. Martin's Bridge, on the east side of the street, and had a small garden to it, which ran down to the river. In 1442, December 2nd, the Lady Emma, recluse, or anchoress, and religious sister of the Carmelite order, was buried in their church. In 1443, Thomas Scroope was anchorite in this house. In 1465, Brother John Castleacre, a priest, was anchorite. In 1494 there were legacies given to the anchor of the White Friars. This Thomas Scroope was originally a Benedictine monk; in 1430 he became anchorite here (being received a brother of the Carmelite order), and led an anchorite's life for many years, seldom going out of his cell but when he preached; about 1446, Pope Eugenius made him Bishop of Down, which see he afterwards resigned, and came again to his convent, and became suffragan to the Bishop of Norwich. He died, and was buried at Lowestoft, being near a hundred years old.

The document which we are about to quote from Whittaker's "History of Whalley" (pp. 72 and 77), illustrates many points in the history of these anchorholds. It was built in a parish churchyard, it depended upon a monastery, and was endowed with an allowance in money and kind from the monastery; it was founded for two recluses; they had a chaplain and servants, and the patronage was retained by the founder. It will also give us some very curious and minute details of the domestic economy of the recluse life; and, lastly, it will give us an historical proof that the assertions of the contemporary satirists, of the laxity* with which the vows were sometimes kept, were not without foundation.

"In 1349, Henry, Duke of Lancaster, granted in trust to the abbot and convent of Whalley rather large endowments to support two recluses (women) in a certain place within the churchyard of the parish church of Whalley, and two women servants to attend them, there to pray for the soul of the duke, &c.; to find them seventeen ordinary loaves, and seven inferior loaves, eight gallons of better beer, and 3*d.* per week; and yearly ten large stockfish, one bushel of oatmeal, one of rye, two gallons of oil for lamps, one lb. tallow for candles, six loads of turf, and one load of fagots; also to repair their habitations, and to find a chaplain to say mass in the chapel of these recluses daily. Their successors to be nominated by the duke and his heirs. On July 6, 15th Henry VI., the king nominated Isole de Heton, widow, to be an *anachorita* for life, *in loco ad hoc ordinato juxta ecclesiam parochialem de Whalley*. Isole, however, grew tired of the solitary life, and quitted it; for afterwards a representation was made to the king that 'divers that had been anchores and recluses in the seyd place aforetyme, have broken oute of the seyd place wherein they were reclusyd, and departyd therefrom wythout auy recousilyation;' and that Isole de Heton had broken out two years before, and was not willing to return; and that divers of the women that had been servants there had been with child. So Henry VI. dissolved the hermitage, and appointed instead two chaplains to say mass daily, &c." Whittaker thinks that the hermitage occupied the site of some cottages on the west side of the churchyard, which opened into the churchyard until he had the doors walled up.

There was a similar hermitage for several female recluses in the churchyard of St. Romuald, Shrewsbury, as we learn from a document among the Bishop of Lichfield's registers,† in which he directs the Dean of St. Chadd, or his procurator, to enclose Isolda de Hungerford an anchorite in the houses of the churchyard of St. Romuald, where the other anchorites dwell. Also in the same registry there is a precept, dated Feb. 1, 1310, from Walter de Langton, Bishop, to Emma Sprenghose, admitting her an anchorite in the houses of the churchyard of St. George's Chapel, Salop, and he appoints the archdeacon to enclose her. Another licence from Roger, Bishop of Lichfield, dated 1362, to Robert de Worthin, permitting him, on the nomination of Queen Isabella, to serve God in the reclusorium built adjoining (*juxta*) the chapel of St. John Baptist in the city of Coventry, has been published *in extenso* by Dugdale, and we transcribe it for the benefit of the curious.‡

* This very same picture is given also in another MS. of about the same date, marked Add. 10,294, at folio 14.

† Perhaps this was the case at Warkworth, the hermit living in the hermitage, while the chantry priest lived in the house at the foot of the hill.

‡ "Eremites that inhabiten
By the highways,
And in boroughs among brewers."
Piers Ploughman's Vision.

§ Probably "anchoret" means male, and "recluse" female recluse.

‖ "Test. Vetust.," 356.

¶ Other bequests to recluses occur in the will of Henry II., to the recluses (*incluses*) of Jerusalem, England, and Normandy.

** Sussex Archæol. Coll., i. p. 174.

†† Blomfield's "Norfolk," ii. pp. 347-8. See also the bequests to the Norwich recluses, *infra*.

* Stow's Chronicle, p. 559.

* In the "Ancren Riewle," p. 129, we read, "Who can with more facility commit sin than the false recluse?"

† Owen and Blakeway's "History of Shrewsbury."

‡ "Rogerus, &c., delecto in Christo filio Roberto de Worthin, cap. salutem, &c. Precipue devotionis affectum, quem ad serviendum Dio in reclusorio juxta capellam Sancti Joh. Babtiste in civitate Coventriensi constructo, et spretis mundi delicilis et ipsius vagis discurribus contemptis, habere te asseres, propensius intuentes, ac volentes te, consideratione nobilis domine, domine Isabelie Regine Angiie nobis pro te supplicante in hujus laudabili proposito confovere, ut in prefato reclusorio morari possis, et reciudi et vitam tuam in eodem ducere in tui laudibus Redemptoris, licentiam tibi quantum in nobis est concedi per presentes, quibus sigillum nostrum duximus apponendum. Dat apud Heywood, 5 Kal. Dec. M.D. A.D. MCCCLXII, et consecrationis nostræ triccsimo sexto."—DUGDALE'S *Warwickshire*, 2nd Edit., p. 193.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE WOUNDED GUERILLA.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.

Size of the picture, 3 ft. 0¾ in. by 2 ft. 8¾ in.

WHATEVER regret the public generally may have felt—and it was shared, perhaps even to a greater extent, by his friends and by connoisseurs—at the change in Wilkie's style after his return from Spain, the merits of many pictures painted by him subsequently to his visit are undeniable. When once the popular feeling, so to speak, has been forced into a particular channel, it is difficult to turn it into any other: men are slow to believe that to which they are strangers, whatever it may be. Wilkie's name had been so intimately associated with one especial style, both of subject and treatment, that a departure from it was a species of heterodoxy not to be tolerated. It had so won public esteem, that scarcely any amount of excellence in a different form was deemed sufficient to reconcile the change. People expected to be amused when they looked at his pictures; they went to them, as they now go to Webster's, to be entertained with some humorous sketch of human nature,—though in one or two of his earlier works, 'Distraining for Rent,' for example, there is more of sadness and pathos than humour; but they found his Spanish visit had sobered now his merriment, and entirely altered the character of his works. Wilkie was no longer Wilkie to the mass of those who frequented the galleries of the Royal Academy.

Historical painting, in its highest sense, was never within his grasp: whenever he essayed it, he failed. Witness the nearest approaches he made—though these cannot be classed with the most elevated historical subjects—'The Discovery of the Body of Tippoo Saib,' 'The Entry of George the Fourth into Holyrood Palace,' 'John Knox Preaching,' and two or three more. His mind was altogether of a different order, and had little or no congeniality of feeling with such subjects. Shakspere could write, and Garrick could play, tragedy and comedy with equal success; but artists rarely pass from one to the other, or even approach somewhat near to the line of demarcation, without committing an error, though they themselves, perhaps, do not see it, or, at least, will not acknowledge it. Turner was a singular exception to the evil arising from such a change, though many discredit this.

It may be supposed, from these remarks, that we would have the artist adhere rigidly to one style. We desire no such thing: monotony in Art is as wearisome and distasteful as in anything else; and we often find it so, to our cost, when called upon to examine and criticise his works.

Wilkie's residence in Spain, about the years 1827-8, naturally led his mind, not only to the works of the old Spanish masters, which undoubtedly influenced his subsequent practice, but also turned his thoughts towards the history of the country, and especially to what occurred there only a few years prior to his visit. The war of independence, as it is generally called, when the Spanish people, aided by the British armies, with Wellington in command, ultimately drove out the French invaders from the land, offered several episodes of which the artist availed himself. One of these is 'The Wounded Guerilla,' in the possession of Her Majesty.

The guerillas, as most of our readers are probably aware, were the peasantry of Spain, chiefly of the mountainous districts, who armed themselves with any weapon they had in possession, and carried on a most harassing and destructive desultory warfare against their foes. Wilkie's picture represents one of these returning, wounded, from a skirmish. He is mounted on a mule, gaily caparisoned, as these Spanish mules generally are, and is accompanied homewards by an ecclesiastic. At the door of the house stands, it may be presumed, his wife, her countenance exhibiting the distress occasioned by the sight of his pitiable condition. The figures are well grouped, the individuality of each is ably expressed, especially in the countenance of the sick man, and the colour is rich and harmonious, with less of the brown tone visible in many of his pictures of that period.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.

PRE-RAPHAELITISM.*

THE principles propounded in this pamphlet claim for pure "Pre-Raphaelitism" the subtlety of a regenerating spirit. Mr. Thomas addresses himself exclusively to the consideration of essence, leaving out of the question that wiry manner, an adoption of which is deemed sufficient to constitute a professorship of Pre-Raphaelite art. For the majority of those who affect the eccentricities of the manner, its superficial specialities are sufficient. To them it is incomprehensible that Art is susceptible of an investiture of significance, profound, insomuch as to demand for its interpretation the preparation of earnest study. Those students of the German school who, in the early part of the present century, revolted against their teachers at Vienna, turned their backs upon heathendom, shook the antique dust off their shoes, called themselves "purists," and sought to model themselves according to the essentials of Christian art. Their confession of faith was simple enough—a splendid apostacy; they bowed the knee to the entire empyrean of Madonnas and saints of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries; for, at the commencement of the fifteenth century, Art lapsed into utter darkness, and since that time has been lost. These men called themselves "Pre-Raphaelites;" and, against the public verdict, Overbeck is the only man who has been able to sustain himself—he stands the solitary memento of the fanaticism. Of these enthusiasts, those who were not already of the Roman Catholic persuasion, entered "the bosom of the church," and painted the sentimental poetry of their religion from its traditions. Thus in their "purism" there was more of the flesh than of the spirit; construe it as you would, you could not translate it into anything above the earthy. One or two of our "purists" have breathed into their essays a life more sacred and truly Christian than this, but the productions of the many who call themselves "Pre-Raphaelites" are bitterly satirical of the spirit of the movement.

Before showing Mr. Thomas's conception of what Art should aim at, it may be well, in his own words, to give his estimate of the movement:—"It was important that the new school of Art should be tested by Christian principle, since its advocates have attributed to it an exalted religious fervour, an extraordinary reverent spirit; but a careful comparison of its opinions with the letter and spirit of Christianity, shows it to be false and unholy in its tendencies. In insisting on the faithful and minute imitation of nature as it *is*, with all its imperfections on it, it offends against the letter of the law. In not striving towards the re-formation, the restoration, the renewal of nature to rectitude, to Christ, it offends against the spirit of Christianity. Christian idealism does not question the talents of the advocates, or of the professors of the individualistic school of Art, but enters its protest against the talent misapplied. Pre-Raphaelitism is a misnomer. The new school of Art has nothing in common with the school of painters before the time of Raphael; its energies are absorbed in imitating the accidental in form, colour, and surface; whereas the early school evinced in its first efforts and work, a study of form, a subjective conformity to intellect, progressing towards the just appreciation of the Christian ideal."

All this is true; the writer might have said much more in evidence of the divergence of the new faith. They have attempted colonization on a scale of which the successors of Giotto never dreamt, and which they would have pronounced profane and corrupt to the last degree. But the taste of the time must not be left out of the account; the shortcomings of many of our best men must be laid at the doors of the public. Much has been said of the advance of public taste during the last twenty years, but any attentive observer during that time must have arrived at the conclusion that it is extremely difficult for a school of painters to educate the public in matters of Art; but very easy for the public to prescribe to a school of painters such limits as shall entirely exclude the cultivation of Christian painting. Our exhibitions are made up of the small domesticities of every day life—essays seldom rising beyond historiette or melodrame. Many painters in such walks of Art are said to acquire "fame;" this is scarcely true; but, at least, they become widely reputed. If we were singular in our illustration of common-place, it would be a source of increased dissatisfaction to those who have at heart the prosperity of painting among us. But the aspirations of every school in Europe have been dwarfed to the same proportions. If we visit the Champs Elysées we see the rarest talent devoted to what our neighbours call *genre*, and there productions of this class are ever the most coveted. The days of the classic David are gone; French patrons and amateurs pronounce the most prosaic of Dutchmen wise men of the North; and with them three blind beggars on the Pont Neuf would prevail against the most historic version of the victorious triad of the Horatii.

Having given Mr. Thomas's view of what the so-called Pre-Raphaelitism is, it becomes necessary to show what he proposes that it ought to be; though his proposition rises to an exaltation which a very few of our professors of Art can apprehend, and to which but a smaller number could even approach; and herein he stands alone, as one crying in the wilderness, "Make straight the way of the Lord."

"The theory," he says, "of '*Errant Nature*' to be restored by knowledge, which is supported by revelation and reason, gives man at once a definite and ennobling purpose in Art and in life." Again—"And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God—to them who are called according to his purpose. It leads man to consider and define the perfection of each species of being and thing, and thereafter to promote its attainment as far as is in his power, knowing full well, that if he be right in his conclusions, he is striving to realize the right in all things, God's will on earth, the Christian ideal. A people affecting to be the pioneers of civilization, should conscientiously endeavour to mould its thoughts and actions to the tenour of this ideal, not suffering its vision to be impaired by the too close contemplation of individualities, but looking forth boldly and beyond, to comprehend the destined co-ordination of things."

And again, "the tendency of the modern Pre-Raphaelite or individualistic doctrine, is to reduce the illustration of the sacred writings, which has always been the highest ambition of artists, to the level of the art of 'familiar subjects; professing themselves wise, they have changed the glory of the incorruptible God into an image made like to a corruptible man,' 'the truth into a lie, and worship and serve the creature instead of the Creator.'"

If the writer alludes here to such representations of the Creator as we see in ancient pictures, we agree with him; but if he objects to the representation of our Lord as a man not differing in person very signally from those by whom he was surrounded, it is difficult to conceive what form could be substituted for our Lord living in the likeness of the "corruptible man."

Mr. Thomas proceeds to say:—"Relying upon the authority of travellers, that the characteristics of the eastern nations are the same now as they were two thousand years since, Arabs and eastern Jews are becoming the *dramatis personæ* of what should be sacred pictures; but any and every one ought to be convinced, on very slight reflection, that the minute presentments of modern Arabs and Jews, either for the inspired or uninspired of the time of Christ, must be falsehoods, and so much greater falsehoods, from their pretending to what they are not, and cannot be—actual representations of facts."

The writer touches here on a subject, for the discussion of which a volume would be insufficient. The Arab and the Jewish types are the same as they were two thousand years ago; but the unmodified parade of existing oriental dress is an intolerable vitiation of the sacredness of Christian art. It is much to be desired that Mr. Thomas's views were more general; we should be spared the infliction of much vulgarity in the treatment of scriptural subjects.

We cordially recommend this pamphlet to the perusal of the sober *thinkers* about Art.

* PRE-RAPHAELITISM, TESTED BY THE PRINCIPLES OF CHRISTIANITY. By W. CAVE THOMAS. London: Wertheim, Macintosh, and Hunt.



ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XII. THE GALLERIES SCIARRA, SPADA, AND BARBERINI.

LIKE our own metropolis, and many continental cities, Rome contains, in addition to her public galleries of Art, numerous valuable collections preserved in private mansions, or *palazzi*, as they are there called. These palaces once belonged to, and were inhabited by, the ancient feudal Roman nobility and their descendants, or to the families which rose to distinction during the later periods of Roman history; the majority of those now standing were erected in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Few of them, however, retain, internally, much of their original magnificence; their glory has passed away with the power of their owners, and, except the works of Art which are still contained therein, and their external architectural beauty, little is left to associate them in the mind with the opulence and greatness of former ages. Some of the mansions are yet inhabited by the descendants of the families whose names the edifices bear; but in numerous instances their occupation is limited to a few apartments, the rest being sublet to other families, or to individual persons, after the manner of an ordinary lodging-house. Sometimes the ground-floor is converted into shops, or has been turned into stables, coach-houses, or offices for general domestic purposes, so that everything suggests the idea of national and social decadence. No one of reflective mind can walk through Rome, ancient or modern, without feeling that an atmosphere of political darkness permeates every street and avenue; that, though the sun rises and sets with a beauty seen only in Italian skies, it gilds little beside splendid tombs, whose grandeur is almost appalling, from the lifelessness which reigns within, compared with that vitality which is found in every other great European city. Rome, at the present day, owes its very existence to the works of the dead, not to those of the living. We propose, in this and three or four succeeding chapters, to notice some of these works of past years, as they are seen in the mansions just spoken of; most of the collections, it may be observed, are open—under certain regulations, and sometimes on payment of a small fee—to strangers disposed to visit them. Without purposing to follow any particular order, but selecting those edifices most worthy of attention, we commence with—



THE PALAZZA SCIARRA. This mansion stands in the Corso; it was erected, very early in the sixteenth century, from the designs of Flaminio Ponzio; the handsome doorway, of marble, passes for the work of Vignola, while the general architectural features of the building are not destitute of a certain amount of elegance. The collection of pictures it contains, though comparatively small—about one hundred and twenty in number—is one of those which best deserves the name of a "gallery," for it includes but few inferior works, and, on this account, is considered among the choicest in Rome. The paintings are hung in four apartments of small dimensions, but lofty and well lighted, and the ceilings of all are vaulted, with a fresco picture on a flat space in the centre. On entering the first room, the attention of the visitor is arrested by a large canvas, a copy of Raffaelle's 'Transfiguration,' attributed to Peter Valentin, a French painter, who studied in Rome, and adopted the style of Caravaggio. Valentin possessed rare executive power, and had a free and vigorous pencil; but the school of Caravaggio was not one which enabled him to comprehend the genius of Raffaelle, nor to imitate his grand, yet chaste, manner; hence the 'Transfiguration,' as interpreted by him, seems almost a parody of the grace and delicacy of the original; energy is substituted in it for the former quality, and coarseness for the latter. Some critics speak of this picture as the work of Giulio Romano.



THE GAMBLERS.

The style of Caravaggio is well displayed, and with more than his usual freedom from vulgarity, in his picture of 'THE GAMBLERS,' in the Sciarra Gallery, and which forms one of our illustrations. This painter, whose proper name was Michel Amerighi Angelo, assumed that of Caravaggio, from the place of his birth, a small town in the Milanese states. Of obscure origin, the son of a mason, he for a considerable time was employed in preparing plaster for the use of artists engaged on the frescoes at Milan; his intercourse with these painters inspired him with a desire to become an artist, and after devoting several years to self-instruction, and to painting fruit, flowers, and portraits, he visited Venice, and studied the works of Giorgione for colour. He then went to Rome, where he became so popular, that, it is said, Guido and Domenichino, with several others of the Roman school, found it necessary, for a time, to adopt his style, inferior as it was in grace and dignity, in order to propitiate public favour. Neither the subjects of his pictures, nor his method of treating them, are, generally, of a pleasing character; but he was a brilliant colourist, and his strong contrasts of light and shade produce a wonderfully powerful effect. His 'Gamblers'—a picture well known, from its having been so frequently copied, and from numerous engravings—not only exhibits the qualities of excellence just pointed out, but a degree of elegance in the figures, and of grace in their arrangement, most unusual with this painter. The story, too, is well told, and the characters are ably personified: two practised sharpers have enticed a young Venetian noble to the gambling-table, and are conspiring to cheat him; the earnest, inquiring eyes of the victim evidence this, and form a striking contrast to the passive, self-reliant look of his opponent, who seems to be feigning an ignorance or a doubt which is not real; the third person, who assumes to be a mere looker-on, is playing his part, by offering such advice as will, in all probability, enable him to share the stakes with his brother-swindler. Some of the old Dutch painters were famous for pictures of this kind, but none of them ever surpassed Caravaggio's composition in the Sciarra Gallery.

The portrait by Titian, entitled 'LA BELLA DONNA,' in the same collection, is one of the finest specimens of female portraiture which that great artist ever sent forth from his easel, notwithstanding the flesh tints have become slightly faded: how noble and queen-like is her bearing, how earnest and expressive of power is her face, with eyes rich, deep, and searching, yet not unkindly; the hair is golden, and falls over her back in wavy masses; her dress is gloriously painted—one may almost fancy he hears the rustle of those ample silken folds of red and blue. It is the portrait of a high-born Venetian dame, not of a courtezan; of a woman whose beauty is allied with modesty, and whose passionate nature is softened into tenderness by a due sense of her own dignity, and of her resistless power of fascination. Kügler speaks of the lady as a "splendid serious beauty."

The picture of 'The Lute-Player,' by Raffaelle—one of the gems of the Sciarra Gallery—has been already alluded to in this series of papers, when writing of the works of that painter in Rome.

Leonardo da Vinci appears here in a picture of great beauty, entitled 'Modesty and Vanity'—two half-length figures. The former, whose head, but not her face, is covered with a veil, shows a profile noble in type, pleasing and ingenuous in expression; she beckons to her richly-apparelled companion, who faces the spectator with a countenance of most alluring sweetness, mingled with self-satisfaction. The following judicious and discriminating remarks on this work are made by a recent writer, who saw it not long since:—"Of the

many pictures attributed to this great master (Leonardo da Vinci) here is one of the very few that are unmistakably his. As a work of character it is magnificent; there is no exaggeration, no affectation, nothing weak, and nothing vague; the expression is most telling and most natural. In execution it has wonderful softness, without losing strength; the shadows inimitably good, though now a little darkened. It has delicious harmony and depth of tone as a painting, great finish as a work, wonderful truth of expression as a quiet, unforced contrast. The central thought is much the same as in Titian's splendid picture of 'Love, Sacred and Profane' (in the Borghese gallery); the development of the contrast is immeasurably different. Titian lingers over what he was capable of, the delicious flesh, the accessories, the surface; while Leonardo carries one into depths of character and truth of expression utterly above the less intellectual, less spiritual painter; and yet he does not for an instant neglect any technical excellence. The conception is quite in the spirit of Solomon in the Proverbs—wisdom with her clear open face, the foolish woman light and fickle."*

In striking contrast with this simply-constructed, but most powerful and expressive picture, is a strange mystical subject by a painter, Gaudenzio Ferrari, who in his early life was cotemporary with Leonardo, and, though not his scholar, was much influenced by his manner. Ferrari studied under Perugino, and afterwards under Raffaelle, whose style he also followed. "Together with this union of different influences," says Kügler, "he had a peculiarly fantastic style of his own," an example of which is seen in the painting in the Sciarra Palace, and which is thus described by the writer just quoted: it is called 'The Old and New Testament:'—"A circular pink platform is set on the clouds, on one side of which sit ten apostles, and on the other, David, Daniel, Moses, Job, Noah, Elijah, and Elisha. Between the two sides of this are raised steps, on which sit St. Peter and John the Baptist; the one, as the supposed head of the apostles, with the key of binding and loosing; the other, as the link between the two dispensations, the forerunner of Christ. From out of this pink platform rises a narrower one of grey, and on it stand six angels and archangels. Higher still is a narrower dais, of marbles green and brown, whereon are enthroned our Lord and his mother. At our Lord's side is a long ladder, reaching down to the earth, with the words on its top, 'I will come again to you, and ye shall rejoice.' The name of a Franciscan friar has just been found in the Book of Life, and he is led up by an angel to enter into the joy of his Lord. The earth lies far below, in blue and grey pale tints; some of the hills, looking like icebergs, fantastically bridged, and with a quiet sea flowing between them; some crowned with towns and villages, Saracenesque or Sicilian. A few trees in the foreground are elaborately painted, in their natural colours, as when seen near." Many of the churches, and some few of the convents, in Italy are ornamented with frescoes by this painter; they are distinguished by great freshness of colour, and, therefore, as it has been well observed, might be beneficially studied by the fresco-painters of our own time. Though his compositions show an absence of the dignified simplicity which characterises those of the greatest of the old masters, they are full and animated; while the colouring of his easel pictures is deep and clear, but not very harmonious.



LA BELLA DONNA.

Many of the pictures in this gallery were originally in the Barberini collection; among them is a capital portrait of Cardinal Barberini, by Carlo Maratti, whose own portrait is introduced on the preceding page. 'A Holy Family,' by Titian, is something more than a pleasing picture, regarded simply as a representation of a mother and her child, but it wants that religious, saint-like expression essential to a work which aims at so elevated a character, and which this great master of colour could never attain. Two examples of the French painter Valentin should not be allowed to pass unnoticed: one called 'Rome Triumphant,' the other, painted for his patron the Cardinal Barberini, represents the 'Beheading of John the Baptist;' the latter is a work of great power and truth. Two landscapes by Claude, 'Sunset,' and the 'Flight into Egypt,' are good; so also are two by the Dutch painter, John Both. Guido has two 'Magdalens' which, if they cannot be adduced as among his best works of this kind, are well worth attention from the devotional feeling they express, and their gracefulness of design; in one of the two, known as the *Madde'ena delle Radici*, the landscape is excellently treated.

THE PALAZZO SPADA was erected in 1564, during the pontificate of Paul III., by the Cardinal Capo di Ferro, from the designs of Giulio Mazzoni, the scholar of Daniel di Volterra, and was decorated by order of the Cardinal Spada, from designs furnished by Borromini. After having examined some ancient bas-reliefs which formed the pavement of *St. Agnes fuori le Mure*, where they were discovered during the last century, and a fine statue representing a philosopher seated, the visitor is conducted up a noble staircase to an apartment wherein stands the celebrated statue of Pompey. This famous work, long known among connoisseurs as the 'Spada Pompey,' is eleven feet high, of Parian marble, and for more than three centuries has been regarded as the statue at whose base "great Cæsar fell;" the figure holds a globe in its hand. It was discovered, in 1553, in the Vicolo de' Leutari, near the Palazzo della Cancellario, not very far from the spot where it now stands; having been purchased by the Cardinal Capo di Ferro, it came into the possession of the Spada family with the other property of this distinguished ecclesiastic. The old Roman historian, Suetonius, says that the Emperor Augustus removed the statue from the Curia of Pompey and erected it in front of the basilica, a place that corresponds exactly with that wherein it was found. A story is extant that the head was discovered under one house, and the body and limbs under another; that the respective proprietors refused to yield to the other his portion of the spoil, when Pope Julius III. purchased the whole for five hundred crowns, and presented it to the cardinal. Antiquarians have somewhat recently differed respecting its authenticity; some contending that it represented Augustus, others Alexander the Great, but by far the greater majority were in favour of Pompey, and now it is universally assigned to him. Sir John Hobhouse says, after referring to the story just mentioned:—"In a more civilized age this statue was exposed to an actual operation; for the French, who acted the Brutus of Voltaire in the Coliseum, resolved that their Cæsar should fall at the base of that Pompey which was supposed to have been sprinkled with the blood of the original dictator. The nine foot hero" (its actual height is eleven feet, not nine) "was, therefore, removed to the arena of the amphitheatre, and to facilitate its transport, suffered the amputation of its right arm. The republican tragedians had to plead that the arm was a restoration; but their accusers do not believe that the integrity of the statue would have

* "A Long Vacation in Continental Picture Galleries." By the Rev. T. W. Jex Blake, M.A. Published by J. W. Parker and Son, London.

protected it." He then briefly discusses the disputed authenticity of the figure, and concludes thus:—"At all events, so imposing is the stern majesty of the statue, and so memorable is the story, that the play of the imagination leaves no room for the exercise of the judgment, and the fiction, if fiction it is, operates on the spectator with an effect not less powerful than truth." No attempt, so far as we recollect, has ever been made to associate this glorious figure with any particular sculptor, and, indeed, to discover its author would be impossible, for there is little or no clue to the artists, and especially to the sculptors, who decorated ancient Rome with her works of Art.

After examining this statue and the frescoes in the second apartment, the subjects of which are taken from Ovid's "Metamorphoses," and painted by the scholars of Giulio Romano, the visitor is conducted through four chambers, containing about two hundred and thirty pictures, of which perhaps not more than the odd thirty, if so many, are really worth attention: there is one, however, which no one would pass by without stopping to look at, for it arrests the attention by its brilliancy of colouring and its vigorous execution. This is 'The Death of Dido,' one of the finest productions of that great colourist, Guercino, though distinguished by almost as many faults as beauties. In the first place it is false in principle as a composition; the body of Dido, who has stabbed herself on the pile of wood which is to consume her remains after death, forms an awkward line across the centre of the picture, without any object to break or *relieve* it. Almost at right angles with this, at her head and feet, are two groups of figures; the female behind her head, and the pillar at the back of the latter, unite in a perpendicular line, not only objectionable as thus composed, but especially disagreeable when seen in relation to the outline of the dying queen. Among her weeping attendants and the spectators are two male figures, one of whom is habited in the costume of an Italian noble of the seventeenth century, and another in that of the papal body-guard; the latter figure is said to be intended for the artist, who had sometimes a fancy for introducing himself, richly dressed, into his pictures. It would be difficult to imagine a painting at once so full of historical contradictions, yet so magnificent; so false as a composition, yet so fine in touch and colour. A modern French critic, M. Armengaud, doubts the authenticity of this work; he says,—"Notwithstanding every writer, and all connoisseurs, speak of it as an original, it appears certain that it is only a copy retouched by the master, or, at least, a repetition: the original was painted for the Queen of France, but before it was sent away it was publicly exhibited at Bologna for three days, and Guercino caused a copy to be made by his pupils, for his patron the Cardinal Bernardino Spada. Malvasia states that Guido, seeing the picture when exhibited, was so astonished at it, that he hastened back to his studio, and called out to his pupils, 'Haste! haste! leave your work, and go and learn how he uses his colours.'" We have never before heard the originality of the 'Dido' questioned, nor does M. Armengaud give any authority for his disbelief, nor tell us where the other picture of which he speaks is. In the absence, therefore, of any such proofs, we may readily put aside an opinion so utterly at variance with all else that has been said and written respecting



THE DEATH OF DIDO.

the work in question. Kügler says,—"The expression of sorrow and passion in Dido and her attendants is of the utmost power, the colouring glowing and deep." With, in all probability, nearer approach to truth, the same writer questions the originality of a picture attributed to Guido, 'Judith with the Head of Holofernes.' A portrait of Cardinal Spada, which appears under the same name, scarcely admits of dispute: it is a really fine work, most expressive in character, and, it may therefore be supposed, painted before Guido adopted that half sentimental, yet fascinating manner, seen in most of his later portraits, whether male or female, but especially in the latter.

There are a few other pictures in the Palazzo Spada which will repay examination. 'Geometry,' personified by a young peasant-girl playing with a pair of compasses, is one of the most pleasing examples of Caravaggio's pencil; the smile of her face is both truthfully and charmingly rendered. 'The Dead Ass,' by Michel Angelo Cerquozzi, surnamed "delle Battaglie," recalls Sterne's well known story, though differently narrated; a man is carrying away the saddle he has just taken off the back of the dead animal, to which he turns to give a farewell look; an old woman holds her apron to her eyes, and a girl kneels beside it with a sorrowful countenance: it is an excellent specimen of *genre* painting as practised in Italy in the first half of the seventeenth century. 'Christ bearing his Cross,' by Andrea Mantegna, who flourished in the latter half of the fifteenth century, is, though exhibiting some of the peculiarities of that early period of Art, a striking and powerful composition, not unworthy of the man who designed the grand frieze representing the 'Triumph of Julius Cæsar,' now at Hampton Court. 'Christ in the Garden of Olives,' by the Flemish painter, Gerard Honthorst, called Gherardo della Notte, from his numerous representations of night scenes, shows a masterly effect of torchlight; 'The Visitation,' by Andrea del Sarto, the sketch for the large picture in the Compagnia dello Scalzo, at Florence, distinguished by fine feeling and graceful expression; 'Caritas Romana,' by Annibal Caracci; and 'The Revolt of Massaniello in the Market-place of Naples,' by the painter of 'The Dead Ass' just spoken of,—it represents the patriotic fisherman of Naples mounted on a white horse, and followed by a crowd of insurrectionists. The picture is clever, and is much more in the usual style of Cerquozzi than the other. This artist's strength lay in his representations of battle-pieces—hence his surname—and of mobs of every kind, especially low-life scenes, after the manner of the Dutch painter, Peter Van Laar, who was his cotemporary in Rome, and enjoying great popularity.

Before leaving the palace, the visitor, if he has any taste for fantastic architecture, should see the little garden, or rather court, in which Borromini erected a colonnade of Doric columns, with the intervening spaces gradually diminished, so as to imitate the effect of perspective. This arrangement, which ignores all the laws of architectural construction, by harmonising, so to speak, with the laws of optics, causes the whole range of buildings to appear larger than it really is, and produces this singular illusion, that a statue three feet high, placed at the end of the court, seems of life-size, that is to say, the object is enlarged by distance instead of being lessened, as it would ordinarily be.

The next private gallery—we designate it as *private*, though it is daily open to visitors—is that in the Palazza Barberini, situated in the street of Delle Quatro Fontaine. This mansion was begun by the founder of the Barberini family, Pope Urban VIII., from the designs of Carlo Maderno; Borromini, his pupil, continued it, and Bernini, in 1640, completed the work. The site of the mansion is supposed to be that of the ancient circus of Flora, where the Floral games used to be celebrated. Two staircases lead to the gallery of pictures, which are hung in two apartments; one of the staircases is winding, like that erected by Bramante in the Vatican, and is considered the best example of that kind of construction to be found in Rome. On the landing-place of the grand staircase is a fine ancient bas-relief of a lion, found at Palestrina. The ceiling of the saloon on the first floor is decorated with some frescoes, painted by Pietro da Cortona; the subjects are allegorical representations of the deeds which have made the Barberini family famous in the history of their country: they are among his best works, but Art in his day was rapidly degenerating, and Da Cortona, though a painter of undoubted genius, only aided its downward movement by his mannerism, his florid colouring, and unnatural effects. The museum was formerly very rich in antiquities, sculptures, gems, and medals, but they have been scattered abroad among the various collections of Europe: the famous Barberini Faun is in Munich, and the British Museum holds the still more famous Barberini Vase, now known as the Portland Vase: many of the pictures too, as we have already had occasion to notice, are also dispersed abroad. Little care seems to have been taken of the remainder, at least those to which visitors are admitted; but popular report says the best works are hung in the private apartments: still, in those which are open are some specimens deserving of good treatment; two or three have a wide-world reputation. One of these is Raffaelle's 'Fornarina,' a portrait of the lady to whom the painter has given a fame immortal as his own. Two presumed portraits of her are in existence—this, and one in the Tribuna at Florence; but they differ in treatment from each other, as well as in expression.* The Barberini Fornarina represents her half-length, seated in a sort of bower of myrtles and laurels; the upper part of the figure and the arms are undraped: a turban of yellow stripes encircles gracefully the head, and helps to give expression and a degree of elegance to a face neither very refined nor animated. A robe of purple covers the knees, on which the left arm rests; it is adorned with a golden armlet, bearing the name of the painter—RAPHAEL VRBINAS: the right hand, holding a thin transparent garment, rests on her bosom. The figure shows a certain dignified air, arising chiefly from the robustness of its form; but the picture, undoubtedly, is not of that class of feminine beauty which it may be presumed would have captivated the soul of Raffaelle: the execution of the portrait is very fine.



BEATRICE CENCI.

By the side of the Fornarina hangs another portrait, generally ascribed to Titian: it has much of the brilliant colouring of the great Venetian, but the flesh tints are neither so true to nature nor so pure in quality as they usually are in his pictures. The face is that of an extremely handsome woman, her costume is rich, yet somewhat clumsily arranged, and not very careful in execution. A chain is thrown over the arms: hence the picture has obtained the name of 'The Slave.' In close proximity to these are two other portraits of females, distinguished in the history of Rome at the end of the sixteenth century: one by Scipio Pulzone, surnamed Gaetano, is said to represent Lucretia Cenci; the other, by Guido, is a portrait of her unhappy step-daughter, Beatrice Cenci, the story of whose young life is one of the most terrible on record. The latter portrait is engraved on this page, but we must admit the artist has not done full justice to the original, which, according to the tradition yet prevailing in the Cenci family, was taken the night before the execution of Beatrice. Other accounts say Guido painted it from memory, after he had seen her ascend the scaffold. The most eloquent and appreciating criticism on the portrait we have met with, is that written by Bysshe Shelley. It is doubtless familiar to many of our readers, yet we feel no apology is necessary for introducing it here as infinitely above any remarks we could make:—"The picture of Beatrice is most interesting, as a just representation of one of the loveliest specimens of the workmanship of nature. There is a fixed and pale composure upon the features; she seems sad, and stricken down in spirit, yet the despair thus expressed is lightened by the patience of gentleness. Her head is bound with folds of white drapery, from which the yellow strings of her golden hair escape, and fall about her neck. The moulding of her face is exquisitely delicate; the eyebrows are distinct and arched; the lips have that permanent meaning of imagination and sensibility which suffering has not repressed, and which it seems that death scarcely could extinguish. Her forehead is large and clear; her eyes, which we are told were remarkable for their vivacity, are swollen with weeping, and lustreless, but beautifully tender and serene. In the whole mien there is simplicity and dignity, which, united with her exquisite loveliness and deep sorrow, are inexpressibly pathetic. Beatrice Cenci appears to have been one of those rare persons in whom energy and gentleness dwell together, without destroying one another: her nature was simple and profound. The crimes and miseries in which she was an actor and a sufferer, are as the mask and the mantle in which circumstances clothed her for her impersonation on the scene of the world." Beatrice was little more than sixteen years old when she was put to death. The interest attached to her and her melancholy fate, and the beauty of Guido's portrait, have caused it to be copied so frequently that hundreds, we may almost say thousands, of repetitions are in existence all over Italy and the continent.

A few other pictures in the Palazzo Barberini may be pointed out as not unworthy of notice. 'St. Cecilia,' by Lanfranco, representing her accompanying, on the harp, two children, is spirited in design, but the action of the principal figure is violent and melodramatic, and the expression of the face very far from refined. A 'Madonna and Child,' by Andrea del Sarto, is of a far better order—soft and delicate in the modelling of the forms, and most harmonious in colouring. 'Christ Disputing with the Doctors,' attributed to Albert Durer, shows great power as a design, a considerable amount of religious sentiment, and very careful manipulation.

Visitors who have been able to gain admittance into the private apartments of the mansion, describe many of the pictures hung there, about one hundred and forty, as of great merit, and all in good preservation. Among the more remarkable are a portrait of 'Henrietta of France,' by Van Dyck; an 'Annunciation,' assumed to be by Rembrandt, with a brilliant effect of *chiar-oscuro*; and a 'Crucifixion,' by Breughel.

James Dafforne.

* The picture at Florence, which represents an exceedingly beautiful woman, and is in every way a glorious work of Art, is said not to be a portrait of the Fornarina, though no doubt exists of its having been painted by Raffaelle. An Italian writer, Missirini, attributes it to Sebastian del Piombo, and calls it a portrait of Vittoria Colonna, Marchesa di Pescara, the friend of Michel Angelo, from whose sketch it was painted.

FRENCH AND ENGLISH PAPER-STAINING.

PART III.—ENGLISH.

IN a former article, the history of English decoration, and paper-staining as one of its modern leading branches, was brought down to the Great Exhibition of 1851. On that occasion, the resources of the British manufacturers were fully tested. Those considered the best designers in this country were employed, and some, not quite satisfied with that, secured designs from foreigners, as make-weights to skill; but in spite of all efforts and expedients, the British manufacturers of paper-hangings were those most fully cognisant and convinced of their own sad deficiencies. They failed in everything but good intention; they had an evident sense of what was wanted, but in the working out of their ideas, there was the absence of nearly every quality which the French so profusely displayed. Nearly all the best specimens exhibited by British makers were illustrated in the "Art-Journal Catalogue of the Great Exhibition;" and readers have only to turn to that most useful publication to see the truth of these remarks in two important elements—the disposition of quantities, that is, the relative proportions of light and dark tints on a pattern; and the development of forms, elegantly or the reverse. There, in both the French and English displays of paper-hangings, the naturalistic style predominated. Startling flowers, and enormous leaves, displaying the choicest greens, and most brilliant carmines, were profusely scattered over plain or figured surfaces.

This most vicious style was condemned at length in the article on French paper-staining—the first of this series; so that nothing more requires to be said now, except that, in further comparison of French and English paper-hangings, this error, then common to both, shall not again be taken into account. Even when the intention and idea of the English designs for paper-hangings were sound in principle, there was often, and nearly always, such a lack of elegance, as to make the better idea of the English designer look common, and sometimes mean, compared with the worse idea of the French designer, more elegantly carried out. The same was equally true respecting the distribution of quantities. The balancing of light and dark upon the surface of the English manufactures, was often more perfect than upon the products of their French rivals; but from the higher perception of the harmony of colours visible in the French goods, the want of just distribution was so effectually hidden from the public eye, as to put the pattern of juster distribution out of countenance; while this important quality was, in the English samples, nearly always rendered useless, in the production of pleasing richness of effect, and satisfactory fulness of *tone*, by the inharmonious combinations in which it was worked out.

Mr. Redgrave, R.A., in his able report to the commissioners, on design as displayed in the Exhibition of 1851, said, "With very few exceptions, the exhibited designs for paper-hangings appear to be totally unregulated by any perception of rules for their ornamentation; and even when these happen to be on just principles, would seem to be so by chance, rather than by choice. They are mostly florid and gaudy compositions, consisting of architectural ornament in relief, with imitation flowers and foliage. In some of the cleverest designs, the flowers and foliage are perspectively rendered, with the full force of the natural colours, and light and shade; moreover, they are often three or four times as large as nature, whereby the size of a room would be proportionately diminished." This was no exaggerated description, and introduces us to that element of colour, so essential to successful paper-staining, in which the English makers were, and are, so conspicuously deficient.

To understand and see the bearings of this question of colour in the manufacture of English paper-hangings, investigation must begin at the beginning. In the article on French manufacturers and their products, it was said, that the French makers used more expensive materials from beginning to end of their fabrications than the English; and, to illustrate this fact, take the articles of whiting or common ochre. In both countries the original price of these articles may be considered the same; but the Frenchman, when he uses whiting at all, which is only for the cheapest class of goods, washes, rewashes, and refines it, till it is so freed from sand and grit, that it will clean silver plate without scratching it; and, when brought into this state, his whiting is worth, say, 3*d*. per pound: and the careful makers undertake this process of preparation on their own premises, that they may have their ground colour—the base of all others—free from adulteration. The English paper-stainer buys his whiting at the cost of, say, 1*s*. 6*d*. per cwt., and would no more think of wasting time in washing it, than he would think of washing lake or ultramarine. These prices are not given as absolutely correct, but they express, not untruly, the difference of cost between what the paper-stainers of the two countries use in the manufacture of these low-priced paper-hangings.

Now, this question of purity and purification of colour goes to the very root of the successful employment of colour. On it depends the clearness and delicacy of tint, and also the smoothness and solidity of surface. Upon these two qualities hang very much of that refinement and finish so absent in English, and so apparent in French, paper-hangings. Common whiting is not only full of sand, but so dirty in colour, as to make the production of a clear tint impossible; and what is true of whiting, is true of all the colours used by stainers. Artists know that pearly flesh tints can never be secured with badly-ground colours; and this truth, known to English artists and imitators of woods, has also been understood and appreciated by French paper-stainers, although it has not yet reached their English rivals, in any influential form. On the contrary, the colours of English makers are, as the French would consider, used without being ground at all, or very nearly so; and therefore those colours are preferred, and in some cases exclusively used, which are supposed to require no grinding. Common ochres, Venetian red, several blues and greens, vermillion, and chrome yellows, are illustrations. These colours may be "rubbed up" with a palette-knife; occasionally, but an equally popular way, is by poking the nose of the sash tool into the colour wanted, and rubbing that up against the pot in which the colour is being mixed. Such a mode of treatment would drive a Frenchman into hysterics, he being wisely taught to look on the purity and preparation of his colour as more than half his art. The result is what might be anticipated; and, in striving after richness and brilliancy, through means of quantity, instead of quality, of colour, the English maker is rewarded with effects of poverty and meanness, while his rival carries off both the power and refinement of effect. By what the English manufacturers of paper-hangings will, no doubt, consider a curious perversity of nature, the very best colours are often the worst to grind; and, what is perhaps still more curious, the best, most brilliant, and delicate parts of nearly all colours, are those which it requires most labour in grinding to extract. And it is on this fact, that only the best ground will produce the most delicate and brilliant tints on pictures; and, what is still more important, it is only the tints produced from well-ground colours that will stand. What artist would expect to produce delicate tints from chrome yellow, vermillion, French blue, and emerald green, rubbed up on his palette, or by dipping his pencil in the dry powders, and mixing them with white? The most he could expect would be a dull and heavy brightness, which would soon fade into what is technically known in studies as a "leathery" mass. The original clearness and brilliancy would fly, and there being no transparency of tint, the whole beauty would be fled, and the work would be what is popularly called "faded." So it is in paper-staining. Well-ground ochres, well-ground India red, well-ground blue, black, and cognate colours, are those from which the French produce their most delicate and delicious tints, and the better these pigments are ground, the more exquisitely tender is the tint produced. Universal experience in all departments of Art, from the highest to the lowest, has proved that this is the only royal road to genuine success in the production of permanent and brilliant colours in painting or paper-staining. The French makers have recognised the truth, and acted upon it; and never till the English makers follow the example will the paper-hangings of England approach to those of France in beauty and refinement, however perfect the forms and harmonious the combinations of colour. A mistaken idea of cheapness lies at the bottom of all this falsity in practice; but is that cheap which stimulates waste, produces colours that fly often before being sold, look crude and vulgar when they are hung, and are, consequently, excluded from the best markets in the world? It may have a relative cheapness to those who manufacture goods which, like Hodge's razors, are only meant to sell—to supply that voracious "South American" market, where all monstrosities of taste are supposed to be intended for; but even builders of most ordinary houses are beginning to find out that papers which require renewing every year or two, are very far from being cheap, and that sound-bodied paper, well grounded with colour that will not fly, will wear out three of those badly made, and that 2*d*. a yard is cheaper for the one, besides the appearance, than 1*d*. a yard becomes for the others. But the balance of cost even in favour of the English manufacturer is not so much as it would seem. The Frenchman pays for getting a good article, and he takes corresponding care of it. The English maker gets his at a mere fraction of that cost, and, therefore, his workmen are allowed to use and waste it at their pleasure. In bulk more of this waste is carted away from some English factories than would keep a French one, of the same size, going. Even when English makers do use Paris white for good work, the quality secured is not, by from thirty to fifty per cent., equal to that used by the French makers; and these, for all their best and fine work, use a ground equivalent to what we know as "satin white," whether intended to be "brushed" or not.

The difference in design since 1851 has been marked; and the growing and superior taste of England has produced a strong impression on French designers, and the knowledge of harmony in colours has also made steady progress; but in spite of these important elements of progress, this love of what is supposed cheapness, and inattention to the preparation of colour, retards all advancement in the domains of finish, and hence the paper-hangings of 1861 are not distinguishable for refinement of production over those exhibited ten years ago. Nor is this all the evil arising from this dis-

regard of adopting better means. What is supposed cheapness becomes relative dearness, even for ordinary, and what may be called common, purposes. The popular idea is, that in many places, or in certain kinds of houses, a cheap paper is as good as a dearer one, because either will soon require to be renewed; and if the paper-hangings be used as an attraction to customers, then it may be suitable to change the attraction on the walls just as dealers change the attraction in their windows: but, except in such cases, there can be no greater delusion than to suppose that paper-hangings badly made, with indifferent materials, are comparable for mere wear and tear, to say nothing of appearance, to those made out of better pigments. This difference between the best and the lower priced paper-hangings is as great as between an oil-painted and a merely coloured front, in the situations where paper-hangings are used; and in this view the best made French is often cheaper than the lower qualities of English make.

Another obstacle arising from the same cause—the rage for low-priced paper-hangings—has also acted injuriously on home-made goods. Formerly, the method of production was the same in both countries, but here the anxiety to produce quantity has led to various expedients very unfavourable for improving quality. The first of these innovations was the abolition of the long lever pole, still used in France, for securing the impression, and for which the workmen in this country substituted a lever pressure, wrought by the foot of the stainer, and without the aid of a boy, except in very rare cases. This change secured speed; but, like all more perfect machines, it is deficient in that adaptability to the workman's will, so characteristic of the older method. It is evident that in a process where absolute uniformity of surface cannot be got in the blocks, that when uniformity is the quality wanted in the surface printed, that adaptability and facility of altering pressures is the only certainty left of producing good work. If this facility be exchanged for facility of production, the necessary result must be a deterioration in quality—a deterioration which, in course of time, must react upon the workman in spite of all endeavours to resist it. When plasterers worked cornices by hand, there were many workmen skilled in that nice and Art-workman-like operation; but since cornices were produced by moulds, which any plasterer can hold, the race who could run cornices by hand have become all but extinct. So it is in England with the printing of paper-hangings; and so will it be in proportion as machinery for printing becomes more perfect. When men cease to be Art-workmen, and are made the mere superintendents of machines, which may register the work with very great precision, but which could be as fully and effectually superintended by boys, they become mere labour-saving and skill-saving machines; and what ceases to stimulate, gradually, but surely, deteriorates the quality of the workman,—or, at best, his mind and ingenuity are turned from the manipulative to the mechanical, and, what formerly sought exercise in perfecting his work, will now find vent in efforts to improve and perfect his machine.

Machinery, at least for the present, seems, however, to have its bounds,—and these do not include successful paper-staining. Fortunes have been spent here in groping after something to supersede the skilled workman in this walk, but hitherto without success; and the conviction among all practical men is, that all the anticipations, whether for good or evil, respecting the introduction of machinery into paper-staining are now fainter and feebler than at any period during the last twenty years. Those who have machines continue to use them, regularly or occasionally, but it has been found that, for all but the very commonest class of goods, the supposed speed, or accuracy of register, does not compensate for other drawbacks and deficiencies, and that, after all, good hand-blocked papers are more and more securing the best markets.

In visiting the various English manufactories of paper-hangings there was found, as in those of Paris, a degree of uniformity in method, such as precludes any other reference than one general description, except in very few instances. In the establishment of Turner and Son, Pimlico, for example, the same process of grounding was carried out, as now almost universally obtains throughout the English trade, viz., grounding by machinery, which is certainly cheaper, but far less satisfactory than the method practised in Paris. In England the operation is performed by means of a rotatory motion, the colour being dispensed from a trough and distributed and laid by three brushes, which revolve by the same action as propels the paper along the table; and the advantage of this method is, that three pieces can be grounded in the time necessary to cover one by the hand process. These machines are, of course, only used when quantity can be produced, because for small quantities the hand process, being more convenient, is still practised in all establishments. But the disadvantage of the machine process is, that the ground cannot be so floated on to the paper as when done by hand, and hence the grit which is in the ground-colour cannot be so effectually overcome; and therefore what may be called the upper-crust of the ground wants that solid enamelled look which is so characteristic of the French grounds. It is not meant by enamel that the ground should be glazed, because that is produced by another process; but that solid, and what artists call *empasto* look, which gives the appearance of solidity without producing the sensation of heaviness. In this establishment is also found the largest use of machinery in block-printing of any house in London. Two different kinds of patent machines, both of which proved unfortunate speculations for their inventors, are here brought into operation; and while the correctness of register—that is the fitting one impression of the blocks to another, so that no appearance of joining shall be seen—is unquestionable, and to this extent the machines might be worked by boys, still from the other disadvantage, pointed out or indicated already, their success, although the patents have expired, has not been such as to induce other manufacturers to substitute machinery for manual labour, which, all things considered, is both cheaper and better for block-printing.

The visit to the establishment of Coopers and Co., Smithfield, brought another branch, and a most important one, before us. This firm, like that of Turner and Son, can show many highly creditable patterns, and, indeed, nearly all the English makers can—although, as already stated, the sound intention is more apparent than the elegant accomplishment of the designs—but the point now alluded to is the apparently unimportant one of the quality of "*size*" used in the process of paper-staining. To the public this may appear a small matter, but to the paper-stainer it is all important, and it has also its importance to the public. The first striking difference between the quality of the size used by the French stainers and the English, is the great difference in strength. As it is the size which binds the colour to the paper, it must, of course, be strong enough to prevent it rubbing off, and all the French makers secure this; but beyond that strength all additional is injurious rather than serviceable. It is injurious in two ways. The stronger the size—unless absolutely clear, which is all but impossible—the more are the clearness and purity of the tints decreased,—and it also increases that hardness against which the English maker has to struggle in connection with his paper made from cotton, which is harder than when made from linen rags; and yet it is notorious that instead of endeavouring to modify this primary disadvantage, the English manufacturers aggravate it by using a size often double the strength of that used by the French. The English size has another disadvantage, and one which affects the public more than the makers. No paper-hangings made in very warm weather are so serviceable, for wear and tear, as those made in cold weather; but the fact has its significance, that although the summers in Paris are much warmer than in London, the greater heat does not so much affect the size used there as the lesser heat does that used here. This shows that the two qualities are different, not only in degree, but also in the constituent parts; and it also shows that the French size, although more costly to the manufacturer, is less objectionable in a sanitory point of view; because what is early decomposed must be less healthy than what resists atmospheric influence more successfully,—and more especially for sleeping apartments, where the tendency to decomposition is strongest, and where paper-hangings are most invariably used. This question is too important to be settled in a cursory way at the end of an already too long article, but it is one that deserves the most serious consideration of both manufacturers and the public.

Many other makers might have been named, and their establishments described in general or more detailed terms, but there is so much uniformity in all, that it would be something like a waste of time and space to repeat a process which has been so often discussed already; our object being not mere description, except when it bears on the interest of the manufacturer, and when some practical object is to be obtained by the relation.

JOHN STEWART.

MANUSCRIPTS OF ALBRECHT DÜRER

IN THE

LIBRARY AND PRINT-ROOM OF THE BRITISH MUSEUM, AND ELSEWHERE.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

We have in our national library, particularly amongst the MSS., many very valuable unnoticed works, not only on our history and antiquities, but on those of continental states: amongst them, as relates to Germany, many albums; one of them with the autograph of Milton, and a Latin paragraph; another (add. MS. 15,734), in that of the Augsburg historian, Velser, with forty-one beautifully blazoned coats of arms, and female miniatures. But that to which I at present wish to call the attention of "lovers of Art" is the scrap and note-book of Albrecht Dürer, in four folio volumes (Bibl. Sloaniana 5,228 to 5,231). These are in the MS. department; a fifth, principally filled with sketches and drawings, must be searched for in the print-room of that establishment. The notice attached to them in Sir Hans Sloane's Collection—"The above volumes are the originals of Albrecht Dürer's *De symmetria partium in rectis formis Humanorum Corporum*, fol. Nürnberg, 1532"—is in many circumstances incorrect; for, in the first respect, this is in German in Albrecht Dürer's autograph, and the Latin translation of 1532 is much later. They contain also several notices in the first two volumes which are not in the Latin version; but the third and fourth volumes are, in many respects, the most curious, as the scrap and note-book of the artist. Vol. i. has 219 pages, vol. ii. has 140 pages, and these two contain the German version of the "Proportion of the Human Body;" vol. iii. has 200 pages, and vol. iv. 151 pages, if

pages they can be called, which are but irregular strips of paper, with hastily jotted down notes, without order or regularity, interleaved, erased, or stroked through, or blotted out, in such confusion that it is often laborious, independently of the contractions in the handwriting, to make out any meaning, or to bring them into any connection with his finished works.

There are through all the volumes scraps inserted with plans for fortresses, architectural proportions, and amongst them, on the last page of vol. iii., the rough design of two or three stories of a dwelling-house, which may possibly have been intended for one occupied or projected by Dürer himself. Another of his sketches contains four pair of fencers; these seem intended to have been the illustrations of a work which he intended to write on the art of "Attack and Defence." This, it is generally understood, he contemplated as a graphic work on fencing, to which he was peculiarly fitted by his anatomical knowledge of the human figure. In a Leipzig periodical, called the "Serapeum," for 1844, Herr Otzmann and Masmann treat fully on MSS. and xylographic books on the noble art of fence, in which they mention repeatedly a manuscript treatise by Dürer, in two copies, one at Breslau, the other in Styria. To this he gave the Greek title Οπλοδιδασκαλια, with its Latin translation, "*Sive armorum tractandorum meditatio.*" This is, as regards text and drawings, supposed to have served as groundwork of all the various editions by the Egenolphs, to 1558, of their fencing handbook. The two writers mentioned above, though great authorities on early wood-cutting, leave the question of Dürer's authorship undecided. The latest edition of this handbook of fencing in their costumes are too old, and call up recollections of Brosamer rather than Dürer; but the dresses in the first editions would suit well for the period 1512, which is a date prefixed in Dürer's own handwriting to the fourth volume of the MSS. in the British Museum, and in which we find the four groups of fencers previously alluded to. Masmann, however, was certainly very near the truth when he wrote that Dürer, highly gifted and nobly moulded, should have occupied himself with the manly art of fence, for in this there was nothing improbable; and in any future editions of his work, he may adduce these drawings as a proof. They are evidently but sketches, though very spirited; whilst the use of the broadsword, instead of the rapier, is conclusive of their great antiquity.

To vol. iii. is prefixed a sketch of Dürer's "Supplication to King Ferdinand," in which his services in the fortification of towns and boroughs are enumerated, with the request to be allowed to practise this art-military in other countries. This rough draft has alterations and additions in Dürer's own hand; then follows a clean copy for presentation in a letter to his friend Pirkheimer.

The whole of the writing in the fourth volume is full of contractions, and difficult to decipher. A collection of Albrecht Dürer's notes, very similar to these in the British Museum, is preserved in the town library at Nürnberg; these are described as first notes and ideas to four books of the "Proportion of the Human Figure," written, at different times, by his own hand, and jotted down on paper, sometimes hurriedly, sometimes with greater care. This *Brouillon*, with more or less considerable remains of the work prepared and actually used for his second, third, and fourth volumes, were purchased for the Nürnberg Town Library, in the auction of the literary and artistic bequests of Kreisrath Colmar. Colmar obtained them with the library of Von Murr, but how the latter acquired them is unknown. In his book ("*Beschreibung Nürnberg's*") 1st ed. of 1778, p. 451, he says of the collection of books of Syndicus Negelein, which belonged to his godfather, Pastor Joachim Negelein, that it contained the autograph of Albrecht Dürer's four books of the "Symmetry of the Human Body."

Now in Heller's "*Das Leben und die Werke A. Dürer's*" (The Life and Works of A. Dürer), vol. iii. division 3, p. 398, we read, "The Royal Dresden Library possesses the Dürer manuscript of Book i., *differing much from the printed volume;* it belonged previously to Count Brühl's library, who, probably, had it from Mr. Joachim Negelein, M.A." This presumption of Heller becomes a certainty, from Falkenstein's description of the Royal Dresden Library; he says, p. 453, the MS. was bought by Count Brühl, from the library of Pastor Negelein, for one hundred ducats; but he passes over the circumstance that the printed text varies much from the MS., as well as that it only contains the first of the printed books of his work on "Proportions." This is, however, scarcely to be doubted, as Heller grounded his account upon a personal inspection by Schottky, who is every way deserving of belief.

Whether Falkenstein has willingly or unwillingly passed over the matter, he is certainly correct in his account of the acquisitions of the Royal Dresden Library: that the library of books of Count Bunau was bought, August 13, 1764, for forty thousand dollars, and, exactly four years later, those of Count Brühl for fifty thousand dollars. Now, if Count Brühl had bought Dürer's entire MS. of the "Proportions" before 1764, we cannot comprehend how V. Murr could include the autograph of A. Dürer to his "Symmetry of the Human Body," in four books, as in the possession of Syndicus Negelein in 1778. How V. Murr obtained his MS. is, as we have said, unknown. In an undated catalogue of books, drawings, woodcuts, &c., such as he used to publish for sale from time to time, we find, folio 59, "Autograpa Alberti Duriri e libro iv. Symmetria;" and folio 29, "Autographia Dureri figuram ad opus Geometricorum, *Underweysung der Messung*," &c. For this, luckily for its possession by Dürer's native town, he seems not to have found a purchaser, and thus it remained to be acquired, as before related, for the town library of Nürnberg.

The latest description of this library is by its librarian, Dr. Ghillany, in his work, "*Index rarissumorum aliquorum Librorum Manuscriptorum, quos habet Bibliotheca publica Noribergensis*," he dedicates nine pages (7—15) to its description; and we have still later, in Inspector Becker's "Archive of the Imitative Arts" (*Archiv für die zeichnende Künste*), 4th year, 1858, p. 20, in a notice entitled "A. Dürer's own hand drawings and writings at Dresden and Nürnberg," a very full account of them. It is curious that neither of these writers takes any notice of the four volumes by A. Dürer, as above described, in our great national repository; though both are called upon by locality and subject to search for any reliques of the "great artist" in other libraries. Nor does Herr Hausman, who immediately followed the notice of Inspector Becker in the same number of the above "Archiv" with an "Account of a great number of Dürer's works in the Manchester Exhibition," take any notice of them. Perhaps he visited London before one of the volumes of Dürer's "Proportions" was publicly exhibited in a glass case of the MSS. room of the British Museum.

These five volumes of Dürer's works, which have all a similar foreign contemporaneous binding, and the date 1647 in gilt figures on the front cover, are said to have been acquired by Sir Hans Sloane at Antwerp, where it is known the artist resided a long time. I should not have been so particular in my account of the foreign volumes (which are evidently all portions of the same collection, the first being at Dresden, and the others at Nürnberg), if I had not thought that the details thus collected might give some more exact clue to their acquisition by Sir Hans Sloane, as well as stimulate lovers of early Art on both sides of the German Ocean to institute inquiries concerning the agreement or differences of the two collections, and whether a careful examination would add any to the few meagre facts known of Dürer's private life. In England it would certainly require one not only well acquainted with the artist's published works, written and graphic, but one also able to construe its obsolete German diction, and crabbed handwriting, and frequent erasures.

It may be interesting to the friends of Dürer to know that Dr. A. von Eye, one of the official directors of the Germanic Museum, at Nürnberg, has just published a monography of the life of this artist, for which his position, and great knowledge, and love of Art, offer him great facilities. He may be much aided by a purchase, just effected by the Municipality of Nürnberg, of all the MS. collections of Pirkheimer, Dürer's friend, for 4,400 fl. (not quite £400), and new facts that have come to light concerning Pirkheimer's son-in-law, Johann Kleeberger, and their unhappy dissensions.

WOMAN, AND ART.

THE FEMALE SCHOOL OF DESIGN.

What share of the ordinary avocations of life may fairly be assigned to woman, is unquestionably one of the most difficult social problems of our times, and one too that, day by day, becomes more pressing for some sort of solution. There are those by whom it will be regarded in no such light. There are those who will argue that women should in nowise exceed the well-defined bounds that have long ago been marked out for them, but employ themselves only in domestic matters and those feminine duties, which properly constitute their province, and which they alone are able efficiently to perform. And such reasoners will have no gainsayers in us, if they refer—as of necessity they must—to those who have domestic duties which require their attention. Woman owes allegiance to the hearth. On this point there is a singular and complete unanimity, and none—not even the most zealous advocate for woman's rights, we presume—but will unhesitatingly concur in condemning her who would be guilty of transferring that allegiance elsewhere. But this method of settling the question is liable to a weighty objection. It is inadequate. It cannot be generalized; cannot be taken as of universal application; is indeed, at the best, of very limited application. It wholly ignores—what constitutes a vast and terrible proportion of the sex—those who have no domestic duties that need their care. Since marriage is not the lot of all, there remain those who are without an establishment of their own, but yet who do possess unlucky appetites that ask to be fed, and backs for which nature has neglected to provide ready-made clothing. Fortunately, all thus circumstanced are by no means in a position which needs any solicitude. The fair ones who move in the highest circles of society claim from us no consideration. To them a single life is, or at least should be, a matter of comparatively little concern. With every comfort they can desire, with every luxury at their command, they have no cause for complaint. They should disdain all pity, resent all attempts at sympathy with them, and resolve honestly not to regard any disappointment as a great misfortune; but console themselves with the agreeable reflection, that since no one has had the temerity to accept their dower, it still remains under their own immediate control.

The problem under consideration must not be supposed to have any reference to them.

In the lowest classes, again, it has been already solved. There, the necessity of earning their own bread is so apparent from their earliest years, that women accept their lot with patience, and are able and willing to work at whatever offers itself. Rejecting nothing, and being competent to most things, they fear nothing, except it be illness, and that only because it incapacitates them from their daily labour.

It is with respect to the intermediate classes—those who are known as the "respectable" classes—our question has the chief pertinency, and carries with it the chief difficulty in its solution. For here it is that a dread of the increased expenditure which follows a matrimonial life, joined with a love of freedom in the one sex, and perhaps a too high estimate of what is necessary to support their "proper position" in the other, is a bar to life-partnerships. We know the anxiety with which people moving in these circles look upon a daughter, as she advances towards womanhood; we know what struggles are undertaken, and what sacrifices are made in her behalf; we know that satirists and novelists are never more successful than when they lament, or extenuate, or sneer at the manœuvres of some scheming, cringing, flattering mother, who is endeavouring to dispose of her daughter. But can we wonder at the efforts made, when we consider the too frequent result of unsuccess? For the future, the young woman becomes a burden and continual source of uneasiness at home. Suppose reverses or misfortunes in business, or a "British Bank" collapses, or Death makes a call upon the head of the family before he has made a provision for it, or a guardian misappropriates the provision he has succeeded in making,—what is to become of her then?

Here are women demanding of us employment

whereby they may earn their livelihood: what shall we give them to do? The consent of all ages, together with actual anatomical and physiological investigation, has settled that "equality of the sexes" is a chimera. But surely there are pursuits other than domestic to which woman is equal. In primitive times, when man's sole occupation consisted of war and the chase, she was incapacitated by her nature from taking a share in the active affairs of life. Now, however, when industrial activity is in the ascendant, and has become the object of civilization, and when war is suffered only as its hired guardian, the case is different: she is now able to take a share in man's labour. What share is to be assigned her?

In this metropolis, thank God, Sympathy, ever warm-hearted and strong-handed, has already been considering the question, and exerting herself to answer it in the best way she is able. Already has she raised more than one temple to Misfortune. She has established a women's printing-house, a women's law-stationer's office, and many other kindred institutions, all designed either to provide immediate and suitable employment, or the means of procuring it hereafter. There is, however, one field for female industry which hitherto has not been sufficiently surveyed, but which, we have reason to believe, is capable of being cultivated with high advantage at once to the labourers and the community at large. Our remark has reference, as might be conjectured, to the various Art-schools that have been founded throughout the kingdom, but more particularly to that established in the metropolis, and known as the Female School of Art. This institution has been more than once incidentally and favourably alluded to in this Journal. The present, however, is the most seasonable opportunity that has presented itself to us of formally bringing before the public the particular claim it has upon their regard. It has been founded expressly for the purpose we have been considering, its object being twofold—partly to enable young women of the middle class to obtain an honourable and profitable employment, and partly to improve ornamental design in manufactures, by cultivating the taste of the designer. Originally called the "Female School of Design," it was established by government, in the year 1842, at Somerset House, but, from want of accommodation, was removed to adjacent premises in the Strand, and, for a similar reason, ten years after, transferred to Gower Street. It is now located in Queen Square. Its success has hitherto been very considerable. Since the year 1852 no fewer than six hundred and ninety have entered the school; and, in the last three years, as we gather from the prospectus, its pupils have taken an annual average of twenty local and three national medals; at the last annual examination six obtained free studentships, whilst numbers (including daughters of clergymen and medical men unexpectedly compelled to gain their living) have been enabled to support themselves and others by teaching in families and in the various schools of the Science and Art Department, or by designing for the manufacturer in linens, carpets, papier mâché, &c. This is what it has done. At the present moment its students number one hundred and eighteen; of these twenty are studying with a view of ultimately maintaining themselves, and we have not the slightest hesitation in expressing our conviction that they have at their command a most excellent opportunity of preparing themselves to do so. The school, under the superintendence of Miss Louisa Gann, is conducted with ability. The general course of instruction is very comprehensive, including all the usual branches of Art education. The school possesses, moreover, several advantages peculiar to itself, and which we much desire to see shared in by others. To give an example, let us take the subject of design. The mode in which design is generally taught is, to speak temperately, far from being satisfactory. The ordinary method is this. A student makes a design and brings it to the teacher: the teacher examines it, criticises it, points out its defects, or expresses approbation of its merits. That is all. The *laws* of composition are never touched on. The Female School of Art is the only one in the kingdom, not excluding even that at South Kensington, where the *principles of design* are taught as well in theory as in practice. We may mention also that lectures, by a competent professor, are frequently given to the pupils on artistic botany. The importance of this feature, and the necessity for students in design to have a knowledge of the laws of plant growth, will be appreciated by all.

At this very time, however, when the school presents every sign of increasing usefulness, the Committee of Council on Education have withdrawn the £500 per annum with which they have till now specially favoured it, and thus have left it to its own resources. The expenses of the establishment are necessarily large, and it can scarcely be expected to be self-supporting whilst the fees are so low as they are at present; to augment them would, in all probability, be to diminish the number of pupils, and so lessen the usefulness of the school. Fully convinced of this, the patrons and managers appeal to the public for support. They are of opinion that "by a saving in house-rent, which might be effected by purchasing or renting convenient premises, the expenses, there is reason to hope, might, by careful financial management, be brought down to a level with the receipts." The sum required to purchase suitable and complete premises is £2000. It is, however, understood that the Science and Art Department is prepared to apply to parliament for 25 per cent. on the cost of erecting the building; for the remainder they look to the public. Shall they look in vain? We hope not. Constituted as society is, no available channel for the employment of women should be closed; to lose the ground already gained by much patient industry would be a calamity. Among other means adopted for raising the necessary funds, an exhibition of paintings, drawings, sculpture, and other works of Art, will be opened early in June; and afterwards a bazaar (for which contributions are solicited) will be held under most distinguished patronage, including her most gracious Majesty herself, who, we have good ground for believing, takes a deep interest in the welfare of the institution. Should the appeal be successful (as in the interest of Art we trust it will be), the school may be made self-supporting, and its area of usefulness hereafter be indefinitely enlarged. Art is the profession in which, more than all others, women may be expected to excel, and even successfully compete with the stronger sex. In every other profession we could advance satisfactory reasons against their being able to do so; but in this, their quick perception of the laws of harmony and contrast of colour, their fineness of hand, their powers of arrangement, and their natural good taste, are the qualities they possess which should urge them to make the attempt.

In having thus directed attention to Art, and suggested its cultivation solely as a means of livelihood, we have no fear of being condemned by a judicious criticism. We shall be suspected of no disrespect to Art by confessing ourselves to be not of those who are disposed to consider it as something sacred—as a holy of holies, to be approached only by the sanctified, and those who come with fear and trembling. In Art, no less than in Music and Poetry, the most successful cultivators have not been ashamed to make a purveyor of their profession. Virgil did not disdain the ten sesterces a line he received for his eulogium on the virtues of Marcellus; Shakspere, Handel, and Scott, did not think it beneath them to join the trader with the post; nor was Michel Angelo, or, more recently, our own Turner, entirely regardless of what their art would bring. These men, too, were all princes in their respective departments. It is only second-rate minds that go into ecstacies about Art, or any other calling, for its own sake; pretend to be absorbed by it, and find in it the whole of their social and religious life. It is only they who express themselves ready to live and die for it. The best men have ever considered it as only a means to an end; and none surely but will acknowledge that end a noble one which has for its object the amelioration of the condition of woman.

Surely we have advanced argument sufficient to arouse sympathy with the object we desire to promote: it is in this case, less the advancement of Art,—though we would advocate it also on specific grounds,—than the useful and honourable employment of those who are unhappily compelled to labour in order that they may live.

THOMAS PURNELL.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE DEATH OF NELSON.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

WHEN intelligence reached England of the battle of Trafalgar, the capture or destruction of nearly the whole of the combined fleet of French and Spanish vessels was considered a very inadequate compensation for the loss of our great naval commander: the addition of a few of the enemy's line-of-battle ships and frigates to our own navy, the almost total annihilation of their maritime power, was something, but the cost at which they were purchased was acknowledged to be too great for the benefits conferred. The result of the action only afforded an additional proof of the supremacy of our seamen; such a proof was not wanting, and the nation mourned long and deeply over the glorious death of him who had followed Blake, and Duncan, and Jervis, and many more illustrious names, in the path to victory, surpassing even their exploits, and sealing with his own heart's blood the conquest he had won.

It was in October, 1805, that the battle of Trafalgar took place, and, considering how the event and its issue engrossed, for a long time after, the thoughts of every Englishman, it is no wonder that Turner should have employed his pencil on the subject, opposed, as it seemed to be, to his general practice; though he had previously painted some noble marine views—the 'Calais Pier,' and the 'Shipwreck,' for example—the former in 1803, the latter in 1805. The 'Death of Nelson' was exhibited in 1808. In order to understand the picture, it is necessary to give a brief description of the position of Nelson's ship, the *Victory*, at the time represented. She was engaged, almost muzzle to muzzle of the guns, with three of the enemy's vessels—one, the *Redoutable*, on the right; the *Bucentaure*, and the *Santissima Trinidada*, a huge three-decker, on the left. The first of these three was supposed to have already struck, for the English ship, the *Téméraire*, whose last voyage Turner painted so gloriously afterwards, had been pouring broadsides into her from the opposite side, her guns were silent, and she showed no flag. Nelson, therefore, twice ordered his crew to desist from firing. But her tops were yet occupied with numerous marines, who kept up a continuous discharge of musketry on the deck of the *Victory*; a shot from one of these struck the admiral on the epaulette of his left shoulder, the ball passing into his back. He had, unhappily for his country, but not for his own glory, gone into action in the full costume of an admiral, and decorated with stars, and thus had proved a prominent and sure mark to the enemy. "Had he but concealed these badges," says Southey, "England, perhaps, would not have had cause to receive with sorrow the news of the battle of Trafalgar." Nelson was justly proud of the honours won in many a hard-fought engagement.

Nelson was standing, when shot, on the quarter-deck of the *Victory*, near the mainmast, which, as shown in the picture, is almost abreast of the mizen of the *Redoutable*, the French ship from which he was struck, and not more than fifteen yards from the spot where the marksmen were stationed; a group of them may be seen on the mizen-top of their ship.

Turner never attempted historical painting, in the true sense of the term; he only made history subservient to his purpose of painting landscape, or *sea-scape*, his figures generally occupying but a secondary place on his canvases, yet they always have an important meaning. It was his object here to paint a great sea-fight, and what better subject could he have selected than the engagement at Trafalgar? or, rather, an especial and sad incident in it. The deck of the *Victory* is the principal feature in the composition, and on it the painter has concentrated his chief powers, the rest being little more than a mass of sails and rigging, but all represented with great power. Seamen would, probably, object to the trim and dress of the shipping; but they would confess, if they knew anything of Art, that the genius of a first-rate painter had been at work on the canvas. The subject—a very difficult one to treat—is managed with extraordinary skill and effect.



NATI

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

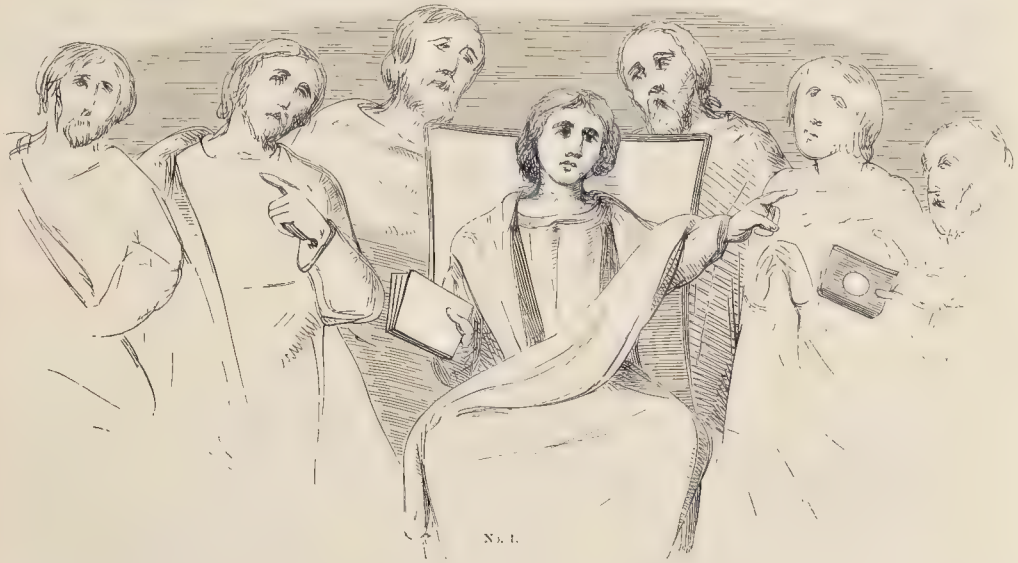
PART IV.

A CRITICAL study of the entire mass of works of Art belonging to the catacombs will afford a much clearer insight into the forms of thought and development of idea in the primitive church, than can be gathered from the few examples selected to illustrate the present subject. In the productions of each successive period, during the three first centuries, the illustration of some one individual idea in connection with the offices and ministry of our Lord will be found so continually recurring, as to suggest the fact of its being the prevalent phase of thought, for the time being, in the popular mind of the Christian community. Thus, in the first years of the church, when we may presume its theology was rather child-like and simple, than learned or profound, we find our Lord exclusively portrayed as the rewarder of the faithful, bestowing the crown of life (as in the decorations of the pateræ). Successively to this, and at a period when we may conclude that the church was passing through the fiery ordeal of persecution, we shall find the general (indeed almost exclusive) representation of its Divine founder in his character of protector—the protecting shepherd of the flock, either saving the sheep from the attacks of the enemy, or carrying it across the dark river of death. Next, in point of time, we shall meet with an equally general symbolization of our Lord as "the Truth," in the act of giving the word, or instructing the disciples (as in the annexed cuts 1 and 2). Each of these successive developments of representation will be found to have given something of its own originating to those that succeeded it; for example, we see the shepherd of the church still maintained in "the giver of the word," the Christian flock, under the form of sheep, congregating in his immediate presence. Again, as giver of the word he is still, in all succeeding representations for the next four or five centuries, depicted with a book or a scroll of writing in the hand, as symbolical of "the divine truth," or fountain-head of inspiration; indeed, such general acceptance did this last mode of expressing the idea obtain, that it is difficult to find any work of Art, whether in fresco, sculpture, mosaic or metal, during the above-named period, in which the book or scroll is omitted.*

Successively to these, we find an equally general representation of our Lord in his supreme capacity as the life-giver, himself leading the way, and opening the door of death by his own resurrection; indeed, so universally does this leading tenet of the faith pervade the whole art of the primitive church, that whether we find our Lord depicted as bestowing the rewarding crown, as the protecting shepherd, as dividing the bread of life, recalling Lazarus from the dead, or in the act of resurrection, the one great consolatory hope and creed, the one leading and governing idea in the popular mind of Christendom, is clearly and unmistakeably expressed in the Art of the period, however the precise fashion of rendering it may be varied in these primitive works.

The familiarity engendered by early teaching must render it extremely difficult for us to estimate, at anything like its full force, the commanding influence that the acceptance of the great doctrine of a future life must have exercised on the minds and conceptions of the first believers. An individual to whose imagination the idea had only presented itself in the speculative teaching of a philosophic sect, and which even there assumed no more tangible or distinct form than that of the dreamy and impalpable existence of the poetical Hades, must have received the first revelation, the first firm conviction of the indestructibility of his being (demonstrated as it was by the actual and visible resurrection of the great teacher of the new creed), with the ecstatic wonder of an entirely new mental development. We who, from our first ideas being associated with the belief, receive it with little other than a mere tacit assent, can never comprehend the impressions of one who, having lived on and on in the soul-benumbing darkness of a futurity of annihilation, was suddenly illumined with the inspired conviction of the life to come: to such an one that life was not another—it already had begun; from the moment of the Divine intuition he had entered upon the new existence, and, in the full assurance of his faith, he felt his immortality to have commenced when he awoke to the consciousness of its reality.

As a consequence of the very strength and completeness of the new intuition, it was inevitable that in the mode of its reception there should be some preponderating influence of the letter rather than the spirit. To the oppressed bondsman, the pains of this present state would be as nothing compared



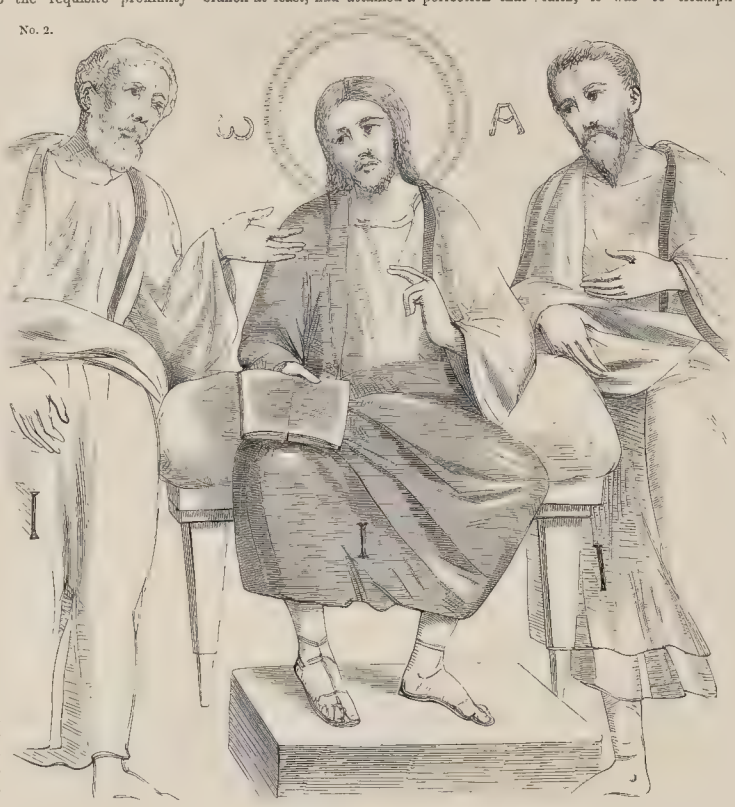
No. 1.

to the glory in which he was shortly to be a participator. Starving, and in misery, he, the poor degraded slave, crushed, despicable, the very off-cast of humanity, was shortly—in fact, before that generation had passed away—to be the favoured guest at the marriage table of his heavenly Master. Abject and scorned as he now was, a "dweller, perhaps, in the caves and holes of the ground," one of whom the world was not worthy, soon in shining garments, the specially favoured of his Divine Lord, he was to be a partaker of the ineffable delights of the garden of Paradise. Now a prisoner, reserved, perhaps, for the barbarous sports of the arena, he was, before the period of an ordinary life had passed away, to be seated on one of the twelve thrones of the celestial kingdom, pronouncing the fiat of condemnation on his oppressors, even on Cæsar himself. No mere tacit assent was his, but a sure and certain faith (almost swallowed up in sight) assured him that already was he on the sacred ground, already an inhabitant of the holy country; and death itself was not so much the boundary between this life and the next, as it was the portal to the holiest of holies of that temple, the courts of which he already trod. The advent of this new intuition was, in fact, an epoch, a fresh starting-point for the human race. Seeds that for ages have lain buried and

* In describing a portrait of our Lord, executed by a pagan artist, Tertullian states (in his "Apology") that though, in other respects, incorrect and wanting in resemblance, the artist had at least rightly represented him clothed in a toga, and with a book in his hand—clear and unquestionable testimony that, in his time (the year 160), there was a recognised type of the Divine likeness.

dormant in the depths of the ground will, on being brought into the requisite proximity with the light, germinate and fructify: so a ray of light from another sphere—a new eternal verity, had penetrated the depths of the human mind, and called into existence, or rather into activity, germs of life and action hitherto dormant, but which were destined to grow and fructify in a future of new power and productiveness. "Old things in fact had passed away," and, with the new revelation, "all things had become new." The forms of thought, the principles of government, the constitution of society, all were to be renovated; and, amidst the general resuscitation, Christian art was to have its origin. The new intuition was, in fact, less a faith than a mental development. In the fullest sense of the word—a new spiritual growth; and as such it necessitated a new mode of expression, the higher growth of the intellectual organization demanded a language expressive of its higher conceptions, and Christian art supplied the requirement. Art had certainly existed for ages long past, and, in one branch at least, had attained a perfection that it will probably never see again; but another phase was now opened to it, and as the expression, as well as the exemplar, of the Christian faith, it was to triumph as it had never triumphed before. The arts of paganism, especially poetry, sculpture, and architecture, were, by their close alliance with idolatry, unfitted for the purer service of the new sanctuary, and must, ere they could be admitted to its precincts, pass through the purifying ordeal of a death and a resurrection. Painting—not, certainly, a recent art, but one less identified with pagan worship than the others—presented no such objections, added to which it was of more practical attainment, and more facile in execution. For symbolizing a divine truth on a sacramental vessel, on jewellery, or on the walls of a sepulchre, it presented a readier and more expressive mode of representation than either sculpture or poetry could supply. Consequently, in the numerous monuments contained in the Christian cemeteries, we find the plastic arts comparatively rarely exercised, and poetry, even on the tomb inscriptions, entirely absent; while painting, as an expression of faith, and as a medium of instruction, is seen to have been universally employed.

No. 2.



No. 3.



In the absence of any recognised canon of Scripture, and while the church, though it had existed for nearly a generation, was still solely dependent on individual teaching for the "faith

as delivered to the saints," the necessity arose for some mode of keeping the leading doctrines of the church more continually before the Christian community, especially the younger portion of it, than mere oral instruction could possibly do. For this purpose, no means so readily presented itself as that art which had already been extensively adopted in the decoration of the sacred vessels, and for symbolizing on the graves of the departed the one great eternal hope,—that had in fact been already recognised as the adopted language of the church; a function in which Christian art unquestionably had its origin, and which was destined afterwards to lead to its noblest developments. And in an age, and amongst a grade of society, wherein written language was intelligible only to the few, the great events of the sacred narratives could hardly have been impressed on the memory of the neophyte by any other means. Accordingly we see in the various chapels of the catacombs the series of pictures (to which allusion has been made before) continually repeated, expressing in a regular and developing progression, those doctrines that more especially distinguish the Christian creed—the one God, the fall of our race, its renovation in the Saviour, and especially the great destiny awaiting it. But in impressing painting into its service, Christianity found it but rude and imperfect to its hand. As far as any precise record has come down to us, it had hitherto (amongst the Romans at least) been exercised only as the craft of the house decorator, and not having entered into the sympathies or affections of the popular mind, it had remained shackled and depressed by the uncongenial functions to which it was confined, owing whatever merit it possessed to the influence of a contemporaneous sculpture, and partaking also of its puerile conventionalisms. So, in its first use by the church, we find it characterised by this imperfect and dwarfed development; having hitherto ministered but to pride and luxury, it still retained the brand of its slavery. But it was now called upon to fulfil the ennobling vocation of expressing the great heart and sympathies of the people, and of being the chosen exponent and illustrator of those stupendous verities by the force of which the social fabrics of existing society were already being powdered into dust, as the inevitable condition of their reconstruction on principles and bases entirely new. An exotic in the courts of Cæsar, the minister to luxury and ostentation, painting dwindled and declined; transplanted by the hand of religion to the school of the little child, to the grave of the despised, the persecuted slave, in lowliness and meekness—to teach, to comfort—humbly bending its head to pass through the low portal to the straight and narrow way, naturally, but not the less divinely inspired, we see it afterwards ennobled as the mouthpiece, as the very voice of the church, and, as such, that also of the church's Divine Head.

Under such conditions, it was impossible but that painting, now a living art, should rise to the performance of its new functions; consequently, as the coadjutor of the church, we shall find it expanding and developing itself in proportion to the elevation of its new vocation.

I do not, of course, mean to imply that painting had its origin contemporaneously with Christianity, since we have ample records of its existence from a far higher antiquity. The fame of certain Greek artists is familiar to all; but the degree of excellence attained in their works is merely conjectural, while such of the



No. 4.

antique paintings as have come down to us in the decorations of Assyrian, Egyptian, and Roman edifices, are but the efforts of an art undeveloped, and yet in its infancy. It was certainly not till the second age of the church, and then only in such works as were essentially Christian, that we find painting proceeding upon principles of composition, expression, and arrangement peculiar to itself, and which, establishing and sustaining its claim to be a distinct art from that of sculpture, led to its astonishing and unique development in the Mosaics of the fifth century.

It may be contended that the celebrated work known as "The Nozze Aldobrandini," is an instance to the contrary; but it is not probable that that work is anything older than the third century, and, indeed, if it were, its entire treatment, beyond a subdued and inoffensive scale of colouring, is entirely sculpturesque and ornamental, so much so, indeed, as to suggest its being (colouring and all) a transcript from a bas-relief. This will be at once apparent by comparing it with the sketch given (cut 3), from an almost defaced work of probably the end of the first century, or, at all events, of that early period when there was no recognised type of our Saviour's likeness. It will be seen at once that it is a representation of the parable of the wise and the foolish virgins; even a cursory glance at it will convince that painting had already begun to proceed upon a system of its own, and to separate itself from the trammels of sculpture. The subject, instead of partaking of the cramped conventionality of the pagan period, is well laid out,—somewhat stiff and formal, it is true, as Christian art was as yet making its first efforts only, but still a firm and decided step is planted in the direction it afterwards continued to take.

Again, in No. 1, a nearly obliterated representation of our Lord giving the word to his disciples, though belonging, like the preceding, to that early period when the true likeness was unknown in the Italian church, we see principles of composition and arrangement identical with those that have ever since prevailed in the art. The attitude of the principal figure is colloquial and appropriate, while the others are naturally and effectively grouped. The attitudes, though somewhat stiff, are by no means incorrect; the whole work being decidedly picturesque as opposed to sculpturesque in its treatment. This fresco is now in the lower tier of the cemetery of SS. Achilli e Nereo. The next illustration, No. 2, representing the same subject, our Lord as the fountain-head of inspiration, shows again a decided advance on the two preceding. The balanced and sculpture-like effect of the apostles on each side of the figure of our Lord, is not so apparent in the original picture—where the whole number of the twelve apostles is given—as we see it here. In this picture the true type of likeness is decidedly and unmistakeably rendered, as well in the principal figure as in the two apostles, SS. Peter and Paul. The conception and treatment of the whole are just and natural, though still somewhat stiff and formal, but the delicacy and finish of the heads, as well as the beautiful arrangement of colour in the original, establish it as a distinct advance from what

had preceded it. This work (which is to be referred to the end of the second century or to the beginning of the third) is in the cemetery of Pretextati, and a good copy of it may be seen in the museum of the Lateran. Beneath the centre figure is a representation of the Lamb on the throne of God, from beneath which issues the river of the water of life, showing, with the symbols of the Alpha and the Omega, the distinct reference the picture has to the passage in St. John's apocalypse.

The illustration No. 4 is an exceedingly beautiful one, representing the scene at the last supper between our Lord and Judas: "He that dippeth his hand with me in the dish, the same shall betray me." The original picture comprises, like No. 2, the whole number of the apostles; but, with the exception of Judas and St. John, they are omitted here, as not bearing directly on the subject. The inferior figures, as well as the accessories in this work, are indifferently, and in parts carelessly, rendered; so much so, indeed, that it seems as if the artist had purposely executed them so, to direct the more attention to the countenance and expression of our Lord, which are true and beautiful to a degree scarcely to be met with in any former work. The scale of the original is



No. 5.

small, not allowing of the heads being above an inch and a half in length; but, as far as could be rendered in fresco, and in such small size, the likeness is of exceeding and precious beauty. The long waving hair, parted in the middle of the wide intellectual forehead, the straight nose, the delicate and spiritual cast of countenance and expression (difficult to do justice to in a woodcut), and the pointed beard, are exactly what succeeding artists have attempted to reproduce; and with a daring to be surprised at in so early an artist, the mouth is properly represented well opened—as addressing the words quoted above to Judas; without, however, in consequence, losing any of its expression. This work was taken from the catacombs, and is now in the reserved department of the Vatican, attached to the Bibliotheca; but from the position it once occupied, the style of the execution, and the absence of symbol, it would appear to belong to about the middle, or the third quarter of the second century.

This picture, and the medallion portrait given in cut 6, may be instanced as specimens of the best period of the art of fresco painting in the church of the first three centuries. Various causes operated after this period to retard for a time its further advance. Mosaic work offered a richer effect and a style more adapted for architectural embellishment; consequently from about the middle of the third century it seems to have occupied the principal attention of the Christian artists. About this period, also, a change took place in the fashion of representing sacred subjects,

No. 6.



that had a decided effect on the excellence of their execution. Instead of being represented in the plain and natural manner we have hitherto seen them, they were depicted with their real

No. 7.



significations veiled under various forms, borrowed from the heathen mythology. Thus Orpheus and the beasts will be found in the place of our Lord and the apostles, and various other pagan myths were used to convey a concealed representation of the scriptural subjects

most in vogue in the Art of the church. Different reasons have been assigned for this change; amongst others, the prevalence at this time of Gnostic doctrines in the church, whereby ideas borrowed from the Platonic philosophy were engrafted on the simpler tenets of the early faith. I have never been yet able to trace this opinion to any other foundation than mere conjecture, and I only give it, because it is the one generally received, whereas there is distinct evidence to show that, at this period, grave doubts began to be entertained in the Christian community of the propriety of making any representation of the Divine Person—doubts that, by the end of the third century, had become so established, that we find Eusebius, on being applied to by a lady to procure for her a portrait of our Lord, refused doing so, on the ground of the great impiety of the proceeding, expressing his horror at the bare idea of making any representation of the Supreme Being. To the same cause may probably be referred the (evidently intentional) obliteration of many of the pictures in the catacombs, the animus being evidenced by the head only of the sacred likeness being defaced. Possibly this destruction may not be the sole work of Christian iconoclasts. Christianity was, at this time, ridiculed in the profane literature of the day, and its most holy things blasphemously caricatured by the pagan multitude (a singular instance of this profanity was given in the number of the *Art-Journal* for January last), and the use of a mythical representation of sacred subjects might not improbably have been adopted, in order to avoid the outrages such works were exposed to from the pagan populace, when executed under the usual form. Whether from the same consideration the church withheld its sanction from mural decorations or not is uncertain; but there can be no question of a decline taking place, from about this period, in both the number and the excellence of such works.

From the instances already given of the likeness of our Lord, it will be seen that where anything beyond a mere conventional, expressionless countenance was attempted, the portrait invariably conformed to one consentaneous type; and on the decline of fresco-painting, towards the fourth century, this traditional likeness had become so fixed in the minds of the Christian artists, that we find the portraits of this period characterised by all that exaggeration of the peculiar traits of feature, and want of feeling in the general treatment, that invariably mark works executed by rote, and without exertion of thought or invention; but this very exaggeration or tendency to caricature affords the strongest internal evidence of the express and precise form in which the tradition of the likeness had reached the artist.

In the illustration marked No. 7, an instance of this exaggeration, or caricature, of the type is given in juxtaposition with a transcript from a beautiful medallion-likeness from the chapel in the cemetery of St. Calisto. This last work dates, in all probability, from the beginning or middle of the second century, as it is associated and apparently contemporaneous with others in the same chamber, that are unquestionably amongst the oldest works in the catacombs. The likeness in this beautiful work is truly and feelingly rendered, and the expression elevated and intellectual; unfortunately, though the head is of the life-size, the smoke from the tapers of visitors, and the damp from the rock, have so operated to obscure it that the tints of colour, beyond mere light and shadow, are indistinguishable. No kind of symbol, not even the nimbus, is used in this picture; but in the more recent one in the next illustration we see it overladen with symbolic imagery, in exactly the same proportion that it is deficient in execution and treatment. This latter work is the well-known life-size portrait from the tomb of St. Cecilia, and as that saint was martyred towards the end of the fourth century, it is improbable that it was executed very long after that date. The hard, strong, and rude delineation, with the excess of ornament, all mark the decline of Art; but it is interesting to observe that there is not one trait of feature, however coarsely it may be rendered, but what is to be observed in the earlier work with which, for the purpose of comparison, it is associated in this illustration. In the same style, and nearly contemporaneous with this last, is the portrait of the blessed Virgin given in cut 5. It will be seen from the broad face, black hair, coarsely-marked eyebrows, and large black eyes, that it differs in every respect from the type that afterwards prevailed; clearly showing that at a time when the portraits of our Lord, and at least three of the apostles, were executed according to a received and fixed tradition of likeness, there existed in the Italian church no such record of that of the blessed Virgin.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION, 1862.

All matters connected with the Great Exhibition are progressing: the commissioners are indefatigable, meeting every day, or nearly so, and seem fully aware that no time is to be lost. The year, indeed, will pass swiftly over us, but in this age of "movement" it may be made to produce immense fruitage—and, we have no doubt, will do so. The commissioners have shown that, however sudden was their announcement that the character of the building was "settled," much thought had been given to it, and, on the whole, with advantage; for although Captain Fowke may be, and has been, objected to by architects, as not of "the profession," it is more than probable that any shortcomings will be met by his intimate knowledge of the requirements of the structure, his close relationship with the commissioners, his continual intercourse with them, and the long study he has applied to the subject. Neither is it by any means certain that he is deficient in the qualities requisite to produce an edifice graceful and beautiful; for be it always remembered that a portion of it is destined to endure, and to be rendered useful long after the year 1862 is numbered with the past. Probably in the year 1865 "The Society of Arts" will be located there, a privilege to which it will unquestionably have made its title good, not only by its efforts with reference to the Great Exhibition, but for public services large and very beneficial; it is, therefore, most essential that the building to be erected should be one of the architectural "ornaments" of the Metropolis.

Several announcements have been put forth which satisfactorily show that the commissioners are giving thought and attention to all matters connected with the scheme; such thought and attention are absolutely needed, for, although they have many advantages over their predecessors of 1851, it cannot be denied that they have disadvantages also. These must be combated and overcome. It is high time to stimulate into energy every manufacturer of the Kingdom; apathy will prevail up to a late period; there will be unwise postponements of works contemplated; too much dependence will be placed on those that have been produced as "orders" within the last ten years; and resources will not be fully brought into play until haste is made as necessary as ability. A year will barely suffice to any manufacturer to exhibit what will do him honour and be creditable to his country—consequences which are sure to result in commercial recompense; for it is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Great Exhibition of 1851 was either a "loss," or unproductive to those who were pre-eminent among the exhibitors. In several cases no immediate gain followed, but a permanent reputation was, we know in many instances, established which, in the emphatic language of the counting-house, "paid." Manufacturers of all kinds in Great Britain *must* be contributors; they have no choice in the matter; they dare not be self-excluded. Those will do well and wisely, therefore, who make arrangements in time, and do not put off the "good day" until the appliances they need are forestalled, and their incapacity to carry out their plans arises from the impossibility of obtaining aids absolutely essential. There is hardly a manufacturer in England who did not suffer, more or less, from this cause in 1851. "Experience teaches wisdom!"

Still, we know how difficult it is to stir men up to do to-day that which may be done to-morrow; and we respectfully urge upon the commissioners to employ a missionary who should, without delay, visit every manufacturing city and town of the kingdom, and report the prospects that are presented by each. There may be dignity, but there is no sound policy in letting things "take their course;" the commission will lose nothing by applying a wholesome stimulus to producers everywhere—abroad as well as at home, for the foreigner will require it as much as, or perhaps more than, we do at home.

We have no fear that British Art-industry—all British manufactures, in brief, but especially such as are directly or indirectly influenced by Art—will exhibit great and marked progress in 1862. There is no single branch that has not advanced since 1851; the merest glance at our shop windows will carry conviction of this fact. All our large establishments show it strongly; there are few houses, large or small, that have been furnished within the last ten years, that do not contrast favourably with those the furniture of which is of earlier date: the carpets, the paper hangings, the chairs, the decorative objects, the articles of bijouterie, are all of a purer and better order; taste has been taught, gaudiness and gorgeousness have been alike eschewed, and the lesson has been widely learned that cost does not infer elegance—that beauty is cheaper than deformity.

We have no doubt that much of what was thought meritorious in 1851 will either have disappeared or await condemnation in 1862.

We shall hereafter have occasion to comment on that part of the project which relates to the exhibition of the higher orders of Art—painting and sculpture especially. Promptness is not so essential here; yet steps should not be delayed for making some progress. A committee has been appointed to consider and advise, in reference to the admission or non-admission of ancient works, the productions of times long past. We are inclined to hope they will be rejected; the Kensington Museum is close at hand, where a large assemblage of such works may be seen at all times; they formed the greater part of the wealth of the exhibition at Manchester, not yet forgotten, and it is quite certain that if a collection of veritable worth were obtained, a considerable proportion of it would be that with which the public is familiar. The "Art-treasures" of England, though great, are not inexhaustible; they are mostly heirlooms in families, or depositories in public institutions, all of which were ransacked to form the great whole in Manchester.

But of a surety the Art of our country must be adequately and honourably represented. And here will be the great difficulty: proprietors of pictures, collectors of modern art, will be averse to lend them. There is no doubt that, at Manchester, culpable carelessness was manifested in returning works lent; at the Dublin Exhibition it was far worse; in that of Paris several grievances occurred; while the result of the experiment in New York was disastrous. These and other reasons will, therefore, operate seriously against the prospect of bringing together such an exhibition of pictures as will be really attractive and creditable to the Art of the country; probably they will also have their weight in preventing an adequate supply from the Continent.

Unless, therefore, some certain security is given against nearly all chances of danger, few pictures will be furnished to make the "show" in 1862; and the commissioners will do well to consider how they may best grapple with this embarrassing difficulty. Better have no exhibition, than one that will be incomplete, inconclusive, and unsatisfactory.

We said, at the outset of these remarks, that there were disadvantages, as well as advantages, connected

with the project of 1862. The latter are obvious; all that could have been learned may have been learned—probably has been. The noblemen and gentlemen who are doing the work, are, many of them, those who were taught in Manchester, Paris, and Dublin, as well as in Hyde Park; they bring to the task a thorough knowledge of what may be copied, and what avoided; their machinery is prepared; experienced subordinates are to be obtained, ready instructed; they have not to search for contributors, the blue book of 1851 will show who they are, and where they are. In short, the commissioners enter on their duties, not ignorant, as were, of necessity, their predecessors, but well and fully informed upon all subjects concerning which information may be either guidance or warning.

But their disadvantages are neither few nor trifling; and it will be perilous if they be considered such as may be easily mastered. We have exhausted the space we are enabled this month to devote to the subject; but it will be, ere long, our duty to return to it. Our earnest desire is to co-operate with the commissioners by every means in our power. We believe immense benefit resulted from the Great Exhibition of 1851, and that even larger and more permanent good may arise out of that of 1862.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 14.—RECENT IMPROVEMENTS IN CALICO PRINTING AND DYEING.

MUREXIDE OR TYRIAN PURPLE.

Accounts, in all probability greatly exaggerated, have come down to us of the exceeding beauty of the Tyrian or Imperial Purple of the Romans. We are sufficiently informed, however, to know that the colour was so highly valued that it was made the indication of sovereign power. It is by no means certain whether this peculiar colour was employed as a distinctive one before the period of Roman empire. By some, the Tyrian purple is supposed to have originated with the Egyptians; while others give it, with far greater probability, to the Phœnician navigators. It is not unlikely that some other dyes besides those purples which were derived from the animal kingdom (the Molluscæ of the Ægean Sea), may have been employed by the early nations of antiquity. We are informed, for example, that a king of Persia sent some woollen cloth to the Emperor Aurelian, which was of a much brighter colour than any that had ever been seen in Rome, and in comparison with which all the other purple cloth worn by the emperor and the ladies of the court appeared dull and faded. Beckmann, and some other writers following him, suppose this colour to have been obtained from a kermes (a kind of cochineal), but this is by no means certain. So anxious were the Romans to discover the source of this new oriental colour, that some of their most experienced dyers were sent into India to seek for it. They returned with a vague statement that the dye was obtained from the plant *sandix*, which is supposed to have been like our madder. It does not appear at all improbable that the Persians may have obtained this colour from the shell-fish *Purpura Persica*, found on the shores of the Persian Gulf.

There is every reason for supposing that the purple of the Romans varied from dark violet to a rose-colour. These varieties were obtained by employing the dye from the *buccinum* or *purpura* (shell-fish common to the Mediterranean Sea, belonging to the genus *Murex*), and combining with it the dye produced by the kermes, a kind of cochineal found on the oak known to naturalists as the *Quercus Ilex*, and the *Coccus Ilicis*.

Réaumur examined a great number of marine animals, with a view to determine the source of this purple colour. He informs us that it is a viscous juice, contained in a little pouch or bag, generally between the heart and liver. The same authority informs us that this juice, obtained from such examples as he could procure, on being applied to linen, changed, in the course of a few seconds, from yellow to green, blue, and finally to purplish red. This *purple fish*, as it has been called, was found in various parts of the Mediterranean Sea, but most abundantly on the Phœnician coasts. It is fabled that the dye was discovered through a dog, who, biting one of those fish, deeply stained his mouth. However this may be, the Tyrians excelled all others in the preparation and the use of this purple; —hence its name.

A great number of shell-fish yield a purple dye of this character. The common waved whelks (*Buccinum undulatum*), which are seen so abundantly in the low neighbourhoods of this metropolis, is one of the best examples. As long back as 1684, the process of obtaining the English *purple* was described by Mr. William Cole, of Bristol; he writes:—"The shells being harder than most of other kinds, are to be broken with a smart stroke with a hammer, on a plate of iron, or a firm piece of timber (with their mouths downwards), so as not to crush the body of the fish within. The broken pieces being picked off, there will appear a white vein, lying transversely in a little furrow or cleft, next to the head of the fish, which must be digged out, with the stiff point of a horse-hair pencil, being made short and tapering.

"The letters, figures, or what else shall be made on the linen (and perhaps silk too), will presently appear of a pleasant light green colour, and if placed in the sun, will change into the following colours, *i.e.* if in winter, about noon; if in the summer, an hour or two after sunrising, and so much before setting, for in the heat of the day in summer the colours will come on so fast that the succession of each colour will scarcely be distinguished.

"Next to the first light green, it will appear of a deep green, and, in a few minutes, change into a sea-green; after which, in a few minutes more, it will alter into a watchet-blue; from that, in a little more time, it will be of a purplish-red; after which, lying an hour or two (supposing the sun to be still shining), it will be of a very deep purple-red, beyond which the sun can do no more. But then the last and most beautiful colour, after washing in scalding water and soap, will (the matter being again put in the sun and wind to dry) be of a fair bright crimson, or near to the prince's colour, which afterwards, notwithstanding there is no use of any styptic to bind the colour, will continue the same, if well ordered, as I have found in handkerchiefs that have been washed more than forty times, only it will be something allayed from what it was after the first washing. While the cloth so written upon lies in the sun, it will yield a very strong and fœtid smell, as if garlic and asafœtida were mixed together."

Notwithstanding that attention was directed in this country to this beautiful and permanent colour nearly two hundred years since, it is only within a very recent period that any attempt has been made to apply it. It is not a little curious that now, although we are applying this identical colour in the Arts, we obtain it from quite a different source. We no longer go to the shell-fish as the ancients did. We have discovered several sources from which the Tyrian purple may be obtained, and we go, of course, to the most economical. The modern history of the discovery of this colour is curious. Dr. Prout long since found that the excreta of animals, when treated with nitric acid and ammonia, produced a beautiful purple, which so resembled the Roman purple that he gave it the name of *murexide*, from *murex*, the name of the genus of shell-fish from which the colour was formerly obtained. *Murexide* is one of those substances which, although investigated by many chemists, has been regarded as of very uncertain constitution. From the extreme beauty of the colour, it has attracted a large share of attention; this uncertainty is, therefore, not a little remarkable. When, however, we remember the capricious character, in the hands of the chemist, of a very numerous class of bodies derived from the animal kingdom,—how strangely the intercombinations of carbon, hydrogen, oxygen, and nitrogen take place,—and how varied are the results, we can partly understand the discrepancies in their results. Dr. Gregory has given much attention to the preparation of *murexide*, and has published the following formula for working on a small scale. He commences with a compound known as *alloxantine*, which is obtained by the oxidation of uric acid:—"Four grains of alloxantine, and seven grains of hydrated alloxan are dissolved together in half an ounce, by measure, of water, by boiling, and the hot solution is added to one-sixth of an ounce, by measure, of a saturated, or nearly saturated, solution of carbonate of ammonia, the latter being cold. This mixture has exactly the proper temperature for the formation of *murexide*, and it does not, owing to its small bulk, remain too long hot. It instantly becomes intensely purple, while carbonic acid is expelled; and, as soon as it begins to cool, the beautiful green and metallic-looking crystals of murexide begin to appear. As soon as the liquid is cold, these may be collected, washed with a little cold water, and dried on filtering paper. These peculiar and beautiful crystals are found to have the following composition:—

Carbon . . .	33·80, or in equivalents	16
Nitrogen . .	29·58 ,,	6
Hydrogen . .	2·82 ,,	8
Oxygen . . .	33·80 ,,	12

It has been found that this murexide forms a series of beautiful compounds with certain metallic oxides, more especially lead and mercury, and these compounds are now being employed, to a very large extent in the dyeing, and more especially in the printing, of cotton. For this purpose the murexide is derived from *Guano*.

The investigations of the modern chemist have been largely directed to guano, from its extensive use in agriculture. This peculiar and valuable substance is found on the coasts of Peru and Bolivia, and on some islands off the coast of Africa. This guano, so called from the Peruvian word *Huano*, is deposited by birds. The conditions essential for its preservation appear to be a soil containing a mixture of sand and clay, in a country where the birds are allowed to live for ages undisturbed by man or man's works, and where the climate is very dry, free not only from rain, but also from heavy dews. Three-fifths of the constituents of guano would be washed away by a single day's rain. Humboldt tells us that "the guano is deposited in layers of fifty or sixty feet thick upon the granite of the South Sea Islands, off the coasts of Peru. During three hundred years the coast birds have deposited guano only a few lines in thickness. This shows how great must have been the number of birds, and how many centuries must have passed over in order to form the present guano beds." There is a Peruvian proverb, "*Huano, though no saint, works many miracles.*" From the earliest times the Peruvians have employed guano as a manure. We have learnt its value as a stimulant to vegetable growth; it has been employed largely by our farmers, and now it is being used extensively in the preparation of a beautiful colour for our calico-printers. The method by which the chemist proceeds in obtaining murexide from guano must now be described. Guano contains five per cent. of *urea*, and this, by processes well known to chemists, is converted into uric acid, and this is converted, as follows, into murexide.

A very large bath has a number of earthenware basins floating in it; into each of these two pounds and a half of nitric acid are to be poured, and one pound and three quarters of uric acid is to be added, in very small proportions at a time. If the temperature at any time rises above 90° Fah., the whole is allowed to cool before any more uric acid is added. As it is necessary that a certain degree of warmth should be maintained, if the water is so cold as to stop the reaction, warm water is added to the bath, or, if arrangements are made, as is the case in large dye-works, steam is passed through the bath. When all the uric acid has been added to the nitric acid, the mixture contained in the two basins is now to be placed in an enamelled iron pot, on a sand-bath. As the heat increases, the fluid will boil up in the pot, and, to prevent loss, the vessel must be removed from the fire for a short time. The heating is to be repeated in this manner until the temperature rises to 248° Fah., and, after removing the pot to the coolest part of the sand-bath, half a pound of liquid ammonia is to be stirred in quickly. In a few minutes the whole is converted into what is known in commerce by the name of *murexide en pâte*. To convert this into the purer product known as *murexide en poudre*, it is to be repeatedly stirred up with water and filtered to remove the saline and extractive matters. The selling price of this murexide is 20*s.* the pound. In dyeing cotton by means of murexide it is necessary to use lead and mercury as mordants. Lauth's process consists in fixing oxide of lead upon the fibre by first immersing it in a bath of acetate of lead, and then in ammonia, or in a bath of acetate and

lead and lime. The dye is then mixed with pernitrate or perchloride of mercury, and a little acetate of soda, and the cotton goods are worked in it for some time. For calico-printing the murexide is mixed with nitrate of lead, and, after printing and drying, the cloth is passed through a solution of corrosive sublimate.

Sagar and Schultz "pad" the cotton goods in a solution of the murexide with 6 pounds of nitrate of lead in 8 gallons of water, to which, when cold, 6 ounces of corrosive sublimate, dissolved in 2 gallons of water, are added. The goods after dyeing are subjected to another "padding" in a solution of wheaten starch, gum, or dextrine. Silk may be dyed in a bath of murexide mixed with corrosive sublimate, and wool after being dyed in a strong bath of the murexide, is treated at a temperature of from 104° to 122° Fah. with a bath of corrosive sublimate and acetate of soda. Dr. Von Kurrer uses murexide in either the pasty or the powdered state. He prepares his mixture for printing as follows:—

In 72 pounds of boiling water 24 pounds of crystallised nitrate of lead are dissolved, and when the solution has cooled to 144° Fah., 5 pounds of dry, or 15 pounds of pasty murexide, are dissolved in the fluid, and afterwards 36 pounds of finely powdered gum; after which it is passed through a silk sieve, and allowed to cool. This mixture may be employed for either hand or roller printing. After printing, the goods are hung in a damp place, properly prepared for the purpose, and acted on by gaseous ammonia, evolved from a mixture of caustic lime and muriate of ammonia. They are then passed through a bath of corrosive sublimate, placed in flowing water, and, lastly, into a bath of the acetate of soda.

In this way prints of the most brilliant purple red colours are produced. For gradations of colour the baths are weakened, and we may obtain dark red, and a pale rose-red from the same dyeing material. In cotton goods dyed with a murexide red, the ground colour may be destroyed in particular spots, partly by oxidizing and partly by deoxidizing agents, and illuminated prints of varied patterns may be obtained. Dark grey figures are obtained by printing, after the cotton has been dyed with the murexide, with proto-salts of tin. Murexide printed upon pale blue grounds produced by indigo gives a very beautiful violet. Stuffs dyed yellow with any of the vegetable yellows employed, receive a Turkey red colour when printed on with murexide. Silken and also woollen goods receive a uniform red with murexide; these may be turned yellow by means of picric acid, and various figures in different colours obtained. Mr. Spiller has pointed out (*Chemical News*) that silks dyed by Dr. Von Kurrer's process retain some mercury from the bath of corrosive sublimate, and that the effect of this is to produce unsightly yellow spots. This chemist has informed us that this objection is entirely removed by washing the silk after dyeing in solution of tartaric acid.

Mauve, Magenta, Solferino, and a variety of other shades of colour, partaking of the same general character, have lately been fashionable amongst us. Perhaps there never were any new colours which became at once such great favourites with ladies as those derived from *aniline* (a salt found in the *oil of coal tar*, so called from its being also found in the *anil*, one of the indigo producing plants), and originating in the mauve, or Perkins's purple. All these are derived from the same substance, aniline, by acting on it with different oxidizing agents; and there is every reason for believing that many new colours may yet be produced from the same source. Gas-tar gives us all those charming hues. That which was a waste product, is now become a most important one. Again,

Guano, which until lately was regarded as an offensive substance, useful only to the agriculturalist, has been made the source of a series of colours, differing in no respect from those obtained by the ancients from the murexide of the Mediterranean Sea,—the Tyrian or the imperial purple,—which was kept sacred for the vestments of the emperor, and the members of his family. These are amongst the most striking facts in the history of modern science, and realize the Peruvian proverb, "Guano, though no saint, works many miracles."

ROBERT HUNT.

THE NATIONAL INSTITUTION.

THIS year, more than on any preceding occasion, does this institution show itself the student's arena. The collection contains many atrocious failures (but this may be said of all exhibitions),—of such works there is little to be said, for the authors of these productions are, in their self-sufficiency, impenetrable to counsel; indeed, notice of essentially bad pictures too frequently degenerates into coarse abuse. In the writing on these walls we read now, as we have read before, entire lists of new names—patronymics that compel remembrance, that refuse to be forgotten. A few seasons we meet them here, but afterwards they disappear, ungratefully oblivious of their earliest shelter. Many of the landscapes that have appeared here have won the most unqualified praise. Of those worthy of notice this year, one or two only are studio productions; that is, have been painted according to common theory; the rest, the select number that gives character to the exhibition, are portraits of the face of nature, now smiling, now frowning, and even weeping, for it was long before she would shake out her verdant tresses to the sullen daylight of the reluctant summer. There are a few works that show the painters of them try everything, and venture much—work in the dim twilight of the morning, and at eventide are still labouring under the dew-distilling stars. It must be so; the difference between such works and the old studio style of picture is as that between a portrait painted from the living presence, and another worked out from memory. Among the figure-painters the changes are not so marked; the names are generally familiar, and their vicissitudes are not so striking. Having gone through the exhibition without the aid of a catalogue, there may be some slight errors in the names of the painters, and the titles of the pictures.

No. 5. 'Flower-Girl,' G. POPE. She stands offering her flowers for sale, relieved by a portion of a white colonnade. The body is in profile, with a straight and perpendicular outline—a defect that instantly catches the eye. It is otherwise a tolerable figure.

No. 9. 'Stormy Weather,' J. F. HERRING. This is literal enough. It is late in autumn, the beginning of winter it may be, and a group of horses gather themselves up under the sorry shelter of an all but leafless tree. The animals are well painted, though here and there sharp in the outline.

No. 36. 'The Old Farm,' A. PROVIS. The reputation of Mr. Provis rests upon his interiors, those incomparably finished cottage kitchens that always have the appearance of having been set forth to be painted. This old farm, from another hand, might be received with eulogium.

No. 38. 'The Gossip,' J. F. DICKSEE. Personated by a French peasant-girl at a casement. She has laid down her knitting to chat with somebody in the street below. The face is full, round, healthy in colour, and pleasant in expression; but how is it Mr. Dicksee does not soften a little more the lines of his details? as it is, it is only near the beautiful that he seeks.

No. 42. 'The Harvest Field,' S. R. PERCY. The harvest field forms a subordinate feature of this landscape, as we see but a nook of it. The dominant point of the composition is a screen of trees—oaks, as is shown by the projection of their boughs. The distant pasture wants more atmosphere, but it is well broken, and firmly laid down.

No. 49. 'The Morning of the Resurrection,' P. S. CALDERON. This is according to the first and second verses of the twentieth chapter of St. John. "The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early," &c. "Then she runneth, and cometh to Simon Peter, and the other disciple," &c. It is of a class of subject that Mr. Calderon has not before touched — that which shows painters what they can not do. Mary is in the act of announcing our Lord's resurrection to John and Peter. She points to the sepulchre, above which, to the left, appears Calvary. The figures are deficient of the tangible presence we have been accustomed to see in this painter's works. In the face of John there is a penetrating intensity of expression, but the figures look somewhat short.

No. 52. 'Afternoon,' F. W. HULME. In most of Mr. Hulme's works there is a high degree of refinement; the forms here are elegant, and the colour tender and harmonious. This is very like a piece of the dell above the so-called "Lovers' Seat" at Hastings.

No. 55. 'The Quay, Antwerp,' J. HENSHALL. We have here a section of the canal cut in from the Scheldt, with craft, and the tower of the cathedral over all. It is very like the place.

No. 59. 'Winter Afternoon,' G. A. WILLIAMS. To say that this reminds us of the Dutch painters is something; but the frequency of the production of these scenes has something to do with such a result.

No. 66. 'Fishing-Boats at Hastings,' A. W. WILLIAMS. Simply a piece of coast, with some boats putting off to sea, and a heavy wave rolling in on the shingle: broad and effective—an excellent picture of its class.

No. 78. 'Elbow—a simple Constable,' H. S. MARKS. The subject is from "Measure for Measure;" the besotted, drivelling garrulity of the face is well suited to the character. The style, and especially the costume of the figure, are unexceptionable, though the latter looks somewhat too new.

No. 82. 'A Farm in Surrey,' J. PEEL. This means a piece of Wimbledon Common: there it is, with its gorse and its ferns, broken ground, and hummocks of velvet sward, with a distance somewhat hazy, in accordance with our experiences of aquarium-life last summer. Truly, the Campagna of London is infinitely rich; but its wealth can only be developed by such earnest and solid work as we find in this picture. 'Milking Time,' by the same hand, is worked out with equal mastery.

No. 90. 'Ducks,' G. HICKIN. We have some remembrance of this name, but it has never before appeared in connection with anything half so good as this family of ducks.

No. 97. 'Early Spring,' LAW COPPARD. The subject here is as difficult as could be well selected for an elaborate picture. He is a confident painter who sits down on a sunny March or April morning to follow out with his brush the heart-breaking tracery of a dense thicket of young trees on a mossy bottom, broken by huge boulders. We know not the artist, but he paints an atmosphere we can breathe in.

No. 103. 'The First Drinking Fountain,' W. A. ATKINSON. This is another exhibitor whom we remember not: the subject of the picture and its treatment are commonplace, but there are mechanical excellences in it that cannot be surpassed.

No. 118. 'Beauvais,' L. S. WOOD. Besides this, there are other subjects by this artist, of which, perhaps, the 'Interior of the Church of St. Vivien' is the most interesting.

No. 126. 'The Flock,' THORP. A sparkling study of a piece of pasturage studded with sheep. A small picture of solid reality.

No. 133. 'A Day's Sport on Slapton Lea, Devon,' H. L. ROLFE. The result of this day's sport is a pile of fish, consisting of jack, perch, roach, and dace—every fish described with the freshness of life.

No. 136. 'A Tough Subject,' F. Smallfield. There are, perhaps, many tough subjects like this—a boy who, for not learning his lessons, is put upon bread and water. But he holds out, showing his resolution by trampling his books under foot. He looks proof, even against sulphuretted hydrogen.

No. 142. 'Musidora,' F. Underhill. All the Musidoras we have ever seen are, in some degree, alike. The attire of this person is too domestic to raise her to any comparison with the poet's ideal. But the head is beautiful beyond anything that has appeared from the hand of the painter, and the drawing is generally more careful. The bowery halo round the head looks artificial. The picture will improve by age; it does not depend for interest on any force of colour.

No. 156. 'Rye, Sussex — Evening,' W. Bates. Near this picture there is also, by the same hand, 'After a Shower at Felixstow, Suffolk:' both agreeable and spirited works, natural in colour, with much of the look of the "realistic" school.

No. 164. 'Peace in Naples—Ferdinand II., at the Festival of the Pie di Grotta, fraternizes with the people in the Villa Reale,' W. Parrot. As a pendant to this, there is 'War in Naples—Ferdinand II. having annulled the constitution lately granted to his subjects, his people, who have risen against him, are slaughtered by Swiss mercenaries.' Both are large pictures, full of movement, and faithful in their description of localities.

No. 310. 'On Barnes Common,' J. A. Atkinson. A small sketch, very agreeable from its very slightness; it might have been less interesting had it been more finished. There is a pendant in the same spirit, 'On Wimbledon Common.'

No. 317. 'Staircase in St. Maclou, Rouen,' J. Henshall. A small sectional subject, very conscientious in its florid architectural detail.

No. 320. 'On the Quair,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A. Mr. Lauder exhibits yearly one or two landscapes, but this is the most literal daylight essay he has perhaps ever painted. The view presents an attenuated summer rivulet, beyond which the scene is abruptly closed by trees and a near upland. The immediate site is finished with a care that portrays and individualizes every stone; but in the trees and distance there is not the same detail. The picture is somewhat chalky, from perhaps the opacity of the colour intended to represent light.

No. 321. 'A Fireside in the New Forest,' J. B. Surgey. The effect here has been worked out according to certain precepts of the French school,—in the darks and glazings the results are heavy and opaque, but the effect is strikingly forcible. The picture is a worthy example of painting objects as you do not see them, and really for this kind of argument great plausibility is necessary.

No. 327. 'Trifling,' C. Rossiter. The composition consists of two figures, a youth and maiden, the latter blowing the downy crown off the stalk of a dandelion. Like all the open-air subjects of the artist, the figures are supported by a bright and well painted piece of landscape.

No. 331. 'The Manure Cart,' De Bylandt. How distinctly these French pictures speak out! We have here an unbroken flat, with a cart, a couple of horses, and driver; but, again, the painter is a student of pictures, not of fragrant nature: yet, as an example of a school, the work has its merits.

No. 332. 'He loves me—He loves me not!' Bell Smith. This pretty superstition, from Faust, is capable of an endless variety of versions. Here, in the maiden's face, we very distinctly read not only the query, but the confession on her part, "And I love him, though he love me not."

No. 339. 'The Recruit,' A. Provis. An interior composition of that kind which this artist generally paints well. Here is much labour and no lack of art-cunning, but there is a want of effective concentration. The recruit is a besotted rustic, standing by the fire-place, listening remorsefully to the reproaches of his mother.

No. 341. 'Sacred Music,' G. Pope, is a study of a girl seated at an organ, with her face turned upwards. The colour of the features is warm and life-like.

No. 344. 'A Leaf from Nature's Book—the Birth of the Mountain Stream,' G. Pettitt. A study of a lake view, where the stream forces its way over the rocks and stones down a rocky bed into a lower level. The attraction of the subject is the tranquil lake, with the towering mountains beyond.

No. 351. 'In Harness,' J. Hayllar. The title is given to an old man turning a mangle for his wife, who prepares the clothes. He looks fit only for such an occupation; his is the minimum of animal sensibility. On the face of his assertions, Mr. Hayllar seems anxiously truthful, but we demur to the policy of painting clods of earth. Students may be enchanted with some of the technicalities of the picture.

No. 354. 'A View of Dover from the French Coast,' H. W. B. Davis. True, to say nothing of the castle and even the indications of the citadel on the other side, there are the Lord Warden, and the pier, and Snargate Street. With his facetious title the artist is laughing at his friends. There is really but the lustrous shimmer of our white cliffs. The picture presents a study of a portion of the cold, clayey, coarse sheep pasture on the cliffs near Boulogne, with a populace of long-legged, unhappy-looking sheep—just the animals to supply the questionable mutton served at certain of the hotels facing the quay. But the work is a miracle of labour; every bramble leaf, every blade of grass is cared for, and yet without any loss of breadth. Look at the sea; it is a bright green, but it does not glare, because it is a successful imitation of the real, with its cloud shadows and cat's-paws of the gusty breeze from the land. To describe directly and indirectly this picture a chapter would not be too much; but we pass on.

No. 355. 'A Red-throated Diver,' J. G. Naish. The interest we feel in this picture arises from its being a signal failure. Mr. Naish distinguished himself as a figure painter, insomuch as to call forth spontaneous plaudits even from William Etty; but the days of that description of the beautiful that we seek to extract from the Greek are gone—is there nothing between that and a red-throated diver?

No. 356. 'A Hill-side Path, North Wales,' F. W. Hulme. Full of light both above and below, yet every passage addresses the eye from its proper place. This is, we think, the best work the artist exhibits.

No. 358. 'Elaine tracing Sir Lancelot's History on the Shield,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A. The proposed splendours of Mr. Lauder's pictures do not vulgarly importune the eye. The dress of Elaine is rich, but not new; it looks like her every-day apparel; she is not in the condition of the French Marquis who warned his friends against contact with his sacred person—"Messieurs, faites comme vous voudrez, mais ne me chiffonnez pas." It is a dark picture; even the head of the figure is low in tone. She kneels before the shield with her right hand resting on it; the blazon is of no consequence, we, therefore, see nothing of it. The composition is masterly, and pleases more by what is omitted than what is put in. The only weak passage is, perhaps, the straight line of the back of Elaine's dress opposed by the harp. It shows a wide range of colour when examined, but it has not been painted with a view to carry the artist's name "down to posterity;" its key is too low, and time will tone it much lower. The right hand is too large; that and the right arm come too forward. The head is full of sweetness, but, without danger in anywise to this quality, the features might have been slightly epicised.

No. 362. 'Going to Pasture—Early Morning,' Henry Moore. Another student picture. It is to be hoped that the painter has a constitution of hardware, for he must have been sitting with his easel on the hill-side week after week, wet and dry, waiting for the rosy-fingered Eos, who within half an hour is come and gone. In the locality itself there is nothing, but in the manner of painting it, much. It is but a piece of rugged, intractable upland, with a burn at its base, which is about to be passed by a herd of rough-coated stirks and kyloes. But the picture is a matin-song, and its burthen is of the dawn, with its span of red and purple clouds. The ground is, therefore, very properly kept low and broad, with all its incident. This is comparatively easy; but who that has not painted this fickle sky-effect can appreciate its difficulties? It is a magnificent study, but the lower section of cloud does not retire to its place, a circumstance of easy occurrence in working rapidly and anxiously from such phenomena.

No. 369. 'Caldbeck Mill, Cumberland,' E. A. Pettitt. A small study, firm and unfaltering in execution.

No. 389. 'Poor Nomads,' A. B. Houghton. These are a family of very young children who dance to the shrieking strains of a hurdygurdy played by the father. The painter compassionates them—the heart does not always dance with the "twinkling feet." The ballet attracts, of course, crowds of gazers. This production is of the class called "clever;" it is full of figures, all painted without models—such gatherings from the highways and bye-ways of London as a rapid sketcher might collect and transfer to canvas.

No. 393. 'Teasing,' A. Ludovici. A small picture in the taste of the French school.

No. 396. 'Quiet,' H. S. Marks. Small in size, but large in sentiment and allusion, and the most satisfactory we have ever seen exhibited under this name. The principal figure is, apparently, a country clergyman, presented in profile, reading with his back to the light. If the room and its garniture be supplied from the brain of the painter, it has the merit of being very like a reality. The work submits its claim to be painted larger.

No. 399. 'Scene near Snowdon,' and 'The Old Mill,' James Webb. These are essentially two studio pictures extremely skilful in the arbitrary use of darks and lights, and thus exemplifying results of the study of pictures rather than an acquaintance with nature. It is not too much to say of them that they remind you of the tact of Bright, who is, we believe, still in the flesh, though he has not for many years given sign of life in any London exhibition.

No. 418. 'Sheep,' J. W. Horlor. A ram and two or three ewes, with a dog, in a bit of Highland scenery; but the animals are not by any means so well presented as we have been accustomed to see others by the same hand. The head of the ram is large beyond all proportion.

No. 432. 'Severe Weather,' H. Weekes. Another sheep picture; the pasture is covered with snow, and the animals are grouped beside a block of stone. The wintry aspect is faithfully described.

No. 436. 'A Weedy Brook,' P. Deakin. Great pains has been taken with the immediate site, the pebbly bed of the brook, and its incident grass and weeds. The whole is painted minutely enough, but force and solidity are wanting.

No. 446. 'Lady Godiva,' M. Claxton. The lady is alone, still beneath the portals of her own castle, and about to mount the steed that is to bear her through the streets of Coventry. Her back is turned towards us, and she is nude from the waist upwards. The back is clear in colour, but the feebleness of the markings induce an opinion that it has not been painted from the life; nor has the painter aimed at those qualities which are now coveted in the nude. The waist is too slight.

No. 452. 'Pilot working out of Portsmouth Harbour,' R. Beavis. A small breezy sketch of excellent feeling: the water forms are extremely well made out, but not perhaps sufficiently varied in their quantities. This artist, it seems, paints small landscapes, but marine painting is his *forte*.

No. 469. 'Preparation,' J. G. Middleton. The subject is the equipment of a young volunteer by the hands of his sisters, in the presence of their parents: a truthful illustration of a movement, the intensity of which does not confine it to individual members of families, but carries it into the bosoms of thousands of British homes.

No. 475. 'Lyn Gwynant,' C. Marshall. This is a large, bright daylight composition, calm, sunny, and full of summer atmosphere. The artist has laboured to present an accurate view of the place, independent of any tricks of effect, and he has succeeded.

No. 476. 'A Page of the Fourteenth Century,' R. S. Lauder, R.S.A. Had the head of the page been less objectionable in feature and expression, the picture would have been pleasing; as it is, it is only powerful and interesting. Mr. Lauder, with singular self-possession, subdues everything that interferes with the points of his work; but, contrary to his usual profession of principle, he has left his composition too prominently crowded with sporting implements. The elaborate facility of the picture, the *ars celandi artem*, is worth examination.

No. 507. 'Rest,' Girardot. A weary Italian boy, sleeping on a door-step, is not sufficiently interesting for a life-sized picture. It is dark, with much of the feeling of the modern Italian school.

No. 509. 'Une Dormeuse,' J. Hayllar. A study of the head of a French peasant-girl asleep, painted up to an exaggeration of delicacy contrasting most pointedly with the grim complexions of the society in which the painter is generally found.

No. 510. 'Spring,' Webbe. The title is applied to an oil miniature, with somewhat of an enamel surface. It contains a couple of lambs cropping the herbage by a hedge side.

No. 516. 'Honfleur,' W. Parrott. This may, or may not, be the precise title given to this picture; but that it is Honfleur there can be no doubt: there is the ancient gate tower, "*batie par les Anglais*," as tradition tells you, with a portion of the basin, all sufficiently exact to establish the identity of the place.

No. 570. 'Hawking in the Olden Time,' J. Pasmore. A small sketch crowded with figures; full of mediæval bravery, pithy, and accurate in drawing, good enough to have been painted much larger. The last-mentioned pictures are on the screens, where also there are other works of merit, as—a group of portraits by Bell Smith, a fairy tale by Fitzgerald, and others by Weekes, Newell, Herring, Hickin, Collinson, Soper, &c. The entire number of exhibited works is about six hundred.

No. 574. 'A Negro Minstrel,' Newell. Another French essay, presenting the figure in profile rather as one of those peripatetic *fanatici per la musica* we see continually in the streets, than a veritable child of the cursed Canaan.

ART-CONVERSAZIONE
AT IRONMONGERS' HALL.

On the 9th of May next a Conversazione will be held in the Hall of the Ironmongers' Company, in Fenchurch Street, on which occasion there will be brought together a collection of works of Art and Art-manufacture such as but rarely has been seen within the precincts of the city of London. It is truly delightful to observe the manner in which the Arts now receive that homage which enables them to act with effect as beneficent agencies of the highest order. This Conversazione promises to constitute an era in the Art-history of eastern London; and it augurs well for the grand gathering of next year, that such a prelude to the Second Great Exhibition of England should take place under such auspices, amongst the merchant-princes of the metropolis.

It is intended to render available the entire space that the hall of the Ironmongers' Company comprehends, for the display of the collections that will be formed. These collections—all of them lent for the occasion—will be of the most varied character, and will comprise objects of the greatest interest and of the utmost value. We invite public attention to this most laudable enterprise of a civic Company, and we also suggest that the efforts of the officers of the Company and of their friends should receive the most cordial general support. The proprietors of valuable and interesting works are almost invariably willing to render their collections available for the instruction and delight of others, when they see that circumstances admit of their so doing; and we have no doubt that contributions of this class will find their way to Ironmongers' Hall in abundance and in great variety. But we hope to find at this Conversazione not only Art-treasures from numerous cabinets and collections, but also collections of specimens of the Art-manufactures of our own times. It will be a feature in this Conversazione of the greatest interest, and of no less importance, that it should bring forward and demonstrate the merits of what our artist-manufacturers are producing at the present day. Accordingly, we hope to see the porcelain, the terra-cotta, the statuary porcelain and the parian of Copeland, Minton, Kerr, and others, represented in force. We shall be glad to see the tiles of Minton, Maw, and the Poole Company. Glass also, we trust, will exemplify what now is being accomplished in it. And, above all, iron, and brass, and bronze, and with them the precious metals, ought to find places of honour in the hall; and certainly the productions of Hardman, and Skidmore, and Hart, and many others, are worthy of all honour. Cox's carving machinery, too, ought to demonstrate both its powers and its present able administration. We should like also to see models of steam machinery, and models of shipping, with them; it will not do to neglect either the great prime mover or the service afloat on any occasion of unusual public interest in England. And all these things may most felicitously be grouped together with works of Art, properly so called. Of course photographs and stereographs will muster strongly; and the same may be said of drawings, pictures, and engravings—the latter, indeed, we believe, will be represented by the choicest specimens of more than one first-rate collection. We would suggest that with a collection of fine engravings there should be associated a group, which would exemplify every variety of style of engraving, and also illustrate, in a striking manner, the processes by which the various classes of engravings are produced. We understand it is intended to provide just such brief and graphic descriptions of the collections, as may be expected to enhance their interest, without at all trenching upon the formal character of lectures. This is an admirable feature of the plan; it requires, however, to be judiciously and thoughtfully carried into effect, as we believe it will be.

We shall again advert to this Conversazione when it will have taken its place in the past; meanwhile, we rejoice to know that the hall of a London Company is destined to serve such a purpose as we have described; and we congratulate the master, and the officers and members of the Ironmongers' Company, both on their having formed such a project, and on their having entered upon their preparations with so much zeal, judgment, and resolution. They may rely, we feel assured, with confidence upon the most complete success. They will have abundance of materials at their disposal, nor will they lack visitors who will be able to appreciate their efforts. It is expected that the Prince Consort will be present, and thus the Ironmongers' Conversazione of May the 9th aspires to receive the highest sanction.

THE
CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE.

By slow degrees, and, therefore, it is to be hoped, with a sure progress, the educational department of the Crystal Palace is establishing itself in practical operation. The long interval that elapsed between the completion of the Sydenham Palace and the opening of its "School of Art, Science, and Literature," naturally increases whatever difficulty may attend the present establishment of this school. And then there are persons who are somewhat perplexed in forming a just estimate of such a school, when they hear that it exists under the same roof which yearly gives shelter to the *troupe* of Mr. Nelson Lee. But, whoever may be master of the Crystal Palace "revels," there is no doubt whatever about the Crystal Palace School. It has been carefully and thoughtfully planned, and, with the sole exception of one error that admits of easy remedy, it has been based upon sound principles, and it is administered with judicious discretion.

The solitary error consists in the desire to render the Crystal Palace School *exclusive* instead of *popular*. Popularity is the very essence of all success at the Crystal Palace; and it is, and it will unquestionably prove itself to be, the essential element of the success of the Crystal Palace School. In the instance of this school, popularity is easy to be obtained. It will follow the simple change of making the fee for each student of each class one guinea a quarter, instead (as it is now) of two guineas. The professors are the right men, the arrangements are excellent, the attention that is shown to the students is all that can be desired, and the capabilities of the palace itself for illustrating the studies of its own classes are without a rival. We have suggested the only step that requires to be taken, in order to complete the project. As a matter of course, it will be most desirable, after a while, to form classes on a very extended scale, and even still more popular in their character than those which will constitute the principal components of the school. But, at present, the object is to deal with such numbers of students, as shall not exceed comparatively restricted limits, while, at the same time, they are sufficiently large to comprehend very many families. There can be no doubt or question relative to the advantages that may be derived from this school; all that is necessary is, to induce people freely to avail themselves of them. A small exclusive school at the Crystal Palace is in itself an anomaly; but the Crystal Palace is always able to provide for the requirements of larger numbers, because it can command that equally rare and precious condition of success under such circumstances —*space*.

Like the "Society of Arts," the "Crystal Palace School" does less for Art than it does for anything else. It teaches drawing, and it teaches drawing well; but we ask for more than this. We ask for Art in this school at least as much as it is doing for Science. We ask for popular lectures on Art, and for systematic and diversified teaching on Art-subjects. Why are there not classes for studying architecture, and its associated arts, for example? But, perhaps, we are impatient, and all these things are in contemplation, and they will be developed in due time. Well, if so, we suppose that we must rest contented; and yet, when it is certain that the elements of a grand success are present in this school, we confess that we should rejoice to witness its progress accomplished with greater spirit, and also with far more of promptness and dispatch.

OBITUARY.

FRANCIS DANBY, A.R.A.

THE death of Mr. Danby, which took place on the 10th of February, at his residence near Exmouth, has deprived England of one of her most highly-gifted, most poetical landscape painters,—one whose genius, though of a distinct order from either, may be placed in the same rank with Turner's and Martin's.

The *Art-Journal* for March, 1855, contains, under the head of "British Artists," a somewhat detailed account of his life and works. It is, therefore, unnecessary that we should now go over the same ground again, except in a very abbreviated form; for the death of so eminent an artist must not be passed over with only a few brief lines of notice. An old and very intimate friend of his has placed in our hands a few memoranda of circumstances which were not previously within our knowledge, and of which we here gladly avail ourselves:—

Francis Danby, though his position in life as an artist was entirely self-made, was of a good family in Ireland. His father, Mr. James Danby, resided on a small estate of his own in the Barony of Forth, county Wexford, and married for his first wife Miss Harvey, of Bargy Castle, and for his second (the mother of Francis, who was born November 16, 1793) Miss Watson, of Dublin. Francis Danby was one of twins, his younger brother died in his infancy. In consequence of the Irish disturbances in the year 1798, Mr. Danby removed to Dublin, and dying soon after, Francis, who had shown an early taste for drawing, and studied in the Dublin Society of Arts, determined, with his mother's reluctant consent, to follow the Fine Arts as a profession. When he was about eighteen years of age he called upon O'Connor, the well-known landscape painter, then residing in Dublin, and asked to be shown how to paint in oil. His first effort under O'Connor's tutelage was the key-note to the works of his life, 'A Sunset:' it was exhibited in the Dublin Exhibition in 1812, and greatly to the surprise of the artist himself, he shortly after received a call from Archdeacon Hill, who asked him to put a price upon it, and became its purchaser at fifteen guineas. With the proceeds of this sale he and O'Connor started for London with an introduction to West, the President of the Royal Academy. After seeing all that they could connected with Art, they left to return to Dublin; but at Bristol their funds only sufficing to pay for the passage of one, Danby said he would remain, make a few drawings, and follow him. His success was so great in disposing of them that he remained in Bristol, and was in a very short time earning a considerable income by painting and instructing in water colours, so much so that his friends tried to dissuade him from his determination to commence in oil also. His poetic imagination, however, was always filled with grand ideas for subjects, and paint them he would. One of his earliest was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1824, 'Sunset after a Storm,' engraved in Finden's "Gallery of British Art," a picture that would have made the reputation of any man. It was purchased by Sir Thomas Lawrence, who generously wrote the painter a cheque for double the price he asked, and it remained in Lawrence's gallery until his death.

In 1825 was exhibited his noble picture of 'The Passage of the Israelites through the Red Sea,' now at Stafford House: it was followed by 'Christ walking on the Sea,' in 1826; 'The Embarkation of Cleopatra,' in 1827; in 1828 'A Moonlight Scene, suggested by a line in the 'Merchant of Venice,' and 'The Opening of the Sixth Seal,' which was afterwards exhibited through England: it afterwards became the property of Mr. Beckford, of Fonthill Abbey, and was, with the 'Crossing of the Red Sea,' engraved by G. H. Phillips. In the following year Mr. Danby brought out two more pictures, suggested by the Book of Revelation. After that he became not so frequent a contributor to the exhibitions of the Academy, as he resided from 1830 to 1840 in Paris and Switzerland; but on his return to England he was scarcely ever absent from its walls, each picture possessing the highest poetical character, —never more displayed than in the exhibition of last year, when his two contributions showed his imaginative qualities to be as fresh as in the zenith of his career, and that carelessness, the too frequent accompaniment of advanced age in artists, could not be laid to his charge.

For nearly the last twenty years of his life he resided at Exmouth, in Devonshire, where, as we have said, he died, after a very brief illness. His place as an artist can scarcely be filled, though some portion of the talents of the father are inherited by his sons, James and Thomas, who both seem likely, from the evidences of their present works, to take high places among the painters of their day.

Danby possessed considerable mechanical genius, and many of his inventions are of great merit. He had only this year secured a patent for a new form of ship's anchor, which has been tested and highly approved of. Among the principal pictures from his hand, not previously mentioned, should be named first his sublime work, 'The Deluge;' in this class of work he was a rival of Martin. Mr. Danby always retained the copyright of this work, and we hope we may, ere long, hear that it is in the hands of a good engraver. Many of his finest works are in the possession of Mrs. Gibbons, Regent's Park. Among them are 'The Enchanted Island,' 'Calypso on the Shore, Mourning the Departure of Telemachus,' 'The Ship on Fire,' 'The Embarkation of Cleopatra,' 'Grave of the Excommunicated,' &c., &c. 'The Fisherman's Hut,' and three others, are in the National Collection; 'The Gate of the Harem,' is in the Royal Collection; 'The Evening Gun,' in the possession of Mr. Stephenson; 'The Hymn of the Morning Nymph to the Rising Sun,' was sold to Mr. Eckford, when the late Lord Northwick's Gallery was dispersed; 'The Lake of Zurich,' belongs to W. O. Foster, Esq., of Stourton Castle. Birmingham and its neighbourhood are rich in his works. Mr. J. Gillott has in his gallery two splendid classical landscapes, illustrative of the travels of Ulysses; Mr. J. Bagnall 'The Lake of Wallenstadt;' Mr. T. Pemberton, jun., 'The Haymakers,' 'The Smuggler's Cove,' 'The Birth of Venus,' and 'A Scene in Tempe;' and his last work, only a few weeks from the easel, called 'A Dewy Morning,' is in the possession of Mr. Edwin Bullock.

Mr. Danby was the oldest associate member of the Academy, having been elected in 1825; why, for thirty-five years he was suffered to remain in the lower rank when men who had scarcely even handled a pencil ere he had achieved a good reputation have passed over his head, is a mystery the public could never understand; while his exclusion has called forth deserved censure. We are acquainted with the alleged ground of his rejection, but there are many extenuating circumstances connected with the case, which, if known—and doubtless they were known to those who sat in judgment upon him—ought to have proved sufficient vindication to warrant his admission amoug the privileged forty. The Academy will never get rid of the charge of having, upon evidence not altogether tenable, repudiated one of the greatest painters of the age and country, and a man possessed of many excellent and endearing qualities. The whole question, both with respect to the Academy and the deceased artist, admits of much discussion, though our pages are not the suitable place for it.

MR. JOHN CROSS.

This artist, who died at his residence, 38, Gloucester Road, Regent's Park, on Tuesday, February 26th, won, it will be remembered, in 1847, at the exhibition held in that year at Westminster Hall, the unanimous applause of the profession and the public by his 'Death of Richard Cœur de Lion,' and became suddenly "famous."

John Cross was a native of Tiverton, where his father was foreman in the lace manufactory of Mr. Heathcote, whose entire confidence he enjoyed through his skill and probity. At an early age he evinced great talent for Art, but his father's practical mind led him to discourage his son's desire to qualify himself by a liberal education, as he wished his son to apply himself to mechanics. Fortunately, or, as many will say, unfortunately, for him, his father was removed to France, to superintend one of Mr. Heathcote's manufactories, and there, through the entreaties of his mother, the boy was placed at school, and showed such genius for painting that he was allowed to study under one of the most distinguished artists of the French school, and year after year carried off every medal offered to the students.

When the English government proposed premiums for historical pictures for the embellishment of the Houses of Parliament, Cross entered the lists with the other competitors, and brought to England the work named above; but the anxious labour which he had bestowed on the picture, and the excitement arising from the competition, threw him into a dangerous illness, from which, however, he recovered in time to hear, from the lips of the Prince Consort, that a premium of £300 had been awarded to him, and that his picture was purchased for the nation. Cross rose instantly into fame; his work placed him at once in the foremost rank of his profession. It may, however, be fairly questioned whether his success was really a fortunate event for him, for he devoted himself at once energetically to historical painting—a branch of Art which has never succeeded with us on its own merits. His productions, alas! remained unsold in his studio; Mr. Heathcote and Sir Morton Peto were, we believe, the only patrons who extended to him a helping hand. Those who may have seen his 'Death of Thomas à Beckett,' exhibited in 1853, and 'The Conqueror seizing the Crown of England,' exhibited in 1858, cannot have forgotten these noble works. The incidents connected with the Norman conquest were favourite subjects with the painter: in 1851 he exhibited at the Academy two pictures selected from the history of that period, 'Edward the Confessor leaving his Crown to Harold,' and 'Harold's Oath to William.' These, and a few other historical works, consumed his life's blood, and bitter disappointment did its worst. Still supported, however, by the love of his darling art, he struggled on, under many afflictions, but at length sank—one more victim to historic art.

Cross was a pupil of M. Picot, of whose studio he had the direction at the time of the competition in Westminster Hall. He had a wide circle of friends, who were endeared to him by his many amiable qualities.*

MR. JOHN DALBIAC LUARD.

A notice that appeared last month in the columns of the *Critic* has recalled to recollection the death of a painter, Mr. J. D. Luard, which occurred so far back as August, 1860. We heard of the event shortly after it happened, but only indirectly, and the circumstance had entirely passed from memory till we saw it recorded by our cotemporary, from whose memoir we glean the following facts. Late as we are in our notice, Mr. Luard was an artist justly entitled to find a place in our register of the dead.

He was born in 1830, and was the son of Lieut.-Col. John Luard, of Blyboro' Hall, in the county of Lincolnshire. After passing through the military college of Sandhurst, he obtained a commission in the 82nd Regiment, with which he served five years, gaining the esteem of his brother officers, and especially of the two colonels who held command of the regiment during that period. The love of Art, however, prevailed over that of the military profession, and in the winter of 1853-4 he obtained his father's permission to quit the service and commence the practical study of Art. His first picture, entitled 'A Church Door,' was exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1855: it depicted a little girl entering the chancel of Winterslow Church, with boughs of holly for Christmas decorations. Late in the autumn of that year he joined, as an amateur, his brother Lieut.-Col. Richard Luard, then serving in the Crimea, and passed in camp the worst portion of that severe and ever memorable winter, occupying much of his time in sketching the scenery around, and the events associated with it. In February, 1856, Mr. Luard left Balaklava and returned to England. The first fruits of his campaign in the Crimea was 'The Welcome Arrival,' exhibited at the Academy in 1857; it represented three officers in a Crimean hut opening a hamper just arrived from England. In the following year he sent to the Academy 'Nearing Home,' and 'The Girl I left behind me;' the former of these attracted especial notice. In the "Winter Exhibition" of 1858 was 'The Pic-Nic,' a home scene; the last work that came before the public. In 1859 he commenced a picture

* In another column, under the general head of "Minor Topics," reference is made to a project for obtaining a subscription for Mr. Cross' widow and family, who, by his death, have been left in embarrassed circumstances.

which was to have been called 'The Order to join the Regiment,' but his health failed long before it was finished. In the hope of re-gaining strength, he took a voyage to America and back, by which, for a time, he benefited. But the return to work soon brought with it the recurrence of his unfavourable symptoms. The studio in Langham Chambers, which he had occupied since his arrival from the Crimea, was given up; he retired to the house of a relative at Winterslow, near Salisbury, where he died, after several months of alternating recovery and suffering, at the early age of thirty.

The pictures alluded to have already been subjected to our critical remarks, and we need not speak of them again. It must suffice to say that Mr. Luard was high on the road to artistic fame, in a path that seemed peculiarly his own, and which, had his life been prolonged, would have proved honourable to the Arts of his country no less than to himself.

ERNEST FREDERICK AUGUSTUS RIETSCHEL.

Modern sculpture has lost one of its most distinguished professors in the person of Ernest Rietschel, who died at Dresden, on the 21st of February, of consumption, a disease which for some years past was developing itself in his constitution, and causing great anxiety to his numerous friends and admirers. So far back as March, 1852, the late Mrs. Jameson, writing of him in our pages, said, "Rietschel is still living, but in delicate health, and passed this last winter at Palermo."

We must refer our readers, who desire to learn something of him and his productions, to Mrs. Jameson's biographical sketch. The only great work he has since executed, is the Luther monument, engraved and described in our volume of last year, and which may now be almost looked upon as his own sepulchral memorial, according to the spirit of the sublimely eloquent legend on the tomb of Wren, in the crypt of St. Paul's—"*Si monumentum quæris, circumspice.*" The *Builder* has published the following account of the honours paid to him at his funeral:—"On the Saturday and Sunday morning before his body was taken from the house to the grave, he lay at the feet of his last two grand works, surrounded by a succession of friends, all bringing the usual German mark of respect—a *palm branch* of a peculiar kind, called grave palm, ornamented at the end with a bouquet of flowers, attached by a bow and long ends of white crape. On Saturday evening a requiem was sung in his *atelier*. His *atelier* was hung with black, lights burning round the catafalque; at the end of which, on a white satin cushion, lay the orders that had been conferred upon him in life. His eight pupils watched by turns around his bier. On Sunday, at eleven, the church bells tolled out their solemn tones, and the procession was such as had not honoured any other man there for many a day. A military band, consisting of about eighty men, played alternately Beethoven's, Chopin's, and Mendelssohn's funeral marches. Over the pall which covered the funeral car, decorated with embroidered gold and fringe, were placed the palm branches and other offerings, tastefully arranged; and cushions with wreaths of laurels; then followed his pupils, bearing palm branches; then a representative of the king and royal princes; then the minister, Beust, and other ministers; then the ambassadors, heads of the academies, directors of the theatre, authors, the heads of the press, the principal actors; all the artists in Dresden, headed by Hachnel, the best sculptor left. The procession was terminated by a long row of carriages, from those of the court and ambassadors to those of all the principal families in Dresden. It was a sad sight. A funeral oration was pronounced over him by the ministerial director of the Academy; then, one by one, by his pupils,—short, but full of feeling. The palm branches were laid over him in his grave. Each one present threw in a handful of earth, and all dispersed to their homes."

Rietschel was a man of grave countenance and retiring habits; his art was his world, and, though kind and courteous, he seemed indifferent to much beyond the limits of his studio. Yet he gained the respect of all, and the love of not a few who knew his intrinsic worth. He died at the age of fifty-six.

THE PURSUIT OF PLEASURE.

BY J. N. PATON, R.S.A.

THIS is not a large picture, but it has occupied the mind of the artist nearly ten years—a period too long, it may be said, for a moderately sized work; but when the subject is remembered, the difficulties of its treatment are obvious. In a given historical subject there are the characters, but an allegorical essay opens to the imagination the limitless world of phantasmata; and hence, save in the hands of genius of the highest order, the dramatic too often becomes the pantomimic, the historic falls into the grotesque, and the poetic lapses into caricature. The rarest moral quality of allegory in Art is, that it should read easily and impressively. Mr. Paton's work has this excellence: it does not result from his prolonged study of the subject, but from the force of his conceptions, and the eloquence of the narrative in which these are set forth. The phantom Pleasure is a fair woman, preceded by two children blowing bubbles, and flitting ever just beyond the reach of the eagerly pursuing world; she is crowned with poppies, borne on the wings of a moth, and her face is in shade, because in the pursuit of pleasure the objects are indefinite. She has allured her votaries to the brink of the gulf, for surely "the end of these things is death." A title is unnecessary, so distinctly do we see every passion and every ambition precipitating their victims to that which is

> "Il più basso luogo e'l più oscuro,
> E'l più lontán dal ciel che tutto gira;"

for the pleasure here painted is not mere carnal indulgence, but the self-seeking of every passion of the human heart. Thus, among the foremost of the pursuers of the siren, we see side by side a cardinal, a husbandman, a potentate, and a man of genius; but the heart of the last is broken—he faints and dies. These, in their headlong career, trample underfoot alike the innocent and guilty—the former represented by a girl, the latter by a wanton, who dies clasping to her bosom her child, the living proclamation of her shame. The next are mere sensualists, a reeling bacchanal with a company of nymphs, bearing high the wine-cup and the castanets, and shrieking aloud in their frenzied transports as drawing towards the dark abyss with its fires below. In the third rank comes an impersonation of military glory and conquest, in the shape of a knight, armed cap-à-pie, in a panoply of bright steel; near him are the herald of his victories, and a soldier dragging on a wailing captive. The knight, in his blood-sullied armour, pursues his way over the prostrate and the dead, bearing aloft a standard taken from a conquered foe, and loudly exulting in his prowess. Raised high above these, borne on the shoulders of a fool and a gallant, appears a damsel frantically gesticulating to the coming crowds. Nearer are a youth and damsel, living only in each other's love; and never was there a more fervent expression of a burning, carnal passion. The miser is also there, clutching, and bending over, his money-bags; and we see in imagination the heaving wave of the succeeding crowds that devote their lives to the vanities of the world. On the extreme right of the composition lies the Book of Life, neglected and trampled by the rushing crowd; on the left is the dread hereafter, a dark, turbid lake, with indication of its hidden fires; and above is the minister of death, beneath whose sword fall these worshippers of the prince of this world, as well in the fulness of their ecstatic rapture as in the depth of their dire despair, swept into that gulf whose surface bears not even a piteous wreck of the nations of idolaters who are gone before them. Their path is as yet a fragrant bed of flowers, but at the edge of the lake all the emblems of their power, glory, and gladness, lie withered—more rapidly destroyed than the flowers borne by the Jordan to the bitter waters of the Dead Sea. We know of no modern work calculated to administer to the reflecting mind so salutary a lesson. In Art it is easy to amplify, but difficult to curtail. With the difficulty he has dealt successfully: there is no passage in the picture that does not enforce the proverb of the wisest of kings. The picture goes beyond the poetry of our modern ethics—in every figure is embodied some passage from the Prophets, or the Psalms, or the Epistles.

STUDIES IN THE GALLERIES OF ITALY.*

A VOICE from America, reaching our shores amid the sounds of turbulent secessional discussions, the orations of rival statesmen in high places, the fears and anxieties of a vast commercial community, trembling with solicitude for the result of a disruption which threatens their social existence! But the voice we hear, though coming from such a quarter, has no echo of these things; it speaks of lives that have been, lives passed in comparative solitude, from the chambers of which have gone forth what has enlightened, and gratified, and dignified nations. Amid the contest now at work in America, we find men urging the claims of Art on the consideration of the people: Mr. Jarves is one of them, though he is somewhat sceptical as to the issue, for he remarks, "In the Epic struggle of life going on in America, resolving rough and serious problems of all sorts, in which struggle our population seems to be ever striving to catch up with something that as constantly eludes their grasp, how can one hope to persuade the people to borrow even a few moments from their great match with Time, to give heed to the lessons and enjoyments of Art?" What a manifest power there must be in Art, when thinking men look to it as a medium whereby the energies which constitute a "*working* Epoch" may be directed into a safe and humanizing channel, and the national spirit controlled by its softening and alluring influences. It is thus that the old Greeks became the watchword of the highest point of civilization, and Italy, during the middle ages, rose out of darkness into the light of intellectual glory. The danger of our own time is material progress, the desire of acquiring the loaves and fishes; men labour for the gold that perishes, as if this were the end and aim of being. Better would it be if they expended some of their time and toil in digging for the wealth of wisdom and a true faith; and Art is significant of faith. "Wherever Art has been purest and noblest, religious faith has been most active. Ancient Greece and mediæval Italy bear evidence to this. And not alone Italy, but all Europe of the middle ages. Olympus and Paradise, cathedral and temple, have descended to us in plastic testimony to this truth. And religion was refined and beautiful as it made a handmaid of Art, foul and unlovely as it enslaved it. Finally, Art, by refining the forms of religion, lifts the soul by the ties of beauty to the unseen, whence all goodness descends. Like gold, it blesses him whose heart and hands are clean. Like gold, if wedded to vileness, it taints all that it touches." How much has been said and written upon the province of Art, even in our own day, and how men turn a deaf ear, and refuse to listen, though the voice utters, and the hand pens, "never so wisely."

Though refusing allegiance to all the opinions and doctrines set forth by Mr. Jarves, we admire the spirit of his book, a spirit searching diligently and inquiringly after truth of Art, endeavouring to realize it, and ardently pressing it upon others, and especially on his countrymen, as an element not only of mental enjoyment, but of national greatness. "In Europe," he says, Art "has a recognised position in social and political economy. The governors and governed alike acknowledge it to be an essential principle of civilization. By all classes it is viewed as a necessity of life, on a par in social needs with sewerage, pure water, and gas. Some thinkers even venture the opinion that its culture is as requisite for the healthful growth of the mind as that of wheat for the body; that the heart needs ventilation quite as much as the dormitory. With us, the public voice is dumb. There is no universal demand for Beauty. Yet the divine spark exists in us, and needs but encouragement to grow into a bright and steady light. This will not be, however, until we convince ourselves that Art is not the peculiar province of the few born to genius, or the isolated department of egotistical amateurs, claiming it as a speciality too elevated for the crowd. Art is not an object of distant wonder and curiosity—an impenetrable mystery for a self-elected priesthood. It

* ART-STUDIES: the "Old Masters" of Italy—Painting. By James Jackson Jarves, author of "Art-Hints," "Parisian Sights," &c.. &c. Published by Derby and Jackson, New York; S. Low and Son, London.

craves to be the familiar object of all, free to every one. We are apt to look upon it as an exceptional phase of intellect, a thing merely of statues and pictures, to be coldly and curiously gazed upon. On the contrary, it is a loving, refining, joyful, household friend. There is nothing too humble for it to care for, nor too elevated for it to reach." This is the line upon line, and precept upon precept, which for years we have offered to our readers; its truth requires to be learned by us in the Old world, who are surrounded by all the glories of Art, as by the dwellers in the New world, who have yet to become acquainted with them.

The introductory chapters in these volumes, which usher the reader into the presence of the early Italian painters, embrace a variety of topics that very properly come within the province of the work, and are by the author discussed in an enlightened and catholic spirit: he has evidently not only looked at Art, but studied it with a mind sensible of its importance, and with feelings of earnest sympathy. To those among whom he lives his remarks on taste, Art-teaching, museums, and galleries, Art-criticism, picture collecting, characteristics of Art, and many other correlative matters, will be, or at least ought to be, especially valuable. Of museums and galleries, for example, he says, and with the view of procuring the aid of the government in encouraging them throughout the United States, though we can now scarcely call America by that name:—

"Once founded, and their value demonstrated, the countenance of the State might be hopefully invoked. Their very existence would become an incentive to munificent gifts. Individuals owning fine works of Art would grow ambitious to have their memories associated with patriotic enterprise. Art invokes liberality, and evokes fraternity. The sentiment that there is a common property in the productions of genius, making possession a trust for the public welfare, would increase among those by whose taste and wealth they have been accumulated. Masterpieces would cease to be regarded as the selfish acquisitions of covetous amateurs, and, like spoken truth, become the inalienable birthright of the peoples; finding their way freely and generously through the magnetic influences of public spirit, and pertinent examples to those depositories where they can most efficaciously perform their mission of truth and beauty to the world. Then the people themselves will begin to take pride in their artistic wealth, to honour artists as they now do soldiers and statesmen, and to value the more highly those virtues which are interwoven with all noble effort."

After noticing what has been done in the way of government Art-encouragement in England within the last few years, Mr. Jarves proceeds:—

"Private enterprise and research have correspondingly increased. British agents, with unstinted means, are everywhere ransacking the earth in quest of everything that can add to the value and utility of their national and private collections. A keen regard for all that concerns Art, a desire for its national development, an enlightened standard of criticism, and with it the most eloquent Art-literature of any tongue, have all recently sprung into existence in our mother-land. All honour to those generous spirits that have produced this—and honour to the nation that so wisely expends its wealth. A noble example for America! England also throws open to the competition of the world plans for her public buildings and monuments. Mistakes and defects there have been, as in every human effort; but an honest desire for amendment, and to promote the intellectual growth of the nation, now characterise her pioneers in this cause."

There is an appreciating catholic spirit in the following:—

"No sect, school, or race, has a monopoly of truth or beauty. Providence disperses its gifts widely and lavishly. We cannot, therefore, help seeing, despite the narrowing tendencies of a specific Protestant training,—for all education based upon sectarianism is necessarily restrictive and exclusive,—and notwithstanding the false logic, false pretence, and culpable superstitions of Catholicism, that its sphere of religious thought and faith is at the bottom broader, and consequently embracing more truth, at the same time including all the religious truth of Protestantism without its liberty. This confession will satisfy neither party. But it is necessary to manifest our stand-point of criticism for the task before us. We see much truth hidden among the traditions of the church. Her miracles are not all unreal. As we progress in our understanding of the mysteries of nature, we shall see that the miraculous will disappear before the natural," &c. &c.

The field in which Mr. Jarves has laboured,—that which the old masters (for he stops at Raffaelle) ploughed up and sowed,—limits his remarks in a great degree to sacred Art, with which his mind is thoroughly imbued. The men and their works have full justice rendered them: he traces the stream of Christian Art,—to change the figure,—from the fountain-head till it spreads broad and health-giving in the Umbrian school, which more or less influenced all succeeding schools. The three great epochs of painting were the Theological, the Religious, and the Naturalistic—the last being the parent of Protestant Art; the first two only are discussed in these volumes, which, as a supplement to what Mrs. Jameson and Kügler have written, is a most welcome addition to our Art literature. We only regret our space will not permit us to enlarge our notice.

THE FLORA OF JAVA.

It is difficult for us who live in these northern climates to form any idea of the nature and fulness of the flora of tropical lands; and, indeed, it is impossible for us so to do, unless we are familiar with the forms which vegetation presents in these countries. The mind will be assisted in its endeavour to form a just conception of the flora of the hotter zones, where the burning rays of the great orb of light are lavishly poured upon our earth, by calling to mind the successive alterations which occur in the vegetation of a mountain, as advance is made from its summit to the vale beneath. Should we have ascended to the region of perpetual snow, we mark there the total (or almost total) absence of vegetable life; descending, we first meet with little brown, scale-like bodies, either of a succulent or slimy character, or of a rough and shrivelled appearance called Lichens, which firmly adhere to the surface of the rock, and to the loose stones; these, however, rapidly become intermixed, and then replaced by mosses, and already a few plants, of extremely rapid growth, display their lovely blossoms in these alpine regions, which are the source of inexpressible delight to the traveller, as they contrast with the surrounding desolate scene, in the manner that the oasis contrasts with the desert. Soon the mosses become superseded by the mountain grasses, and these become mixed with more extended plants, as small trees, till ultimately, in the valley, we find the larger forms with which we are familiar, and a more varied vegetation.

Having thus noticed that the vegetable objects assume larger dimensions as we descend, or approach the plain, and that the forms are more varied at the lower level, we may remark that the earth may be said to consist of two great mountains, the bases of which cohere: the summits being the poles, and the bases occurring at the equator.

If, now, we should travel from one pole to the equator, we should pass through a similar variation in the aspect of the vegetation to that which we encountered as we descended the mountain, only a variation carried to a much greater extent. In passing from the North Pole southward, as far as England, the change from the most desolate barrenness to that of the land of the wild rose, honeysuckle, convolvulus, and traveller's joy would be made; and, indeed, this change occurs between the southern limit of the northern circle and our land. Now, if we can picture as great a change taking place in every corresponding distance as we travel southward towards the equator, as we have noticed occurring between the southern limit of the northern circle and our own land, we may, possibly, be enabled to form some faint idea of the richness of the vegetation of the tropical earth.

But, after all, what is imagination? it fills up the gap which the *real* should occupy. We have, however, great pleasure in stating that the imagination may now be assisted in forming its conception of these lands of glory, if not exactly by the real scene, yet by what is almost as good, viz., a most lovely set of stereoscopic photographs of Java.

These, we are bound to say, surpass in interest all photographs we have heretofore seen, and the thanks of every British subject are richly due to Messrs. Negretti and Zambra, for the interest they have taken, in bringing so much of the charming tropical scenery to our own homes, and enabling us to possess a most delightful record of the rare scenes of earth. Here we have Palm thickets and Banana groves, Bamboo shades and tranquil pools, and the "Traveller's tree," an object of surpassing beauty, the form of which is altogether unrepresented in the flora of our northern land.

During the short time we have as yet been able to spend in viewing these exquisite scenes, we have reaped more pleasure than we have done in the observation of any works of the ingenuity of man for many a long day. For tropical detail of the most charming character (and a character of which we can form no conception from the vegetation of these zones), those views entitled "Plantation Grove," "Forest of Cocoa, Palms, Solo," "Bath at Kodor Batoe," "Saw-pit," and the "Bamboo Grove," seem to us to be the most delightful.

PICTURE SALES.

On the 9th of last month Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, sold a collection of English pictures, "the property of a gentleman," as it was announced. There were about 120 "lots," of which the more important works were:—'The Dance,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 101 gs. (Graves); 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' an excellent picture, by J. Phillip, R.A., 245 gs. (Pearce); 'Warrior Poets contending in Song,' the well-known painting by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., 180 gs. (Fores); 'Sir Guyon led by the Palmer to the Bower of Bliss,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 120 gs. (Dobson); 'Bristol, from Meton Hill,' W. Müller, a fine landscape, 195 gs. (Dobson); 'Edinburgh,' D. Roberts, R.A., 250 gs. (Dobson); 'Jerusalem,' D. Roberts, R.A., 380 gs. (Jones); 'King Lear,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 260 gs. (Robson); 'The Deer in the Lake,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 1000 gs. (Robson),—this picture is in the hands of the engraver, for Mr. Graves, and will not be delivered to the purchaser for a considerable time; 'View near Whitchurch,' W. Müller, 118 gs. (Bourne); 'Hampstead Heath,' J. Linnell, 122 gs. (Bourne); 'Corfu,' W. Müller, 119 gs. (Brabazon); 'The Two Horses,' emblematical of Protection and Free Trade, Sir E. Landseer, R.A., 260 gs.,—these are the drawings from which the engravings were made, they were purchased by Mr. Graves; 'Waiting for the Ferry, Upper Egypt,' J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Bourne). With the exception of Landseer's 'Deer in the Lake,' which, we suspect, was bought in, there is nothing in the prices realized at this sale to contradict our statement of last month, that the trade in pictures is assuming a more healthy and legitimate character.

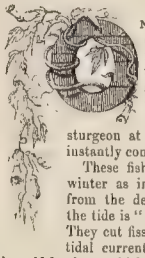
On the 16th of March, another collection, including about two hundred pictures and drawings, a large proportion of which came from Mr. Fairlie, of Liverpool, was sold in the same rooms. The catalogue contained the names of very many of our best known painters both in oils and water-colours. Of the works offered the following demand notice:—'Lucerne,' J. M. W. Turner, engraved, and one of the latest drawings of this painter, 200 gs. (Jones); 'The Last Sleep of Argyll,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 205 gs. (Agnew); 'View of Stamford,' J. M. W. Turner, 180 gs. (Jones); 'The Spanish Letter-writer,' F. W. Topham, 210 gs. (White); 'Destruction of Jerusalem,' L. Haghe, 100 gs. (Allen); 'Fortune-tellers,' W. Hunt, 150 gs. (Fraser); 'Ferngatherers,' F. Tayler, 140 gs. (Fraser): the above are water-colour drawings. Among the oil-paintings were—'The Terrace at Haddon Hall,' T. Creswick, R.A., 132 gs. (Agnew); 'Scene in Brittany—the Itinerant Musician,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 162 gs. (Cunliffe); 'Landscape, with Children playing in an old Tree,' J. Linnell, 100 gs. (Fitzpatrick); 'Ruins of Elgin Cathedral,' D. Roberts, R.A., 150 gs. (Fraser); 'The Derby Day,' the finished sketch for the large picture by W. P. Frith, R.A., 570 gs. (Agnew); the late owner paid Mr. Wallis 750 gs. for this work.

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XV.



N my way to Tomkins's Cove I encountered other groups of people, who appeared in positive contrast with the merry skaters on Peek's Kill Bay. They were sober, thoughtful, winter fishermen, thickly scattered over the surface, and drawing their long nets from narrow fissures which they had cut in the ice. The tide was "serving," and many a striped bass, and white perch, and infant sturgeon at times, were drawn out of their warmer element to be instantly congealed in the keen wintry air.

These fishermen often find their calling almost as profitable in winter as in April and May, when they draw "schools" of shad from the deep. They generally have a "catch" twice a day when the tide is "slack," their nets being filled when it is ebbing or flowing. They cut fissures in the ice, at right angles with the direction of the tidal currents, eight or ten yards in length, and about two feet in width, into which they drop their nets, sink them with weights, and stretching them to their utmost length, suspend them by sticks that lie across the fissure. Baskets, boxes on hand-sledges, and sometimes sledges drawn by a horse, are used in carrying the "catch" to land. Lower down the river, in the vicinity of the Palisades, when the strength of the ice will allow this kind of fishing, bass weighing from thirty to forty pounds each are frequently caught. These winter fisheries extend from the Donder Berg to Piermont, a distance of about twenty-five miles.

I went on shore at the ruins of an old lime-kiln at the upper edge of Tomkins's Cove, and sketched the fishermen in the distance toward Peek's Kill. It



WINTER FISHING.

was a tedious task, and, with benumbed fingers, I hastened to the office and store of the Tomkins Lime Company to seek warmth and information. With Mr. Searing, one of the proprietors, I visited the kilns. They are the most extensive works of the kind on the Hudson. They are at the foot of an immense cliff of limestone, nearly 200 feet in height, immediately behind the kilns, and extend more than half a mile along the river.* The kilns are numerous, and in their management, and the quarrying of the limestone, about 100 men are continually employed. I saw them on the brow of the wooded cliff, loosening huge masses and sending them below, while others were engaged in blasting, and others again in wheeling the lime from the vents of the kilns to heaps in front, where it is slaked before being placed in vessels for transportation to market. This is a necessary precaution against spontaneous combustion. Many vessels are employed in carrying away lime, limestone, and "gravel" (pulverized limestone, not fit for the kiln) from Tomkins's Cove, for whose accommodation several small wharves have been constructed.

One million bushels of lime are produced at the kilns each year. From the quarries, thousands of tons of the stone are sent annually to kilns in New Jersey. From 20,000 to 25,000 tons of the "gravel" are used each year in the construction of macadamised roads. The quarry has been worked almost twenty-five years. From small beginnings the establishment has grown to a very extensive one. The dwelling of the chief proprietor is upon the hill above the kiln, at the upper side of the cove; and near the water the houses of the workmen form a pleasant little village. The country behind, for many miles, is very wild, and almost uncultivated.

I followed a narrow road along the bank of the river, to the extreme southern verge of the limestone cliff, near Stony Point, and there sketched that famous, bold, rocky peninsula from the best spot where a view of its entire length may be obtained. The whole Point is a mass of granite rock, with patches of evergreen trees and shrubs, excepting on its northern side (at which we are looking



FISHERMEN, FROM THE OLD LIME-KILNS.

in the sketch), where may be seen a black cliff of magnetic iron ore. It is too limited in quantity to tempt labour or capital to quarry it, and the granite is too much broken to be very desirable for building purposes. So that peninsula, clustered with historic associations, will ever remain almost unchanged in form and feature. A lighthouse, a keeper's lodge, and a fog-bell, occupy its summit. These stand upon and within the mounds that mark the site of the old fort which was built there at the beginning of the war for independence.

Stony Point was the theatre of stirring events in the summer of 1779. The fort there, and Fort Fayette on Verplanck's Point, on the opposite side of the



TOMKINS'S LIME-KILNS AND QUARRY.

river, were captured from the Americans by Sir Henry Clinton, on the 1st of June of that year. Clinton commanded the troops in person. These were conveyed by a small squadron under the command of Admiral Collier. The garrison at Stony Point was very small, and retired towards West Point on the approach of the British. The fort changed masters without bloodshed. The victors pointed the guns of the captured fortress, and cannon and bombs brought by themselves, upon Fort Fayette the next morning. General Vaughan assailed it in the rear, and the little garrison soon surrendered themselves prisoners of war.

These fortresses, commanding the lower entrance to the Highlands, were very important. General Anthony Wayne, known as "Mad Anthony," on

* This deposit of limestone occupies a superficial area of nearly 600 acres, extending in the rear of Stony and Grassy Points, where it disappears beneath the red sandstone formation. It is traversed by white veins of carbonate of lime. In 1837 Mr. Tomkins purchased 20 acres of land covering this limestone bed for 100 dollars an acre, then considered a very extravagant price. The stratum where they are now quarrying is at least 500 feet in thickness. It is estimated that an acre of this limestone, worked down to the water level, will yield 600,000 barrels of lime, upon which a mean profit of 25 cents a barrel is the minimum. Some of this limestone is black and variegated, and makes pleasing ornamental marbles. Most of it is blue.

account of his impetuosity and daring in the service, was then in command of the Americans in the neighbourhood. Burning with a desire to retake the forts, he applied to Washington for permission to make the attempt. It would be perilous in the extreme. The position of the fort was almost impregnable. Situated upon a high rocky peninsula, an island at high water, and always inaccessible dry-shod, except across a narrow causeway, it was strongly defended by outworks and a double row of *abattis*. Upon three sides of the rock were the waters of the Hudson, and on the fourth was a morass, deep and dangerous. The cautious Washington considered; when the impetuous Wayne, scorning all obstacles, said, "General, I'll storm hell if you will only plan it!" Permission to attack Stony Point was given, preparations



STONY POINT.

were secretly made, and at near midnight, on the 15th of July, Wayne led a strong force of determined men towards the fortress. They were divided into two columns, each led by a forlorn hope of twenty picked men. They advanced undiscovered until within pistol-shot of the picket guard on the heights. The garrison were suddenly aroused from sleep, and the deep silence of the night was broken by the roll of the drum, the loud cry "To arms! to arms!" the rattle of musketry from the ramparts and behind the *abattis*, and the roar of cannon charged with deadly grape-shot. In the face of this terrible storm the Americans made their way, by force of bayonet, to the centre of the works. Wayne was struck upon the head by a musket ball that brought him upon his knees. "March on!" he cried. "Carry me into the



STONY POINT LIGHTHOUSE AND FOG BELL.

fort, for I will die at the head of my column!" The wound was not very severe, and in an hour he had sufficiently recovered to write the following note to Washington:—

"*Stony Point, 16th July*, 1779, 2 *o'clock*, A.M.

"DEAR GENERAL,—The fort and garrison, with Colonel Johnston, are ours. Our officers and men behaved like men who are determined to be free.

"Yours most respectfully,

"ANTHONY WAYNE."

At dawn the next morning the cannon of the captured fort were again turned upon Fort Fayette on Verplanck's Point, then occupied by the British under Colonel Webster. A desultory cannonading was kept up during the day. Sir Henry Clinton sent relief to Webster, and the Americans ceased further attempts to recapture the fortress. They could not even retain Stony Point, their numbers were so few. Washington ordered them to remove the ordnance and stores, and destroy and abandon the works. A large portion of the heavy ordnance was placed upon a galley to be conveyed to West Point. It was sunk by a shot from the *Vulture*, off Donder Berg Point, and one of the cannon, as we have observed, raised a few years ago by accident, was supposed to have been brought up from the wreck of the ship of the famous Captain Kidd. The Congress testified their gratitude to Wayne for his services by a vote of thanks for his "brave, prudent, and soldierly conduct," and also ordered a gold medal, emblematic of the event, to be struck and presented to him. Copies of this medal, in silver, were given to two of the subordinate officers engaged in the enterprise.

I climbed to the summit of Stony Point along a steep, narrow, winding road from a deserted wharf, the snow almost knee-deep in some places. The view was a most interesting one. As connected with the history and traditions of the country, every spot upon which the eye rested was classic ground, and the waters awakened memories of many legends. Truthful chronicles and weird stories in abundance are associated with the scenes around. Arnold's treason and André's capture and death, the "storm ship" and the "bulbous-bottomed Dutch goblin that keeps the Donder Berg," already mentioned, and a score of histories and tales pressed upon the attention and claimed a passing thought. But the keen wintry wind sweeping over the Point kept the mind prosaic. There was no *poetry* in the attempts to sketch two or three of the most prominent scenes; and I resolved, when that task was accomplished, to abandon the amusement until the warm sun of spring should release the waters from their Boreal chains, clothe the earth in verdure, and invite the birds from the balmy south to build their nests in the branches where the snow-heaps then lay.

From the lighthouse is a comprehensive view of Verplanck's Point opposite, whereon no vestige of Fort Fayette now remains. A little village, pleasant



VERPLANCK'S POINT, FROM STONY POINT LIGHTHOUSE.

pastures and tilled fields in summer, and brick manufactories the year round, now occupy the places of former structures of war, around which the soil still yields an occasional ball, and bomb, and musket shot. The Indians called this place *Me-a-nagh*. They sold it to Stephen Van Cortlandt, in the year 1683, with land east of it called *Ap-pa-magh-pogh*. The purchase was confirmed by patent from the English government. On this point Colonel Livingston held command at the time of Arnold's treason, in 1780; and here were the headquarters of Washington for some time in 1782. It was off this point that Henry Hudson first anchored the *Half-Moon* after leaving Yonkers. The Highland Indians flocked to the vessel in great numbers. One of them was killed in an affray, and this circumstance planted the seed of hatred of the white man in the bosom of the Indians.

From the southern slope of Stony Point, where the rocks lay in wild confusion, a fine view of Grassy Point, Brewster's Cove, Haverstraw Bay, the Torn Mountain, and the surrounding country may be obtained. The little village of Grassy Point, where brick-making is the staple industrial pursuit, appeared like a dark tongue thrust out from the surrounding whiteness. Haverstraw Bay, which swarms in summer with water-craft of every kind, lay on the left, in glittering solitude beneath the wintry clouds that gathered while I was there, and cast down a thick, fierce, blinding snow-shower, quite unlike that described by Bryant, when he sung—

"Here delicate snow-stars out of the cloud,
Come floating downward in airy play,
Like spangles dropped from the glistening crowd
That whiten by night the milky way;
There broader and burlier masses fall;
The sullen water buries them all:
Flake after flake,
All drowned in the dark and silent lake."

The snow-shower soon passed by. The spires of Haverstraw appeared in the distance, at the foot of the mountain, and on the right was Treason Hill, with

the famous mansion of Joshua Hett Smith, who was involved in the odium of Arnold's attempt to betray his country.

Here I will recall the memories of a visit there at the close of a pleasant summer day, several years ago. I had lingered upon Stony Point, until near sunset, listening to the stories of an old waterman, then eighty-five years of age, who assisted in building the fort, and then I started on foot for Haverstraw. I stopped frequently to view the beautiful prospect of river and country on the east, while the outlines of the distant shores were imperceptibly fading as the twilight came on. At dusk I passed an acre of ground, lying by the



GRASSY POINT.

road-side, which was given some years before as a burial-place for the neighbourhood. It was already populous. The lines of Longfellow were suggested and pondered. He says,—

"I like that ancient Saxon phrase which calls
The burial-ground *God's Acre!* It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

"*God's Acre!* Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those who in the grave have sown
The seed that they had garner'd in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own."

Night had fallen when I reached Treason Hill, so I passed on to the village near. Early on the following morning, before the dew had left the grass, I sketched Smith's House, where Arnold and André completed those negotiations concerning the delivery, by the former, of West Point and its defenders into the hands of the British, for a mercenary consideration, which led to the death of one, and the eternal infamy of the other.

The story of Arnold's treason may be briefly told. We have had occasion to allude to it several times already.

Arnold was a brave soldier, but a bad man. He was wicked in boyhood, and in early manhood his conduct was marked by traits that promised ultimate disgrace. Impulsive, vindictive, and unscrupulous, he was personally unpopular, and was seldom without a quarrel with some of his companions in arms. This led to continual irritations, and his ambitious aims were often thwarted. He fought nobly for freedom during the earlier years of the war, but at last his passions gained the mastery over his judgment and conscience.

Arnold twice received honourable wounds during the war—one at Quebec, the other almost two years later at Saratoga;* both were in the leg. The one last received, while gallantly fighting the troops of Burgoyne, was not yet healed when, in the spring of 1778, the British army, under Sir Henry Clinton, evacuated Philadelphia, and the Americans, under Washington, came from their huts at Valley Forge to take their places. Arnold, not being able to do active duty in the field, was appointed military governor of Philadelphia. Fond of display, he there entered upon a course of extravagant living that was instrumental in his ruin. He made his head-quarters at the fine old mansion built by William Penn, kept a coach and four, gave splendid dinner parties, and charmed the gayer portions of Philadelphia society with his princely display. His station and the splendour of his equipage captivated the daughter of Edward Shippen, a leading loyalist, and afterwards chief justice of Pennsylvania; she was then only eighteen years of age. Her beauty and accomplishments won the heart of the widower of forty. They were married. Staunch whigs shook their heads in doubt concerning the alliance of an American general with a leading tory family.

Arnold's extravagance soon brought numerous creditors to his door. Rather than retrench his expenses he procured money by a system of fraud and prostitution of his official power: the city being under martial law his will was supreme. The people became incensed, and official inquiries into his conduct were instituted, first by the local state council, and then by the Continental Congress. The latter body referred the whole matter to Washington. The accused was tried by court-martial, and he was found guilty of two of four charges. The court passed the mildest sentence possible—a mere reprimand by the commander-in-chief. This duty Washington performed in the most delicate manner. "Our profession," he said, "is the chastest of all; even the shadow of a fault tarnishes the lustre of our finest achievements. The least inadvertence may rob us of the public favour, so hard to be acquired. I reprimand you for having forgotten that, in proportion as you had rendered yourself formidable to our enemies, you should have been guarded and temperate in your deportment towards your fellow citizens. Exhibit anew those noble qualities which have placed you on the list of our most valued commanders. I will myself furnish you, as far as it may be in my power, with opportunities of regaining the esteem of your country."

What punishment could have been lighter! yet Arnold was greatly irritated. A year had elapsed since his accusation, and he expected a full acquittal. But for nine months the rank weeds of treason had been growing luxuriantly in his heart. He saw no way to extricate himself from debt, and retain his position in the army. For nine months he had been in secret correspondence with British officers in New York. His pride was now wounded, his vindictive spirit was aroused, and he resolved to sell his country for gold and military rank. He opened a correspondence in a disguised hand, and in commercial phrase, with Major John André, the young and highly accomplished adjutant-general of the British army.

How far Mrs. Arnold (who had been quite intimate with Major André in Philadelphia, and had kept up an epistolary correspondence with him after the British army had left that city) was implicated in these treasonable communications we shall never know. Justice compels us to say that there is no evidence of her having had any knowledge of the transaction until the explosion of the plot at Beverly already mentioned.

Arnold's deportment now suddenly changed. For a long time he had been sullen and indifferent; now his patriotism glowed with all the apparent ardour of his earlier career. Hitherto he had pleaded the bad state of his wounds as an excuse for inaction; now they healed rapidly. He appeared anxious to join his old companions in arms; and to General Schuyler, and other influential men, then in the Congress, he expressed an ardent desire to be in the camp or in the field. They believed him to be sincere, and rejoiced. They wrote cheering letters to Washington on the subject; and, pursuant to Arnold's intimation, they suggested the propriety of appointing him to the command of West Point, the most important post in the country. Arnold visited Washington's camp at the same time, and, in a modest way, expressed a desire to have a command like that of West Point, as his wounds would not permit him to perform very active service on horseback.

This change surprised Washington, yet he was unsuspicious of wrong. He gave Arnold the command of "West Point and its dependencies," and furnished him with written instructions on the 3rd of August, 1780. Then it was that



SMITH'S HOUSE, ON TREASON HILL.

Arnold made his head-quarters at Beverly, and worked vigorously for the consummation of his treasonable designs. There he was joined by his wife and infant son. He at once communicated, in his disguised writing and commercial phraseology, under the signature of *Gustavus*, his plan to Sir Henry Clinton, through Major André, whom he addressed as "John Anderson." That plan we have already alluded to. Sir Henry was delighted with it, and eagerly sought to carry it out. He was not yet fully aware of the real character behind "Gustavus," although for several months he had suspected it to be General Arnold. Unwilling to proceed further upon uncertainties, he proposed sending an officer to some point near the American lines, who should have a personal interview with his correspondent. "Gustavus" consented, stipulating, however, that the messenger from Clinton should be Major André, his adjutant-general.

* Soon after Arnold joined the British Army he was sent with a considerable force upon a marauding expedition up the James River, in Virginia. In an action not far from Richmond, the capital, some Americans were made prisoners. He asked one of them what his countrymen would do with him (Arnold) if they should catch him. The prisoner instantly replied, "Bury the leg that was wounded at Quebec and Saratoga with military honours, and hang the remainder of you."

Arnold and André agreed to meet at Dobbs's Ferry, twenty-two miles above New York, upon what was then known as neutral ground. The British water-guard prevented the approach of Arnold. Sir Henry, anxious to complete the arrangement, and to execute the plan, sent the *Vulture* sloop of war up the river as far as Tarry Town, with Colonel Robinson, the owner of Beverly, who managed to communicate with Arnold. A meeting of Arnold and André was arranged. On the morning of the 20th of August, the latter officer left New York, proceeded by land to Dobbs's Ferry, and from thence to the *Vulture*, where it was expected the traitor would meet him that night. The wily general avoided the great danger. He repaired to the house of Joshua Hett Smith, a brother to the tory chief justice of New York, and employed him to go to the *Vulture* at night, and bring a gentleman to the western shore of the Hudson. There was delay, and Smith did not make the voyage until the night of the 21st, after the moon had gone behind the high hills in the west. With muffled oars he paddled noiselessly out of Haverstraw Creek, and, at little past midnight, reached the *Vulture*. It was a serene night, not a ripple was upon the bosom of the river. Not a word was spoken. The boat came alongside, with a concerted signal, and received Sir Henry's representative. André was dressed in his scarlet uniform, but all was concealed by a long blue surtout, buttoned to the chin. He was conveyed to an estuary at the foot of Long Clove Mountain, a little below the Village of Haverstraw. Smith led the officer to a thicket near the shore, and then, in a low whisper, introduced "John Anderson" to "Gustavus," who acknowledged himself to be Major-General Arnold, of the continental army. There, in the deep shadows of night, concealed from human cognizance, with no witnesses but the stars above them, they discussed the dark plans of treason, and plotted the utter ruin of the republican cause. The faint harbingers of day began to appear in the east, and yet the conference was earnest and unfinished. Smith came and urged the necessity of haste to prevent discovery. Much was yet to be done. Arnold had expected a protracted interview, and had brought two horses with him. While the morning twilight was yet dim, they mounted and started for Smith's house. They had not proceeded far when the voice of a sentinel challenged them, and André found himself entering the American lines. He paused, for within them he would be a spy. Arnold assured him by promises of safety; and before sunrise they were at Smith's house, on what has since been known as Treason Hill. At that moment the sound of a cannon came booming over Haverstraw Bay from the eastern shore; and within twenty minutes the *Vulture* was seen dropping down the river, to avoid the shots of an American gun on Teller's Point. To the amazement of André, she disappeared. Deep inquietude stirred his spirit. He was within the American lines, without flag or pass. If detected, he would be called a *spy*—a name which he despised as much as that of *traitor*.

At noon the whole plan was arranged. Arnold placed in André's possession several papers—fatal papers!—explanatory of the condition of West Point and its dependencies. Zealous for the interests of his king and country, André, contrary to the explicit orders of Sir Henry Clinton, received them. He placed them in his stockings, under his feet, at the suggestion of Arnold, received a pass from the traitor in the event of his being compelled to return to New York by land, and waited with great impatience for the approaching night, when he should be taken in a boat to the *Vulture*. The remainder of the sad narrative will be repeated presently at a more appropriate point in our journey towards the sea.

Returning from this historical digression, I will recur to the narrative of the events of a winter's day on the Hudson, only to say, that after sketching the Lighthouse and Fog-bell structure upon Stony Point, I hastened to the river, resumed my skates, and at twilight arrived at Peek's Kill, in time to take the railway-car for home. I had experienced a tedious but interesting day. The remembrance of it is far more delightful than its endurance.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—A meeting of the Committee of the "Shilling Art-Union of Dublin" was lately held in the rooms of the Royal Dublin Society, when several matters of business were discussed. The secretary stated that at present the Art-Union has established agencies in one hundred and twenty-five towns in Ireland, in several of which there are three and four agents. In Dublin, including honorary and commission agents, nearly ninety were engaged in the distribution of tickets. A long letter from Mr. Michael Angelo Hayes has appeared in one of the Dublin papers, with reference to some previous correspondence by other writers which has been published, and more especially to a letter from a Mr. Law, who, we presume, is interested in the success of the Art-Union of Great Britain, and has ventured to impugn the management of the Dublin Art-Union, which Mr. Hayes vindicates. The discussion interests only those immediately concerned, so that our readers generally will not thank us for occupying our columns with it.

SHEFFIELD.—The annual Conversazione in connection with the School of Art took place, in the rooms of the institution, in the month of February. The exhibition of works of Art was such as few provincial towns could gather together; but then Sheffield was assisted by Birmingham and other wealthy localities; Mr. Gillott, of the former place, contributing liberally from his fine collection, so also did Messrs. Agnew and Sons, of Manchester, and the Department of Science and Art, at Kensington, sent several fine drawings. Hence the rooms were hung with works by Turner, Etty, Maclise, Stanfield, Collins, Frith, Landseer, Müller, Linnell, Phillip, Webster, F. Goodall, Clark, Achenbach, Gude, J. B. Burgess, Brookes—we take the names as we received them, without regard to country or order of merit—Salvator Rosa, Morales il Divino, Koekkoek, R. Wilson, Miss Mutrie, Topham, Branwhite, Jenkins, John Gilbert, Dodgson, Haghe, F. Tayler, Newbold, Cattermole, T. S. Cooper, W. Hunt, Wilkie, Stothard, Mulready, Redgrave, Townsend, and others. The local artists represented were—Hawksworth, C. Thompson, R. Turner, W. Nicholson, G. Wright, A. Wilson, and E. Turner, with others. In the great room were large glass cases, containing a rare and costly assortment of carved and inlaid wood, majolica ware, porcelain, iron, and silver work, and jewellery, contributed by the Department of Science and Art, and forming a collection of much interest, whether considered as connected with the art or manufacture of the town. The meeting was altogether of a most gratifying character, and must have been especially so to Mr. Young Mitchell, the head-master of the school.

The monument to the memory of the late James Montgomery, which includes a statue of the poet, will shortly be placed over his remains. It will, probably, be completed by the 30th of April, the seventh anniversary of his death. Mr. John Bell is the sculptor to whom the work is confided.

LIVERPOOL.—Our readers are aware that in Liverpool there are *two* Art societies, which have their annual exhibitions; the natural consequence is that neither of them prosper: arrangements are, however, in progress for their amalgamation, a consummation "devoutly to be wished," for the result would be a first-class exhibition, and the augmented honour and prosperity of artists and Art. But difficulties have arisen, and may not be easily removed. Of the two societies one is managed by amateure, the other by artists exclusively. The attempts at a junction are therefore met by the question, who is to superintend the exhibition and hang the pictures? The artists desire, if we understand rightly, to have it all to themselves; the amateurs advocate "a mixed commission;" and that unquestionably is the rational view, but the names of all who act upon it should be known. The duty is onerous, but the responsibility should be incurred. We trust we may be, ere long, in a position to report the arrangement as having been made.

The annual general meeting of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts was held last month, to receive the report, which was read by J. Boult, Esq., the honorary secretary; it referred principally to the project for amalgamating this institution with the Liverpool Academy, as noticed in the preceding paragraph; to which project the council of the Fine Arts Society are favourably disposed, "provided the responsibility of the managing body be secured. . . . . Should the negotiations, however, be unsuccessful, the council have much pleasure in reporting that they frequently receive strong expressions of approval from eminent artists; and that for the next exhibition several contributions of great value are already promised." The sale of pictures during the last season realized £4,000. The chairman, A. Baruchson, Esq., in moving the adoption of the report, remarked that Liverpool, which, from its patronage of Art, was acquiring the name of "Venice of Old,"—should it not rather be "Venice the New?"—ought, from its position and importance, to have an Art-institution unsurpassed by any other similar institution in Europe. The society had been charged with introducing too many foreign pictures into its exhibitions; but it was surprising that in England, and particularly in Liverpool, where such great progress had been made in free trade, whether of raw material or manufactured goods—and to many such articles of industry Art had contributed much—that works of Art themselves should be comparatively excluded by not being admitted free.

BIRMINGHAM.—At the last annual examination of the pupils of the School of Art, on the 9th of February, twenty-seven students obtained medals, and the drawings of ten students were forwarded to Kensington for national competition. At the annual meeting, held on February 22nd, to receive the report, Sir Francis Scott delivered an able address, in which he reviewed the present position of the school, and its future prospects, and drew some comparison between this and other similar provincial institutions, and between these and the French schools, by no means favourable to our own. The remarks of the speaker were replete with sound practical advice, calculated to be of essential service both to the master-manufacturers and to those who were being educated for their employ.

HANLEY.—On the evening when the preceding meeting took place, a similar gathering was held in the Town Hall, Hanley, to receive the annual report of the School of Art; the Mayor, Mr. J. Dimmock, presided. The financial condition of the school appears, by the report, to be as follows:—During the year the subscriptions and donations amounted to £130 0*s*. 6*d*.; students' fees were £125 14*s*.; the exhibition of prize drawings realized 16*s*. 4*d*.; and the miscellaneous receipts reached £30 14*s*. 10*d*.; making a total of £287 5*s*. 8*d*. The expenditure was £319 15*s*. 5*d*.; leaving a deficit of £32 9*s*. 9*d*. The report further states that "the attendance of pupils in the various classes continued firm, and the total number shows an increase on the previous year. The works sent to London for the national competition held in May last, proved highly creditable to the school, and as successful as the former competition, Queen's prizes having been awarded to seven out of thirteen. The high position the school has attained is clearly proved by the circumstance that for three years in succession the maximum amount of prizes has been reached, as no one school can under any circumstances attain in national competition prizes of higher value than £50." The report of the head-master, Mr. Hodder, speaks of the favourable progress of the school, and of the good feeling which exists between him and his pupils.

NEWCASTLE-UNDER-LYME.—The friends and pupils of the School of Art in this town assembled at the lecture-room of the Literary and Scientific Institution, for their usual annual meeting, on the 4th of March; Mr. W. Jackson, M.P., occupying the chair. During the past year, it was stated, in the report, read by Mr. J. Jennings, the honorary secretary, that the number of students had been 430, being an increase of 18 over the preceding year. The government inspector, Mr. E. Crowe, visited the school in February, and awarded eleven medals to the twenty-two drawings submitted to him; six drawings were sent to London for the national competition. Several gifts to the school were acknowledged; among them a 'Fruit-piece,' by W. Hunt, presented by Mr. Ruskin; and impressions from the celebrated Polish gems, the gift of one of the vice-presidents, Mr. W. Dutton.

BRIGHTON.—A public vestry meeting, called by the parochial authorities, was held on the 11th of March, at the Town Hall, to consider a proposition made by the Town Council "to convert certain apartments in the Pavilion into galleries suitable for the exhibition of pictures, or for similar purposes, according to a report of the Pavilion Committee;" the cost of the alterations is estimated at £500. After considerable discussion—if that can be called discussion which all, or nearly so, tended one way—the proposition received unanimous consent.

PLYMOUTH.—That ardent admirer of Reynolds, Mr. William Cotton, of Ivybridge, who seems to make it the chief business of his life to honour the memory of the great painter, has somewhat recently originated a movement to procure a marble bust of Sir Joshua for the Cottonian Library. Mr. Behnes is engaged on the work, which, we hear, is considerably advanced. In the list of subscribers are the names of the Duke of Bedford, the Marquis of Lansdowne, the Earls of Fortescue and Morley, Viscount Valletort, Lord Churston, Sir M. Seymour, M.P., Mr. Kikewich, M.P., Sir F. Rogers, Bart., Sir C. L. Eastlake, Mr. Ruskin, Major Jones, of Torquay, and Mr. Lenox, of New York.



THE SKIPPING-ROPE.

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

It seems only reasonable to presume that, in sculpture, it is far more difficult to represent a figure in action than in repose; movement brings every limb, more or less, into play, it develops the muscles, it varies the ordinary condition under which the human form is seen when at rest, and thus, while taxing the utmost skill of the sculptor, it at the same time offers greater scope for his—or *her*—genius, and a wider field for the exhibition of anatomical knowledge. Compare, for example, the group of the 'Laocoon,' and the 'Venus des Medicis:' the examination will at once show the extremes of action and repose, and the qualities of mind necessary to produce each respective work—the one full of exquisite grace, loveliness, and delicate symmetrical proportion; the other, terrible in its agony, yet sublime in the grandeur with which the suffering is expressed. We are charmed by the beauty of the one, we are awe-struck by the intensity of pain manifested in the other. Whatever influence each may exercise over the mind, so as to render it subordinate, in our feelings, to the other, no argument is necessary to prove that the 'Laocoon' is a work presenting greater difficulties surmounted than the 'Venus.'

Mrs. Thornycroft, in the 'Skipping-Rope,' has not hesitated to lay claim to the higher of the two artistic positions pointed out, and is entitled to have her work pronounced a success, so far that it realizes the idea intended to be conveyed. The attitude is graceful, the general expression buoyant and joyous, the limbs soft and round, yet firm and well-set: it is an excellent representation of a young girl full of life and energy, placed, by the healthy amusement she is occupied with, in a *pose* favourable to the development of a form of considerable natural elegance, and the display of lines which the sculptor has arranged most agreeably, and with a judicious *balancing* of the projecting leg and arm.

THE FRENCH GALLERY.

This exhibition was opened to the public on the 18th of March, with a collection of works not so numerous as heretofore, but equally interesting. By the courtesy of Mr. Gambart, permission was granted to see some of the contributions before they were hung, and the brief notice we give of them has been put together without the aid of a catalogue. The proportion of large pictures is inconsiderable, the exhibition consisting, in a great measure, of those small figure compositions in the production of which the French school excels all others. We do not find in these characteristic works a self-inflicted complication of difficulties, such as a desperate striving after strange and unknown textures or microscopic surfaces, but the kind of study by which they are realized is based on a close imitation of the proposed subject. There are, by Rosa Bonheur, three subjects—'Scotch Cattle,' 'Shetland Ponies,' and 'The Three Brothers' (three donkies)—all small pictures, and among the very best of this lady's minor compositions. By Meissonier, a work called 'In Confidence' shows everywhere the studious care that distinguishes M. Meissonier's pictures from all others of their class. By Edouard Frère there are several; two especially are larger than those of past years,—a 'Village School,' with numerous figures, and a kind of Retreat for the Poor, an assemblage of poor people served by a Sœur de Charité. In both of these pictures, colour has been studiously spared, but the characters are masterly. They have been conceived in the spirit of those of the Dutch painters who place effect and character before colour. 'Le Médécin de Campagne,' by Eugène Le Poittevin, is in everything a departure from that style by which he is commonly recognised. It is a small picture of a man on horseback, riding over the snow to some outlying patient. The horse is lean, and the doctor is lean, both evidently hacks. The day is bitterly cold; he is riding without a great coat, and carries in his pocket his entire *batterie de boutique*. By Ten Kate, a composition of figures in the costume of the seventeenth century; Achenbach, a large picture of a 'Mill and a Waterfall,' shaded by trees, the feeling of which suggests that the artist has been looking at Ruysdael, though the foliage is fresher than that of the great painter of waterfalls; Madou, 'An Interior' full of figures, one of whom is apparently expounding the Scripture to the others: it is painted for character and effect, colour plays an insignificant part in it. By Lambinet there are three works—'Le Chemin de Halage' (the towing path) looks like a passage of the Seine above Paris, and two other landscapes. Knaus, a curious group of gossips; more ragged and ruffianly subjects it would be difficult to find, but there is a striking originality in the treatment. 'Diogenes' is a far-away subject for the painter of the famous 'Tragedy and Comedy,' though not so remote from the gladiatorial scene of last year. In this picture is seen Diogenes in what may be called his tub; he holds before him his lighted lantern, and his only companions are dogs. Troyon's two pictures are, of course, cattle subjects; in the smaller are two cows, both foreshortened, walking out of the picture: the trees and other circumstances of the composition are low in tone, but the leading animal is forcibly lighted. The larger picture presents a group of three cows, with figures in an open landscape; painted with great firmness. The contributions of Ruiperez are better than any works we have before seen by him: one shows a group of soldiers, of the time of Louis XV., in an inn playing cards. Passages of the picture are here and there heavy, but the life of the men and the play of chiaroscuro are beyond all praise. The second has three figures, a man playing the guitar and singing to two ladies: it is generally of charming quality, but a deficiency of transparency deprives it of breadth. 'The New Gown,' by Troyer, is the most brilliant of his contributions. It contains two women working at a light green dress; there is no force of colour, but in tone the picture is very powerful. The only scriptural subject we saw is 'The Betrayal of our Saviour,' by Salabert, a dark picture, in which stands Christ with the disciples looking towards "the band of men from the chief priests and Pharisees," who are approaching with weapons and lanterns. In 'The Detected Correspondence,' by Carolus, there are two figures, a mother and daughter. The latter stands in the centre of the picture, facing the spectator, while behind her sits her mother holding in her hand a letter, which is the text of a parental admonition. The story is very clear. There are two or three gems by Chavet, a follower of Meissonier: one is a man smoking; another contains two figures examining a picture, a third a single figure. There are also several small figure compositions by Leonide Bourges; 'The Battle of the Alma,' Eugène Lami; subjects by Duverger, Gudin, Fortin, Baron, Compte Calix, Brillouin, Brochard, &c. The pictures are not numerous, but generally they are equal in quality to those of last year.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The New Monumental Brass in Westminster Abbey.—This work, which scarcely admits of being designated a "memorial," lies in the north aisle of the nave of the abbey, beside the expressive and beautiful slab (the work of the same artists) that last year was dedicated by the Royal College of Surgeons to the memory of John Hunter; and it purports to commemorate the late General Sir Robert Wilson, G.C.B., and M.P., and "the Dame Jemima his wife." Admirably although this brass is executed, it is the strangest example of mistaken zeal for mediæval usages, and of equally mistaken sympathy with mediæval feeling, that ever has fallen under our notice—indeed, it is a blunder so truly absurd, that we are equally at a loss to account for its having been designed by Mr. Powell, and produced by Messrs. Hardman, and also for the Dean and Chapter of Westminster having permitted it to be placed in the abbey. The brass consists of a figure of a knight, fully equipped in the armour of the early part of the reign of Henry IV., with another figure of a lady, also apparently a Lancastrian; beneath the feet of these effigies are two groups of fifteenth-century children, seven boys and six girls; and above them rises a rich double canopy, apparently about contemporary with "the Dame Jemima," which is effectively enriched with a shield of arms, richly emblazoned in enamel. Such an absolute mockery of all monumental consistency can scarcely fail, we trust, to be so far valuable that it must lead all sensible mediævalists to the conviction that the Gothic of this Victorian age must be a living style, historically eloquent and truthful, and not an unmeaning copyist of certain relics of the past. We now value the old brasses, because we know them to be faithful illustrators of their own times; but this unfortunate parody is worse than worthless, because if it conveys any signification at all, it simply misrepresents and misleads. It is not worse, certainly, than a modern English statue in Roman habit, or than a modern English building having its walls decorated (?) with classic mythological sculpture, and its parapet crowned with a row of urns; but still, as a fresh instance of the same mischievously anomalous inconsistency, it demands from us the most decided expression of disapprobation. Archæologists have applied the term *palimpsest* to certain early brasses, which have been observed to have been diverted from their original intention, and appropriated as *quasi*-memorials of persons who lived and died long after the period in which these brasses at the first were laid down. In these cases attempts were sometimes made to adapt the equipment of the original figures to subsequent changes in fashion. We would suggest that the Sir Thomas Wilson brass should be thus dealt with as a *palimpsest*. The knightly basinet might be made to assume something of the cocked-hat type, and the juper and leg defences might become suggestive of regulation "tunics" and "leggings." The alterations in the figure of the lady that would be most successful and characteristic we do not consider it necessary to particularise. In fact, all that we do desire is, that this brass should palpably take its proper place amongst monumental pretenders, and that it should be duly esteemed as a modern *palimpsest* of the most extravagant order.

The Council of the Royal Academy (in whom the right was vested by the will of Sir John Soane) has appointed Mr. Joseph Bonomi to the curatorship of the Soane Museum. The choice is in all respects satisfactory; Mr. Bonomi is an architect as well as a sculptor, and has studied much the literature of his profession, having attained considerable distinction by his researches on Egyptian Art. Probably he may do something to render the Soane Museum useful; we hope, however, to see the day when its contents will be removed to South Kensington, for, "central" as it is, we believe its visitors are very few.

South Kensington Museum.—The cases that are so judiciously devoted to the reception of such rare, choice, and precious objects as are *lent* for temporary exhibition, contain several recent accessions to their collections, that will more than repay a fresh visit to the South Kensington Museum. On the occasion of a recent visit paid by ourselves, we were much struck with the great interest in the various collections that was evinced by a party of intelligent-looking mechanics, to whom a gentleman (one of their party) briefly and simply described and explained the several objects, and the different departments of the museum. These men, evidently, were thoroughly enjoying themselves, while other visitors were listlessly wandering about, as if they would gladly have understood what was before and around them, could they have obtained any information. Here was evidently an illustration of the one great want of this museum (and of the British Museum also)—the want of available and intelligible description orally given. Now, we desire to submit this matter to the authorities, contenting ourselves with placing before them what they have yet to accomplish, in order to realize the advantages which their collections are so eminently qualified to impart.

Female School of Art.—The subscriptions in aid of the "Building Fund" of this institution gradually increase: the "Grocers' Company" has just liberally voted the sum of £50 towards it. It is now hoped confidently that the various efforts being made towards the accomplishment of the object will be successful. The purposed bazaar will, we trust, complete the fund needed to prevent this excellent and very useful institution from being "extinguished."

Lambeth School of Art.—The sum of money realized by the *conversazione* held at the South Kensington Museum, on the 12th of January, in aid of the building fund of this institution, was

£189 1*s.* 5*d.*, after deducting all expenses. This is more, we suppose, than the most sanguine promoters of the evening's entertainment could reasonably have expected; at all events, it shows they had not miscalculated their prospects of success. Mr. Coppley, a gentleman resident at Walworth, has presented the school with several drawings, four of them, sketches in black and white chalk, by Richard Wilson: one of these is a sketch for his well-known picture of 'Niobe;' the rest, with the exception of one attributed to Fra Bartolomeo, and a landscape by Pearson, are Dutch drawings of cattle. Thus a commencement of a small collection is made, and the committee of the school, we hear, is negotiating for an additional piece of ground, for future building operations.

The Architectural Museum.—The prizes to Art-workmen were distributed at a meeting, on the 6th of March, at the museum, South Kensington, Mr. Beresford Hope presiding: they were for modelling, wood-carving, and colouring, and numbered but seven or eight; moreover they were of small amounts, 3 gs., 2 gs., and 1 g.—utterly insufficient as inducements to work. Mr. S. C. Hall, who had been requested by the chairman to address the meeting, laid considerable stress on this defect. So poor an award was not worthy of the society—it was little better than offering nothing: it could not be expected that Art-workmen would compete, even were the paltry result certain. It is to be hoped that steps will be taken, next year, to induce a competition that will really show the capabilities of British Art-workmen; that a large number of prizes will be awarded, and that they will be greater in amount.

At the Architectural Photographic Institution, in Conduit Street, Mr. J. P. Seddon delivered to a "sparse, sleepy, and unsympathising audience," an admirable lecture "On the Grotesque in Art;" a lecture full of knowledge, suggestion, and humour. Mr. Seddon traced the course of *symbolic* grotesques in Assyrian and Egyptian Art, the entire absence of grotesque in Greek Art, the sham grotesque of Roman Art, the real and earnest grotesque of Romanesque and Gothic Art, the renewal of paltry, unmeaning, manufactured, sham grotesque in the Renaissance time, and the utter inanity of more modern work. The characteristics of true grotesque were shown to be *character* on the one hand, *humour* on the other. Various examples—enlarged drawings by the lecturer—of good and bad grotesque were exhibited; and the latter excited considerable merriment. Mr. Seddon is one of a small band of earnest young men, in whom alone those who take an interest in architecture and decorative art can place any hope.—*Critic.*

The Fra Angelico.—The *Critic* informs us that "the important picture by Fra Angelico, 'Our Saviour in Glory,' is now safe in Trafalgar Square. It was a smaller Fra Angelico, the private property of Sir Charles Eastlake, which was shipwrecked in the *Black Prince*, as also another picture for the National Gallery, and some majolica for the South Kensington Museum."

The Directors of the Crystal Palace have taken a step, that promises to be productive of beneficial results, the importance of which it is not possible at present to estimate rightly. They have commenced a series of *Art-conversazioni* on the evening of every Wednesday, in the new School of Art, Science, and Literature, in connection with the weekly meeting of Mr. Henry Leslie's choral singing class. The experiment has proved completely successful, though, in the first instance, it has not been attempted on any great scale. We cordially approve of this project, and it will afford us sincere pleasure in every way to co-operate with the directors, in giving full effect to this most laudable arrangement. We understand that the directors of the Crystal Palace are also forming fresh plans relative to their printing department. This is another subject for most decided congratulation. The printing department may become, when started afresh, one of the most important components of the Palace, and may be made, under judicious and popular administration, to prove signally advantageous to the company. We remember well, that in the 1851 Great Exhibition, the press of the *Illustrated London News* was an object of general attraction; and the Crystal Palace might easily establish at least an equally attractive printing department. With the presses at the Crystal Palace the history of the art of printing might be associated, with the view to its being made familiar to the public. There is one subject in connection with their printing establishment, that we earnestly urge upon the attention of the Crystal Palace directors—this is, the publication, under their own authority, of a weekly periodical, which may be at once worthy of the Crystal Palace, and may lead the public to a better appreciation of it. Such a publication needs only to be well done, and it cannot fail to prove both beneficial and remunerative. If we may add another suggestion, it is to the effect that the programme for the coming season should comprehend popular lectures. We have always strongly advocated such lectures at the Crystal Palace—lectures on the Palace itself, and upon various subjects; and now there no longer exists any obstacle, since the new lecture-room in connection with the school of Art, &c., is so well suited to its purpose. Visitors might be required to pay a small fee for admission to the lectures, which would obviously have many advantages.

An Architectural Chart.—Considerable attention has, of late years, been given to the archæology of Art, and although an acquaintance with the universal history of architecture is not exactly indispensable to the professional man, the study of it is not only highly interesting, but is intimately connected with that of history generally. Such study may, in fact, be regarded as a branch of ethnology, since it enables us to judge of the intellectual calibre of different peoples and races, as well as informs us of those mysterious vicissitudes of mundane affairs which caused nations first to emerge from barbarism into civilized life, and proceed till, after a course of prosperity, they sometimes relapse into comparative barbarism again. As regards chronological and similar information relative to styles, that might be conveyed far more distinctly than hitherto by means of a chart, exhibiting at one view the commencement and duration of all known styles. Nor is a production of the kind likely to be much longer a desideratum. Some months ago Mr. S. Huggins exhibited, at a meeting of the Liverpool Architectural Society, a chart of the "Genealogy of Architectural Styles," which was so greatly admired that a general wish was expressed for its being published.

The Graphic.—At the fourth meeting, on the 13th of March, the collection was more varied and interesting than on any preceding occasion of the present season. There was a grandly mysterious drawing by David Cox, one of his latest productions; 'Dutch Boats riding out a Gale,' Duncan, exhibited in Paris; two large and highly-finished drawings, by Haghe, in his own manner; a Dutch fishing-boat, by Cooke, an early work, simple, but equal to the best works of the greatest masters; a lake and mountain subject, G. E. Hering; two studies of heads, by Baxter; 'Courtship in Brittany,' a small picture, F. Goodall; a small and highly-finished work, by Watson, the illustrator of "Pilgrim's Progress;" 'An incident in the late Italian Campaign,' T. Jones Barker; two pictures, Levine; an admirable example of wood-engraving, by the brothers Dalziel, after Doyle; a series of interesting portraits on photographic bases, by Carrick; a portfolio of studies, by Smallfield; a portfolio of drawings of ancient architectural remains in Northumberland, by J. W. Archer; with other portfolios and miscellaneous contributions of considerable interest. But there is one unassuming oil picture which must not be forgotten; it is 'Beefsteak—a portrait of a gentleman.' The subject is presented in profile, seated on a straight-backed, rush-bottomed chair, with his ears perked up, and looking very conscious of being painted. Beefsteak is a dog (we speak hopefully of him in the present tense), the famous *cane pittore* of the Roman studios. He was the friend and fellow-student of a German painter; but a period of separation came—the termination of the latter's period of study; for although Beefsteak loved his Möller, he loved Rome better. On the departure, however, of his friend he was not left destitute, for they shared their purse, and Beefsteak's portion, amounting to fifty scudi, was lodged for his use in the hands of a trustee of unquestionable honesty. From this fund the dog drew daily a *bajocco* or two, which he carried in his mouth to his own *trattoria*, where the money was received, and food given him in return. But he was living on his capital, and that was at length exhausted, when he found it necessary to cultivate new connections, and seek employment as a model, in which he was very successful; but it must be said that he gave the preference (where there was any exercise of hospitality) to the society of landscape and architectural painters, for he was much bored by prolonged sittings to figure painters for but a small compensation. His name he has acquired from his partiality to that English dish, the *bistecca*, now popularized in Italy. But notwithstanding the distinctions he shows in his preferences, Beefsteak is everywhere welcome, every studio door is open to him. If it happens that he is out at night, he stations himself in the Corso, where he is sure to meet with some belated painter, whom he accompanies home; nobody refuses Beefsteak a "shake-down." But now, poor dog,

> "Here is a mourning Rome, a dangerous Rome;
> No Rome of safety e'en for Beefsteak now."

He is in great danger from the police, as the known friend of the English students, who are all revolutionists.

Hans Holbein.—At a meeting of the Society of Antiquaries, on Feb. 14, Mr. W. H. Black, F.S.A., mentioned the discovery of a document purporting to be the will and administration to the effects of Hans Holbein, whose death has always been recorded as having taken place in 1554, by a pestilence which, it is also said, visited London that year: the document in question leads to the inference that Holbein died in 1543, four years prior to the death of Henry VIII.; consequently the discovery will affect the authenticity of many pictures attributed to him, especially that in the hall of Bridewell, representing Edward VI. delivering to the Lord Mayor of London the royal charter, by which he surrendered his palace of Bridewell for a hospital and workhouse. Referring to the subject, our contemporary, the *Builder*, says:—"The will, with 'act of renunciation and administration,' of which Mr. Black has given a copy, is preserved in the record-room of St. Paul's Cathedral. In the will, dated October 7, 1543, the testator describes himself as '*John* Holbeine, Servaut to the King's Majesty.' It was presented to probate in order to renounce it, estate being insolvent, as we understand it. The 'act of renunciation,' in Latin, at end of the will, in Mr. Black's copy, begins, '*29th November year aforesaid, the last will of John otherwise Hans Holbein, was,*' &c.; and in a separate act of administration, following the last, the will is again described as of '*Johannis, alias Hans Holbene.*' If all this be correct, it would seem that the Bridewell picture was painted some years after Holbein's death, ten, at least, as it could not have been painted before the year in which Edward VI. presented Bridewell to the city. Without doubt Mr. Black is certain that 'xxix. Nov. Anno Domini *predict.*' in act of renunciation, does refer to the date of the will? The date is not written in either act, but is simply referred to as 'aforesaid.' The matter cannot be considered as settled, but enough has been shown to render further inquiry necessary. If the will in question be that of the veritable Hans Holbein, he died miserably poor. One point of confirmation given by Mr. Black is this. It has always been understood, amidst much obscurity in other respects, that the real Holbein died of plague; and it is shown that, whereas there was no plague in 1554, the heretofore supposed year of his death, a pestilence did prevail in the metropolis here in 1543."

The Widow and Children of the Artist Cross.—The estimable gentleman and excellent artist, whose premature death we have recorded in another column of the *Art-Journal*, has, it appears, left a widow and four children, under circumstances which render necessary a public appeal for sympathy and aid. It is highly to the honour of his professional brethren that the proposal originates with them; several painters and sculptors have "met" with this view, and, having themselves liberally subscribed, intend to put the case before the public. The plan is to purchase one of the unsold pictures of Mr. Cross, "to be placed in some public Institution." A committee has been formed, consisting already of sixty artists and Art-friends, and the following brief address is about to be issued:—"In consequence of the lamented death of Mr. John Cross, and his high position as an historical painter,

a number of his friends have resolved upon raising a fund, by subscription, for the purpose of purchasing one or more of his unsold works, for presentation to some public institution, as a tribute to the memory of the artist, and as a means of providing some assistance for his widow and family, otherwise totally unprovided for." We trust this appeal will be met as it ought to be, and shall rejoice to give it our best advocacy.

HIRAM POWER'S 'CALIFORNIA.'—This statue, by the sculptor of the 'Greek Slave,' is at Messrs. Graves's, in Pall Mall. Mr. Power is steadfast in his predilection for the nude, the 'California' being, like his former work, entirely without drapery. It is a large-sized female figure, generally full in its proportions, and characterized by the beauties of youthful and vigorous individuality, rather than those antique refinements which at once bespeak a high degree of civilization. The absence of drapery is presumed to declare the absence as yet of an advanced cultivation of the arts of life. She stands resting on the right foot, the left being thrown easily forward. In the left hand she holds a small leafless branch, and the right is thrown behind her. The head has rather a male than a female development: the features are full of energy and action, without signs of intellectual culture. A column of auriferous quartz by her side alludes to the mineral wealth of the country. It is a fine figure, and has more to say for itself than had the 'Greek Slave.'

ART IN THE CITY.—According to the conditions published on the 24th of October last, by the General Purposes Committee, for the embellishment of the Mansion House with sculpture, the competitors delivered their statuettes at Guildhall on the 16th of February. The number of statues to be commissioned was five—three male and two female—impersonations from our historians and poets. For these, fifteen sculptors were invited to compete, being W. C. Marshall, R.A., J. Hancock, T. S. Westmacott, J. Earle, M. Noble, S. Thornycroft, Miss Durant, H. Weekes, A.R.A., E. B. Stephens, W. Theed, J. G. Lough, P. McDowell, J. Durham, J. D. Crittenden, and W. J. C. Doherty. The successful candidates are J. Hancock, T. S. Westmacott, Miss Durant, E. B. Stephens, and J. Durham. There are already placed in the Egyptian Hall ten statues, and two others are about to be sent in. This "move" is highly to the credit of the city, and, on the whole, the selection has been judicious.

MR. SELOUS'S TWO PICTURES—'Jerusalem in her Grandeur,' and 'Jerusalem in her Fall'—are now exhibited at No. 5, Waterloo Place. They have been already described at length in the *Art-Journal*. They are now very advantageously lighted, and will be found reliable authorities as to both ancient and modern Jerusalem.

A PANORAMIC VIEW OF BOMBAY has recently come into our hands: it is executed from drawings made by the Rev. W. H. Carpendale, till lately a lieutenant in her Majesty's Indian navy. The view, which in the lithographic copy is several feet in length, is taken from Malabar Hill, a point which presents to the eye the whole of the city across Back Bay, and the long tongue of land stretching out into the open sea. It is an interesting picture, presented in an artistic and pleasing manner.

THE PORCELAIN OF THE WEST EASTWARD BOUND.—Whether the time will come in which coals will actually be imported to Newcastle, certainly yet remains an open question. But still, even this scarcely seems to be altogether removed from possible contingencies, when we find that china of the highest artistic character is made here in England, expressly for the purpose of its being sent out eastward—if not to the celestial empire itself, at any rate to India. Such is the fact. The ceramists of Staffordshire not only rival oriental potters, but they produce porcelain for oriental merchant princes; and we expect to hear, after the new treaty has been in healthful action for a few years, that they are specially commissioned to provide china for the personal use of the Chinese emperor. Such anticipations naturally arose in our mind, when we were examining two services of English porcelain—a dinner and a dessert service—that have just been completed by Alderman Copeland for the wealthy Parsee baronet of Bombay, Sir Jamsetjee Jhebheehoy. The dinner-service is of a pure white, exquisitely bordered in gold, and with the armorial insignia of the "worthy baronet" richly emblazoned upon every piece. In accordance with the especial desire of Sir Jamsetjee himself, expressed by him when in England, the dessert-service bears upon each piece a beautifully painted view of some scene or some edifice which particularly attracted his notice in this country, and of which he desired to possess such a memorial as might thus be rendered through the agency of an English Art-manufacture. These works are fresh instances of the high standard of excellence to which our national ceramic productions have now attained; and they also add others to the long series of examples of the masterly skill, for which Alderman Copeland has long been celebrated.

THE WOODS OF NEW ZEALAND.—We have sincere satisfaction in inviting attention to the specimens of New Zealand woods, which we have ourselves examined with the utmost gratification, at the establishment of Mr. T. M. Levien, in Davies Street, Grosvenor Square. Mr. Levien has bestowed no ordinary amount of care and thought upon the selection and importation of various woods, that are eminently suited for the highest productions of the cabinet-maker, but which, hitherto, have been almost, if not altogether, disregarded; and his attention has been particularly attracted to the woods of that important colony, New Zealand. At the present time, Mr. Levien has just completed for his Majesty the King of Prussia, a sideboard nine feet in length, and executed with admirable skill, which is entirely formed from a wood known by the New Zealanders themselves by the name of *Toteree*. It is of a peculiar knotted grain, of singular beauty, and varied in its character in a manner that is truly remarkable. The colour is no less rich and effective than the grain, and the texture of the wood is such as to ensure its durability. This new wood requires but to be known, to become greatly in demand; and, most certainly, the original importer and the discoverer of its value, has just claims for that practical recognition, which has been so significantly shown by the King of Prussia. We recommend a visit to Mr. Levien, not only for the purpose of forming a personal acquaintance with the *Toteree* wood of New Zealand, under the conditions which it is taught to assume in Davies Street, but also in consequence of the high artistic character which pervades all the productions of this able and enterprising artist-manufacturer. An improved and really artistic style of furniture is one of the great requirements of the day, and Mr. Levien is the man who is qualified to produce precisely such works as will prove to be in harmony with the present happy influence of Art upon the existing requirements of every-day life.

THE WORKS OF FLAXMAN.—In consequence of the death of Miss Denman, the sister of Mrs. Flaxman, the Art-remains of the illustrious sculptor are about to be disposed of. A subscription has been commenced, with a view to enable the London University to augment, from this fertile source, the treasures in its Flaxman gallery, and thus to render them available for public enjoyment and instruction; the selection to be made by J. H. Foley, R.A. At the head of the list is His Royal Highness the Prince Consort. It will be a privilege to aid this admirable project; there is no true lover of pure Art who will not gladly avail himself of the opportunity. It is but a small sum (£400 or £500) that is asked for: we should be ashamed to think there can be any difficulty in procuring it, for Flaxman has at length received, in his own country, the crown of glory, long denied him here, but which he long ago received in every other nation of Europe.

THE SCAGLIOLA WORKS of Messrs. Bellman and Ivey, in Buckingham Street, Fitzroy Square, contain an abundant variety of specimens of their skill in applying their beautiful material to purposes both of utility and decoration. There is so much of interest attached to the processes employed in the production of Scagliola, as well as in the works that now are executed in it, that we have determined to devote to this Art-manufacture a detailed descriptive notice, as soon as circumstances permit.

THE BATH AND WEST OF ENGLAND SOCIETY, which is a "moving" body, holds its annual meeting this year at Truro; among its more prominent features is an exhibition of works of Art; this should be known to our readers, who will find details in our advertising columns.

REVIEWS.

HANDBOOK TO THE CATHEDRALS OF ENGLAND. Southern Division. With Illustrations. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

A new handbook from Mr. Murray may always rely with confidence upon a cordial welcome. It is the last of a long series of which each member is a valued friend with the public; and the new-comer, in every instance, brings with it its own individual claims for esteem and friendship, in addition to the associations and sympathies which it shares with the elder brethren of its race. The handbook now before us possesses intrinsic advantages, arising from the peculiar attractiveness and interest of its subject, which at once place it in the front rank of the Albemarle-street group. Nor is the treatment of the new handbook in any degree inferior to its materials. If the "Cathedrals of England" stand unrivalled in the influence which they exert upon the national mind, the handbook for these time-honoured edifices promises to secure for itself a reputation nearly akin to that enjoyed by the cathedrals themselves. The book is exactly what it professes to be, and also exactly what was greatly needed. It is skilfully planned, judiciously arranged, ably executed, and most felicitously illustrated; and, besides all these admirable qualities, it appears exactly at the right time. The worthiness of England as the scene for the explorations of English tourists, just now is a popular subject. Accordingly, a book that is at once pleasant reading and really trustworthy, that is both an agreeable companion and a faithful guide, and which tends powerfully to corroborate and also to give a practical turn to an existing popular sentiment, is indeed a valuable and an acceptable addition to the literature of the day. *A cathedral tour in England* is precisely what we are always desirous to suggest to such of our countrymen as are familiar with Amiens, and yet unacquainted with Salisbury; and now, in the new "Handbook to the Cathedrals of England," we are able to promise all that can be desired to enable the tourist at home to realize our favourite project with complete success.

The great difficulty which would have to be encountered in the preparation of a cathedral handbook, is the comprehensive nature of the subject to be dealt with. If too concise, such a handbook must fail to fulfil its proper office; and, on the other hand, any attempt at an absolute completeness would extend the work from a handbook into a history. This difficulty has evidently been duly estimated; and we have much pleasure in adding that it has been fairly encountered, and overcome in the most satisfactory manner. The "Handbook of the Cathedrals" is neither meagre nor diffuse. It is all that the tourist can require; and yet it is not at all more than he could take with him conveniently, and read without weariness. The language is thoroughly appropriate, and the style easy and agreeable; the architectural descriptions have been kept as free from technicalities as is at all consistent with accuracy, and where it has been found necessary to notice at any length disputed points of date or construction, the discussion has been removed from the narrative to form an appendix. Each cathedral is treated separately, the whole being divided into five great groups, severally distinguished as the *Southern Cathedrals*, the *Eastern*, the *Western*, the *Northern*, and the *Welsh*. Each of these five groups forms the subject of a separate division of the work. The division now very recently published in two volumes, comprises the cathedrals of Winchester, Salisbury, Wells, Exeter, Chichester, Canterbury, and Rochester. The other divisions will follow with as little delay as is possible. Thus the five cathedral tours of England are sketched out in the most effective outline by the very work, which provides for the tourist some of the materials that are necessary for their being carried successfully into effect. The handbook for each cathedral forms two parts; the first of which embraces its architectural history and details, while the second contains historical and biographical notices of the See, and of the principal prelates who have filled it. In every instance the descriptions have been brought down to the time of the appearance of the work, and they have been written after a careful personal inspection of each cathedral, due attention having also been paid to all early authorities, and to the best writers of our own times. The most important and characteristic portions of each cathedral have been selected for illustration; so that the wood-cuts may be said to exhibit to the eye the salient points of the accompanying descriptions, and, on the completion of the work, they will also comprehend a complete series of architectural examples of the highest order, ranging from the earliest Norman period to the latest Perpendicular of the Tudors. In the great majority of instances, the illustrations are original,

and have been executed by Mr. O. Jewitt from his own sketches, assisted by photographs—those ever-ready allies of the architectural engraver. It is truly gratifying to find that Mr. Jewitt still retains the vigour and the characteristic truthfulness of his earlier days, and that his last wood-cuts are at least equal, in every excellent quality, to the glossary illustrations which won for him his deservedly high reputation nearly a quarter of a century ago.

The student of English history will find this cathedral handbook no less valuable than the tourist. Indeed, so thoroughly well has the work been produced, that it can scarcely fail to be welcomed by every class of reader. But our cathedrals are, in a peculiar sense, stone-wrought records of the annals of England, and a faithful rendering of their chronicles constitutes a historical volume of unique interest, as it is of unequivocal authority. Fortunately, we now are beginning to form a just estimate of the value of Art in its capacity of an historian; and, accordingly, the "Handbook of the Cathedrals of England" will assuredly take a place of honour amongst our most valued national historical treatises. The great art also which, in the middle ages, was developed by the Gothic architects who reared our cathedrals, has, at the present time, been revived with an energy that promises to render its future advance altogether worthy of its past achievements. And hence the cathedral handbook is an opportune publication, when regarded from another point of view, since it enables the lover of a Victorian Gothic to form a correct estimate of the grandest ecclesiastical works that remain to exemplify to us the Gothic of the Edwards and the Henries. And as this handbook so impressively indicates, in almost every page, the close association that existed, in past times, between history and Art, between architecture and the periods and the generations which witnessed the erection of certain edifices, so does it emphatically declare to ourselves, and to living architects, that we all should in like manner aspire to rear an historical architecture of our own, that may prove to be a graphic exponent and a faithful chronicler of the existing era. The cathedrals are, indeed, histories of the past, because each one of them, in its every part, is true to the time then present when it arose. In our architecture we cannot hope for either greatness or excellence, unless we aim at a like consistency and truthfulness. We must render our architecture our very own; not teach it to assimilate to some time-honoured phase of the architecture of the past, nor be content that it should be meaningless altogether.

We leave our readers to trace out for themselves the history of our cathedrals from the pages of the handbook. If they are familiar already with that history, they will be the better able to appreciate the handbook; and, if not, they will be delighted with the new chapters of history which open thus pleasantly before them. Not the least interesting section of the work is that which gives so good an account of Chichester; it is to be hoped that another edition will contain a fresh section, devoted to a description of the new tower and spire that then will have arisen from out of the ruins of their predecessors.

A Pictorial Handbook of Modern Geography on a Popular Plan. By Henry G. Bohn, F.R.G.S., F.L.S., &c., &c.—Danish Fairy Legends and Tales. By Hans Christian Andersen. Translated by Caroline Peachey. Published by H. G. Bohn, London.

These two volumes are the latest additions to the "Illustrated Library" issued by Mr. Bohn, who is really a most indefatigable labourer in the field of literature; being often, at one and the same time, compiler, annotator, and publisher. The "Hand-Book of Geography" is, we are told, "compiled from the best authorities, English and foreign, and completed to the present time;" the chief sources being Malte Brun and Balbi's "System of Universal Geography," with the additions of Mr. James Laurie. But other works have also been consulted; and Mr. Bohn seems to have spared no time nor industry in the collection of material both ample and reliable, to render his book instructive and practically useful. We notice some omissions which it would have been as well to supply; for example, the population of the respective towns that are described: in a few instances only has this been done. The illustrations are not so good as they might be; but the maps, though very small, are clearly engraved. As a whole, we can recommend the "Handbook" as one adapted to the school-room and for general reference.

The title-page of the other volume, Christian Andersen's celebrated "Tales for Children," specifies this to be the third edition. We learn elsewhere that it includes the twelve additional stories, published in 1852 and 1853, under the name of "Historier," making in all forty-five tales, forming the only complete collection printed in this country; and that the translation of the whole is from the original Danish, and not from any of the numerous versions which have appeared in Germany. The new stories are not indicated, nor do we happen to have the last edition at hand to enable us to identify them, but there are a few towards the end which we do not remember to have read before, and very charming little tales they are. The additions, wherever placed in the book, cannot fail to give increased value to what had been previously published. A multiplicity of woodcuts—some good, some tolerable—is scattered through the pages.

Examples of London and Provincial Street Architecture. Part I. Published by F. Tallis.

The age has produced no change more remarkable than that we encounter every day in walking through any of our leading streets. Those who are not old may remember when the smallest deviation from ordinary routine of brick fronts and shop-windows attracted a crowd; now it is by no means uncommon to find tradesmen erecting "premises" that are fine examples of pure architecture—veritable adornments of our cities and towns. Occasionally, sad and deplorable specimens of bad taste are to be found; but these are the exceptions; the rule is to build structures that are really good. The work under notice may act both as a teacher and a stimulus; its success must do much service to architecture, and greatly aid the progress of improvement. If we may judge of the future parts of this work from Part I., it is the duty of all Art-lovers to assist it: the chromo-lithographs of several buildings are well executed, and, what is of more importance, accurate in their details; but the details are, in many cases, enlarged by woodcuts, so that all requisite information is conveyed to those who desire models. The explanatory letter-press is not only sound and serviceable, but written with profound knowledge of the subject; it is, throughout, evidently the production of writers closely and intimately conversant with the subject, and who may, therefore, be accepted as safe guides what to avoid as well as what to imitate.

Half-hour Lectures on the History and Practice of the Fine and Ornamental Arts. By William B. Scott. With Fifty Illustrations by the Author, engraved by W. J. Linton. Published by Longman and Co., London.

The scope of Mr. Scott's book is wide, embracing a great variety of subject-matter; within so small a compass, comparatively, as he has allowed himself, it would have been impossible to enlarge much on all, or, indeed, on many of them. The author is Art-director of the Government School of Art, at Newcastle-on-Tyne, and these lectures were written and delivered to his pupils: it was necessary, therefore, that they should be what they are,—introductory in character and simple in construction, such as would bring them within the comprehension of a class whose intellectual capacities must, as necessarily, be varied. The subjects discussed come in something like chronological order, commencing with the early histories of Christian Art and Celtic Art, in painting, architecture, and sculpture, down to about the beginning of the present century, including book illuminating, metal working, engraving on wood and copper, earthenware, porcelain, glass, methods of painting, and terminating with two or three chapters upon "Terms in Art." As a history for popular reading, this is one of the best books we know.

The Celt, the Roman, and the Saxon. A History of the Early Inhabitants of Britain, down to the Conversion of the Anglo-Saxons to Christianity. Illustrated by the Ancient Remains brought to light by recent Researches. By Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., M.R.S.L., &c. &c. With numerous Engravings on Wood. Published by A. Hall, Virtue & Co., London.

This is the second edition of a work which received our warm commendation when it first made its appearance, a very few years ago: a reprint having been called for, the author has used the opportunity to make considerable additions both to the text and illustrations—additions rendered necessary by the subsequent discoveries and researches made during the intervening time, especially the antiquarian objects brought to light very lately at Wroxeter, and, before this, in London. We are so occupied in the present day with our own affairs, and with contemporary history, that few, comparatively, among us find time or inclination to make acquaintance with that of the early inhabitants of the island, interesting as it is even to those with whom archæology in general finds little or no favour. As a record of pagan England,—that is, before the introduction of Christianity,—gathered from the manners, customs, and habits of the people, ascertained from antiquarian remains of every kind, Mr. Wright's volume is very valuable, and, contrary to what might be the popular opinion, will not be found dry reading. One of the writer's objects seems to have been to interest as well as instruct his readers.

"Many Happy Returns of the Day." Engraved by Lumb Stocks, A.R.A., from the Picture by W. P. Frith, R.A. Published by the Art-Union of Glasgow.

As a domestic scene—and we in this country are naturally a domestic people—the council of the Art-Union of Glasgow could not have selected a more popular subject than this: we recognise birthdays too, and have feasts and rejoicings when they come round, and healths are drunk and *souvenirs* presented, and hearts, whether old or young, are gladdened for a time at least. Such is the subject of Mr. Frith's picture, which, when exhibited at the Academy in 1856, gathered around it many admirers; and we have no doubt Mr. Stocks's excellent translation will prove equally as attractive. The composition is most skilfully put together. The family party, assembled to commemorate the birthday of a juvenile member, may be readily individualised: there are the father and mother facing each other at the table, which is covered with the dessert; the grandfather occupies an easy chair apart from the rest, reading the newspaper; the grandmother supports her married daughter, the two grown-up girls are probably her younger sisters, and interspersed with these are five or six children of different ages, the "olive-branches round about the table." 'Tis a pleasant, loving, and happy-looking group, all but the little maiden whose birthday is kept, and who, crowned with a diadem, and encircled by a huge wreath, both of flowers, appears not to bear her "blushing honours" with perfect equanimity; the cynosure of almost every eye, she is evidently disturbed by the greatness of the occasion, or is, perhaps, meditating upon her "return thanks" speech. The engraving is as brilliant in colour as was the picture when we saw it; a face here and there would have borne a little more of Mr. Stocks's firm graver, but, as a whole, it is one of the best Art-union prints we have seen for some time, and will be an acquisition to the subscribers of the present year, for whom it is intended. Its size, too, is a recommendation, for it may be framed at a moderate cost.

It will not be out of place here to remark, that since the last year of the society's operations, in August, 1860, important changes have been effected in its management; the principal of which is, that subscribers in future will be at liberty to select the prizes allotted to them from any of the public exhibitions of Art throughout the country, instead of, as heretofore, having works selected by the committee awarded them. This right is one which will be appreciated by many; it is undoubtedly the popular view, though we question, from our experience of the result generally, whether good Art is really promoted by it.

The Virgin and Child. Printed in Colours by M. and N. Hanhart, from the Picture by A. Seitz. Published by J. Philp, London.

The painter of this picture is one of the disciples of Overbeck, in Rome; he has imbued his work with that tendency towards the productions of the early Italian painters which the German master has introduced into modern art. Without the especial singularities of what we now call Pre-Raffaellism, there is a beautiful and tender devotional feeling, mingled with the maternal and filial, manifest in the composition; the most unsuccessful part of which, in expression, is the face of the Virgin—it is unmeaning and *doll-like*. As an example of chromo-lithography this print is extraordinary; if fresco painting possessed the extreme brilliancy of colour of this, it might readily be taken as a good specimen of such work. The tints are remarkably rich, even, and soft, especially in the draperies of the Virgin; and the patterned background, in gold, is sharp in execution. So admirable a copy, as it appears to be generally, scarcely would cause any one to desire the original. We may add, that it is surrounded by a framework, also printed, in gold on a morone ground, so as to render any further frame unnecessary.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, MAY 1, 1861.

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.

BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART V.—EARLY GREEK WORKS.

WITH the instances of the likeness of our Lord contained in the last number of the *Art-Journal* concludes the series of illustrations taken from the Christian cemeteries. From the absence of any intermixture of legend or fable with their history, the indications they afford of the antiquity of the traditional likeness are far more conclusive and satisfactory than any other class of works supply. We have seen this likeness traced in repeated instances on the glass vessels buried in the graves of the first generation of the Christian community in Italy, rudely executed, it is true, but still presenting the well-known and unmistakeable characteristics that have descended to after ages. We have next seen it represented, more or less correctly, in the numerous mural decorations of the subterranean chapels, in the catacombs, and especially in those works where the subject represented has direct reference to the writings of the Apostle John. The same likeness we find still adhered to in the third and fourth centuries, when, from reasons still open to doubt, the events of the gospel history and the doctrines of the church were symbolised either under the form of Old Testament allegories or of pagan myths, till, towards the fifth century, the tradition became so fixed, that we see it represented with all the hardness and exaggeration incidental to works executed according to a received pattern, and without mental effort on the part of the artist. It must be admitted, however, that the works in which we see unmistakeable indications of the tradition are associated with a number of others (perhaps a majority) in which the likeness is either entirely absent, or presents but partial traits of resemblance; but as, where there is any departure whatever from the mere conventional negative type of feature, it is, in every case, in the direction of the one-received tradition, the only inference to be deduced from the circumstance is, that up to a certain period (probably the end of the fourth century), while there were Christian painters who worked in accordance with certain specified information, there were others who, either from ignorance or carelessness, were content to produce a mere negative representation.

Various circumstances point to the conclusion that this tradition of the Divine likeness came to the Italian church directly from the East; from the absence of any other instances of enamelling in glass to be found in Italy during the first four centuries, excepting in sacramental vessels buried with the first Christians, and taking into consideration the great development that this very art obtained soon after in Byzantium and Asia Minor, it is hardly forcing a conclusion to infer the probability of the eastern origin of such productions. Again, in the works that refer directly to the writings of St. John, and which, there is reason to conclude, were executed soon after the reception of his writings from Asia Minor, we see such a decidedly pronounced accession of strength and character in the delineation of the likeness, that the question suggests itself whether, with the writings of the apostle, there did not come some additional information respecting the Divine resemblance. To ascertain this fact more conclusively, it will be necessary to consider the claims to authenticity of the large number of pictures existing in Italy and elsewhere, claiming to be executed either by one of the evangelists, or at least to be contemporary with the apostolic age.

At the very outset of this inquiry, however, obstacles present themselves of a nature to render any investigation at all, a task of no ordinary difficulty. A picture is shown to you, unquestionably of great age, the history of which, could it be ascertained, would doubtless be most interesting; but the account is so interwoven with the marvellous, and so combined with fable and legend, that any grains of truth that may exist in the accumulation of rubbish, baffle all attempts at identification. Pictures of the class now alluded to generally form the altar-piece to some chapel, set apart from the others in the same edifice on account of its peculiar sanctity. The altar-piece is kept (excepting on certain saints' days) covered with a curtain, and the picture itself, excepting the head and what amount of figure it may contain, is enclosed in a silver or gold mounting. The painting is rudely executed, always on panel and in *tempora;* it has become very dark and obscured by time, is of unquestionable antiquity, and in every instance a long list of wonders is related in connection with it, the least of which is that it was painted by St. Luke from our Lord himself. The fact is only not physically impossible.



No. 1.

That St. Luke painted is neither contrary to common sense nor to probability; works have in all ages been attributed to him, and Eusebius repeats the tradition to that effect; but that our Lord himself gave sittings to the artist is, though not absolutely impossible, so repugnant to our preconceived impressions, that we reject the idea instinctively, not without something like offence at the bare mention of it.

Again, with respect to another class of works: excepting in those instances in which the picture is too sacred for lay inspection, we are taken by a functionary into a sacristy; after some ceremonial the door of a reliquary is opened, and we are shown various objects calculated to astonish the hard logical mind of an Anglo-Saxon, in more senses than one. Some of these things it would, to our northern minds, border on the profane to even allude to; but we may instance a portion of Aaron's almond rod that budded, some teeth that once belonged to certain fishermen who lived eighteen hundred years ago, and parts of the clothing of a holy and blessed woman of the same period. The exact and inductive mind of the Anglo-Saxon, after having given the requisite attention to the above, is scarcely in a state to appreciate at its proper value the next object shown to him—a stained and tattered rag, covered with holes and discolorations, which, while they present the appearance of having been caused by fire, are in reality the corroding effects of time. So ragged and decayed is this cloth, that it would fall to pieces if it were not held together by a board behind. Amidst the tatters and discolorations may be discerned a life-size portrait of our Lord. In those passages in which it is not too obscured, the countenance will be found to be executed with singular power. The hand of the painter may have been facile or the reverse, and the portrait may be free or compressed in execution, but the peculiar depth and refinement of the expression, and the feeling with which every feature is depicted, speak the thought exercised by the artist, and his sympathy with his work. Of the entire contents of the reliquary this picture is probably the only genuine one; we may demur to the precise circumstances related of its origin, but its antiquity is in all likelihood

as great as it purports to be. The linen on which it is executed will be found to be identical in manufacture with that taken from the graves of the first Christians. No portraits but that of our Lord (not even that of the blessed Virgin) are ever found represented in this manner. The frame or shrine in which the picture has been set, and which has been made to fit closely round the head, is generally of early Byzantine work; and in most instances the picture can be verified, on credible historic evidence, as existing in the time of Constantine, or about the year 320, and was at that time reputed to be the work of the first century. So far the account is credible, and were it to stop here we should be satisfied with it, and consider the work to be a relic of so high an antiquity as to present unusual claims on our attention: but we are denied this satisfaction. After a long detail of the miracles performed by the mere presence of the picture, we are informed that the cloth on which it is depicted was the handkerchief of St. Veronica, whom, it would seem, formed one of the dread procession to Calvary, and on this handkerchief the Divine image became impressed by its being applied directly to the face of our Lord on that occasion.

In a paper of this nature, wherein it is attempted to arrive at a particular conclusion by reasoning based on facts that will command universal assent, any notice of these miraculous accounts, beyond mere allusion, is inadmissible, though there can be little doubt but that by including them the record would be made much more entertaining to the majority of readers, though it might be the means of circulating much absurd speculation. But while it is necessary, for argument's sake, to reject everything incapable of conforming to the stringent requirements of historic proof, there exists no reason for excluding all mention of many accounts that are related in connection with these works; that while there may be no satisfactory evidence in support of them, are yet so much in accordance with our experience of human nature, and bear so much the impress and *ensemble* of facts of every-day life, that we are led to suspect there may be a considerable amount of truth at the foundation of them.



No. 2.

Paul writing to Timothy from Rome, while he was a strict prisoner, says, "Eubulus greeteth thee, and Pudens, and Linus, and Claudia."* Of the four persons here named, two of them are known to us from other sources. Linus is counted the first or the second bishop of Rome, according as St. Peter is reckoned or otherwise. Pudens was a Roman senator of high rank, early converted to Christianity, with his two daughters. Parts of the house he inhabited are still shown, built into the walls and flooring of a church in Rome, dedicated to St. Pudenziana, one of his daughters. From various reliable accounts that have come down to us, it would appear that Pudens and his daughters were zealous and active in their religion, and, being both wealthy and hospitable, it could hardly be but that St. Paul and his coadjutors would be welcome guests at the house of the Christian family. The legend tells us that both SS. Peter and Paul were frequent visitors there, and the assertion is borne out by the circumstance of the greeting in the epistle to Timothy, which, as it was sent four or five years after Timothy was staying in Rome, evidences the intimacy that had previously existed. The legend goes on to relate that one evening, when the two sisters were seated at table with St. Peter, one of them (St. Prassede) asked the apostle "What the Lord was like?" when he took up her handkerchief, and with the pen (or style) traced the resemblance on the piece of linen. A faded and scarcely discernible picture, purporting to be this drawing, is preserved in the sacristy of the Church of St. Prassede. Satisfactory evidence assures us that it was there, and with the same history attached to it, when the mother of Constantine built the church out of the materials that had previously formed the house of Pudens. Some countenance is given to the story from the drawing being small in size, and in other respects distinctly different from any other work of the same class; the framework in which it is incased, and which fits close to the head and shoulders, is of the most ancient Byzantine enamel, and the linen is of the same peculiar manufacture that was used in the first centuries. I instance this story as one of many that, while they prove nothing, are yet so replete with the simplicity of truth that we can hardly refrain from according to them some degree of credence; though with regard to any use that can be made of it in an inquiry of this nature, it differs in no degree from the most improbable legend. The ascertained date of this picture, reaching back as it does to beyond the time of Constantine, would entitle it to a place amongst these illustrations, and for this purpose I made a careful copy of it; but the original is so faded and obscured that it would be difficult in a woodcut (the peculiarities of which are sharpness and decision) to convey a just idea of its character, only enough of the work being visible to show that the shape of the features, the beard, and the hair, are according to the received type.

In the sacristy of St. Peter's, over the gigantic statue of St. Veronica, is a picture accounted so holy that no layman's eyes may look upon it,—and, I am informed, no churchman's, save the Pope's, and his necessary attendants; and even the holy father himself only inspects it on one day of the year, and immediately after confession and communion. The antiquity of this work is well authenticated, but the accounts of its origin involve the usual difficulties. The picture consists of a life-size head of our Lord, represented as lying during the three days in the sepulchre, or, at all events, at some point of time between the last supreme moment of the crucifixion and the resurrection. The ascertained history of this work reaches back directly to the second century; but, independently of all question of age, it is a production that must stand alone for its extraordinary conception, and the power, indeed, almost inspiration, with which the conception is worked out. Like most others of the same class, it is much obscured, and, in many parts, nearly obliterated by the decay of the cloth on which it is executed. But the very rags and stains, by dimming its execution, and taking away the appearance of the hand of man, seem to add to its singular impressiveness. The wet, matted hair, the tears, the blood-drops from the crown of thorns, so expressive of the stern reality of death, while the calm, nearly-closed eyes, the gently-parted lips, speak not of corruption, but of the spirit at that moment in Paradise, and of the shortly to be accomplished resurrection. So replete is this image with concentrated thought and feeling, that it almost forces on us the conviction that unless he that produced it was, in the fullest sense of the term, inspired, he saw that which he depicted. Like others of the greatest triumphs of Art, this effort has been accomplished with the meanest instruments; a piece of cloth, without anything in the shape of preparation, the pigment transparent, and, apparently, nothing more than a mere stain, and all aid from colour entirely discarded. Nevertheless, this dimly-figured head, on a tattered rag—for its inspiration, its conception, and its power of execution—is certainly unsurpassed, perhaps hardly equalled, in the whole range of Art. A copy of it, rendered as near as wood-engraving will permit, is given in the first illustration to this number.

Second only to this work in excellence, while it is more important, on account of the clear historic evidence that exists to its antiquity, is the picture now preserved in the sacristy of the church of S. Bartolomeo, in Genoa. In common with most others of its class, the account of its origin is not such as to command general acceptance. We are told that an eastern monarch, in the year 30 of our era, Agbarus by name, king

* 2 Tim. iv. 21.

of Edessa, in Asia Minor, fell sick, and having heard of our Lord's miracles in the adjacent country of Judea, sent to request a visit; but the Saviour, ministering only to the sheep of the house of Israel, instead of going himself, the legend states, sent his portrait, painted purposely by St. Luke, the miraculous effect of which was such, that the sick man recovered immediately on beholding it. The long list of miracles it has performed since, is depicted in relief on the silver shrine in which it is enclosed. Whatever may be thought of the legend, the evidence of the great antiquity of the work is singularly clear and conclusive. Eusebius quotes ecclesiastical writings then extant, to show that this picture was known to exist in the royal library at Edessa in the middle of the second century, and was then considered an undoubted work of the apostolic age (Euseb. Hist. Eccles. lib. i. cap. 13). Mores Coronere, an Armenian of the fourth century, also mentions it as in his possession, in his capacity of keeper of the royal archives at Edessa; his authority must, on this account, be unquestionable, and the German critic, Shröder, hesitates not to style him an author "optimæ notæ et indubitatæ fidei." Again, St. Ephrem, deacon of the church at Edessa (died 381), makes mention of it in his time. Eusebius, on his own authority, speaks of it as then existing (340). The historian Evagiras (born 536) mentions it as performing many wonders in his days (Evag. lib. iv. c. 26). Again, later on, Nicephorus speaks of it (Niceph. lib. ii. cap. 7). The picture remained in its place in the royal library at Edessa till the Genoese, in the middle of the tenth century, removed it to its present locality in the church of S. Bartolomeo. Whoever may have been the painter, or whatever the circumstances under which it was executed, the account given above must establish it as a work of high antiquity and of eastern origin; and, as such, it affords a means of judging of the antiquity of similar works, the history of which is less clear and satisfactory. Like the previously mentioned picture, this is also considered too sacred for the general gaze, and is only shown on one day in the year. I was enabled, however, to obtain a copy of it, a cut from which is given in the illustration No. 2. Possessing less subject than the picture in the sacristy of St. Peter's, there was less scope for conception and power of delineation. Still, as a mere portrait, it would be difficult to instance a work of higher character. The delicacy of the features generally, the peculiarly beautiful drooping eyebrow, the sweetness, and, at the same time, power of expression in the mouth, distinguish it, as well as others of the cloth pictures, from the entire mass of contemporary Art; and as the ascertained history of these works carries them up to the second century, and a popular belief (entitled to every consideration) held them at that time to be at least a century old, they supply a solution of the question suggested by the series of pictures in the catacombs, as to whence the tradition of the likeness emanated, which the artists of Italy took for their guide.

Of a date probably contemporary with the two works last mentioned, is the picture, a copy of which is given in cut 3. The original, surrounded by a gold and jewelled mounting in the form of a nimbus, is now preserved in the Bibliotheca of the Vatican. The legend gives it as the work of the Evangelist Luke; but, independent of this, a credible and apparently authenticated history refers it to a period about the middle of the third century. Unlike the preceding works, it is executed in a thick water-colour or *tempora* pigment, on a panel of Cyprus wood, now nearly decayed. The medium in which the artist worked, afforded him much more power of delineation, of which he neglected not to avail himself. The features being more made out and marked in character than is now to be observed in the cloth pictures, perhaps, in some respects, this has detracted from the effect; for while the character is thoughtful, refined, and elevated to a degree difficult to surpass, it possesses a materiality not seen in the others. A certain amount of the impressiveness of the cloth pictures may certainly result from their dimness, and the immateriality of the medium in which they were executed, leaving something to be supplied by the mind of the beholder; from the absence of this cause it probably is that the work under consideration presents less spirituality of appearance than the others. In them the mind is directed rather to the Divine than to the human nature. We see the Almighty intelligence, clothed, it is true, in the similitude of a mortal face, as we could comprehend it under none other; but still it is the Divine intelligence, not the human, that addresses us. But in this last work, beautiful as it is, and even superior in artistic manipulation to the others, we see the man rather than the divinity —the ideal of sorrow and humility, rather than the personification of infinite love and mercy.



No. 3.

These three pictures are, by no means, isolated specimens, but are given here rather as types of a class numerous, both in Italy and the East, individual instances of which, in many cases, approach, if not equal, in merit those just mentioned.

In all the legendary histories that attach to the cloth pictures or handkerchiefs of St. Veronica, two facts are invariably present—their great antiquity, and their eastern origin; and these facts, being supported by the well-authenticated history that attaches to at least two of them, there is strong reason for presuming that the accounts given in these respects are so far correct, though the circumstances attending their origin can only be conjectured. It can hardly be doubted, from the great similarity these works bear to each other, that they are copies of some still older original that, either from the facts connected with its origin, or its acknowledged authenticity, had acquired such general recognition as to cause all others to be executed in imitation of it. The transparent medium in which they were wrought presenting no appearance of pigment, might not unnaturally, in a credulous and superstitious age, have given rise to the notion that they were miraculously impressed on the fabric, and the name of St. Veronica may be nothing more than a transformation of the words *vera icon*, or true image.

From a custom which there is reason to believe obtained from the earliest period, and which beyond question prevailed in the second century, it is probable that these cloths were worn upon the breast, concealed by the upper clothing, and were regarded something in the nature of talismans. We find the name of *Christophero*, or, "he that bears Christ in (or on) his breast," applied to Ignatius, a pupil of St. John, as well as to other early martyrs, who were, if all accounts be true, examined on this very point when brought before the Roman tribunals. Possibly the passage of St. Paul—"I bear on my body the marks of the Lord Jesus," may refer to some such practice. Certain it is, that amongst the earliest interments a cloth, with the Divine likeness wrought upon it, has been frequently found placed over the face or breast of the deceased; and the practice of wearing such an image might probably have been alluded to in the customary sign of the cross (or the letter X—not the crucifix, but the initial letter of the name of Christ) upon the breast, as a means of recognition by the members of the first Christian communities.

Having traced these works up to so early a period, and the almost certainty that exists of their being copies of a still older picture, we arrive at once at the apostolic age itself; and there is no inherent improbability in an apostle or a disciple of the name of Luke having been their author. Amongst the many individuals with whom our Lord consorted while on earth, there were doubtless several possessed of attainments sufficient to enable them to make some practice of the arts of design. Barnabas was a landed proprietor in a Greek island; Luke we read was a physician; and, in a time and country where the arts were so much cultivated, it is probable that both these, as well as many other members of the church, possessed some power of expressing their ideas in an artistic form. This consideration forces

on us the question—Is it possible to conceive that persons who were aware that they had continually for years been daily in the actual and tangible presence of the Almighty himself, visible to them under a human form; who had died in their presence; whom they had watched in the grave; and who, by a suspension of the most absolute of natural laws, had risen from the dead and ascended into heaven in their view;—I would ask, is it possible to conceive that such persons would have made no attempt to figure to themselves, as far as they were able—and, indeed, as often—the features and expression of the Divine appearance, as it lived in their memories? Universal tradition—call it legend, if we will—attests that they did; and in this respect is supported by what we know of human motives of action, as they have operated in all ages.

At a period shortly after the execution of the above works, a distinct branch of pictorial art was making its first efforts in a direction that was afterwards to lead to the unique development we see in the Mosaic decorations of the fourth and subsequent centuries. It is difficult to assign any precise date to the commencement of the practice of wearing metal images during life, and burying them with the dead, that there is no doubt prevailed in the



No. 4.

primitive church. Certain it is that we find metal ornaments, in the shape of figures of our Lord, that must date at least as early as the third century. The most ancient specimens, from the characters engraved on them, would appear to be of Greek workmanship. The illustration (cut 4) is from a work of this date, and is in bronze or copper, executed in what the sculptors term the half-round. The original is now in the Bibliotheca of the Vatican.

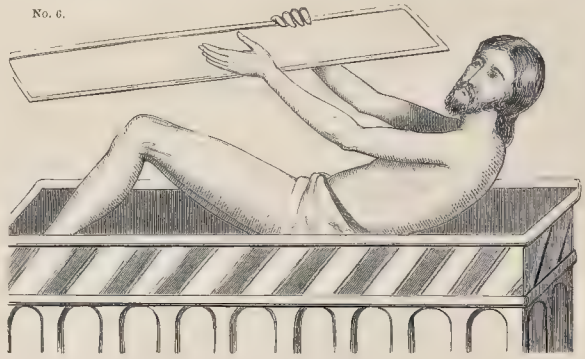
Owing to the peculiar nature of the material, it was requisite that works on so small a scale should be rather marked and distinct than refined in character. Consequently, the likeness in this will be found to be coarsely, though decidedly, rendered. In the earlier specimens met with, these images are composed simply of metal; but in works of about the fourth century the metal is generally found combined with ornamentation in the nature of Mosaic or enamel work. This mode of decoration was first used to indicate drapery or symbolic ornaments only; but it was afterwards extended to the delineation of the face and figure indiscriminately, till we find the whole work covered with it. Of the mixed metal and Mosaic work remarkably beautiful instances are given in the subjoined cuts, 5 and 6, the first of which represents an amulet, or plate, worn upon the breast, and containing an image of our Lord, surrounded by apocalyptic emblems. In these the face, the drapery, and the ornamental portions of the background, are executed in Mosaic or enamel, it is difficult to say which; the distinctions between the two depending upon whether the pieces of glass that enter into the composition of both modes were originally fixed to the metal ground by fusion or by cement. The likeness of our Lord, as depicted on these flat, metal pictures, is peculiarly clear and distinct,

No. 5.



conforming to the traditional type with only the slight variations of darker hair, a more attenuated visage, and the introduction of two stray pieces of hair at the top of the forehead, a peculiarity by which all Byzantine works executed before the eighth century may be recognised. The enamel represented in cut 6 is, considering the early date that must be attributed to it, a remarkably beautiful one. The act of lifting the lid of the grave in token of the return to life, may seem, to our notions, somewhat grotesque, but it is apt and expressive, and it would be difficult to say by what action the idea could be more plainly rendered. The absence of the further limb is apparently in accordance with some law of representation by which the enamel workers of the early centuries were guided, and is less obtrusive in the original than in the illustration. This work was taken from a grave in the catacombs that would appear to have been occupied about the commencement of the fourth century, or immediately previous to the conversion of the empire.

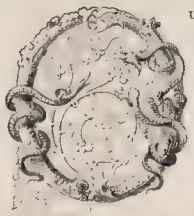
No. 6.



BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LV.—THOMAS SIDNEY COOPER, A.R.A.



OUR task in this series of papers becomes more and more difficult, in proportion to the demand already made on our attention by the artists themselves, through their works, or by notices of one kind or another which have previously been published in the pages of the Journal: thus the subject is, in a manner, exhausted, or we run the risk, by re-entering the field of investigation, of multiplying words, without increasing the information we desire to afford. Some painters there are whose pictures are of such a character and nature, that the difficulty takes an opposite direction, forcing us to condense where strict justice, as well as our own wishes, would require enlargement: this is the case, for example, with most painters of history and *genre;* their subjects, generally, are suggestive of ample remarks independent of the way in which they are treated. Some landscape-painters, too, offer a wider field for comment than others, and we can follow them from city to town, over mountain and moor, through forest and dell, and can talk with them as they sit down before "castled peak," or ivy-grown ruin; we can look at their works, and in them conjure up visions of bygone years associated with tales of fact and romance, of love and war, of buried nations and empires passed away. There are other artists whose works may be described in a very brief space: however excellent these pictures may be in themselves, they leave little or no room for extended description, the materials of one differing in so slight a degree from those of the rest, and oftentimes are uniformly treated, in a way the painter has found most favourable to his success. Thus the artist repeats himself, and the critic who writes of his works must almost necessarily be compelled to adopt the same course, and reiterate his own expressions; there is no escaping such a position.

It is one in which we find ourselves on taking up the pen at this moment, and it arises from the following facts: a sketch of Mr. Cooper's art-life, written by himself, appeared in our Journal in the year 1849, and we have at various times noticed at considerable length not a few—and, briefly, the greater part—of his pictures, which, moreover, come under the class of subject last alluded to—that is, they are more or less identical in character; he is essentially the painter of bucolics, and reigns supreme in the farm-yard, the sheep-fold, and the pasture. It is only right we should say, with reference to remarks just made on the continued similarity of subject evidenced in Mr. Cooper's works, that the fault, if it be such, lies with some of his patrons rather than himself: most of his exhibited pictures are sold before the public sees them; they are, in fact, commissions. When hung in the gallery other purchasers, attracted by them, desire to possess something of the same kind, and these form the contributions of the ensuing season: hence the artist is scarcely free to act as he often would. The fine "snow-scene" exhibited last year is a case in point: Mr. Cooper was determined to paint a picture unfettered by commission, and this was the result. When hung in the Academy it was eagerly coveted by several distinguished collectors; of course all could not have it, and the artist accepted a commission from the Earl of Ellesmere for one similar in character: thus we may expect to see another "snow-scene" from his pencil in the forthcoming exhibition.

Thomas Sidney Cooper was born at Canterbury, in September, 1803; his love of Art must have been innate, for he says, the earliest recollection of himself to which memory reverts is associated with boyish attempts to sketch the grand old cathedral and other picturesque objects in and around the city; this amusement occupied his half holidays and play-hours till his thirteenth year. His mother, having been deserted by her husband, desired to apprentice the lad, who was the youngest of several children, to some trade; but his predilections in favour of Art were so strong, that he was allowed to follow his inclinations. Nothing was done for him, however, in the way of instruction; the worthy matron had not the means of paying for it, consequently, her son was left to grope his way as best he could, and to rely on his own resources. Under circumstances so discouraging, he set resolutely to work with his pencil, and sold his sketches to strangers visiting the city for a few shillings, which enabled him to earn a precarious livelihood. Thus matters went on till he had reached his sixteenth year, when one day, while employed in drawing a part of the cathedral, he was accosted by a stranger, a Mr. Doyle, scene-painter at the theatre at Canterbury and elsewhere; he was a kind-hearted man, and, after hearing young Cooper's story, offered to give him some instruction, if he would attend at the theatre. Doyle died soon after the acquaintance commenced, and the youth succeeded him in the post. But the engagement was not very profitable, and having been solicited by an uncle, a clergyman in London, who was desirous of reclaiming him from so wandering a life, to return to Canterbury, with the promise of



Engraved by] THE PASTURE. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

procuring him eventually a studentship in the Academy, he went back and resumed his old occupation, to which he was now enabled to add some teaching: so three years more of his life were passed. In 1823, the same relative invited him to his house in London, for the advantages of instruction, and after about a year's study at the Angerstein Gallery, as the National Gallery was then called, and at the British Museum, he was admitted, through the influence of Sir T. Lawrence, into the schools of the Royal Academy.

The hope of self-advancement thus created was only of short duration; the springs of the uncle's generosity were soon dried up, for a few months only elapsed ere his nephew was sent back to Canterbury, with *a bill handed to him by his relation, for board, lodging, &c.* "Thus," he writes, "I returned to the place of my youth, without a friend, without a father, without any sort of assistance and advice; I had only a poor mother to receive me." Let us add here, that Mr. Cooper has since been enabled to pay her the filial duty of making her latter days calm and pleasant.

Three more years elapsed, and found him again teaching in Canterbury and the neighbouring towns, earning by his labours a sufficient income to maintain himself in comfort. But it happened that towards the end of that period a French gentleman came to the city, as a teacher of his native language, mathematics, and drawing; the result of this to Mr. Cooper was the falling away of his connexion, and he deemed it prudent to seek his fortune elsewhere, choosing the Continent for his new field of action. Accompanied by another artist in search of employment, Mr. W. Burgess, who had been a school-fellow, and who, in after life, settled in Dover as a drawing-master, Mr. Cooper crossed over to Calais in 1827, then on to Gravelines, Dunkirk, Bruges, and Ghent, staying a short time in each place to take a few portraits, which helped to pay expenses, till at length Brussels was reached. There they commenced the same kind of work, and, to do it the more effectually, took lodgings, and exhibited some drawings in the window of their apartments. But a circumstance, trivial in itself, which is related in the former narrative, induced Mr. Cooper to forego portraiture in favour of landscape. During the four years he resided in Brussels, he obtained extensive and lucrative employment as an artist in pencil-drawing and as a teacher. Here he made the acquaintance of the famous Belgian animal-painter, Verboeckhoven, in whose studio he painted for two or three months, but was induced to forego this advantage because it was found to interfere with his teaching. But his intimacy with Verboeckhoven resulted in his becoming a cattle-painter.

A visit paid to Holland in 1830, for the purpose of making sketches, afforded Mr. Cooper the opportunity of seeing some of the best works of the old Dutch animal-painters, and induced the desire to follow in their steps, especially as that branch of Art was then but little practised in England. However, almost immediately after his return to Brussels, the Belgian revolution broke out; his hopes and expectations were frustrated; and, after enduring nine months of difficulty, privations, and, for some time, of imprisonment, he reached England again, with his wife and child: he had married, a year or two previously, the daughter of one of the most respectable English residents in Brussels; this lady died in 1842.



Engraved by] MORNING. [J. and G. F. Nicholls.

In the summer of 1831, Mr. Cooper was once more in his native country, beginning life anew; for the few friends and acquaintances he had left here were dispersed or dead. There were none to help him onwards; so, relying on his own abilities and energy, he began sedulously to study, animal-painting chiefly, earning at the same time a somewhat precarious income, by the disposal of pencil-drawings, made after his ordinary daily labours were closed, and by drawing in lithography. In 1833 he exhibited his first picture at the Gallery of British Artists, and sent another to the Royal Academy in the same year; the former gained the notice of the late Mr. Vernon, who gave him a commission for the painting now at Kensington, bearing the title of 'Farmyard with Cattle,' a large and highly-elaborated composition, but very dissimilar in manner from many of his subsequent works. From his first appearance before the public to the present time Mr. Cooper's name has appeared, with a single intermission, in the annual exhibitions of the Academy, and very frequently in those at the British Institution. Judging, moreover, from the large number of pictures which are, and have been, in the hands of dealers and collectors, he must have painted very many that have never been publicly exhibited. It is, however, our opinion that few artists of our time have been so extensively copied as he; there are, undoubtedly, numerous pictures in existence, purporting to be his, which he never touched. In 1845 he was elected Associate of the Academy, a position most honourably earned.

We could reckon up more than one hundred works by this artist which, since 1833, have come before us; out of this number it is very difficult to select those which demand especial notice, simply because there is in all not only great uniformity of subject, but also of excellence: cattle, either in shed or pasture, either "brushing the dew" with cloven hoof at early morn, or standing knee-deep in pools under the wide-spreading elm or feathery willow, from noon-day heat, or ruminating on the grassy bank when the sun is in the west,—these, with or without the "woolly flocks" for their companions, are the staple materials of his pencil. The neighbourhood of his native city, the fine pasture-land around Canterbury watered by the river Stour, has been his principal sketching-ground, and those who well know the locality cannot fail to recognise the points introduced into his compositions. But we must try to recall to memory a few of the works which have impressed us most.

At the British Institution, in 1839, was a very charming picture, called 'The Watering Place,' representing a secluded and lovely nook in some rich pasture country, with a herd of cattle stopping to drink in a clear pool of

water. The landscape and the animals are both finely painted; in fact, there are few of Mr. Cooper's later works that surpass this in truth of nature and richness of colouring. 'Scene on a Farm, East Kent,' exhibited the same year at the Academy. 'Turning the Drove,' and 'In the Meadows of Fordwich, near Canterbury,' two paintings in the Academy in 1840, are admirable examples of true pastoral poetry expressed by the pencil. 'Amongst the Mountains in Cumberland' was exhibited at the Academy in 1841; it is the picture now in the National Gallery at Kensington, having been purchased by Mr. Vernon. 'An Intercepted Raid—Ettrick Shepherds,' in the Academy in 1842; a composition of great spirit, the cattle admirably painted. 'Watering Cattle—Evening,' in every way a delicious picture of its class; the subject is made up of a few cows, some water, and a willow-tree, which, with a sky bright and airy, are rendered with fine feeling for nature. Another picture, exhibited at the same place and time—the Academy, in 1843—is equally deserving of the highest praise; it bore the title of 'Cattle at Pasture,' the principal object being a magnificent bull. 'A Cattle Shed,' at the British Institution, in 1844, was a departure from the bright sunny pictures usually painted by Mr. Cooper to this date, though we have since seen several of a similar class; the day is cloudy, and a subdued tone of colour pervades the entire canvas—even the cows and sheep look grave and heavy, as if influenced by the dulness of the weather.

In 1846, the first year after his election into the Academy, Mr. Cooper exhibited three pictures, in each of which he appeared to have worked with a determination to justify, though it were needless, the choice made by the Academicians. These paintings were respectively entitled 'A Mountain Group,' 'A Summer Evening,' and 'Cattle Reposing;' the second is that which especially arrested our attention: it is a large composition, representing a flat landscape intersected by a smooth, though running, stream of water; a herd of cows—with their lord and guardian, a noble *pied* bull—is scattered over the meadow, several being grouped together in the foreground. The rays of a brilliant western sun illumine the whole scene, and are repeated with fine effect on the surface of the narrow river; cattle and herbage are both painted with great delicacy and richness of colour. Neither Cuyp nor Paul Potter ever excelled this really fine picture. 'Drovers halting on their way over the Mountains,' exhibited in the following year, may almost rank with the preceding; it was not quite so carefully painted as others; we believe the artist has touched upon it since.

In 1848 the name of Mr. Lee, R.A., first appeared in conjunction with that of Mr. Cooper; many pictures since then have been jointly painted by them, the former contributing the landscape, the latter the flocks and herds which enliven it. There was, however, one little picture, the work of Mr. Cooper alone, exhibited at the Academy this year, a perfect gem of its kind: it was



EVENING. [J. and G. P. Nicholls

called 'Sunset;' the subject is simply three cows grazing or ruminating in a slip of pasture on the banks of a river, fringed with sedges, dock leaves, and other wild plants, most exquisitely rendered, and, as well as the cattle, brilliant with the glow of sunset. A more delicious example of pure pastoral art was never produced by any painter, ancient or modern. 'In the Whitehall Meadows, Canterbury,' a larger canvas, exhibited at the same time, is another work of good, even excellent quality. A favourite arrangement with this painter is one frequently seen in the works of Cuyp, in which the animals are placed on a high bank or mound, and stand in bold relief against the sky, the rest of the composition being little else than a passage of flat scenery, with a stream winding through the meadows. 'Clearing off after Sunset' (1849), and 'Fordwich Meadows—Sunset' (1850), are two notable examples of this kind of pictorial arrangement, and of Mr. Cooper's *golden* pencil: the aerial tone pervading these canvases is as true as nature herself. In almost all the pictures painted in conjunction with Mr. Lee, a striking uniformity of composition is apparent: a large group of trees, either to the right or left, overshadowing a pool or stream of water, occupies a large portion of the canvas, and on the opposite side the landscape is open; the animals, generally, are in the stream or on its bank—sometimes they are scattered over both. Such, among several others, is the 'Evening in the Meadows,' exhibited at the Academy, in 1852, one of the best works which these two artists have contributed. 'Cattle and Landscape,' another joint production, exhibited in 1853, and equal in merit to the preceding, is arranged on precisely the same principles. 'A Summer's Sunny Afternoon,' exhibited also in that year, is Mr. Cooper's work only, and a very charming one it is.

This artist rarely introduces into his pictures figures, or other animals than cows and sheep: as examples of the contrary we may point out his spirited composition of 'The Charge of the Household Brigade at Waterloo,' exhibited, in 1847, at Westminster Hall; the 'Halt on the Fells,' which gained, a few years ago, the premium of £50 from the Liverpool Academy; and one or two others of minor importance.

As in all else, so it is in Art, the appetite palls from continually partaking of the same viands; the choicest delicacies lose their relish when one sits down to them daily. It is, therefore, no ill compliment to Mr. Cooper to admit how pleased we were to see him last year, in the picture of 'Crossing Newbiggin Moor in a Snow-drift, East Cumberland,' exchanging the rich sun lit pastures of southern England for the snow-clad hills of the north: and the transition was infinitely creditable to his talents, for the work is one of great power and indubitable truth.

We are indebted for permission to engrave the two pictures of 'Morning' and 'Evening' to the kindness of William M. Bigg, Esq., of Stratford Place, in whose possession these works, with several others by some of our best painters, are.

James Dafforne.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE ROYAL SISTERS.

J. Sant, Painter. D. Desvachez, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. 5 in. by 2 ft. 0½ in.

PORTRAIT-PAINTING is something beyond that imitative faculty which enables the artist to copy the form and features of the "sitter." It is, or should be, the reflex of the mind as much as, even if not more than, of the face; in it we ought to be able to trace the character as well as the personality. "Portraiture," says Walpole, "is the only true historical painting: its uses are manifest; it administers to the affections, it preserves to the world the features of those who, for their services, have deserved the gratitude of mankind, and of those who have been in any way remarkable for their own actions or through their position in society, and, in a simply historical point of view, it illustrates the costume and habits of past ages." All this, however, it only really effects when it presents the mind illuminating the countenance, and enduing it with the graces which give life to the otherwise senseless and uninviting form. Hence the portrait-painter who aims at the highest standard of his art, studies the character of the individual, and will endeavour to "draw him out," to use an ordinary phrase, by conversation on some subject of especial interest; and while thus occupied, his pencil is noting down whatever may give life, and expression, and individuality to the picture.

As a general rule the portraits of females, especially if young, present fewer difficulties to the artist than those of males. It has been observed, and we are inclined to the same opinion, that character is more visibly impressed on the faces of women than of men: the former rarely wear a mask; the latter, from the struggles, and toils, and anxieties of life, are often compelled to assume a countenance totally foreign to their feelings and nature, till it becomes almost habitual. Youth has this advantage over both, and it offers facilities to the painter not elsewhere found; time and care have graven no furrows on the cheek nor lines on the brow, passion has not given a false lustre to the eye, nor grief a rigid and angular expression to the play of the mouth. There is a distinctiveness of character which cannot be mistaken, arising from natural ingenuousness, mental repose, and the absence of everything which gives to manhood the impress of influences unfavourable to beauty of character and beauty of form.

Among our living artists there is not one whose pictures of youth and childhood are more captivating than Mr. Sant's. Portraits of children of larger growth he has painted with unquestionable success; but he has scarcely a rival when his subjects are of those yet in the early morning of life, of the "living jewels dropped unstained from heaven," or of—

> "A graceful maiden, with a gentle brow;
> A cheek tinged lightly, and a dove-like eye."

The two high born young ladies whose portraits Mr. Sant painted in the picture engraved here, must be placed in the latter category rather than the former. They are those of the Princess Helena, born in May, 1846, and the Princess Louisa, born March, 1848: the picture was a commission from his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and was executed about a year ago. The pencil of the artist has rarely been seen to greater advantage than in this work; graceful in design, fresh and pure in colouring.

Every work of Art that illustrates the persons, the character, or the domestic life of the Royal Family of England, whether collectively or individually, has an especial interest with the public; we are proud of our Sovereign, we honour her as our Queen, we admire her from what we know of her as a wife and mother, ruling her "house" in the spirit of love and kindness, and setting an example to those who, as they advance in years, will have to take a part, more or less prominent, in our national affairs. Such pictures, then, as this, have an especial value for us all, and we are bound to express our acknowledgment to the Prince Consort for permitting it to be engraved.

The picture is at Buckingham Palace.

TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. 2.—VANDYKE AND THE BEAUTY OF ROSENDAEL.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,
AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

INTRODUCTION.

ANTHONY VANDYKE was born at Antwerp, 1598. His father was a Flemish merchant in that semi-Spanish city; his mother painted flowers and made lace. An artist by instinct, and early destined for the studio, Vandyke was first placed with an unknown artist, one Henry Van Balen; afterwards with the great Peter Paul Rubens.

In this school, where Jordaens, Teniers, and Snuyders also studied, the young Fleming made great progress. His master, won by his amiable temper as much as by his precocious talent, concealed from him no secret of the art, taking pains to mature his mind and guide his taste. He soon became able to assist in painting Rubens's great religious pictures.

By the advice of his master, he devoted himself to portrait painting; and, while still in his teens, prepared to start to make the tour of Italy.

Burning with the desire to extend his studies, and glean all he could from the great masters of his art, who had enriched Florence and Rome with their great life's labours, Vandyke, therefore, set out from Antwerp for Genoa on a favourite white stallion, the gift of his master, having first painted the portrait of Rubens's wife, and made him a present, in addition, of several essays in historical painting.

I have here expanded a well-known adventure of the young painter's. It was at almost his first night's halt, in some Flemish village, that Vandyke fell in love with a country beauty, for whose sake he would have renounced all his dreams of ambition, had not Rubens, like a guardian angel, appeared again on the scene, freed him from the syren, and speeded him on to Italy.

SCENE I.

The open Flemish country just outside the walls of Antwerp, whose distant cathedral bell is even now murmuring the advent of the fourth hour of the summer afternoon; but so far off, that it comes to us here but as the gentle, regretful whisper of the Angel of Time. Far, far across the plain, some four hours' ride off, that cluster of one-storied brick houses, huddling round a slender, heaven-pointing spire, is the village of Rosendael. Vandyke, gaily dressed *en cavalier*, with a blue plume, a tawny doublet and lace collar, reins in his strong white stallion to take a last look of Antwerp, whose sconces and moats and ramparts and portcullised gates are now blanched by slanting sunshine. Dirk, his Dutch servant, who has been stolidly jogging on, silent for his own reasons,—as travellers are apt to be at first starting, till they warm to the journey,—halts too, a little further on, and rebuckles the cloak and valise that is fastened behind him. His master is in no mood for talking, and they jog on along the silent country road, past the road-side crosses and the ricks and the occasional trim farmhouse and the cornfields, rolling in golden seas, each thinking of what he has left at Antwerp.

Dirk thinks of the pretty handmaiden at the money-lender's,—the tight-waisted, neat-footed, blythe girl, with a voice like a sky-lark—Elsie, nimble as a swallow, playful as a fawn, who cried so when he told her he was going with his young master all across the sea to Italy, and to Rome, where the pope lived, and all the red-hatted cardinals. Then he thought of the pleasant hours over the sack at the "Golden Sheep" and the "Pickled Herring," and of the merry games at bowls and "Don Pedro" in the winter parlour of the "Stork's Nest," in River Street, just by the cathedral.

Vandyke, the young cavalier in the blue plume, has other dreams. He gives but a moment to the thought of his dear old grave father and mother—how they wept and sighed, and prayed God to shower blessings on the head of their dear son. His thoughts pass soon to the sumptuous studio of his master, with its saints and angels, martyrs and confessors, its Bacchuses bound with wreaths of flowers to rolling panthers, its sunburnt satyrs, and rosy-fleshed nymphs of no peculiar virtue. He thinks of the dignified parting; of the bag of gold and the white horse so generously and so graciously given; of the crowding friends; of the future all bright before him.

"I am riding," he thinks, "now into Fairy Land, like a knight of old Romance. My brave white stallion, Peter, I call my charger Snow-drift; Dirk is my brave esquire. O that Fortune would send me now beautiful widows to succour from triple-headed giants, children to carry over a swollen ford, or a great ebony castle, with golden gate, to knock at at nightfall! Now to enter some wood, like Sir Reginald of Poictiers, and there to find a maiden more lovely than the angels, bound to a tree, and girdled by a dance of wild satyrs, who, with pipe and cymbal, mock her moans! O for some kingdom to conquer for her—the lady of the Enchanted Island, who sends a dwarf, with a nose an ell long, to sue for my assistance, then should I in golden mail—a mounted Mars—sally forth at the head of my banners, and——"

Here Dirk, riding forward, brings the day-dreamer back to earth, by quietly asking him where his honour intended to sleep.

"At Rosendael yonder, of course," says the dreamer, angry at the interruption, and pursuing his train of thought half aloud.

"Then (where was I?) oh, then coming to the sea-shore, I leap into a silken-sailed boat, that comes floating towards me to the sound of a chorus of invisible mermaids, and I push for the regions of the great Soldan of Samarcand, the bright chief diamond of whose turban I piously resolve to dedicate at the shrine of our blessed Lady of the Seven Sorrows, in my fair native city of Antwerp."

"But, sir?" stammers, uncomfortably, Dirk, who is stroking his doublet the wrong way.

"Well, why do you keep interrupting me, Dirk? can you not let me be?"

"But, sir, an' your honour please, not at Rosendael?"

"Then I and my five hundred knights, all in golden armour, prick forth upon the plains of Mesopotamia, our lances shining, our cognizances burning in the eastern sun. What is it you keep muttering, Dirk? speak out, man."

"It will not please your honour to stop at Rosendael?"

"Yes, Dirk, it will please my honour; and, now, what absurd foolery has entered your politic pate? prithee tell me your worship's reasons against my stopping to-night at Rosendael."

Dirk stammers, and gets more confused than ever. Did one not know him to be a fine trusty fellow, one would really think he had been lingering behind to filch something out of his young master's new valise, that is buckled behind him.

Vandyke is a choleric young man of action; he is not going to set out on a journey, and be overruled by his servant at first starting; so he suddenly pulls in his horse, turns short on Dirk, and faces him sternly. There is



no acting in that severe eye and clenched mouth.

"Now look you here, Dirk," he says, "as I take it, I am Anthony Vandyke, artist, bound from Antwerp to Genoa; you, Dirk Jacobzoon, my serving varlet; it is I who am to order, you to obey; yet before we are well out of sight of the city walls, you turn master, and would make me man. Now look here, Dirk; I swear, by all the saints in Paradise, and especially by those whom I have painted, and who, therefore, I trust, feel more interest in me than the rest, that if you do not at once tell me your reason for not wishing to stop to-night at Rosendael, I will send you back at once to the city, and have nought more to do with you. I will have no pet servant of my father's giving me orders."

Dirk, thus adjured, and not a little frightened at his master's sudden choler, confesses then that it was Master Peter Paul Rubens himself who had warned him not to let his charge halt that night at Rosendael, but, if possible, to push on five miles further to Bolden.

"But why—but why—why, Dirk?" shouted Vandyke, getting angry at Dirk's reticence. "Quick! tell me! or I swear I'll try the virtue of this whip."

Dirk, bending down on his saddle, stammers out that he believes it was for fear that Vandyke might fall in love with the landlord's pretty daughter Louise, the beauty of Rosendael; it was not his fault, he was only repeating the words of Master Peter Paul Rubens.

"As if I was a child!" says Vandyke. "Get behind me, sirrah!—Mind, we stop to-night at Rosendael. A word more, and you jog back to Antwerp. I am no boy, to be schooled by a varlet; learn to obey, sir, or you and I shall not go two days more together. Buckle that valise tighter, or it will be off the pommel; and mind, ride no more up to my side till I call you."

Dirk falls back somewhat crestfallen. His first attempt at guardianship had been, to make the best of it, somewhat unfortunate. Here they were, bound to the very place he had been, that very moment, paid two crowns not to stop at.

For a mile or two Vandyke chafes silently over the secret precaution his master has taken.

"As if I was a dissolute ruffian, like Rombouts," he thinks; "or a poor, weak, sapless spendthrift, like Schuts, who will turn from his path for a stray thistledown blowing over a meadow. I am past all these follies. And a peasant-girl, too!—I who mean to marry no one less than a maid of honour at least—I who long for Italy, and the Duke of Mantua's gallery—who—why not all the beauties of Flanders—How far is Rosendael now, Dirk?"

"Three miles, good master."

"Which is the best inn at Rosendael?"

"The 'Three Burgomasters,' good master."

"Is that where the beauty lives?"

"Y—e—es."

"Then we will put up there, and show the world how weak such attractions are, when glory is in view. Ride on, Dirk, and bid them prepare supper—merely a branded fowl, and a flask of the best wine—Spanish, if they have it; no fuss—plain—everything plain—for a simple traveller; not a word, Dirk, who I am."

Dirk sets spurs to his big black charger, and in a moment disappears, like a magician, in a cloud of dust.

Having thus prepared himself for the great victory over all meaner passions than ambition, our young knight-errant of the blue feather ambles onward more contentedly. His handsome face resumes its wonted good-tempered lines, his eyebrows arch as before, his well-shaped mouth relaxes into a smile. The young traveller is tasting deeply the intense enjoyment of the first full liberty. He has youth, money, talent; he is lord of all possibilities; he has just repulsed an unruly servant; he is supremely, Pharisaically happy.

Now the perfect fulness of sunlight that precedes sunset pervades the landscape. The long rows of guardian poplars that guard the road rise through an atmosphere of mellow gold, that fuses them all to one rich tranquil hue. The distant windmill, the little farm-houses, the enclosures, the orchards of the approaching village, are all golden. It is a scene of ineffable tranquillity, such as Cuyp, long afterwards, delighted to paint.

Now, as the birds begin to sing the requiem of the day, the sunset commences its sublime pageant, that fills the young painter's eye with wonder and delight. That rehearsal of the world's final destruction, that gorgeous hint of heaven's glories, burns up all lesser colours and all lesser glories, and fuses them into one core of ineffable splendour. The poplars turned to such burning bushes as Moses saw in the wilderness. It is the alchymist's world he sees, and all is melting into gold. It is the region of Midas, and all that the light touches becomes pure bullion.

Now twilight sets in, and broad horizontal bars of opaque purple prison in the dying sun; over these, I see a ruffled plumage of gold and rose colour, as of disappearing angels' wings, retiring into the inner light. Paler and paler grow the pearly greys and creamy tints of the declining light. Darker and weirder grow the tall poplars, as the young moon shows her sharp silver crescent high above them, to light the knight-errant on to Rosendael.

SCENE II.

The Inn-Porch—Summer Twilight.

Vandyke is sitting with Louise, the beauty of Rosendael, in the porch; she is spinning—he is (very near) watching her, with an earnestness not at all unlike that of a lover's.

"And so you leave us to-morrow?" says Louise in a low voice, keeping her eyes down with unnecessary timidity, for one asking so simple a question.

"Who told you, dear Louise?"

"Dirk."

"Dirk knows nothing; I have changed my mind; I shall stay here another week. Do you, then, wish me gone, Louise?"

"I—what—yes—no; I and my father are only too happy to entertain so brave and gallant a gentleman"—all this time Louise keeps her eyes averted from Vandyke's face.

"Louise, do you know why I have lost all wish to leave Rosendael? do you know what enchantment holds me here in its golden web? Louise, dearest, hear me."

Father comes from the house with a lighted candle, and tells Louise to fill him another stoup of wine.

"Why, there you have been sitting, as I'm an honest Fleming, just for all the world as I used to do with Elsie, when I was courting. Take care, Louise; it is not for landlords' daughters to fall in love with gay young cavaliers."

[VANDYKE *laughs*, LOUISE, *blushing, strikes her father in playful anger, then, with one timid smile and glance at the young painter, runs off, with the key of the cellar dangling from her finger.*

SCENE III.

A week hence. Best room of "The Three Burgomasters" inn at Rosendael.

Dirk stands moodily in the rear, talking to a keen-eyed village boy, whom he holds by the shoulder. Vandyke is sitting with one arm round the waist of the beauty of Rosendael, looking into her eyes, as if he found more to learn there than in all the books in that great cathedral library at Antwerp. Louise, quite unconscious of his gaze, of course, is shaping a white satin gown for her own approaching wedding. The landlord, pipe in hand, and tankard on his knee, watches the pair with fatherly approval. Outside the latticed window I see signs of festivities preparing. A be-ribboned pole for dancing round is erecting. Three or four men, with guitars and viols, seated on an ale-bench, are putting their heads together in a conspirator-like way. Beside them, like a standard-bearer, stands a rough fellow, blowing a horn with one hand, while with the other he holds a long pole, on the top of which is placed a rat-cage.

Two old gossips, outside in the washing-shed, are discussing the beauty of the bride and the comeliness of the bridegroom, declaring that in all Flanders they did not think you could match them.

But to return to the state room of the inn, where Vandyke is addressing his future father-in-law.

"Look you here, mine host of the 'Three Burgomasters,' let everything be gay and bright for to-morrow's wedding."

"But what, dear Antonio," says the bride elect, "will the dear father you talk so much of say when he hears that the son of his heart has given up all his bright dreams, and got married to the simple daughter of the landlord of a small inn, in the poor little village of Rosendael?"

"Daughter Louise says true; she speaks my mind exactly," says the stolid landlord, speaking between puffs of his pipe.

"I tell you, father," says the young cavalier, gracefully tossing back his rich curled hair from his high white forehead, and then looking down at the blue ribbon roses in his shoes (he is now in bridegroom's suit of carnation-coloured satin—a suit orginally intended to have been worn at the Duke of Mantua's court), "I tell you, father (*the village Burgomaster swells with satisfaction at this title, and* LOUISE *presses his hand*), I have relinquished all the foolish dreams of a selfish ambition. I no longer pine for Italian skies and painted chapels; I wish for no saints now, for I have an angel here—(*kisses* LOUISE) I wonder now at myself for ever even dreaming of dukes' courts and frescoed walls—"

"And your painting, dear Anthony? have you forgotten that? Why, you wanted to draw me yesterday, only I dragged you off to the village dance, and would not hear of having any copy taken of my foolish face."

"But you will sit to me now, dear Louise; your cheek never had such a summer morning flush upon it as now. Dirk, bring me my easel, that large canvas you strained yesterday, and my brushes, Dirk."

"Dirk is not here; he is just gone out in the village," says the Burgomaster. "I do not like that sulky fellow, Master Vandyke; he is the only soul in the village who seems not to like the marriage."

Vandyke goes himself for the easel and canvas, cursing Dirk as he goes. Ten minutes more, and the pretty Flemish beauty is seated before him, and he is busy at his canvas, stopping only now and then to whisper some love nonsense into Louise's little pink ear.

I leave them to return to Dirk, who I find now in a corner of the stable, playing with a silver crown-piece, while he urges the village boy, Baptiste, to some enterprise of moment.

"Mount, lad," he says, "this black horse of mine, and ride quick into Antwerp; ask there for the house of Peter Paul Rubens, the great painter—any one will show it you. Ride straight into the courtyard, and if the porter at the great gate stay you, tell him you bring tidings of great import from Master Anthony Vandyke, and must speak the master directly. Out he will come, the great man, in rich black

velvet doublet, palette on his thumb. Drop down on one knee, then, and tell him, doffing your cap, that you come straight from Rosendael—that Dirk sent you; then give him this letter, and ride back quick with his answer, for life and death depends on it."

"I'll do it, Master Dirk; no swallow ever flew so quick as I will ride to Antwerp," says the boy, as he leaps on the now saddled horse, and spurs him off through the inn gateway into the open country.

Dirk soliloquizes.—"Now," thinks he, "unless the black mare founder, the boy go leaping a wet ditch, or Sheba cast a shoe, I have stopped this foolish marriage of our young master's. He to marry a beggarly landlord's daughter! and he bound to a duke's court too! Marry, come up! And if he does discard me for it, I care not; I have done my duty, and Mother Conscience will leave whipping me now—"

Vandyke's voice.—Dirk, you rascal! Dirk!

"Coming, sir! Ha, my young gentleman, you little know what mischief Dirk has been up to."

SCENE IV.

Next morning.

Vandyke, waiting for Louise, who is attiring herself for church, thinks for an instant of the Duke of Mantua's court, then shrugs his shoulders, and smiles as he looks at the plain wooden chairs and rude settles of the inn-chamber.

"But what matter," he says, half aloud, "once entirely happy with Louise, I shall live again the golden age. I shall anticipate the joys of heaven, and pass a contented, peaceful life, painting the calm scenes around my home. With these simple people—(*here a drunken voice roars for a second stoup of Rhenish*)—I shall live contented; and when Death comes looking through the garden-window, calling me hence, I shall e'en kiss my wife and children, and follow him, lying down to sleep away the years in the little flower-sprinkled churchyard yonder, with no famous, but still no dishonoured, name carved upon my tombstone."

But the lover forgets these pastoral dreams (which, somehow or other, seemed to have rather the shadow of some passing cloud upon them) as Louise comes floating (you can hardly call the divine passage, walking) down the turnpike stairs. She stays upon the last step, as she sees her lover, and, holding the handle of the door so as to keep it open, looks at him with a beautiful sense of self-surrender,—with a tender quietude and fulness of delight in her deep brown eyes; with such a pretty sense of half-conscious—only half-conscious—beauty crowning her, that Vandyke, had he not been deep in love already, would have been a poor frozen stoic indeed had he not fallen in love then.

He advances and kisses her, as from the dark she floats down, like a white, light-laden summer cloud, into the room, radiant with loveliness and happiness.

Just as Vandyke is kissing away a little tear (liquid diamond he calls it) from the red-brown blushing cheek of Louise, the villagers pour in, led by the landlady of the "Three Burgomasters;" Dirk, who looks, however, grave and anxious, keeps going in and out on sham errands.

Now the wedding procession is marshalled. First rows of Flemish girls, two and two; then the young men of the village, with large posies at their bosoms, the foremost carrying a gilt tankard full of wine—a grace cup for the newly-married couple; lastly the bride and Vandyke——

They are just flinging open the doors to make way for the train, when the hasty tramp of a horse's hoofs are heard, and the next minute Rubens, wrapped in a cloak, strides into the room, and angrily addresses the people assembled.

"Good people, I forbid this foolish marriage in the name of the bridegroom's father! Anthony, awake from this foolish dream in the siren country. Thus I snap the magic chain with which Cupid has bound thee, like the knight in Tasso, of whom these good country-people know nothing. This pretty girl I shall find a more suitable husband for. Nay, no bravery of swords; I have the magistrate near at hand to back me in all I do, and a councillor's order to boot. Make room there, fellows, while I speak to this foolish youth. Dirk, go pack up your master's canvases and valise, and in one hour from this be ready with the horses at the gate. I will see you start. Burgomaster, you are amenable to justice for thus secretly encouraging a union between your daughter and the son of a rich Antwerp merchant, but this time the law's long hand shall not touch you. I was but just in time, Antonio mio, to save you from making a fool of yourself."

SCENE V.

Doorway of the Inn.—Noon.

Rubens, leaning on Vandyke's arm. "I knew that one rough, healthy gust of cool common sense would blow this dream-land to shivers. I knew one word of mine, dear Anthony, about our great Art and its aims, would urge on the bark—for a moment run aground on the siren's island—with fresher wind to Italy. Remember you have sworn, dear Anthony, never to renew this amour."

Vandyke, sorrowfully, "I have sworn! I need no reminder of my promises."

"There, there, take it not too much to heart, lad. We all have felt these April cloudings. You will forget Louise long before you reach the next seaport. You have parted from her?"—

"I have, and shall see her no more on earth."

"A wrench, like a tooth taken out, I dare say, but no pain after. Dirk, hurry up with those horses. I must be back to Antwerp before sunset. We have a great city supper to-night, and I must not be missing; and you have forgiven Dirk—he is faithful, and had no thought but your good?"

"I have—I was a love-sick fool—I see it now—to stay dallying here."

Dirk cries, "The horses are ready."

Vandyke mounts slowly the white stallion, shakes hands mournfully with Rubens, gives one long, clinging look to an upper window, where the blind is half down, and rides slowly off on his seaward road.

Rubens watches him till his white horse becomes no larger than a butterfly in the distance; he then whistles a tune, mounts his own horse, and rides off to Antwerp. The last words of his I heard were, "I shall eat a better supper to-night now I have saved the foolish boy from ruin."

BEFORE "THE TURNERS,"

AT THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Look! how his colours glorify the place,
With lustres by no eyes of mortals seen,
Save his and such as his, whose sight hath been
Strengthened to look on nature's robeless grace,
The awful beauty of her unveiled face.
Yet seems she here transfigured in each scene,
Bright with a glory that hath never been;
Immortal radiance shines from out all space,
"The light that never was on sea or land;"
Ideal splendours, that his soul's eye saw,
Flashed into colours from his radiant hand;
Scenes that seem sinning against truth's clear law,
To grosser gazers who before them stand,
But stilling you, dear friends, to praise and awe.

W. C. Bennett.

THE SOCIETY OF BRITISH ARTISTS.

The private view of the exhibition of this society was held on Saturday, the 23rd of March, and on the Monday following the doors were opened to the public. The entire number of works is eight hundred and seventy-seven, being eight more than that of the catalogue of last year. The oil pictures number six hundred and thirty-nine, the water-colour drawings two hundred and thirty-one, and the sculptural works seven. The contributors, as usual, have sent productions in the different departments that they profess, and much of what has been said of antecedent exhibitions will apply to this. When the visitor stands in the centre of the large room, and looks round, he may at once recognise the works of many men who possess power and feeling beyond what they evince here; but in compliance with the temper of the time, they are content to suppress their ambition and to paint for the market; they work under the dictation of him "who knows what will sell"—and that this is truth, ten minutes' conversation with the rapid executant of this or that landscape or figure picture will bring instant conviction. The market is the ruin of many a gifted painter; it places him in a groove where he goes on for his life reproducing himself, like the animalcula of modern science. We are weary of remarking on the absence of the dramatic and quasi-historical element in figure pictures; it is not profitable, it is not in accordance with that dissemination of taste in which we have of late so much exulted. Simplicity is always captivating, but not always poetic. The motive of the best landscapes here is a literal version of every-day nature; and that is given with unimpeachable fidelity. And such is the case elsewhere; but there are exceptions, which exalt the names of their authors in "immortal verse." The all but entire absence of portraiture is easily accounted for, yet it is a curious feature of the time. The art of oil portraiture will always flourish among us in its best character; it is, therefore, rather a matter of congratulation to be spared the infliction of many indifferent portraits.

No. 7. 'Odd or Even,' James Collinson. Two boys are very earnestly engaged in the game, the one holding forth his hand while the other guesses its contents. It is difficult at once to understand the motive of the figures; the head of the principal looks too large.

No. 10. 'Vespers,' J. Hayllar. A study of a head and bust of a French peasant girl: in tone, feeling, and accessory, the best of the small pictures as yet exhibited under the name.

No. 24. 'The Emigrant's Letter,' W. Hemsley. The point of this story is perspicuous enough. The postman, who has just delivered the letter, which is addressed to one of the members of a cottage family, is engaged in reading it, whence we must presume there is nobody present capable of deciphering its contents. The composition is full, but nothing is brought into competition with the actors in the scene, who are all most attentive listeners. The eye is at once gratified with the arrangement of the material and the propriety of the tones.

No. 40. 'The Lace-maker: Father's Dinner-Hour,' T. Roberts. Here is a girl—the lace-maker—seated, and looking anxiously from a window for the arrival of her father, who, it may be inferred, is late. From her pallid complexion we see that she is proposed as an example of those late and early workers of whom Hood sung so movingly. Her eye, though weary, has in it much of anxiety, and on her cheek the artist has painted her destiny in the unmistakeable symptoms of

the most direly insidious of all our English maladies. The accessories are sparingly cast; the only visible preparation for the dinner appears by reflection in a small glass hanging on the right; but there is enough of detail descriptive of the circumstances of the lace-maker.

No. 47. 'A Village Green, Surrey,' F. W. Hulme. Rather a severe subject, with little of pictorial quality—the portraiture of a not very attractive locality, and hence the more difficult to invest with any interest. The treatment is not so playful as we are accustomed to see in Mr. Hulme's works. The greens are low in tone, but the whole is broad and substantial.

No. 52. 'The Queen of the Claddach, Galway, Ireland,' C. Baxter. Like most of Mr. Baxter's essays, this is simply a head and bust, those of a milk-girl. The face is painted with the life-like warmth and softness that distinguish all the artist's works.

No. 59. 'An Important Communication,' L. W. Desanges. These two figures have that air of portraiture which is always inseparable from the works of a professor of this branch of the art. They are two young ladies in full dress, looking as if they had momentarily retired from the drawing-room, the one to make, the other to hear, the communication; and if the composition be really a picture, and not portraiture, its character is materially impaired by the principal figures looking so fixedly at the spectator.

No. 63. 'Eothen,' J. H. S. Mann. A study of the upper part of a figure charactered as an Eastern beauty: drawn with precision, and painted throughout with infinite neatness.

No. 73. 'Rome from the Ilex Walk, Pincian Gardens,' J. B. Pyne. The whole of the material here is softened in tone and sweetened in colour. The terrace wall sweeps transversely from left to right, and of course the sharp line of the ilices does the same, and these are the substance of the picture, which thus is reduced to two quantities, the second being the mellow expanse of the lower-lying city, with here and there a salient feature. The picture exemplifies the mastery necessary to simplicity in Art.

No. 76. 'On Wimbledon Common,' S. R. Percy. This subject is a small piece of rough bottom, with trees apparently worked out on the place itself, and kept well together, so as to represent a veritable site.

No. 78. 'A View of a Window at Granada,' painted on the spot, F. Y. Hurlstone. This picture will doubtlessly be accepted as perfectly accurate in all its details. It contains two girls, of the size of life, standing at the window, laughing and talking about some interesting spectacle that is passing in the street. Both bespeak themselves Spaniards; the features of one are national and piquant to a degree, and the action of the other, who discourses with her fan, opens a story of the past and future.

No. 83. 'Going to Market,' J. Henzell. The figures here are supported by a substantially painted landscape background; but the subject is better suited for a small than a large canvas. The drawing and painting are more careful than in antecedent works.

No. 89. 'Hungarian Peasants at the Holy Well,' J. Zeitter. More definite, more distinct in purpose than are generally Mr. Zeitter's works, which, as sketches, are singularly masterly. It is not intended that we should accept these figures as painted from the life.

No. 90. 'Fortunata, the Child of the Romagna,' T. Heaphy. A study of a girl in the *festa* costume of the Italian peasantry: she is in the act of feeding two doves. The head is characteristic.

No. 94. 'Cathedral, &c., Abbeville,' W. N. Hardwick. The view is that from the Somme, where we see the cathedral towering above the old houses.

No. 95. 'The Sermon,' T. Roberts. Rather the congregation! two village children, one a girl, keeping herself awake by an effort; the other, a boy, is sound asleep—a hard comment on the sermon of a country vicar. Both are well drawn and skilfully painted.

No. 100. 'An afternoon in Autumn,' H. Shirley. This we notice as a piece of brilliant improvisation—a commingling of much familiar material. The effect, forms, and dispositions recall Turner too vividly to mind. In this there is a bad sense as well as a good one.

No. 102. 'The Way across the River, North Wales,' H. J. Boddington. A composition of mountain and lake scenery, of a character similar to that which this artist frequently paints.

No. 105. 'Portrait of Miss Lucas,' John Lucas. The figure is graceful, but generally too low in tone and deficient of force; the features, however, are animated and agreeable in expression.

No. 113. 'A Squall,' G. A. Holmes. This picture strikes the eye from the broad foxiness of its flesh tint. There are two figures, a nurse, and a little boy who is "squalling" under the infliction of soap and water. The flesh surfaces are finished with a transparent glaze, leaving the complexions of the child and his nurse too much alike.

No. 114. 'The Happy Days of Anne Boleyn,' D. Pasmore. As her happiest days were those she passed at Hever Castle, we may suppose this interior to be a room under her father's roof. The picture looks somewhat raw; it has not the antique appearance which this artist can give.

No. 119. 'Near Brendow, North Devon,' Mrs. Muller. A close study of trees, apparently elaborated on the spot with careful attention to natural tint.

No. 120. * * * * J. Noble. The subject of this work, to which no title is given in the catalogue, is an incident that occurred while the French artist, Lalour, was painting a portrait of Madame Pompadour at Versailles. The painter stipulated that he should be free from the intrusion of visitors; but this condition was infringed by the entrance of Louis XV., whereon Lalour resumes his wig and leaves the room. The subject is somewhat far-fetched, and is one of that kind that does not read easily.

No. 125. 'A Surrey Cornfield,' Vicat Cole. The entire tone of this picture is distinctly English, but especially the face of the country, with its green valleys and wooded uplands, and, more potent than all in impressing the eye and the sense, the golden wealth of its foreground harvest-field. Whatever of manner that exists in the picture is the exertion of an earnest following of nature, for it is sufficiently clear that the picture has been painted very closely in imitation of the given locality.

No. 126. 'Pilgrimage to the Holy Shrine of Torrijos, near Seville,' P. Villamil. A large composition, showing a festive procession consisting of cars drawn by oxen, and attended by curvetting horses bearing holiday cavaliers. The style and appointments we willingly accept as faultless, for the painter must be an authority in such things; but the whole wants force and actuality.

No. 134. 'Cattle—Evening,' G. Cole. In this picture there is a head of a bull, realised to the life. An equally successful study occurs in No. 163, 'Interior, with Welsh Cattle,' a large picture, containing a bull, a cow, and some sheep.

No. 152. 'On the Coast, South Wales,' J. Syer. The subject is a wreck, which is apparently a bark, cast all but dry, in a channel so narrow that it is difficult to understand how she gets there. It is rather a large picture, of which the circumstances are pointedly detailed, and in perfect harmony. The aim of the painter seems principally to have been breadth and firmness.

No. 172. 'Summer,' J. J. Hill. A group of two rustic figures, composed of a girl carrying a sleeping child at her back. They are agreeably mellow in colour. The allusion to summer is a basket of flowers carried by the former.

No. 176. 'Josepha, a Spanish gipsy of the Cuesta of the Alhambra,' F. Y. Hurlstone. This picture has something in it that reminds us of Murillo, and that is saying much in respect of nationality. The figure is a small life-size, with a red scarf thrown across the person, an arrangement strictly in accordance with the *gitanesque* love of gay colours.

No. 182. 'Cornelian Bay, near Scarborough,' A. Clint. Here is much refined feeling in the painting of distances; the line of coast terminates in a misty headland, in contemplating which colour is entirely overlooked in the superior pretensions of the atmospheric expression. The level of the beach and the water, and the description of space, are extremely faithful.

No. 186. 'Burnham Beeches, Farnham,' Miss C. Nasmyth. A small picture carefully detailed, executed with somewhat of the feeling of the gifted father of the artist, but yet of course far below his standard. The work wants the harmonious colour and cohesion of those of Patrick Nasmyth.

No. 193. 'Salmon and Trout,' H. L. Rolfe. Only one of the former, but several of the latter, all worked out to a surpassing imitation of the reality.

No. 198. 'Scarborough Castle,' W. Metcalfe. Scarborough Castle is a good subject from many points of view, but it does not appear in this picture, which has been painted much in the feeling of the Dutch masters—effect at any price.

No. 207. * * * * C. Baxter. In the place of a title to this picture there is a quotation from the verse of Tom Moore. It is a small life-sized study of a country girl—head and bust only—the face executed with that softness, and coloured with that sunny mellowness, which constitute the great merit of Mr. Baxter's works.

No. 217. 'Her Majesty's Sanitory Commissioner Extraordinary,' H. H. Emmerson. An unfortunate example of that class of composition that has nothing to say for itself. Without the title, the action and purpose of the figures were utterly unintelligible. The commissioner and his following appear to be noting down for a summons the proprietor of an over-populated lodging-house, in a back alley of a country town,—and there is much careful painting wasted in this profitless account. Verily the range of eccentricity in subject-matter has no limit.

No. 225. 'Evening, Coast of Sussex,' A. Clint. It would be difficult without some poetic leaven to make a picture out of this material; but we do not look at the local features, which are bald enough: it is the sun partially obscured by clouds, and the corresponding effect, wherein lies the gist.

No. 234. 'Breaking Clods,' H. Weekes, Jun. A group of three well-conditioned draught horses, drawing a spiked roller; the substance and movement of the animals are forcibly given.

No. 239. 'Spanish Picarones—the scene one of the towers and the fosse of the Alhambra, the spot on which issued Boabdil El Chico to avoid the shame of passing through the town on the fall of Granada,' F. Y. Hurlstone. These Picarones are three boys, the offscourings of the decent society of Granada,

"Whose home is number nowhere,"

and we see in them the same conformation of feature that Murillo so often painted; we cannot therefore but accept them as strictly faithful examples of that portion of the floating population of a Spanish city who pass their lives night and day in the streets.

No. 240. 'Le Bacchante,' Theodor Jansen. The only piece of rampant mythology we see in the collection. The artist has bestowed great labour on it, yet it has many shortcomings, principally the heads seem to have been painted from grave antique busts, so utterly are they wanting in expression. They are two life-sized ladies, from whom take away the Bacchanalian properties and they might be saints or martyrs.

No. 244. 'Conflicting accounts of the Engagement,' H. J. Pidding. There is more profitable narrative in this composition than in any production we ever saw exhibited under this name. It shows a number of Greenwich pensioners disputing about the manner in which the French and English fleets commenced the Battle of Trafalgar. The point of the story is tolerably clear, but it would have been more so had the old salts chalked the ships on the pavement, instead of representing them by pieces of paper on the grass.

No. 255. 'Among the Thistles,' T. Worsey. As a weed picture this is really a gem, but the artist is not a master at painting a glimpse of distance. The subject is a thistle, on which is clustered a trio of goldfinches. The leaves in colour are metallic, but the forms and execution are perfect.

No. 261. 'Scene on the Brecon and Newport Canal,' J. Tennant. From the nearest site an extensive view opens over a most picturesque country. The canal turns off to the right, and it is here perhaps some hundreds of feet above the plain below; and again far above that runs a railroad for the miners, but this does not appear in the picture.

No. 262. 'I'm the King of the Castle,' W. J. Webbe. The title is supposed to be the utterance of one of a numerous company of lambs, some of which in obedience to their instincts have ascended a portion of an earthen dyke, where they overlook their fellows. The animals are successfully described, even to the movement of their tails. There is much careful painting, but the background does not support the nearest portions.

No. 267. 'A Trout Stream in the Highlands,' J. Stewart. Harmonious and natural in colour: there is not much of it, but it is a speaking memento of Highland scenery.

No. 270. 'A Brown Study,' J. D. Wingfield. The subject is a nook in a painter's studio, on the wall of which are displayed the thousand and one inutilities which collect in every dusty sanctum in a course of years.

No. 278. 'A Peep over Surrey,' H. J. Boddington. This picture is arbitrarily divided into dark and light. The latter comprehends the distances, in the working of which there is a much fresher tone than in anything Mr. Boddington has of late exhibited. Far below the eye lies a grassy plain, which is skilfully spread out to the misty distance.

No. 286. 'A Prayer for the Absent One,' Miss Brownlow. The prayer is offered up by a French peasant girl, who kneels on her *prie-dieu:* so firmly painted as to be even masculine in manner.

No. 290. 'The Woodcutter's Daughters,' J. Henzell. This is a bright picture—bright from the well arranged opposition of the figures with the ground plot to the sky. It shows two girls, grouped with the huge bole of a felled tree.

No. 294. 'Vespers,' H. Holyoake. A female head in profile, full of elegant sentiment, but not well supported by the drapery.

No. 314. 'Griselda at the Well,' G. A. Storey. This is not Griselda either in character or in circumstance. It is a study, in the feeling of the German school, of a girl with a water pitcher; curious in its marked difference from everything around it, but nevertheless meritoriously precise in drawing and painting. The face is youthful and unsentimental.

No. 319. 'Christ and the Woman of Canaan,' C. Rolt. A study for a larger picture. It is refreshing to see anything like an earnest essay in religious art, according to the canons of those shadowy people called "old masters." But the composition of this work reminds us of others, to its disadvantage. It is felt, however, that it will paint large, because it looks like a large picture reduced. The woman at the feet of our Lord is the foible of the composition. Her drapery seems to have been entirely overlooked, and the Saviour appears cramped between the two lines of the wall. The background figures are simple and effective—their value by enlargement will be much enhanced; but the defects we mention will then become more conspicuous.

No. 324. 'The Pet of the Village,' W. Hemsley. This pet is a little girl, opening a wicket for you to pass through. This small figure is painted with that kind of firmness which always shows that an artist knows well what he is about.

No. 325. 'Children and Rabbits,' A. Provis. In the life that he gives to his carefully worked interiors, this artist is generally happy. The cottage home, with its multifarious garniture, is the picture. Although the colour is not that of the place described, yet it is a specious adaptation that does not tell tales.

No. 326. 'His Mammy's Grave,' T. Roberts. A study of a village child, sitting on the grass contemplating the humble stone on which we are to suppose is graven the record of his parent's decease. The newly-made grave, the band of crape on his hat, and the little fellow's saddened look, declare at once his bereavement.

No. 334. 'Fast-day in the Convent,' G. D. Leslie. The proposition is illustrated by a solitary nun sitting fishing in the convent moat. Such an allusion to the fast-day is so grotesque as to look very like caricature, even insomuch that the idea suggested by the title is, that the lonely lady is fishing for her refection, and the slightness of her tackle suggests only minnows or tittlebats.

No. 340. 'A Fisherman's Cottage on the Medway, Rochester,' W. E. Bates. We have here a view of the old bridge, and the cottage is, we believe, the same that has been made historic by Callcott, Wilkie, Collins, Prout, Müller, and an entire catalogue of celebrities; but it is now in a state of rapid dissolution, and must soon disappear, in obedience to the utilizing spirit of the time.

No. 343. 'Church of St. Germain, Auxerre, from the river,' J. D. Barnett. We are here on the Yonne, looking to the cathedral over the near houses. The manner of the picture is fresh and free, like that of some water-colour drawings of fifty years ago.

No. 359. * * * * A. J. Woolmer.

"Where perhaps some beauty lies,
The cynosure of neighbouring eyes."

There is so much that is good in this picture, that we wish it were more equal. It shows a lady reclining in a gorgeous boudoir, of the indefinition of which nothing need be said, but it will be felt that the costume does not contain substance.

No. 394. 'A tributary of the Esk, near Whitby,' T. Banks. There are points in this study which speak of perseverance and enterprise. The water and all the immediate incidents are very conscientiously brought forward, but the trees are weak.

No. 403. * * * * H. Newell.

"My peace is gone,
My heart is heavy."

These words of Faust's Marguerite are in nowise applicable to this figure—simply a country girl in deep thought, sitting by her wheel. The relief and substance of the study are unobjectionable, but the painter is unjust to himself in proposing it as a conception of Marguerite.

No. 405. 'Flowers,' Mrs. Rimer. An effective disposition, very powerful in colour.

No. 434. 'Girl Sewing,' E. J. Cobbett. She is seated at her cottage casement, a prepossessing example of rustic beauty; but there would have been more presence and substance in the figure had the canvas been less. There is space to spare. It is one of the most pleasant studies the artist has of late produced.

No. 436. 'A Music Lesson,' G. Wells. The figures, of which there are three, are costumed in fancy scenic attire. The *maestro* is on the right of the picture, and the two pupils, ladies, are seated together, forming a group which we think it will be felt is injured by the presence of the third figure. The two figures are really well painted, and would be improved were the professor absent.

No. 459. 'Rubens presenting his picture of Peace and War to Charles I.,' A. Jerome. The composition has been suggested by Buchanan's "Memoirs of Painting," in which it is said that the real object of Rubens' mission to England was of a diplomatic character, but this he covered by the exercise of his profession, until circumstances rendered explanations expedient. The picture was painted to illustrate the horrors of war, and to assist the painter in his task of arranging the differences between England and Spain. In the work before us Rubens is showing the picture to the king; but the points want force and precision. As far as can be seen, too much has been done without models.

No. 462. 'Desdemona,' C. Baxter. Broad and beautiful in colour. She is listening to Othello.

No. 463. 'Ophelia,' T. F. Dicksee.

"He is dead and gone, lady;
He is dead and gone."

A study of the head only—mad, *quoad* the hair and also the flowers. The face is charming, quite *distrait* enough, but all the lines want softening.

Other works meriting mention are No. 468, 'Counting her Chickens before they are hatched,' C. S. Lidderdale; No. 484, 'April in Wales,' C. L. Coppard; No. 491, 'Autumn,' Vicat Cole; No. 495, 'A Flower Girl from Vierlanden, near Hamburg,' P. Levin; No. 496, 'Sheep and Lambs,' G. W. Horlor; No. 506, 'Corner of a Market-place, Brittany,' J. T. Hixon; No. 514, 'The Approach of an Enemy,' J. T. Peele; No. 518, 'An Interior,' H. Newell; No. 521, 'The light of other days,' J. T. Lucas; No. 522, 'On the Llugwy, North Wales,' A. Cooper; and others by H. Weekes, jun., W. W. Gosling, J. J. Wilson, A. H. Tourrier, W. Holyoake, C. Goldie and H. W. Bremer, W. Gill, W. Bromley, T. Earl, G. Cole, J. Noble, F. Cowie, J. B. Surgey, W. S. P. Henderson, J. D. Wingfield, &c.

Among the water-colour drawings there are No. 657, 'The Flower Girl,' J. A. Fitzgerald; No. 659, 'Lelant Ferry-house, Cornwall,' G. Wolfe; No. 666, 'Wild Duck and Wood Pigeon,' W. Duffield; No. 667, 'The Valley of the Dee, near Ballater,' W. J. Ferguson; No. 703, 'The Gaoler's Daughter,' A. Martin; No. 735, 'A Member of the Village Band,' J. Campbell, Jun.; No. 743, 'The Veiled Beauty,' L. Gratia; 'A Cloud in the East,' W. J. Allen; No. 758, 'Home from the Derby,' R. W. Chapman, &c.

RAMBLES OF AN ARCHÆOLOGIST
AMONG
OLD BOOKS AND IN OLD PLACES.

BY F. W. FAIRHOLT, F.S.A.

PART III.

APPLICABILITY is the most useful characteristic of the style popularly known as the *Renaissance;* it is confined to no one branch of Art, but is capable of extension to all, from the most delicate work of the jeweller to the boldest scroll-ornament adopted by the sculptor in wood or stone. The Loggie of the Vatican is the best original example of the style as perfected by Raffaelle and his scholars, and applied to wall-painting. It was a free rendering of the antique fresco ornament then just discovered in the Baths of Petus, where extensive excavations were



undertaken in 1506, under the superintendence of the Papal authorities. The classic forms were "severer" than those in use by the artists who resuscitated the style, and were somewhat overlaid with ornament. The details of Raffaelle's own work will not always conquer adverse criticism, inasmuch as there are heterogeneous features introduced occasionally, which are not visible in the purer style of antiquity. As the fashion for this decoration travelled northward, it increased in freedom from classic rule, and more completely deserved the term "grotesque," which it occasionally received, a term derived from the "grotte," or underground rooms of the ancient baths, and which we now use chiefly in the sense of a ludicrous composition. Such com-



positions were not unfrequent on the walls of Greek and Roman buildings; and the German and Flemish artists, with a nationally characteristic love of whimsical design, occasionally ran riot in invention, having no rule beyond individual caprice. This unfortunate position offering too great a licence to mere whimsicality, was felt in ancient as well as in modern times. Pliny objected, on the grounds of false or incongruous taste, to the arabesques of Pompeii, though they approached nearer to the Greek model; and Vitruvius, with that purity of taste which was his grand characteristic, endorsed the opinion, and enforced it in his teaching. We are often in error when we blindly admire, or unhesitatingly adopt, the works of the ancients as perfection. In Athens and Rome in past time, as in Paris and London at present, we may meet with instances of bad taste; for vulgarity belongs to no age or station, and may be visible in the costly decoration of a rich mansion, whose owner is uneducated in Art, and insists on having only what he comprehends.

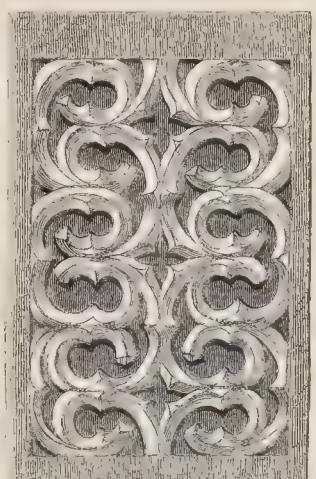
The decadence of the better-class Renaissance design was a natural consequence of the licence its features might assume, and in the progress of the sixteenth century it became thoroughly vitiated. The troubles which distracted Europe in the later part of that century, and which led to the devastating wars and revolutions of the earlier part of the following one, completed the debasement of Art-workmanship. Louis XIV. had the glory, such as it was, of its resuscitation; but his taste was merely that of an over-wealthy display, which not unfrequently lapses into positive vulgarisms. The style known distinctively by the name of this monarch—with all its heterogeneous elements, its scrolls of the most obtrusive form, fixed to ornament having no proper cohesion, and overlaid with festoons of flowers and fruit—is more remarkable for the oppressive ostentation which was the characteristic of the monarch and his age, than for good taste or real elegance. What a very little exaggeration could make of this style may be seen in the productions of the era of his successor, and which the Italians stigmatized by the term *rococo*.



The examples of Renaissance design in our present pages exhibit a fair average of its applicability. The pendent ornament with which the series commences, includes details adopted by jewellers. The shield below it, with the sacred monogram, is such as appeared in wood panelling. The handle at the top of the page exhibits as much freedom of design as the style could admit; it is quaint and peculiar, but not without elegance in the mode of bringing the classic dolphin within the scope of the composition.

The distinctive features of the style may be more readily comprehended by contrasting it with a few specimens of the so-called "Gothic style," a style which possesses the strongest original features, and one which will yield to none in peculiar beauty and applicability. At the foot of our page we give two examples, the one German the other French; they are both wood panel, filled with tracery which bears the distinctive characteristics of the two schools. The German (to the left) is remarkable for the sudden termination of its flowing lines, which occasionally gives to the carving of the epoch an appearance of having been suddenly broken, or chopped off, in parts. At Nuremberg this peculiarity is very observable; our specimen is selected from the church at Rottweil, in the Black Forest, which bears the date of 1340. The French panel beside it is a favourable example of the flamboyant style, which gave freedom to the mediæval rigidity of the Gothic, and paved the way for the ready adoption of the style of Francis I., which was based on that of the Italians.

The first and the fifth cut on our second page display one peculiarity in this northern adaptation—the introduction of busts, in high relief, in central medallions. It is sometimes introduced so unscrupulously in the carved panelling of Elizabethan mansions, that it has almost the effect of a row of wooden dolls peeping through shutters. The latter of the two examples may be received as one





of the best of its kind, exhibiting the utmost enrichment of which the style was generally capable, and as few heterogeneous features, though here they are not entirely absent. By way of useful contrast, we place beside it a very pure specimen of a panel in Italian workmanship, from a tomb of the sixteenth century, in the church of the Ara Cœli, at Rome. The flow of line here is exceedingly graceful; the whole of the details are cha-

racterised by a delicacy unknown to the artists of Germany and Flanders; the torches and volutes point unmistakeably to the classic origin of the whole.

It was not natural to the Roman people ever to forget their great Art-works of antiquity; the influence of the "departed spirits" still "ruled them from their urns," as Byron truthfully expresses it. The artists of Greece and Rome based their compositions on the unvarying truth of nature; and though the barbaric mind might bear sway for awhile, it could not triumph but through ignorance. Rome is now the great Art-teacher only because it is the conservator of its ancient relics; and they have had their influence undiminished from the days of Raffaelle and Michael Angelo. There are many pleasing hits of design in the antique city,



that show the classic source of inspiration from which their inventors obtained them. The boy and dolphins, forming the pleasing domestic fountain we engrave on our third page, is an evident instance of the influence of antique taste. The abundant supply of water was the grand feature of the Rome of the Cæsars, as it still is of the Rome of the popes; and the liberality with which every house is served has frequently induced the owners of large mansions to decorate one corner of their external walls with a fountain, at which all wayfarers may be supplied. In a recess of the lowermost story of one of the great *palazzi* which line the principal street of Rome, "the Corso," our second specimen is placed. It represents a wine-merchant liberally pouring from the bung-hole of



his barrel its inexhaustible contents. On great *festas* in the olden time it was not unusual to make public fountains run with wine for an hour or two, and this may have occurred with the one engraved; it is a work of the latter part of the sixteenth century, when luxury reigned in Rome. As a design it is exceedingly simple and appropriate, reminding, by its quaintness, of German rather than Italian design. The old Teutonic cities present many very striking inventions of the kind: and the promoters and designers of the drinking fountains, which have become so popular in London of late, may obtain good and useful hints from that quarter.

Our street architecture has shown recently a greater freedom of design, and range of study, than was ever exhibited before. We may owe this, in some degree, to the excellent works on the domestic and palatial edifices of the Low Countries, which have issued from the press, and have vindicated the true character of the great mediæval builders. Germany—taking the term for the nation in its widest sense—can show in its antique cities a vast variety of fancy in architecture and its ornamental details. Each city may be made a profitable residence for the study of a young architect; and the superior knowledge of the leading principles of mediæval Art, now exhibited in their adaptation of



the style to home events, is a clear proof that the fact has been felt and acted on. The "infinite variety" of the old decorator is everywhere apparent, and the play he gave to his invention. We give as one instance the ornamental mouldings of the Chapel of St. Nicholas, in the Cathedral of Aix; in this instance the rigidity of the rule which enforces geometric form to the whole is softened by the introduction of the cable moulding to a portion thereof, with singularly good effect. It is a work executed under the rule of Armand de Hesse, Archbishop of Cologne, and Provost of Aix, probably about 1480.

The Gothic, therefore, of the best era, was by no means the stiff and monotonous style imagined by those who only know its details by the remains



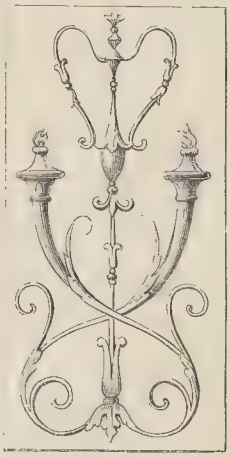
of our own ecclesiastical buildings; not that we infer them to be without much freedom and beauty occasionally, as in the Percy shrine at Beverly Minster, or the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, in Westminster Abbey. But we have fewer domestic buildings of a florid Gothic style than are to be found abroad, and the artists who designed for that style delighted in new ideas. It is even visible in



the works of their painters and engravers: thus the tracery over the doorway in Durer's print of 'The Crucifixion,' one of his series of the life of the Virgin, while it conforms to the leading principle of architectural design, is composed of branches and leaves which flow with a freedom belonging more to the painter than the architect. Similar instances abound in old pictures.

The foliation of German work was generally crisp and full of convolutions in its minor features, though the leading lines were boldly conceived. We give an example from a panel carved in wood, in the cathedral of Stuttgard, a work of the middle of the fifteenth century. It is almost a return to the old acanthus leaf, and so completes a cycle of Fine Art.

Brief as the review has necessarily been of the decorative arts adorning life throughout the centuries which have passed in rapid succession before us, they have taught two great facts—the beauty of Art as an adjunct to the most ordinary demands of domesticity, and the value of the study of the varied arts of past ages as an addition to the requirements of our own. "Ever changing, ever new," may be the lesson derived from the investigation of any epoch. How much then may be obtained from a general review of all? Seroux d'Azincourt deduced a history of Art from its



monuments; and men of the present day have the advantage of all that the world has produced brought easily, by aid of the burin and the printing-press, to their own firesides. We are evidently less original in idea than our ancestors, from the association of their labours with our thought; but we may yet live in the hope of seeing some new and peculiar feature in the progress of modern decorative art obtained by retrospective glances at the past.

It is to the duty of thus learning from the past, we desire to direct the attention of such of our readers as are interested in articles of this class.



Slavishly to copy, or systematically to imitate, are evils scarcely less reprehensible than to neglect them altogether; but frequent study of the great masters in any art is indispensable to those who would excel. It is to the absence of such study we may trace most of the defects of the British artizan. Unhappily, he seldom either examines, reads, or thinks; generally he is content to work, like a horse in a mill, pursuing the same monotonous round, producing only that which has been produced before, without alteration, and without improvement. Hitherto, indeed, or at all events until within the last ten or fifteen years, this defect could hardly have been



urged against him as an offence. His employers did not require advancement, seldom encouraged intelligent workmen, and rather preferred the mere animal who was content to do no more than his fathers had done, and who looked upon new inventions as costly whims, or expensive absurdities. There were exceptions—glorious exceptions; but the rule was, undoubtedly, as we have stated.

This deplorable disadvantage exists no longer; in nearly every town of the kingdom, of any size, there is some institution where knowledge may be obtained readily and cheaply. The societies in connection with the Department of Science and Art now number between seventy and eighty, with competent masters and teachers, and all the appliances of instruction.

The South Kensington Museum is alone a mine of wealth. Not only are the artizans enabled to resort to it freely, but every possible inducement is held out to them to do so; the superintendents there almost go into the highways to "compel them to come in." There is no calling of any sort or kind that may not be educated here; the masters, as well as the workmen, of all trades, may here receive the education, "free of charge," which no sum of money could have procured for them twenty years ago. Ignorance, now-a-days, is, therefore, totally without excuse.



something; every shop window contains a lesson; and it requires no very large observation to perceive advancement in every class of British Art-manufacture—not, certainly, so marked as to produce content, but exhibiting ample proof that we are progressing in the right direction, and leading to the conclusion that at no very distant period we shall not have to incur the reproach that our artizans are worse educated than those of Germany, Belgium, and France.

These remarks result from the brief insight we

obtained either at the British Museum or the Museum at South Kensington, to which we desire to direct the attention of our Art-producers and Art-workmen; but thus to occupy space is needless. The requisite information can be easily procured: any of the superintendents, at either place, will gladly direct the searcher, on receiving information as to his wants. Moreover, it is permitted, under certain restrictions, to take sketches of engravings or drawings, and from objects exhibited; aids to do this readily present themselves.

No doubt the seed that has been so extensively and abundantly planted is growing rapidly up; in some places it has borne fruit. But even now the advantages at the command of all are availed of only by the comparative few: the provincial schools are still insufficiently attended; and it is, alas! too true that the museum at South Kensington is regarded by the artizan more as a pleasant lounge than a place for impressive and deliberate study.

We look forward, however, with hope to the future. It is utterly impossible that the existing race of Art-workmen, and their successors "rising up," can be ignorant as were their predecessors. If they use their eyes merely, and permit their minds to remain blanks, they must improve. There is no street in London now that will not teach them have given in these pages into the rich volumes which the past has filled for the use of the present. The books to which we have resorted, and the places in which we have sought for rarities, are open to most of those who desire to examine them, and who will find an expenditure of time and labour to any amount, be it large or small, produce an extent of remuneration of which the searcher will have no idea until he begins to gather in the profit he has made.

We had intended to supply a list of books, to be

Books, however, should be regarded only as auxiliaries; they will supply in abundance material for suggestion or adaptation; although, as we have already observed, "slavishly to copy, or systematically to imitate," are evils to be avoided.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

BRITISH SCULPTURE.

SIR,—It is now stale talk in the studios that endeavours are being made to give Baron Marochetti a commission for a statue of Edward the Black Prince, the site for which it is proposed, like that of the Baron's Richard, shall be the Palace-yard at Westminster. Should the Baron's admirers and supporters carry out their design, we shall then owe to his labours another plastic subject of important historical interest; for, in addition to the Richard, Baron Marochetti has executed other works of a strictly national character.

In this employment of the foreign sculptor, more especially in the execution of public works and monuments illustrative of his country's history, John Bull pursues a course the opposite of his continental neighbours—France, Italy, and Germany—as well as his transatlantic cousin, Jonathan; the statue of Washington by Chantrey, which is an exception in the latter case, having been executed before the Republic had produced any native sculptor. Now, whether or not this arises from a narrow spirit of nationalism on the part of other countries, I think it indisputable that it is a practice at once wise and patriotic, and one which by bestowing upon native Art exclusive nurture and support, is a most essential aid to its growth and vitality. It will of course be urged by those who advocate the employment of foreign chisels, that this disregard by John Bull alone of so salutary a custom, is due to a dearth of indigenous genius; or, what is more to the point in the present case, to superior artistic power on the part of Baron Marochetti.

We have an easy means of testing the value of this assertion, by briefly comparing those works of a national character executed by the Baron, with the best of those of the same class, by our native artists. In addition to the Richard, the Baron's other productions illustrative of our national history, consist of—a Statue of Her Majesty at Glasgow, another of the Duke of Wellington at Leeds, another of Lord Clive at Shrewsbury; and the memorial monument commemorative of our Crimean campaign. Now I would ask all who remember Foley's noble equestrian statue of Lord Hardinge, if the Richard, which the Baron's eulogists regard as his *chef-d'œuvre*, will bear comparison with it? If every intelligent and unbiassed Art-critic may not entirely agree with me, that Richard's pose, spite of its general picturesqueness, is melodramatic and affected, compared with the calm heroic bearing of the soldier of Moodkee and Aliwal, I am quite satisfied it will be admitted, that in point of unconventional and vigorous conception, and exquisitely truthful execution, and in every other excellence, Mr. Foley's horse is immeasurably superior to the Baron's travesty of a war-charger, with its galvanized hind quarters and impossible legs. If anything were wanting to confirm this verdict, it is supplied by the fact that a subscription is now going on, chiefly supported by our most distinguished artists, the object of which is to give a commission to Mr. Foley to execute a duplicate of his fine work for this country, the original having been sent to Calcutta. Again, I ask any competent authority in Art-knowledge, if the Baron's statue of Her Majesty at Glasgow, the Duke of Wellington's at Leeds, and of Lord Clive, possess merits which will entitle them to rank with MacDowell's Lord Chatham, Bell's Falkland, and Foley's Hampden and Selden, all of which are in St. Stephen's Hall, in the House of Commons. Lastly, I ask all who remember the Baron's Crimean Memorial, with its paucity of invention and sorry mediocrity, if they would pay our Gibson the bad compliment of comparing it with the latter's fine group in the House of Lords, representing Her Majesty supported by Clemency and Justice,—somewhat unequal, though it may be, in point of execution.

I think there can be little doubt that the very prevalent opinion as to the incompetency of our native sculptors, has arisen from the execrable nature of most of our street statues, which, with one or two honourable exceptions, are unfortunately so many petrified scarecrows, that render a walk through our London thoroughfares somewhat like a journey amid the hideous idol shrines that abound in the ruined cities of Central America. Although it might be easily shown that this fact could be traced to government, and private ignorance, and jobbing, in failing to employ the best men in the work of street decoration, the circumstance has done more cruel wrong to the deserving British sculptor than can well be imagined. Amongst the names of those native sculptors whose works I have instanced, we do not find one who is answerable for any of the enormities that disfigure our metropolitan highways. Yet, ignoring this circumstance, and also their undoubted and proved excellence, we blindly visit the mistakes of all their incapable brethren on their heads, and ungenerously include them in one sweeping vote of censure and ostracism.

The list of deservedly eminent native sculptors given above, might easily be augmented by others of undoubted merit and ability, spite of their having committed failures in their art. If, however, exception is to be taken to them because of their occasional want of success in their craft, I would ask if Baron Marochetti, whom it is thus sought to elevate above them all, has escaped the perpetration of Art solecism? Some eight years since the admirers of the late Sir Robert Peel gave the Baron a commission for a statue of him. Having seen it I am bound to say, that whether actuated or not by a tender regard for the memory of the defunct statesman, or deterred by the fear of vexing his ghost, those entrusted with the responsibility of its erection have shown great judgment in not giving publicity to such a posthumous libel on the eminent baronet.

In making the above observations I have neither been actuated by any personal motive against Baron Marochetti, nor by an interested desire to advocate the claims of any particular British sculptor. Believing, as I honestly do, that the best of our native sculptors are fully equal to any requirements, and also believing that a dispassionate comparative analysis of their productions with those of Baron Marochetti will substantiate their claims to be regarded as the possessors of artistic excellence superior to his, I am induced to hope a sense of justice toward the British sculptor, as well as a jealous regard for the interests of national Art, will make those who are the depositaries of its patronage pause, ere, disregarding the judicious example of other civilized countries, they encourage so dangerous a precedent as a senseless innovation of its domains by the foreigner.

AN ENGLISHMAN.

[This is not the first communication by many which, either orally or written, has been conveyed to us on the subject of our correspondent's letter. We have never been among those who have raised a senseless, though, perhaps, a well-meant outcry against the employment of Baron Marochetti, or any other foreigner, on public Art-works in this country; but we have ever advocated, and always shall advocate, the principle of selecting our own countrymen in preference to others, when they are known to be competent to the task they are called on to perform. —ED. *A.-J.*]

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

SIR,—Allow me to suggest a few objections to the proposition contained in the last Number of the *Art-Journal*, for introducing Oral Illustration of the Patent Machinery in the South Kensington Museum. In the first place, I conclude that an entire explanation of the whole of the patents would, in order to be satisfactory to the class of visitors most interested in this department, be a labour of no small importance and difficulty, and one which, if effected in an inaccurate or hurried manner, would only be likely to mislead; and to be effected clearly and concisely—which seldom occurs in similar instances—would involve talent, time, and expense, and I presume could not be gone through more than twice a day at the outside. This would exclude the benefit to be derived from it, from those who could not select their own time; and, even then, those who required information upon any particular patent, would be tediously kept waiting till the description of the others was waded through. If the lectures were curtailed, and merely the general and not the particular details were explained, the same result as that of a descriptive catalogue would be obtained, at a greater expense to the committee, and less advantage to the public. In the second place, this method of instruction would tend to lower the character of the class visiting this department, and to exclude that part of it who deem it derogatory to their dignity to be tied to the apron-string of a common lecturer. It is impossible to deny this pride which in reality *does* exist in the heart of the more intelligent, and the contempt which it engenders for this method of instruction would soon become stamped upon the institution itself, and which, from the high position of a national Museum, would be at once reduced to the class of a "Polytechnic." I would therefore advocate a descriptive catalogue of moderate price, rather than "Lectures;" as calculated to give greater satisfaction and more permanent knowledge, and excluding therefrom a less number of persons from want of money than the latter would from want of time.

L. B. B.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

SNOW-STORM.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

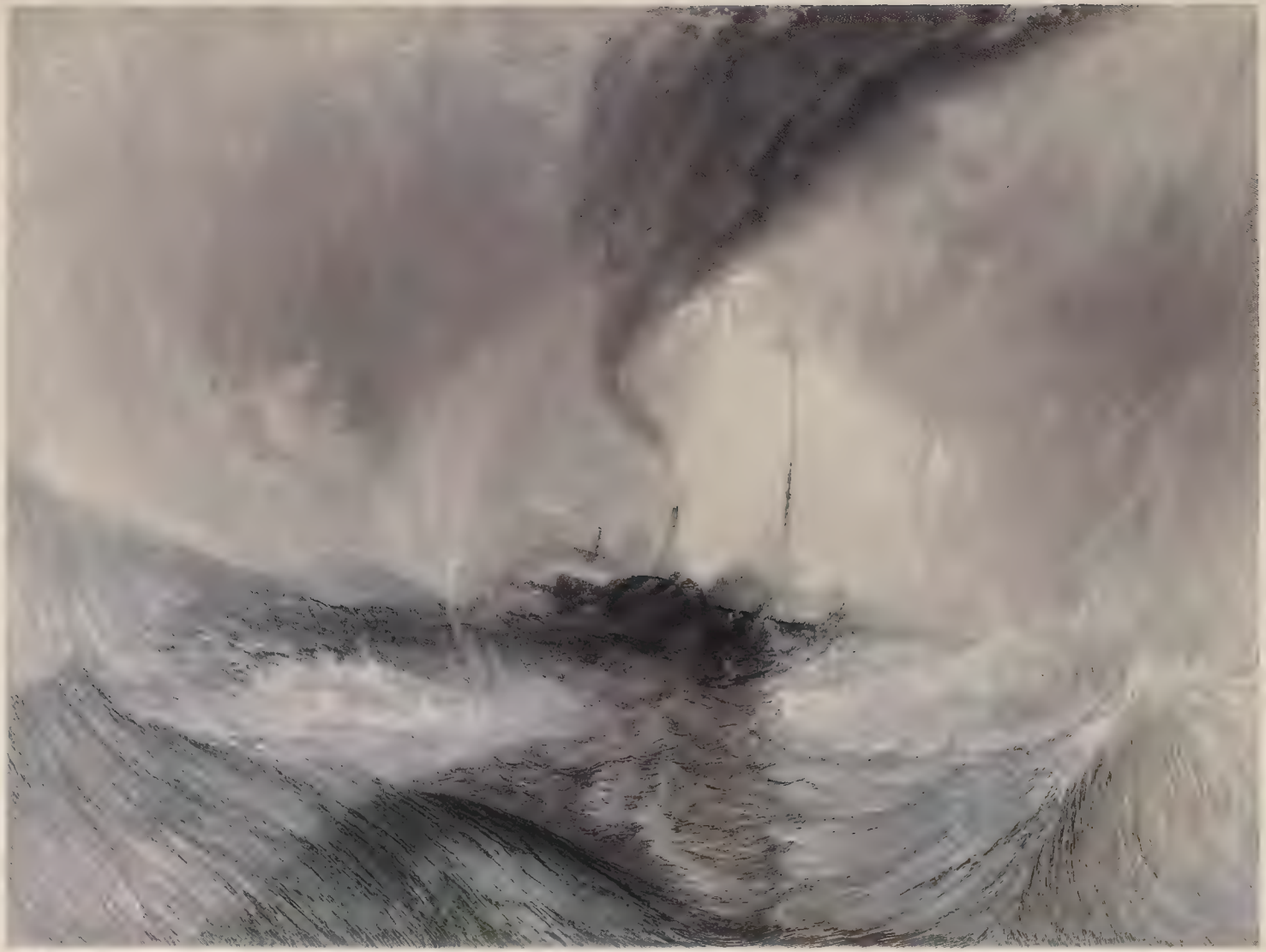
OF the four seasons winter is that which the painter most commonly declines to represent on his canvas. A murky atmosphere, a dull leaden sky, or even a bright but cold one, leafless trees, and dingy herbage, are not inviting materials for a subject; and yet, we know many fine pictures of winter-scenes, both by British and foreign artists—some of the old Dutch painters were famous for them—landscapes white with new-fallen snow, glittering like a sea of diamonds, in the cold, clear sunshine. In all these instances, however, the snow is "at rest;" it lies thick and soft on hedge-row and roof, it covers the meadows, it hides from the traveller's eye the pathway he would follow. We have no recollection of any picture, by an artist of reputation, in which snow is represented "in action," so to speak, except that here engraved, wherein Turner, whose genius aspired to copy nature in all her various moods and phases, however difficult to deal with, has had the boldness to meet her in one of those scenes which would put even his powers to the severest test.

The 'Snow-storm' was painted, and exhibited at the Academy, in 1842; in the catalogue it bore the title of 'Snow-storm: Steamboat off a Harbour's Mouth making Signals, in Shallow Water, and going by the Lead;' and we also learn, from the same authority, that the painter "was in the storm the night the *Ariel*"—the name of the steamer—left Harwich. Thus there is evidence that the work is not a mere artist's idea, but to a certain extent, at least, the representation of a reality; and its truth is confirmed by an anecdote mentioned by Mr. Ruskin, in the fourth, and last, volume of "Modern Painters." A gentleman, accompanied by a lady, was passing through a room in which a number of Turner's pictures were hung—we believe it was in Turner's own house; the lady's attention was arrested by the 'Snow-storm' for so long a time that her companion had some difficulty in getting her away from it: the reason assigned for the unusual attraction was, that "she had been in such a scene on the coast of Holland during the war." When Turner heard the story, he remarked, "I did not paint it to be understood, but I wished to show what such a scene was like. I got the sailors to lash me to the mast to observe it; I was lashed for four hours, and I did not expect to escape; but I felt bound to record it if I did. *But no one had any business to like the picture.*"

And so the critics of all kinds, learned and unlearned, thought when it was exhibited; some of them described it as a mass of "soapsuds and whitewash." Turner, says Mr. Ruskin, "was passing the evening at my father's house, on the day this criticism came out; and after dinner, sitting in his arm-chair by the fire, I heard him muttering low to himself, at intervals, 'Soapsuds and whitewash,' again, and again, and again. At last I went to him, asking why he minded what they said. Then he burst out, 'Soapsuds and whitewash! What would they have? I wonder what they think the sea's like? I wish they'd been in it.'"

It is thus, too often, that ignorance sits in judgment on the works of genius. There are people who pass through life, without the opportunity of seeing nature in many of her varied aspects, or who cannot see her with true eyes even when she is spread out before them, and yet they presume to pronounce sentence upon those whose whole lifetime has been spent in the diligent study of her. No wonder the great painter was incensed at the verdict of "soapsuds and whitewash."

We have never witnessed a scene like this, yet we can imagine that Turner's representation is very near, if not quite, truth. What a war of turbulent elements is here! The long sweep of waves, lashed by the wind into a white foam, whiter from the falling snow, which is only visible, on account of the darkness, in its effect of light; the little steamer, puffing and labouring through the billows, and reflecting her huge smoke-wreath on the waters; the blue signal-lights, shooting up, and mingling their colours with the waves below;—the whole a grand poetical composition, which, if attempted by any other hand, must inevitably have proved an absolute failure, but which here becomes an object of admiration, if we cannot experimentally assent to its truth.



THE ROYAL ACADEMY,

AND ITS INFLUENCES.

The Royal Academy, and its influence upon Art, have been the themes of many an impassioned tirade, and much eloquent denunciation. It has been beset by opponents, and has had few public defenders; but, in defiance of all, it has braved the storms, and continued its own course for nearly a hundred years comparatively unmoved, and it would almost seem immoveable. This apparant stability of purpose and pursuit does not prove the absolute soundness of its constitution, but tenacity of existence indicates vitality and strength somewhere; and, preliminary to our annual review of the exhibition, we shall endeavour to ascertain where this strength of the Royal Academy lurks. Nothing gives such permanence even to a bad institution as raising a false issue against it; and corporations rooted in sound principles can brave, unscathed, legions of assailants armed with doubtful or bad arguments. However different the foes, the objections, from the first until now, against the Royal Academy can be condensed into two: first, that academies are wrong in principle; second, that the Royal Academy has abused its privileges and power,—and those who have in reality or imagination suffered under the last, have generally adopted the first as the groundwork of their retaliation. Voltaire asserts that French artists became mannerists and imitators after the establishment of the Academy in France. Hogarth declared Academies "nurseries for raising pensions to bustling busybodies." Strange remonstrated against, and Haydon, with burning invective, denounced them as the graves of high Art. A hundred others have muttered curses, not loud but deep, against them. But why do other academies escape, if those for Art are so destructive? Academies ought to be to Art what universities are to literature; and if academies are starved down to bare existence, it seems hard to add upbraiding to starvation. This public sense of hardship is one of the buttresses on which the Royal Academy most securely leans. If Art is to be encouraged, common sense decrees that encouragement should find some objective concentration; and despite the theoretical objections to exhibitions, the popular mind of England has found that central object in the Royal Academy and its annual exhibition. Both have faults and shortcomings, but these are inseparable from things human, and there is nothing more certain than that the prophecy drawn from the dictum of Voltaire has not been realized in England. By aid of the Royal Academy, or, at the least, alongside of it, has grown up a school of national Art not surpassed in Europe for the strongly marked individualism of its creators, and, what is perhaps more to the point now under discussion, a school whose present individualisms are many times more marked than was shown by even the great men who flourished before the Royal Academy was founded. Every one can see that there is much greater variety of style both in thought and expression among the works of Landseer and Elmore, Dyce and Frith, Gordon and Grant, Linnell and Pyne, than is to be found among those who preceded the Academy's formation; and if so, the dread of uniformity and mannerism is proved to be a shadowy bugbear, and that of all styles into which British Art has veered or diverged since the days of Barry, the one known as the Academic style has had the smallest number of votaries. Nor is it easy to see how it could be otherwise, in a country where private judgment is the spring of action and the basis of belief. It was not in Art alone that authority gave law to France. The mental habit of the people was submission to authority, and whether that was the church impersonated by a priest, or reason represented by a woman, or Art represented by an academy, or scoffing represented by Voltaire himself, the people succumbed to the authority of the hour, and for the time became imitators and mannerists. In this country the conditions are different, and so have the results been; so that whatever the faults and shortcomings of the Academy,—and they are many,—the charge of having brought individual genius down to the dead level of uniformity and manner cannot be justly added to the number.

The second charge is that the Royal Academy has abused its power. Objectors might go further, and assert with safety that all academies, and indeed all other incorporated bodies, have occasionally abused their powers; and he would be a bold and most unwise defender who ventured to deny the truth of this assertion. If some academies have abused their powers, every corporation in Britain has been guilty of the same fault or crime; but unless that abuse is proved to be inherent in the constitution, or systematic in its action, it only proves that the members err through ignorance or bad intent, and not that academies are useless, far less wrong. It is unnecessary to claim more than ordinary wisdom for academicians. From Chambers and West, Cotes and Moser, to the last new member, they have been, and are, men of like feelings and failings as others. They have committed great blunders, and perpetrated cruel wrongs. They disgraced themselves by conduct which compelled Sir Joshua Reynolds to resign. By masterly inactivity they have tortured professional fame to gratify personal dislikes; and even now the Royal Academy is clothing its enemies with strength, by the systematic exclusion of such men as Pyne and Linnell, and many others, from its ranks. These are blunders, they may perhaps be crimes; but systems and institutions are not necessarily bad because those in power pervert their influence or become dead to their responsibilities. The British constitution is not wholly evil because statesmen commit grievous errors through the power conferred on the executive. We have never defended, and never shall defend, the wrong-doing of academies, but we maintain now, as heretofore, that much of the slanderous clamour which has been raised against the Royal Academy, has been the offspring of a confusion of ideas respecting its true position and utility. Take even the deplorable state of their schools as an illustration. It is said that the teaching is bad, the negligence of some of the masters disgraceful, and, as a necessary result, the school does not produce great artists. Suppose for a moment that both facts were true, the conclusion seems to have little logical connection with the first allegation. There may be similar charges of negligence against some of the professors at Oxford and Cambridge, or both; but, as a rule, these gentlemen may be reasonably attentive to their duties, and yet neither university pretends to make all their graduates great men. They offer those facilities extracted from the experience and knowledge of ages to all, that each may learn to use his gifts with increased facility and power. These professors cannot give strength of thought, but they lead the minds of students into contact with the mighty dead, in the hope that knowledge may stimulate to feats of equal intellectual power. Unfortunately there are many dullards, and evils spring up on the banks of the Isis and the Cam. Many become learned without becoming wise, and others treat learning as an end rather than a means—evils which may be incident to the perfunctory or vicious system in which learning is conveyed; but what sane man would gravely offer these as arguments against the advantages of universities, where the highest branches of knowledge were faithfully and wisely taught? Substitute academy for university, and much of the clamour raised against academies of Art disappears. In their most perfect state they only offer students a knowledge of what experience has shown to be the best tools, and how these may be most skilfully handled. They point him to great thoughts set forth in form or colour, in expression, composition, or perspective, as other schools do to kindred thoughts fitly presented in language. There are wrong ways of doing the best things. Teachers may be negligent or tyrannical, and there is such a thing as educating down to a dull uniformity, or macadamizing intellect, so that the chariot of authority may roll more smoothly over individual will; but no educational institutions in Britain can be less justly charged with that than the academies of Art, and we cannot afford to upset the coach to get rid of an occasionally idle nag. Untutored Art, like untutored speech, may sometimes be pleasing, and even useful as a foil to conventional insipidity; but the artist, like the poet or the preacher, will only produce a great and finished work when his mind has been educated in those principles and practices which have rendered the best works of his artistic predecessors or contemporaries great. This the Royal Academy has accomplished according to the means at its disposal; and, with all its real and alleged defects, England should never forget that to this institution and its schools we are indebted for our present position in Art among the nations.

Another objection thrown at the Academy sometimes by artists, occasionally by members of parliament, and still more often by that section of the public who take an interest in such subjects is, that the Academy has too much power, and that the power is used by the members for their own advantage. That the Academy has too much power in Art is a statement we unhesitatingly deny, and that any artist should seriously urge such an objection indicates a very limited range of vision on the part of the objector. Our assertion is, that if the Royal Academy represents British artists, it has not a tithe of that influence over British art which it ought to have, and which it must acquire and exercise if the Art progress of the country is to be anything better or higher than mere mechanical dexterity. At present, the Art education is practically divorced from the Art influence of the country—a state of things than which nothing can be more detrimental to all the purposes which such education is meant to serve. See how men of thought and high authority dread and decry a similar course in other paths of education. In the Transactions of the Association for promoting Social Science, in 1860, Principal Tulloch, on behalf of the church and universities of Scotland, speaking of the old parish schoolmaster, says, "Whatever might be his practical deficiencies as a teacher, his academical training was not only highly valued in itself—in the scholarly impulses which it communicated, and the ability which it gave him of carrying on the higher boys in the classics and mathematics — but moreover in a certain elevation of character and love of literature which it was apt to impart. The Privy Council system discourages this class of teachers. It scarcely recognises classics as a part of the teacher's examination. The old connection between the common schools and the universities is in danger of being destroyed. The teacher frequently passes from the normal school to his work, without any intervening university studies. He is more perfectly trained, perhaps, as a technical educationist; he can drill and turn out a class

before an inspector with more spirit and success than the old parochial teachers could have done. But he is nevertheless an inferior teacher—less cultivated himself, and much less capable of imparting a scholarly stimulus to any clever and aspiring boys that may come under his influence. No normal school training can ever make up to a schoolmaster the want of a university career. Such a want is in every point of view fatal." Few, capable of judging, will venture to dispute the soundness of this high and broad generalization; but if it be true in the teaching of the elements of ordinary education, of reading, writing, and arithmetic, in the study of which the imaginative faculties are kept almost dormant, how much more must it be true in the teaching of Art, where the principal object is to stimulate the imagination into vigorous practical productiveness: and how is that to be done if the teaching be separated, not only from the artists, but also from the higher Art influences of the country? After what has been said, it cannot be averred that we are indifferent to the necessities of Art tuition. It is well—indeed, as a general rule, indispensable—that pupils at the schools of Art should be thoroughly furnished with knowledge which was long too much neglected—that they should be taught geometry, botany, the power of making straight lines, ovals, and reductions; but when all has been done in this direction, the knowledge so taught bears the same relation to an education in Art—useful even in the lower walks of industrial production—that a knife and fork bear to a good dinner. It would be equally disagreeable to us, and invidious to others, to illustrate this by particular examples. Unfortunately, almost every district in the country has its own living example, where if all the real Art knowledge and imagination of the teacher were transferred to each normal pupil, the country would probably not gain a dozen of successful designers out of all its schools of Art by the transaction. In this department the normal school system, so opposed by Principal Tulloch, and by nearly all others who think upon the subject, has had its most ample development; and what has been the result? The records of that court which has thus divorced Art education from artists, and placed it in the hands of normal school experts, cannot produce twenty names that have arisen to do it honour, and not one, in any branch of Art, who is claimed as an honour to his country. There is a method of educating down to a dead level even in this country, although the Royal Academy has never found it out, and the most successful leveller is the leaden pressure of dull and soulless mediocrities teaching the small tricks of a normal school, instead of diffusing the great principles and true spirit of Art throughout the nation. In this matter the Royal Academy has not too much power, and there must be strong reasons why professional men and the public quietly tolerate an anomaly in Art unknown to any other profession, art, craft, or calling in the country—of the education in a *spécialité* being completely withdrawn from the influence of the only class capable of guiding and controlling it. To some of those reasons reference shall presently be made.

In another direction the Royal Academy—representing, as it ought to do, the artists of the country—is deprived of its legitimate influence and power. If a collection of anatomical preparations were considered desirable, the power of selection and safe-keeping would be at once, and without a moment's hesitation, confided to the medical profession, while all influence, even remotely bearing on law, is speedily secured by the members of that body. Such a thing was never known as "both houses" appointing a committee of its own members to select specimens of ethnology, or comparative anatomy, or prepare text-books and superintend the studies of those preparing for law, medicine, or theology, or even for the humbler walks of life, where the capacities of such a committee might be supposed to feel more at home. In this respect Art and artists have also been treated in a manner exceptionable and degrading. The works of the past are, to them and their successors, the finger-posts and text-books of the future. Those who know the difficulties and wants of a profession are the only men competent to select the lessons and direct the studies; and the usurpers of these duties, by whomsoever selected, will probably be either dunces or charlatans, classes equally the prey and puppets of scheming self-seekers. The artists of this country are the legitimate national collectors and custodians of its Art-treasures; and nothing but the utmost professional abjectness, mismanagement, or blindness to its own best interests, could have deprived the Royal Academy of this high position. All other things being equal, in Art as in law, medicine or letters, that institution ought to have been, as it would have been, the great guiding and controlling Art power of the country; while, practically, the Royal Academy has less real power in all national decisions upon Art, either present or prospective, than the *Art-Journal* or the *Times*. This is a state of vassalage or nonentity which must be galling to men who cannot but feel that they are the legitimate tribunes on such questions; and how they have been so unceremoniously, but successfully dethroned, is a question worthy of their deepest study. In these respects our complaint is, not that the Royal Academy has too much, but that it has too little power, when its influence should be overwhelming.

The other objection—that the Academy has used what power it has for the exaltation of its own members, to the detriment of all artists besides—scarcely requires an answer. It is only saying, in another form, what cynics have said of all human kind: that selfishness is the moving and predominant power in man. The assertion is but partially true, as applied to the Royal Academy; and, where true, many extenuating circumstances are passed over by some who urge it. Look carefully and calmly at the artist-life of Britain, and marvel not that it displays traces of selfishness, but rather that it has not, when opportunity presented, become tenfold more selfish than it is, or has ever been, even in the Royal Academy. Many circumstances and influences have been conspiring to produce that result, and the wonder is not that they, under strong temptation, have partly succumbed, but that they have so often and so strongly resisted what would have overwhelmed many of their censors. In a country dependant for wealth on mere power of production, the imaginative faculties are scarcely marketable commodities. When the artist—the man of imaginative genius—is kept poor, he is subjected to the ordinary lot of poverty, and kept in a depressed condition in the social scale; but the artists of England have fared worse than that, because, till within a comparatively recent period, they were either treated as outcasts, or degraded into dependents—"patronized" by the wealthiest and highest society in England. Nor were they faithful to themselves and their high calling. Born with a faculty for imitation, or feeling for pictorial effect, with a fine eye for form, or a delicate perception of character or colour, they began by exercising these faculties in boyhood, and forgot that society demanded intelligence, and a reasonable amount of refinement in those who aspired to associate, on terms of equality, with gentlemen and scholars. It did not require that artists should have peculiar learning or intelligence, except in their own *spécialité*; but it would not accept knowledge of Art, which it did not understand, as a substitute for that general information to which every man was supposed to furnish his quota. With some creditable, and one or two brilliant exceptions, the former generations of artists were not careful to educate themselves up to this standard of general intelligence. Instead of battling manfully against circumstances which were depressing them in the social scale, they, through ignorance, allowed circumstances to triumph over them more powerfully; and, instead of being received and treated as among the great thinkers and educators of the nation—the legitimate position of the true artist—they were of less consideration at court than masters of greyhounds, or grooms of the stole. The rich looked upon them only as panderers to their vanity—*protégés*, who might be asked occasionally to eat of their crumbs; while the public placed them among the unstable and less reputable classes of society. These are disagreeable truths, but they are truths notwithstanding; and it would require greater boldness than wisdom to assert that artists themselves were not, in measure, responsible for this state of degradation. From the formation of the Academy until a comparatively recent period, the same circumstances, feelings, and causes have been in operation; and is it wonderful that a portion of a class who felt their own power, and smarted under the indignity which men of wealth heaped upon them, should catch and reproduce a portion of that selfishness which they felt was everywhere rampant? They were made dependant on court favour, and made to feel their dependence; and there is no surer method of drying up the larger and more genial impulses, than placing a body of generally able but neglected men, of limited general knowledge, under the combined action of dependence, irresponsibility, and an opportunity of bettering themselves. Under the scholarly influence of Fuseli a new race of artists began to appear, a class who aspired to link intelligence, if not scholarship, to Art. These men began that incipient revolution which has already been so far accomplished in the social position of the artist, and in the public action of the Royal Academy; for no incorporated body in our times has shown itself so sensitive to public opinion in one direction. The subject of admitting engravers to the highest honours of the Royal Academy had for many years been allowed to rest, and the controversy which ensued on the rejection of Strange, while Bartolozzi was admitted nominally as a painter, but really from his popularity as an engraver, was almost forgotten. There were always a few academicians, and these generally the most eminent, who disapproved of the exclusion of engravers; and "Leslie's Recollections," a most enjoyable book, shows that Landseer, Wilkie, Eastlake, Leslie, and, we believe, Turner, with others, favoured their admission. So late as 1852, a majority of the academicians voted for continued exclusion, although now Doo and Cousins are Royal Academicians, with all the rights and responsibilities of the honour. This was a great step forward in the right direction, and displayed a spirit of liberality which the younger Academy in Scotland has not yet reached, although their countryman, Miller, undoubtedly stands in the front rank of the landscape engravers of Europe. Public opinion on this point helped to change the minority into a majority. Haydon's jaundiced but magnificent invective stimulated and agitated, while Harding and Burnet were educating, the public mind; and these men, none of them academicians, may be said almost literally to have made the Art age, from which they are so rapidly passing away. That this excite-

ment, and the diffusion of Art knowledge and interest, exercised a powerful influence on the Academy, few will venture to dispute. A portion of the old leaven remains, but even Haydon was constrained to admit a change for the better; and now, instead of being a conclave of mere face-makers, the Academy has gradually been encircling many of the best, and, according to its capacity, nearly all the eminent, young artists in the country within its folds.

It is not pretended that the Royal Academicians have not used much power for purposes which may be called selfish, but neither should it be forgotten that they might have abused it much more than they have done. Like others who hold grants of monopolies from the crown, what was granted ostensibly for the public benefit has been converted into an individual or a corporation right. When the artists presented, and George III. agreed to, the memorial, the artists did not ask, and the king did not grant, privileges, encouragements, or honours, which the memorialists were to convert into personal property, transmitible in fee simple to their own selected heirs. Yet this is the spirit in which academy charters are interpreted. They are not used for raising temples to magnify Art, and do honour to artists, but for constructing private reservoirs for public support, which the members may appropriate to their individual and personal advantage. It cannot surely be pretended that it was to secure this kind of personal right of property in its public income that the Royal Academy was established by King George III.; but rather as a body of trustees whose first duty was to care for Art, whether by its promotion among the public, or by duly honouring its most eminent professors. The Royal Academy has, in form at least, admitted this theory, and accepted the responsibility it involved. And the practical question is, how has it fulfilled, and how is it fulfilling, that trust? We care not to stir up old troubles—loyalty to Art, and to the Academy as its most distinguished representative, precludes such work; but it would neither show loyalty to Art or artists, including the academicians, to wink at and be silent on evils which even a majority of the Academy must deplore. When denouncing the absurdity of those who would abolish academies because of this defect, the schools of the Royal Academy were taken in illustration, because the present state of these schools furnish one of the gravest public charges which can be urged against the management, if not also against the constitution, of the Academy. What is the state of these schools? Keepers and visitors cannot be expected to furnish students with brains, but was it ever before heard, and is it not a national scandal it should be heard now, that the council could not find students worthy of the usual prizes? That lying jade, rumour, lays the blame upon the negligence of the official teachers. Whether that be so or not, the fact reflects no honour on the institution, and is one which will be rung in the ears of parliament, as it has already been rung through the country. In this, therefore, reform has become indispensable. A library without readers, and schools with students on whom teachers are ashamed to bestow honours, are evidently institutions hovering between change and annihilation. The indirect influence of this state of things upon the Academy needs no remark, and there will not be wanting some who will point to this fact as sufficient reply to the demand that Art-education should be placed under the artists of the country. We care not now to answer in this matter, knowing that a sufficient reply can be given when practically required; but with the deepest anxiety to save the Academy for the sake of Art, it will soon become impossible to defend an institution on public grounds, against which such a charge continues to be made.

Another practical grievance, and one not remotely connected with the former, has become alike indefensible and intolerable. The academicians at first numbered thirty-six, and afterwards the number was increased to forty. The fact shows that the principle of increase was the original principle; and that precedent precludes a practical application of the principle from the charge of "innovation." But, whether or not—however it may affect a few of the more timid academicians—people and parliament are not now scared by a name; and the mystic charm attached to forty is unfelt in influential quarters. In such matters, English love of fair play becomes intensely practical, and neither the nation nor the "house" see why forty should be the number in Scotland, with its three millions of people, or why the thirty-six, which was increased to forty when the population of England was half what it now is, should still remain forty. When population and artists have doubly increased, that number must be increased in a ratio to meet present claims. With the public, and a considerable section in parliament, this is treated as a question on the rule of three; and if the Academy would save itself from being rudely handled, it must promptly solve this question in a liberal and more congenial spirit. Older men may object, and influence may attempt to bear down younger energy, but the younger men should see that they will be the real victims of that blindness, or obstinacy, or dread of change; and that resisting now is only storing up for themselves accumulating wrath, which must at no distant day be met. Suppose the present system lasted out—the objections to all change; will the accumulated irritation and agitation enable the younger men to make better terms with the country? We trow not. To them every year—nay, every month—of submission to a system which a majority is said, individually, to condemn, is time and opportunity lost; and if they but scan events and probabilities, these are giving indications not to be disregarded. Already, no public committee of advice or commission is appointed, without men, whom the Academy practically declares unworthy of Art honours, being placed, in large majority, over and in full equality alongside of its most honoured members; and, with such facts before them, how can the academicians expect national privileges to be continued, from which men, already treated, nationally, on equality with them, shall be excluded? There is a shorthand way of attempting to overstep the difficulty. Academicians, old and young, take for granted that if parliament refuses accommodation, they may walk off with the accumulated funds, and secure accommodation for themselves. Without knowledge of law, a knowledge of fact constrains us to believe that, on this point, academicians are reckoning without their host. They, as trustees, would not be permitted, without a struggle, to appropriate accumulated trust funds held for behoof of the Art and artists of the country; and that a dozen men whose works were never highly appreciated, and whose public existence now is only known from the fly-leaf of the exhibition catalogue, should fancy that they are the artists representing the Art of England, while fifty men, with whose works the public are delighted, year after year, are not to be considered representative men, is a position which only the most inveterate self-delusion or dotage could assume. At present, artists of distinction are precluded from Academic honours, many by limitation, and some by positive rejection; and their association with others is treated by the forty as a crime. All public honours must be cast off before these are allowed even to approach those of the Academy; and Linnell, at the summit of European fame, and who is exercising more influence upon the landscape painting of Europe than the whole Royal Academy together, must cringe down to artistic nonentities before they, forsooth, will officially acknowledge honours which the world has awarded by acclamation! Such exactions may gratify the senility of age, or those who make up, by official importance, what is lacking in professional ability; but the younger and stronger men should beware lest the burning oil of public indignation annihilate their future prospects, as the prospects of another forty, which politeness debars from naming, are said to have been extinguished.

Whether these venerable obstructors will or not, the Academy must either be reformed from within, or play the desperate game of hazarding destruction from without. Even although it had fewer of those marked deformities which to superficial and political observers form its leading characteristics, change would be politic on the part of its further-sighted members. No matter how well such institutions may be worked, close corporations are antagonistic to the spirit of the age, and have become anomalies in the social and civic life of England. That it remains so may be its misfortune or its crime; but that it can so continue, not the most conservative within its walls can seriously believe. Parliament, or at least a growing section of that assembly, is jealous of all real or supposed monopolies granted by the crown; and even although no public monies were asked, the crown is not now in the habit of either granting or continuing monopolies which produce real or fancied grievances, social and pecuniary, to a large section of the community. The Royal Academy must feel that even the great defence of Lord Lyndhurst did not materially improve its position with opponents in the House of Commons; and it requires but little discernment to see that the same chain of circumstances are already surrounding the Academy which surrounded the close civic corporations, and which, as ivy envelops oak, crushed their exclusiveness to death. Their legitimate power—that for which alone their incorporation and powers were useful—slides away from their grasp. Police boards and road commissioners, and others responsible either to parliament or the rate-payers, were gradually absorbing civic functions, and, with these, civic influence, until it was felt that if incorporations and their property were to be saved, some vast and sweeping changes had become indispensable. Is there nothing analogous to this in those national organisms of various kinds that have been called into existence within the present generation for promoting Art, from which the Royal Academy has been excluded and its members ignored?—organisms which are theoretically at least responsible to parliament, and which will be made directly responsible in proportion as the public become enlightened upon Art questions. Can the academicians not see that these are sapping the roots of their public utility, influence, and strength—that when these are lost—

"The times are ripe, yea, rotten ripe for change,"

and that all then wanted is a parliamentary leader, bold enough to gather up the now latent and disjointed elements of opposition, and skilful enough to marshal his complaints, to sweep into history one of the last remnants of those monopolies which still dangle on the brittle thread of old royal grants. Even now Lord Palmerston requires to sue in *formâ pauperis* for paltry grants, and ask in wailing tones if the Commons mean to turn the Royal Academy into the streets, while, from the un-

fortunate nature of its constitution, no statesman on either side has courage to defend it. If that be so among those who have looked on themselves as the natural "patrons" of its individual members, what has the Academy to expect, if determined to enjoy its pound of flesh, from a more democratic and less "patronising" parliament. The absurdity of limitation to a number which sufficed when the population was less than at present by nearly two-thirds, and in a period when Art and artists have multiplied a hundredfold; the un-English method of conferring national honours in Art by a secret ballot, when all other national honours are dispensed by open competition; the providing for an Art institution which cannot be entrusted with Art education, or the selection of pictures for the country—of a body whose only powers appear to lay in determining who should, and who should not, compete with themselves for public favour and professional fame—an institution whose power ends where it should begin, and begins just where it should end; and above all a body who, as trustees, have acquired funds for the Art and artists of this country, which they have converted into personal property, and may be using for personal purposes;—these, and many other allegations more false or true, would equip a vigorous declaimer with arguments or speeches which no minister could resist, and which the present unnational constitution of the Royal Academy would pre-dispose parliament to believe. In such a state of feeling, the first notice for an address to the crown, if "tabled" by a moderately influential member, would be the practicable death-knell of the now too much loved exclusiveness; and those concessions which would now be hailed as evidences of generous care for Art and its professors, would then be ridiculed as concessions made through fear, but which had been refused to justice. For the Academy, true conservatism consists in opening a door gently which circumstances will certainly force open, whether it wills or not. Relaxation now would be equally advantageous to Art, artists, and the country, as well as strengthening to the Royal Academy itself. It would enable that body to attach round it that public influence which would make it potential, directly and indirectly, in guiding and controlling all the Art interests of the country, at a crisis when that guidance is becoming every day more indispensable to true progress; and it would forestall a struggle which might break down, rather than open, the door to those who legitimately claim public honours. Few results ought to be more deprecated than any steps which would have the effect of unduly cheapening the Art honours of a great nation; but the whole genius of our institutions, and all recent national experience, show that no bulwark can successfully maintain an indefensible exclusiveness.

To thoughtful readers, other and equally important examples will suggest themselves, both in extenuation of what is sometimes urged against the doings of the Academy, and in the fallacious reasonings which academicians often indulge in as a defence of their most objectionable privileges. These, from being looked at from different points, and treated too often in an extreme spirit on both sides, would have borne a moderate amount of ventilation in that spirit of impartiality which we have endeavoured to feel and attempted to display; but both space and time are exhausted now. Still, if, through the continued perversity of those who are possessed of powers and supposed advantages which they are unwilling to let others share, these other arguments must be marshalled against them, they will lose nothing in strength of reason or necessity of statement from their longer keeping.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

THE following document has been issued by the Commissioners; it demands the early consideration of those who design to contribute.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners will be prepared to receive all articles which may be sent to them, on or after Wednesday, the 12th of February, and will continue to receive goods until Monday, the 31st of March, 1862, inclusive.

"Articles of great size or weight, the placing of which will require considerable labour, must be sent before Saturday, the 1st of March, 1862; and manufacturers wishing to exhibit machinery, or other objects, that will require foundations or special constructions, must make a declaration to that effect on their demands for space.

"Any exhibitor whose goods can properly be placed together, will be at liberty to arrange such goods in his own way, provided his arrangement is compatible with the general scheme of the Exhibition, and the convenience of other exhibitors.

"Where it is desired to exhibit processes of manufacture, a sufficient number of articles, however dissimilar, will be admitted for the purpose of illustrating the process; but they must not exceed the number actually required.

"Exhibitors will be required to deliver their goods at the building, and to unpack and arrange them at their own charge and risk; and all articles must be delivered with the freight, carriage, porterage, and all charges and dues upon them paid.

"Packing-cases must be removed at the cost of the exhibitor or his agent, as soon as the goods are examined and deposited in charge of the Commissioners.

"Exhibitors will be permitted, subject only to the necessary general regulations, to erect, according to their own taste, all the counters, stands, glass frames, brackets, awnings, hangings, or similar contrivances which they may consider best calculated for the display of their goods.

"Exhibitors must be at the charge of insuring their own goods, should they desire this security. Every precaution will be taken to prevent fire, theft, or other losses, and Her Majesty's Commissioners will give all the aid in their power for the legal prosecution of any persons guilty of robbery or wilful injury in the Exhibition, but they will not be responsible for losses or damage of any kind which may be occasioned by fire or theft, or in any other manner.

"Exhibitors may employ assistants to keep in order the articles they exhibit, or to explain them to visitors, after obtaining written permission from Her Majesty's Commissioners; but such assistants will be forbidden to invite visitors to purchase the goods of their employers.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners will provide shafting, steam (not exceeding 30 lbs. per inch), and water, at high pressure, for machines in motion.

"Intending exhibitors, in the United Kingdom, are requested to apply to the Secretary to Her Majesty's Commissioners, at the offices, 454, West Strand, London, W.C., for a *Form of Demand for Space*, stating at the same time in which of the four Sections they wish to exhibit.

"Foreign and Colonial exhibitors should apply to the Commission, or other central authority appointed by the Foreign or Colonial Government, as soon as notice has been given of its appointment.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners having consulted a committee as to the organization of the Fine Art Department of the Exhibition, will publish the rules relating thereto at a future date.

"By order,
"F. R. SANDFORD, *Secretary*.

"Offices of Her Majesty's Commissioners,
"454, West Strand, London, W.C."

[The Commissioners are "hard at work," advancing daily, and so arranging as to simplify all future proceedings. We trust a similar spirit is influencing British artists and manufacturers. *Time* is, to them, of immense advantage: those who are behind-hand with their preparations will assuredly be inferior in their contributions.]

TEMPERANCE.

FROM THE STATUE BY WILLS BROTHERS.

THIS statue is one of the results of the recent "drinking-fountain movement:" it is in bronze, and is to be erected—at the expense of Mr. Samuel Gurney, M.P., who gave the commission for it—as a fountain in front of the Royal Exchange.

The name of the sculptors, Messrs. Wills Brothers, cannot be new to the readers of the *Art-Journal*, for last year we introduced several of their designs for fountains into our pages, which prove the authors to be artists of more than ordinary talent. But there is undoubtedly more positive evidence of this in the exceedingly elegant statue here engraved, which will bear favourable comparison with very many of the best modern sculptures of a similar character. 'Temperance' is represented gracefully bending forward, in the presumed act of pouring water from a pitcher into a vase; both of these objects are of a good ornamental character, enriching the composition without detracting from its simplicity. Though the *pose* of the figure is easy and natural, and the form, generally, is successfully and truly developed, there are one or two points of detail open to objection: the arms are thin, and look—to quote an ordinary phrase—"out of condition," and the lower portion of the drapery is too much cut up into folds, whereby the *breadth* is destroyed, while these folds are too angular and sharp at the edges. Soft textures, such as this seems to be, would not fall naturally thus, the lines would be more rounded at the edges. This fault of multiplying the folds of drapery we have frequently had to notice when writing of modern sculpture: it is one which artists seem unwilling to get rid of; why, we cannot tell, except that the repetition of these forms appears to give a luxuriant fulness which drapery would not show under a more simple treatment, and consequently invests it with a more decorative character.

But the statue, nevertheless, taken as a whole in its position and expression, is most creditable to the two brothers who have produced it; they are not sculptors by profession, yet are true artists: and it is most gratifying to find them exercising their talents thus for a purpose which unites the useful with the ornamental, making Art, and good Art too, familiar to the eyes of the wayfarer.

We believe that Mr. Gurney, the liberal donor of the statue, proposes to give Messrs. Wills a commission to reproduce it in marble for himself: and well worthy is it of the honour intended.

OBITUARY.

MR. ADOLPHUS M. MADOT.

WE record with much regret the death of this promising young artist, who, if health and a prolonged life had been granted him, would, undoubtedly, have reached a good, if not a high, position in his profession; but within the last year or two a delicate state of the lungs incapacitated him for arduous labour, and, resulting in rapid consumption, prematurely cut short his career on the 11th of last month.

Mr. Madot had passed through the schools of the Royal Academy. The few small pictures—figure-subjects—painted and exhibited by him, bore evidence of careful study and true feeling: some of them, we know, are in good collections. The Chancellor of the Exchequer purchased that exhibited last year, or the year before, we forget which. To us his loss will be severely felt, for we were indebted to his pencil for very many of the copies on wood of the figure-pictures which have illustrated the series of papers on "British Artists." Considering the difficulty of reducing large compositions to our miniature scale, these drawings were, almost without exception, executed with great accuracy and truthfulness. Mr. Madot's quiet, unassuming, and gentlemanly manner, and his amiable disposition, endeared him to all who had the pleasure of his acquaintance.



TEMPERANCE

ENGRAVED BY T.W. HUNT FROM THE STATUE BY WILLS BROTHERS

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 15.—SMITH'S ORNAMENTAL WOOD WORKS, MANCHESTER.

MANCHESTER, as the seat of manufactures, is second to no town in the world. We shall be corrected, and told that for *town* we should have written CITY. Manchester men, however, confess to us that city does not sit easy upon them, but they love "the dear old town." Still rejoicing in the distinction between Manchester *men* and Liverpool *gentlemen*, the native sons of the great Cottonopolis would have the *men* and the *town* associated. But this is, after all, a question for themselves, and not for us. Manchester, as the seat of manufactures, is unrivalled. Nowhere, within the wide circle of civilization and commerce, do we find anything to equal Manchester. Its warehouses are palaces such as Venice, once the boast of the commercial world, never built for the most magnificent of her ducal kings. Its mills are hives of industry, within which are crowded such working bees as were never found in any other hive. From the ends of the earth she draws the material of her wealth, and with an ingenuity which has never been equalled, by her marvellous machinery, she takes a bale of dirty cotton into the "mill," it is seized by the iron giant, and torn, and combed, and twisted, and woven in its passage, until, at the extreme end of the same establishment, it is sent out a delicate fabric, upon which the elaborations of Art have been expended. Such is the striking feature of Manchester. Her commerce for raw cotton is with the world,—her commerce is with the world for the manufactured material. Of these things we hope and desire to speak in due time: our purpose, at present, leads us far away from cotton, or the cotton manufacture.

We were walking from the Palatine to the Exchange, amidst the crowd of human beings rushing hither and thither, every man bearing a strong purpose marked on his countenance. We were regarding the huge omnibuses, carrying seventeen inside, and twenty-three out, all of them crowded (for it was one o'clock, and Manchester is proud of dining at one o'clock) with Manchester men eager to be at home, when we became very sensible of burning wood not far away. We thought the powerful smell must have proceeded from some recent fire. A mill had been recently burnt down not far from the place on which we stood; but it was evident, from the condition of the ruins, that the smell came not from them. We were left in doubt, and passed on.

Subsequently, inquiring of a friend after the Art-manufactures of Manchester, we were especially advised to examine the Ornamental Wood Works of Mr. G. G. SMITH; and, being directed where to find them, we soon discovered that it was from those works the smell of burning wood had emanated.

Guided by the simple sign of "Ornamental Wood Works," we penetrated, amidst piles of sycamore and lime-tree, into the "works." Stating our desire to examine their process, we were most civilly met; and the manager accompanied us, and explained every step of the manufacture.

The wood-carving, by Jordan's patent machinery, has been described in the *Art-Journal;* and we remember that we incidentally mentioned the "wood-burning process." In the former, revolving cutters removed all the superfluous wood, and left an artistic design in high relief; in the latter, the pattern was made in cast-iron moulds,—these were made red-hot,—and, being pressed upon the wood, the design was rapidly burnt in; all the charred portions were removed by scratch-brushes, and the wood-carver was entrusted with the finishing process,—this also producing a design in relief. The manufacture which we have now to describe, differs from either of those. The design is not in relief—there is no carver's skill required; but panels of great beauty,—employed in our first-class railway carriages, in the saloons of steam-vessels, in the halls of houses,—together with mouldings of the most varied designs, are manufactured at a remarkably small cost. Panels which could not be produced by the decorative artist at a less cost than forty shillings each, are sold at from five to six shillings; and ornamental mouldings, of the most permanent kind, are produced at twopence the foot-run, which no designer could afford to create at less than ten times this cost. But we must describe the process.

The object is to impress upon wood, by charring it, any design, how elaborate soever it may be. This is effected by engraving the design upon the face of hollow iron cylinders, the lines forming the design being left, as in wood engraving or block printing. This requires the hand and eye of a skilled artistic engraver. According to the kind of work required, the cylinders vary in size; we saw them from a diameter of a few inches to above two feet. Nothing will be gained by describing the process of the engraving. With the pattern before him, and graver and hammer in hand, the engraver removes all those parts which are not to be printed. Let us suppose the cylinder to be complete, and handed over to the workman. It is fixed on an axis, and adjusted by means of screws and a lever to the proper distance from another cylinder, which is not engraved. To make this adjustment correctly, and to secure the uniform rotation of the engraved cylinder, one end is closed, except the hole into which the axis is screwed, and a few small holes to secure the free circulation of air. When the cylinders are secured and properly adjusted, two pipes are passed into the engraved or working cylinder; through one of these gas is supplied, and it is ignited as it issues from a number of small holes in the side of the pipe, the jets being so placed that they play against the side of the cylinder. The cylinders are then connected by means of a band with a steam-engine, and made to revolve. It will of course be understood that the gas flame playing on the inside of the revolving cylinder heats it uniformly throughout; but this alone is insufficient to produce the heat required to obtain the desired effect. The second pipe, also perforated with holes in the sides, is supplied with air, by means of a rapidly revolving fan. By this means a powerful blast is urged upon the gas flame, and a most energetic blow-pipe is formed. The gas flames, which played at first steadily against the side, now sweep with a roaring noise the interior of the cylinder, which, notwithstanding the mass of metal, can be rapidly made red-hot throughout by its action. So high a temperature as this is, however, only very rarely required.

The cylinder being sufficiently hot, a man now pushes between the two cylinders—which work like an engraver's press—a smooth planed board; this passes through, between the rolls, and is subjected to considerable pressure. By this the design, which is upon the roller, is pressed and burnt into the timber, every line being faithfully and deeply marked. Plank after plank passes on through the rollers in steady order, so that in a comparatively short space of time many hundred feet may be thus impressed with the pattern on the cylinder. Where there is a continuous pattern, as for mouldings, the cylinder is small, and is, of course, with every revolution repeating itself. Where ornamented panels are required, the circumference of the cylinder is the length of the panel, and boards of the same length are regularly passed through, every one of them receiving a repetition of the pattern. The heat of the cylinder can be regulated with very great nicety, by turning the gas on or off, and by adjusting the supply of air to the blow-pipe.

When the board has passed through the charring operation, it passes to the workman, who scrapes it down over the entire surface, so as to bring out the lights, and produce the best effects. When this is accomplished, the surface is varnished or polished, and the result is an ornamental panel or moulding of the greatest beauty, and of remarkable permanence.

White woods, as sycamore and lime, are employed for this work. It is easy also, by this process, to give to the less expensive varieties of wood the peculiar characteristics of the more expensive kinds: rosewood and walnut are very excellently imitated, and upon these again any pattern can be impressed.

The advantages of this process appear to be the facility and cheapness with which we can place on wood the most artistic designs: it is not of course applicable to the production of a single specimen, but, where we have to repeat the same design, with every repetition the price is reduced. The beautiful sepia, or chocolate colour, received by the woods employed in the process are especially pleasing; and we may hope to see rooms decorated by its means which could not, by reason of the cost, receive any such decoration from the artist. We cannot but venture to suggest to the proprietor of these interesting works, the importance of seeking for designs from higher sources than the woodcut illustrations of the weekly journals. The capabilities of the process are very great, and the first cost of a really classic design should not be regarded when the powers of reproduction are so easy. The demand for this kind of decoration will be regulated by the elegance of the designs produced.

ROBERT HUNT.

PICTURE SALES.

THE sale of pictures belonging to Mr. Flatou, the well-known dealer, took place on the 23rd of March, after the sheets of our last Number were at press. This collection, numbering considerably more than one hundred paintings, attracted a very large attendance at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Mansou, and Woods, as well for the high character of most of the works, as for the fact that many of them were known only to those who had visited the gallery of Mr. Flatou, for whom they were painted, and, with a very few exceptions, had not been exhibited elsewhere. A list of the principal pictures offered for sale, with the prices they realised, is subjoined:—

'The Bend of the River,' and 'View of Lowestoft,'* a pair, by J. W. Oakes, 188 gs. (Spencer); 'The Meeting of the Deer Stalkers and Drovers,'* J. F. Herring, and H. Bright, 146 gs. (Gambart); 'Cavalier Life—The Terrace at Haddon Hall,'* D. Pasmore and H. Bright, 114 gs. (Martineau); 'Entrance to Calais Harbour,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., painted for the late Mr. Wells, of Redleaf, and purchased at the sale of his works, 350 gs. (Rhodes); 'The Principal Incident in the Derby Day,' W. P. Frith, R.A., a small cabinet picture, 240 gs. (Wells); 'Prayer,' by the French artist E. Frère, 150 gs. (Gambart); 'The Coming Storm,'* R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 240 gs. (M'Clure); 'The Beech Tree,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with cows and sheep by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 145 gs. (Haigh); 'Summer—The Reculvers in the Distance'* (Jeffray), and 'Winter'* (Dexter), companion pictures, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 134 gs.; 'An Old Woman accused of having bewitched a Peasant Girl,'* W. P. Frith, R.A., a small replica of the large picture, 440 gs. (Pearce); 'Lake of Como,' T. Creswick, A.R.A., 116 gs. (Ripp); 'The Happy Days of Henrietta Maria,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., the engraved picture, 290 gs. (Arrowsmith); 'The Laird of Rob Roy,'* H. Bright, 190 gs. (Pearce); 'A Lady, with Dogs,'* R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 200 gs. (Rhodes); 'Faults on Baith Sides,'* T. Faed, A.R.A., 128 gs. (Gambart); 'The Religious Controversy,' a small replica of the larger picture, by A. Elmore, R.A., 140 gs. (Arrowsmith); 'Wood Nymphs surprised Bathing,' W. E. Frost, A.R.A., from the collection of Lord Charles Townsend, 360 gs. (Ripp); 'Independents Catechising,' J. Phillip, R.A., 340 gs. (Fraser); 'The Great Square at Brescia, near Milan,'* D. Roberts, R.A., 200 gs. (Gambart); 'La Senora,'* J. Phillip, R.A., 195 gs. (Fairbairn); 'The Lancashire Witch,'* W. P. Frith, R.A., 230 gs. (Gambart); 'Canterbury Meadows,' F. R. Lee, R.A., and T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 409 gs. (Rhodes); 'The Temple at Edfou, Upper Egypt,' D. Roberts, R.A., from the Standish collection, 390 gs. (Arrowsmith),—at the sale of Mr. Standish's pictures in 1853, this work realised 360 gs.,—the artist has touched upon it since; 'Summer'* and 'Winter,'* a pair, by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A. (sold respectively to Messrs. Radcliffe and Arrowsmith), 297 gs.; 'A View on the Irish Coast,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 410 gs. (Agnew); 'Coast Scene,' a sketch by the late W. Collins, R.A., and finished in 1850 by J. Linnell, 100 gs. (Gambart); 'A Shipwreck on the Coast of Normandy,' by the French artist E. Isabey, 135 gs. (Welch); 'Landscape,' W. Müller, with figures by P. F. Poole, R.A., 115 gs. (Welch); 'Henrietta Maria taking refuge from the Parliamentary Troops,'* W. J. Grant, 145 gs. (Fraser); 'Cittara, in the Gulf of Salerno,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 519 gs. (Agnew); 'The Fair at Seville,'

* The pictures marked with an asterisk were painted expressly for Mr. Flatou.

J. Phillip, R.A., and R. Ansdell, A.R.A., 870 gs. (Ward); 'The Coming Summer,' T. Creswick, R.A., figures by W. P. Frith, R.A., exhibited at the Academy in 1859, since which time some cattle and sheep have been introduced into the picture by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 490 gs. (Osborne); 'The Signal,'* J. Phillip, R.A., 280 gs. (Knowles, of Manchester). The entire collection realized the sum of £11,528 15*s.* 6*d.*

A collection of ancient and modern pictures, constituting the gallery of the late Mr. W. Cox, was sold by Messrs. Foster, at their rooms in Pall Mall, during the last week in March. The two days' sale realized about £2,361, but the prices paid for the paintings individually seem absurdly low, compared with what has been given of late years for works by the same artists; and we confess, even with our knowledge of the present depreciation in the value of pictures, we cannot quite understand the results of this sale. Perhaps had we seen the collection, which we did not, we could better have comprehended the issue. The following may serve as examples:—'Venus and Cupid,' Etty, 21 gs.; 'The Holy Well,' M. Anthony, 30 gs.; 'The Sixth Seal,' J. P. Pettitt, 29 gs.; 'The Red Boy,' Sir T. Lawrence, £32 6*s.*; 'A Spanish Lady,' J. Phillip, R.A., 31 gs.; 'Interior of Thornhill's Life Academy,' Hogarth, 21 gs.; 'Joan of Arc,' Etty, 61 gs.; 'Landscape with Sheep,' J. B. Pyne, 35 gs.; 'The Antiquary,' A. Fraser, 31 gs.; 'View in Scotland,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 70 gs.; 'The Straw-Yard Meal,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 82 gs.; 'Caxton's Printing Press,' H. C. Selous, engraved, 28 gs.; 'A Cow and Sheep in the Uplands,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 94 gs.; 'View in North Wales,' W. Müller, with figures by D. Cox, 32 gs.; 'The Octogenarian,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 25 gs.; 'A Summer's Sunset,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 60 gs. The pictures by the old masters need not be alluded to, for they attracted even less interest than the English works, which seem to have been, in auctioneer's phraseology, "literally given away."

On the 12th of April Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, commenced the sale of sculptures, pictures, and objects of *vertu*, collected by the late Matthew Uzielli, Esq. The extent and reputation of this private museum of Art attracted large crowds to the rooms in King Street, either as spectators or buyers, during the sale, which lasted five days. On the first day many of the sculptural works, bronzes, and porcelain, were disposed of. Of these we need only point out the statue of 'Venus,' executed in marble for the late owner by Gibson: it was sold to Mr. Rhodes for the sum of £747 12*s.* On the second day the ancient and modern pictures and drawings were disposed of. Among the former we notice:—'A Village Fête,' Teniers, from the Northwick collection, 101 gs. (Van Cuyck),—if we are not mistaken in this picture, it was sold at the Northwick sale for 250 gs.; 'Sacra Conversazione,' a picture in distemper, on panel, by Zenobia de Macchiavelli, a painter of the fourteenth century, whose works are little known,—it is said that this, and one in the gallery of the Louvre, are the only examples recognised as his—it was sold for 205 gs. (Mulvaney); 'The Virgin and Child,' the former seated under a canopy, Lorenzo da Credi, 205 gs. (Farrer); 'St. John baptizing the Saviour,' in distemper on panel, by P. Della Francesca, another painter of the fourteenth century, 230 gs. (Lock). Of the pictures by modern artists we may particularise—'View of Monaco from the Sea,' C. Stanfield, R.A., painted in 1854, 74 gs. (Lock); 'The Breakfast,' by the French artist E. Frère, 165 gs. (Parkinson); 'Portrait of a Young Girl,' Dorsy, 121 gs. (Parkinson); 'Landscape,' with a mill, and a wagon and horses crossing a stream, C. Stanfield, R.A., 135 gs. (Vokins); 'A French Peasant-women riding on an Ass,' with sheep and cows crossing the stream, Troyon, 110 gs. (Mason); 'Mary of Burgundy giving Alms to the Poor,' H. Leys, of Antwerp, a commission from Mr. Uzielli, 1000 gs. (Parkinson); 'Farmyard in the Isle of Wight,' J. Linnell, 114 gs. (Mason); 'The Poor Seamstress,' E. Frère, 120 gs. (Parkinson); 'The Reader,' Meissonier, from the collection of Dr. Veron, of Paris, 202 gs. (Mason); 'Gipsies,' Decamps, from the same gallery, 140 gs. (Mason); 'Dutch Luggers entering the Harbour of Saardam,' C. Stanfield, R.A., 560 gs. (Agnew); 'Cattle in a Stream, Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 150 gs. (Annoot); 'Scheveling Sands at Low Water,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 235 gs. (Mason); 'Scheveling Sands—A Fresh Breeze,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 180 gs. (Mason),—these two pictures, a pair, were in the Northwick gallery, at the dispersion of which they were sold, the former for 220 guineas, the latter for the same sum it now realized; 'Evangeline,' T. Faed, A.R.A., the engraved picture, 335 gs. (Gambart); 'The Village Patriarch,' T. Webster, R.A., 102 gs. (Parkinson); 'The Duel Scene between Viola and Sir Andrew Aguecheek,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 83 gs. (Mason); 'Prayer,' Gallait, 300 gs. (Parkinson). A water-colour drawing by Turner, 'The Bass Rock,' painted at Abbotsford for Sir Walter Scott, passed into the hands of Mr. Vokins at the price of 151 guineas.

ARTISTIC RESEARCHES IN ÆGINA AND ARCADIA.*

It is only the fathers of the present generation of artists, and but a few of them, who are now living and able to call to mind the great interest in the study of the principles of classical, and especially of Grecian, Art and Architecture, which marked the early years of the present century. But those who can carry back their recollections to the time when the late Lord Aberdeen first became a "travelled Thane," and earned the half serious, half satiric title of "Athenian" from the noble author of "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," will learn with some interest that between 1800 and 1811 Greece was visited, not only by Lords Aberdeen and Byron, and other wealthy amateurs, whose time hung heavy on their hands, but also by some gentlemen who have since become distinguished in their profession as architects. First and foremost among them was Mr. Cockerell, who, as he tells us in his prefatory chapter, whilst spending the winter of 1810-11 in Athens—engaged upon antiquarian and architectural studies, before commencing the practice of his profession at home in earnest—fell in there with other like-minded individuals, in concert with whom he planned and carried out some excavations both in the Island of Ægina and in the inland district of Arcadia, the results of which appear—somewhat after date, it must be owned—in the work whose title stands above. The volume is a handsome folio, illustrated with some beautiful vignettes and engravings on copper-plate, of a kind with which we never meet now-a-days, and also with about fifty architectural elevations and sections, &c., which we regret that we have not room to describe as fully as we could wish. It is printed uniformly in size and shape with those handsome volumes with which, in bygone days, we used to be favoured by the Dilettanti Society, at intervals somewhat less rare than at present, but still less frequently than was conducive to the interests of architectural science. For the long period of time—all but half a century—which he has suffered to elapse before discharging the debt which he owed alike to himself, to the profession, and the scientific world in general, Mr. Cockerell in his preface pleads as his excuse, firstly, the premature death of Baron Haller, who had shared in the researches, and had promised to join the author in England for the purpose of publishing a narrative of their labours many years ago; and secondly, his own constant engagement in an "arduous profession, unassisted by the leisure and the funds necessary to prosecute a work of such expense and importance." The record of those researches, however, has at length appeared, and we believe that we may regard it as the first fruits of those leisure hours to which most men rejoice to look forward as the distant reward of years of active professional labour, and as an instalment of the contributions to the learning of the age, which we have a right to expect from the respected Professor of Architecture in the Royal Academy, now that he is *emeritus et rude donatus*, at least so far as regards the active business of his profession.

When our author resolved, early in the spring of 1811, together with the late Mr. Foster (a promising young architect of Liverpool), the late Baron Haller, and Mr. Lynckh of Wurteuburg, to carry out the explorations recorded in this volume, our knowledge of the principles of Grecian architecture comparatively speaking was but partial and scanty. True that Stuart had faithfully delineated the great outlines of several of the chief monuments of ancient Art in Athens and its neighbourhood, and had published three out of his four volumes under the auspices of the Dilettanti Society; but with respect to many details necessary to the elucidation of the architecture of Grecian temples, their correspondence with the examples handed down by Vitruvius, as borrowed by western Europe from ancient Hellas, the arrangement and order of their interiors, the mode of executing the masonry, the roof, and the tiles, the ornamental accessories of painting and sculpture, their acroteria and pediments,—on these heads there was much to be discovered and reduced to rule; and to the elucidation of these points Mr. Cockerell and his energetic companions resolved to devote some weeks of arduous toil. We use the term "arduous" advisedly; for the result showed that the perils which they encountered in their task, and the risks which they ran, were not slight or inconsiderable. To say nothing of severe illness and death from malaria, there were dangers to be guarded against from a wild and lawless population, many of whom infested the country as bandits; while others, equally strong in numbers, ravaged the islands and sea coasts as pirates with all the daring and confidence which was inspired by their hereditary descent from the pirates of the Ægean Sea in the old Homeric days, of whom Thucydides speaks as heroes of no common stamp, proud of their profession as brigands, and evidently inclined to claim a common clanship and all but equality with those scarcely less predatory princes and roving chieftains who led their bands across from the shores of Hellas to the siege of Troy.

It is well known by every one who studies Murray's "Handbooks of Foreign Travel" (and who does not?) that the sculptural results of the researches of Mr. Cockerell and his friends in Ægina are in the Royal Gallery at Munich, instead of having found their way to the British Museum; and this through a stupid blunder on the part of the official dispatched by the British government to purchase them when put up to auction. As they are fully described in Murray, we shall content ourselves by referring our readers to the notice there given of them, and confine ourselves to a cursory glance at the outlines of the temples to which we are introduced in Mr. Cockerell's volume.

The temple in Ægina, as Mr. Cockerell satisfactorily proves, was dedicated to Jupiter, though its sculptures referred mainly to the exploits of the Æacidæ, the tutelary deities of that island, as recorded in the Homeric poems. He proves, both by external and internal evidence, that the edifice was erected quite at the commencement of the sixth century, B.C. Though elegant and beautiful, it was not upon a very grand scale; it was remarkable rather for its exquisite situation and the beauty of its proportions than for its size, though the image or idol which it contained must have been twenty-five feet high, even in a sitting posture. Among the peculiar features which distinguished it (exclusive of the sculptures), were—the curious sloping ascent by which victims were driven up to the sacrificial altars; a singular square block of stone, at the foot of the steps below the western entrance, the end and object of which is doubtful, though probably it served as a lesser altar in honour of some inferior deity or hero; the plan of the hypæthral opening in the roof; and lastly, the construction of the roof itself, which was made, not as had been anticipated by the Dilettanti Society on a cursory inspection of the ruins, of marble, but of terra-cotta of an elaborate form and device. The latter our architectural readers will at once appreciate as a real and definite addition to our stock of information as to the construction of the temples of the ancients.

From Ægina, Mr. Cockerell and his companions passed into the Morea, and having accomplished their route into the very centre of the peninsula, they carried out a similar systematic investigation of the ruins of the Temple of Apollo at Phigaleia, near Bassæ, which they found in a worse condition than the former, although its sculptural details were in such a state of preservation that Mr. Cockerell has been able to decipher and restore them with all

* The Temples of Jupiter Panhellenius in Ægina, and of Apollo Epicurius at Phigaleia, near Bassæ, in Arcadia, by C. R. Cockerell, R.A., Hon. D.C.L., Oxford, &c. &c. Published by John Weale, Holborn, 1860.

but perfect certainty. They represent the legend of Hercules and the Amazons, and some of the subjects are identical with those in the far better known Temple of Theseus. As our readers are aware, our author was more successful with these sculptures than with those from Ægina, inasmuch as they were purchased by this country, and are now in a gallery in the British Museum. We have not space here to enter into details on the subject. It is enough to say that the enterprise of Mr. Cockerell and his friends in Arcadia was crowned with the happiest scientific and artistic results, the architecture of the Athenian Ictinus being restored in almost every particular, and an important chapter of Grecian archæology, full of interest and novelty, and of remarkable completeness, having been added to our former acquisitions. Mr. Cockerell sums up these results as follows:—"The frieze, 101 feet in length (certainly from the school of Athens, if not by the hand of Phidias or Alcamenes), was preserved to the world, offering a new reading of the often repeated Centauromachia and Amazonomachia; fragments of the hands and feet of the acrolithic idol, which apparently replaced that celebrated one of bronze, which was presented to the city of Megalopolis by the Phigaleians; and, finally, some highly interesting fragments of the metopes which adorned the pronaos and posticum of the temple, made up the sculpturesque results of the undertaking." It is disappointing to learn that the temple at Phigaleia would, in all probability, have stood perfect to this day, had it not been for the blind fury of the Iconoclasts. This is proved by the fact that the more massive portions of the edifice are those which have been thrown down, while the lighter and consequently weaker peristyles are standing almost in their entire periphery.

For a more complete account of this temple we must content ourselves by referring the reader to Mr. Cockerell's magnificent folio, which will well repay more than a cursory perusal; and the scientific reader will find much useful criticism on the respective styles of the two temples at Ægina and at Phigaleia, in an elaborate article on their comparative architectural proportions by Mr. W. W. Lloyd, subjoined to the volume in the shape of an appendix.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTS.

EXHIBITION OF INVENTIONS.

The thirteenth annual exhibition is now open at the Society of Arts' House, in John Street, Adelphi, and it comprises a miscellaneous collection of articles recently invented, patented, or registered. These objects are divided into the following groups:—1. Engineering, Mining, and Railway Mechanism; 2. Machinery and Manufacturing Appliances; 3. Naval and Military Appliances, and Philosophical Apparatus; 4. Agricultural Implements and Machinery; 5. Building and Domestic Appliances; and 6. Miscellanea. In all, two hundred and fifty-nine works are illustrated, two hundred and twenty-nine of them by examples or models, and the remaining thirty by drawings.

An exhibition of this kind cannot fail to be eminently useful in many respects. It attracts the attention, for instance, both of inventors and of those who seek to benefit by inventions. It leads on from one improvement to another, and it also secures for improvers a due recognition and an appropriate recompense for their ingenuity and skill. The present collection comprises many examples of most satisfactory appliances, in their several classes, and it must be pronounced as decidedly successful. The only drawback, in our eyes, from this the spring exhibition of the Society of Arts, consists in the fact that it has nothing whatever to do with Art properly so called. With scarcely a single exception, the objects exhibited leave Art entirely out of the question. Without desiring to see any one of these objects removed from the gallery of the Society, we certainly do consider that other objects ought to have their own places in an exhibition of the Society of Arts—objects bearing either directly or indirectly upon Art, and illustrating under various circumstances its present aspect and condition. We are aware that the Society occasionally forms collections of works of Art for exhibition; but we desire, besides these, to see Art inventions and improvements duly recognised and exemplified in the exhibition that is now open.

The council, as usual, have issued a very complete and well-arranged catalogue, with suitable illustrations. They take care, however, to intimate that they "are not responsible for any of the statements contained in" it. This appears to us a serious imperfection in this catalogue, inasmuch as it deprives it of all the value that is inseparable from an authoritative document. Surely it would be both desirable, and not very difficult, to render the catalogue of this exhibition so far authentic, as authenticity could be ensured by the sanction of the council to its statements of alleged facts. The public look to the Society to impart to their exhibitions the important attribute of authority, as well as to form these exhibitions: and this seems to be the most important office that such an institution, and that such an institution alone, can hope to accomplish.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

The alterations in the National Gallery are advancing towards completion: in some of the rooms the pictures have been hung some time, and the gallery will be opened on the 13th instant. The opening was proposed for the 1st of May, but it was considered better that the opening of the public collection and that of the Royal Academy should not be so nearly simultaneous. We have already given a detail of these improvements, and although so much is gained by the new Italian Room—the Tribune it may be truly called—there is not yet properly room enough for all the pictures, so much of late years has the collection been augmented by acquisitions, which it were sacrilege to place elsewhere than in anything short of broad daylight. In this new room there are no shady nooks, no indifferent lights, so that in passing thence into the old suite we seem to move into a region of twilight. We know of no apartment in Europe comparable to this new room in its qualities as an exhibition room, and in the value of its contents. In the Louvre there is nothing like it, nor even in the Pitti is there any approach to its grandeur of effect, and the rooms at Dresden, Berlin, and even at Munich, have no pretension of equality with it. It is seventy-five feet long, thirty feet wide, and the extreme height to the crown of the vault is upwards of thirty-two feet. For the entire length of the room an ample space from the crown of the vault is open for the admission of light. In bright days it may be said that there is an excess of light, but for such works as are here assembled there cannot be too much. From the lights the vaulting descends in panels, which are perforated for the admission of air. The colouring of the panelling is light yellow and light grey; and the lower walls, the hanging space, is covered with figured paper of a dull maroon colour, the best general tint to oppose to pictures. The large room of the old suite is covered with a paper of a lively red hue, that entirely overpowers the pictures; and another with a pale green paper, cold and repugnant to the last degree.

In the new room the beauties of the precious Italian pictures come out with better effect than they ever did before, and now we can more fully understand the value of these works, some of which may be estimated at not less than from ten to fifteen thousand pounds. The place of honour on the right hand wall is worthily assigned to 'The Family of Darius before Alexander,' by Paul Veronese; and on the same side are Correggio's 'Venus, Mercury, and Cupid,' Perugino's 'Virgin adoring the Saviour,' Francia's 'Entombment,' and other works by Mantegna, Giulio Romano, Titian, &c. On the left, and in the centre opposite to the Veronese, is the Sebastian del Piombo; and on the same side other well-known pictures by Raffaelle, Giorgione, Titian, Correggio, Bordone, Bellini, &c.; and in the centre, at the end of the room, is 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Paul Veronese. Of the two smaller apartments that flanked the old entrance to the three principal rooms, one is turned into a vestibule, and the other is intended for the reception of a miscellany of ancient German Art. The first of the three other rooms now contains a selection of Italian Art, examples of the Venetian, Roman, Parmese, and Bolognese schools. In the centre room are hung a number of favourite works of the French and Spanish schools, as the Claudes, 'The Embarkation of St. Ursula,' 'The Cave of Adullam,' and 'Isaac and Rebecca,' and, as before, Turner's 'Carthage' and 'Misty Morning' between them. The former of the two last has been lined, and all the cracks formerly just under and about the sun have disappeared, indeed the picture is seen to much greater advantage than before. This room contains also Velasquez's 'Adoration of the Shepherds' and 'The Boar Hunt,' Murillo's 'St. John,' the Poussins, Nicholas and Gaspar, and the other productions of these schools. In the large end room are concentrated the Dutch and Flemish masters. On the left on entering is an agroupment of gems—the small pictures by Gerard Douw, Maas, Teniers, Jan de Mabuse, Rembrandt, Martin Schön, &c.; and these are succeeded by the larger pictures by Backhuizen, Ruysdael, Rembrandt, Rubens, and Cuyp. At the end of the room is Rubens' 'Brazen Serpent;' and in the right hand corner is another group of smaller works, of which the Gevartius is a centre surrounded by small pictures by Berghem, Van der Neer, and others. On the right hand wall are the Rubenses—'The Horrors of War,' 'The Abduction of the Sabine Women,' and 'The Judgment of Paris,' with many others; and on the right hand of the door are the Van Eycks, Van Orley, Vandyke's 'Theodosius,' &c.

The improvements that have been effected for the £15,000 are, perhaps, more important than may appear at a cursory glance, as having reference to the future entire occupation of the building as the National Gallery. Thus at the end of the room there is a doorway at present closed, by which a passage may be effected into the apartments held by the Royal Academy, in contemplation of the "annexation" of that portion of the building. The architect is, as has been already mentioned, Mr. Pennethorne, who has made the most of the space at his disposal. The hanging and Art arrangements have been ordered by Mr. Wornum, to whom the public is indebted for dispositions so judicious that the best pictures are seen in the best places, and the whole is fresh and sparkling.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The numerous complaints made on the subject of "picture cleaning at the Louvre Gallery," have brought forth the following decree, which we extract from the *Moniteur*, and give in the original text:—

Un arrêté en date du 16 mars porte:

Art. 1. Il est créé une commission consultative des musées impériaux.

Art. 2. Cette commission sera présidée par le directeur général des musées, qui la réunira toutes les fois qu'il le jugera nécessaire pour la consulter sur l'acquisition ou la restauration des objets d'art, ainsi que sur les meilleurs procédés de conservation.

Art. 3. Sont nommés membres de cette commission:

MM. Gatteaux, membre de l'Institut; His de la Salle; le vicomte de Janzé; Louis Lacaze; le marquis Maison; E. Marcille; de Saulcy, sénateur, membre de l'Institut; Henri de Triqueti; Viollet-Le-Duc.

Les conservateurs des musées impériaux font, de droit, partie de la commission.

Art. 4. Aucune restauration de tableau ne sera autorisée par la direction générale des musées impériaux qu'après avoir préalablement consulté la section de peinture de l'Académie des beaux-arts.

Art. 5. Les avis de la commission seront rédigés séance tenante et constatés par des procès-verbaux que signeront les membres présens.

We now close this subject, hoping the commission appointed may prevent in future the numerous dilapidations which have been made in that interesting gallery, by the ignorant practices of the picture-cleaners, or, rather, picture-destroyers.—Death has taken from us one of our best engravers, M. Zacchée Prevost, at the age of sixty-four. He was pupil of Baron Regnault, member of the Institute, and of Bervic, the distinguished line-engraver, contemporaneously with his friend, Henriquet Dupont. The first large work he executed, and which established his fame, was 'Corinne,' after Gérard. It was followed by 'St. Vincent de Paul preaching at the Court of Louis XIV. in favour of the Foundlings.' This was a very fine plate. In 1830—when the Revolution broke out, which for a time interfered with line-engraving—he commenced to engrave in aquatint, producing four large plates after Léopold Robert, and several after Decamps and Delacroix. As soon, however, as he saw his way

clear to resume his original style, he did so, and executed a large plate of the 'Marriage of Cana,' from the painting by Paul Veronese, in the Louvre, for which he was decorated with the cross of the Legion of Honour. In private life Prevost was obliging, simple, modest, and of great probity. His memory will be respected by all who knew him.—In the month of March, a small but select collection of paintings, belonging to M. W——, Wurtenburg, was sold publicly. We give the principal prices. 'Sheep in Scotland,' £581, 'Cows at Pasturage,' £344—both by Rosa Bonheur; 'A Sheep,' a small picture by Brascat, £176 (the works of this painter are seldom seen in sales); 'Turkish Patrol,' Decamps, £1,000 (he painted two of this subject—this is the smaller one); 'The Italian Pottery,' Decamps, £628; 'The Sluice,' Jules Dupré, a dark picture, with the foliage reflected in the water, £284; 'Landscape and Cattle—Sunset,' Jules Dupré, £134; 'Bazar, near Jerusalem,' Marilhat, £640; 'Turkish Dance, near the Bosphorus,' Marilhat, £266; 'Soldiers playing at Cards,' a cabinet picture by Meissonier, £1,120; 'Jewish School,' a small but fine picture by Robert Fleury, £274; 'Animals Drinking,' Troyon, £117; 'Departure of the Steward,' Willems, £100; 'Grand Canal, Venice,' Zeim, £180. The room was filled by the wealthiest amateurs and dealers. The number of pictures offered for sale was thirty, all of cabinet size: they realized the large sum of nearly £6,680.—A painting by Decamps, 'The Ass and Learned Dogs,' was lately sold, among a collection of objects of *vertu*, for £1,080.—At another sale, still larger prices, by comparison, were obtained:—'Children going out of an Egyptian School,' a water-colour drawing by Decamps, £1,428; 'The Defeat of the Cimbri,' a drawing in black chalk, by the same artist, £1,050; 'Landscape,' small, Marilhat, £269; 'The Student,' Meissonier, £563; 'An Artist at his Easel,' Meissonier, £471; 'The Wagon,' Zeim, £168. Some of these prices far exceed those which the pictures of British painters have realized in England.—The *Salon* for 1861 opens on the first of the present month; we shall give some account of it in our next.

THE ARCHITECTURAL EXHIBITION.

THE eleventh exhibition of architectural works and accessories is now open in Conduit Street, and it satisfactorily sustains, without greatly elevating, the character of its predecessors. We still have to look forward to the formation of such collections as will constitute an Architectural Exhibition that worthily and thoroughly represents the existing *status*, both of the art of architecture in England, and of the architect's profession. Such an exhibition must necessarily comprehend drawings of every most important work just completed, or still in progress; and it also must faithfully indicate the progress made, year by year, in architectural art. Until we can obtain the style of Architectural Exhibition that we desire, we content ourselves with expressing that desire; and we then pass on to a general consideration of the exhibition that each year actually brings with it. We leave to our able architectural contemporaries all detailed notices of particular works in their architectural capacity, our own purpose being rather to deal with the exhibition as a whole, and to treat of it as one of the exponents of the Arts of the time.

The characteristic feature of the present exhibition is the absence of any work of commanding interest and importance, coupled with a prevailing uniformity of architectural character in the majority of the drawings. They are well executed, and give good representations of designs that also are good. There is less of extravagance than we have before had to regret, and more of thoughtful earnestness than before has excited our admiration. At the same time, but very few of the various works exhibited can claim to stand in the front rank in an architectural review. We should have been glad to have seen more decided indications of improvements in designs for new churches. This is a point to which we would direct the especial attention of our architects. We want our churches to become better adapted both to the character of our ritual, and to the requirements of our congregations. By all means essentially and truly Gothic, we want our new churches to be the churches of our own era, and not either reproductions or merely modifications of the churches of the middle ages. In like manner, in our street and villa architecture, original thought and fresh conception are still greatly needed. We do not imagine that our architects are to produce for us a new style of architecture; but still, we certainly do expect them neither to mediævalize, nor to rest content with classic imitations. One ambitious gentleman, indeed, there is amongst the exhibitors, who appears to imagine that he has hit upon a new style, because he has succeeded in producing a pile of buildings in which he has set all authority at defiance. Mr. Harris's Terrace at Harrow (No. 392) may serve to warn architects to avoid the perils inseparable from entrusting themselves to the guidance of an undisciplined enthusiasm; and it certainly demonstrates that novelty does not necessarily imply excellence. But it cannot be difficult for architects who are really masters of their art, to strike out fresh paths for themselves without falling into such devious by-ways as Mr. Harris has set himself to explore. Amongst the most striking drawings are several of Mr. Street's always clever pen-and-ink productions, several others by Mr. J. K. Colling, and others by Messrs. Raphael Brandon, J. Edmeston, R. J. Withers, J. L. Pearson, W. Burges, G. Goldie, and J. H. Chamberlain. There are some excellent examples of stained-glass designs by Lavers and Barraud, Clayton and Bell, and Heaton and Butler. The department of architectural metal-work and carving, and of architectural accessories and materials, is unusually strong. The Messrs. Cox have an admirable collection of specimens of what can be achieved by their carving machinery, and also some excellent examples of metal-works. Messrs. Hart have a truly splendid collection of works in the metals. There are also several other groups of metal-work of the same class, and a very successful Eagle Lectern (No. 400) by Benham and Sons, from a design by a young architect of the highest promise—Mr. R. Norman Shaw. There are eminently characteristic groups of specimens of encaustic and mosaic tiles by Minton, Maw, and by the Poole Pottery Company. We also noticed several beautiful specimens of Davis's patent marmolite, of Bellman and Ivey's scagliola, of scagliola and other imitative marbles produced by a Company, and of Scott and Cuthbertson's paper-hangings.

We observe with much satisfaction that the committee of management has again arranged a course of Lectures, which will be delivered at the Galleries on Tuesday evenings during the time that the Architectural Exhibition remains open.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—Mr. William Tassie, of Kensington, who died not long since, has bequeathed to the Scottish National Gallery the original casts of the collection of gems made by the late Mr. James Tassie, as well as those he had himself gathered together, with the original moulds of all his Egyptian, Greek, and Roman coins and medals, and casts of modern medals. The value of the bequest is much enhanced by its including thirty-six casts of portraits of distinguished personages, and numerous studies from some of the most noted pictures in the galleries of Antwerp and Amsterdam.

BRIGHTON.—A public meeting, convened by the mayor, on requisition, was held in the Town Hall, on March 25th, for the purpose of taking into consideration a proposal to establish in Brighton a school of practical science, in connection with the Government Department of Science and Art, South Kensington; Mr. Buckmaster, as a deputation from the Kensington Institute, addressed the meeting on the advantages of such a school as that proposed, and submitted to the assembly the conditions upon which the Department would assist in carrying it out. A resolution approving of the scheme was almost unanimously agreed to, after some discussion, in which Mr. White, head master of the Brighton School of Art, was compelled to defend himself from a charge brought against him by one of the speakers, who complained of "the sons of people of title coming together to compete with persons of the lowest education." This Mr. White considered as an indirect charge of mismanagement, as well as of neglecting his duties to his public pupils, in order to engage in private teaching. He replied by asserting that if his income were not augmented by the better class of pupils coming to the school, who pay an advanced rate, his salary from the institution would amount to something like £80 per annum; a sum so ridiculously small that no person fully competent to the task would, we think, be found to undertake it. These extra payments, and this private teaching, where it does not interfere with what may be considered public time, are the only inducements open to a qualified instructor to occupy the post of a teacher in any provincial school of Art.

BRISTOL.—Two lectures, on the "Fresco-painting of Italy," were recently delivered by Mr. J. Bevington Atkinson, at the Bristol Literary and Scientific Institution: the lecturer illustrated his remarks by a number of early drawings, photographs of remarkable fresco-pictures, and prints published by the Arundel Society. Mr. Atkinson, who is an occasional contributor to our pages, returned not long since from Italy, where he collected much valuable material for his subject. The first lecture comprised the works of the early masters, those from the time of Cimabue to Leonardo da Vinci; the second those of the schools of Michel Angelo, Raffaelle, and Correggio, with a brief glance at the principal "eclectic" painters, the Carracci, Guido, Domenichino, and others. Both lectures were well attended, and received with the appreciation due to the amount of study and the judgment bestowed on their preparation.

OXFORD.—It is expected that the galleries of the University of Oxford will shortly be enriched by the acquisition of a number of Turner's drawings, presented by Mr. Ruskin to his *Alma Mater*.

READING.—We are pleased to find that efforts are being made to save from the destruction to which it appeared doomed the fine old gateway of Reading Abbey, an architectural relic worthy of preservation, no less from its picturesque character than its historic interest. It would be a stigma on the wealth and intelligence of the county to permit its absolute ruin when a comparatively small sum would avert it.

SUNDERLAND.—The statue, by Behnes, of the late Sir Henry Havelock, has been erected in this the native town of the distinguished warrior. It is cast in bronze from the cannon taken from the Indian rebels, and weighs two tons and a quarter. From the sole of the foot to the crown of the head, is ten feet; the metal plinth is six inches high; the granite pedestal twelve feet, and the freestone basement two feet six inches: the total elevation being twenty-five feet. The statue looks westward towards Ford Hall, the place of the General's birth. In the right hand is a sword, emblematic of valour, and in the left a field-telescope, indicative of foresight. An exhausted shell, and the stem of an Oriental tree, introduced into the composition, symbolize the country and the conflicts in which Sir Henry was engaged. The attitude of the figure is firm and dignified, and its *tout ensemble* is said to be eminently characteristic of the original.

CAMBRIDGE.—At the last examination, in the month of March, of the pupils in the School of Art here, ten medals were awarded for the best drawings, and fourteen students and two pupil-teachers passed the second grade examination. In the various branch schools, which number seven, sixty-three prizes were awarded.

MANCHESTER.—An unusually large, and a very interesting, photographic picture has recently been produced by Mr. A. Brothers, of this city: it represents a number of the officers of the 84th regiment, now quartered in Manchester, and contains no fewer than forty-one full-length portraits, from the gallant veteran colonel, Sir George Wetherall, down to the youngest ensign. The difficulty of treating with success such a subject as this is very great: it would be easy enough to preserve the individuality of the persons introduced, but not so easy to group them pictorially, and to combine the whole into one concentrated phase of action; both of these objects, however, seem to have been attained by the artist in the photograph he has submitted to us. The figures, in undress uniform, are not on parade, but assembled in a large room; they are drawn up in something of a curved line, but it is judiciously broken by a variety in the height of the officers, and by some being seated, while the others are standing: all, however, seem to have met for a purpose distinct from that of being "made into a picture,"—probably to hear a communication from their chief, who has risen from his chair as if to address them. Very striking is the easy, natural attitude of the figures; no one appears studied, and yet it must have cost the artist some study to arrange his picture so effectively. One or two of the faces in the background are, in our impression, rather weak, but the rest are all remarkably clear and well defined: there is little doubt that, of the whole military crowd, each one may be readily recognised by his acquaintance. The photograph, which is four feet long by nearly two feet high, was, we understand, executed for the officers.

THE HUDSON,

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XVI.



THE winter was mild and constant. No special severity marked its dealings, yet it made no deviations in that respect from the usual course of the season sufficient to mark it as an innovator. Its breath chilled the waters early, and for several weeks the Hudson was bridged with strong ice, from the wilderness almost to the sea. Meanwhile the whole country was covered with a thick mantle of snow. Skaters, ice-boats, and sleighs traversed the smooth surface of the river with perfect safety, as far down as Peek's Kill Bay; and the counties upon its borders, separated by its flood in summer, were joined by the solid ice, that offered a medium for pleasant intercourse during the short and dreary days of winter.

Valentine's Day came—the day in England traditionally associated with the wooing of birds and lovers, and when the crocus and the daffodil proclaim the approach of spring. But here the birds and the early flowers were unseen; the sceptre of the frost king was yet all-potent. The blue bird, the robin, and the swallow, our earliest feathered visitors from the south, yet lingered in their southern homes. Soon the clouds gathered and



CROTON AQUEDUCT AT SING SING.

came down in warm and gentle rain; the deep snows of northern New York melted rapidly, and the Upper Hudson and the Mohawk soon poured out a mighty flood that spread over the valleys, submerged town wharves, and burst the ribs of ice yet thick and compact. Down came the turbid waters whose attrition below, working with the warm sun above, loosened the icy chains that for seventy days had held the Hudson in bondage, and towards the close of February great masses of the shivered fetters were moving with the ebb and flow of the tide. The snow disappeared, the buds swelled, and, to the delight of all, one beautiful morning, when even the dew was not congealed, the blue birds, first harbingers of approaching summer, were heard gaily singing in the trees and hedges. It was a welcome and delightful invitation to the fields and waters, and I hastened to the lower borders of the Highland region, to resume my pen and pencil sketches of the Hudson from the wilderness to the sea.

The air was as balmy as May on the evening of my arrival at Sing Sing, on the eastern bank of the Hudson, where the State of New York has a large penitentiary for men and women. I strolled up the steep and winding street to the heart of the village, and took lodgings for the night. The sun was yet two hours above the horizon. I went out immediately upon a short tour of observation, and found ample compensation for the toil occasioned by the hilly pathways traversed.

Sing Sing is a very pleasant village, of almost 4,000 inhabitants. It lies upon a rudely broken slope, that rises about 180 feet above the river, and overlooks Tappan Bay,* or Tappaanse Zee, as the early Dutch settlers called an expansion of the Hudson, extending from Teller's or Croton Point on the north, to the northern bluff of the Palisades near Piermont. The origin of the name is to be found in the word Sint-sinck, the title of a powerful clan of the Mohegan or river Indians, who called this spot *Os-sin-ing*, from *ossin*, a stone, and *ing*, a place—stony place. A very appropriate name. The land in this vicinity, first parted with by the Indians, was granted to Frederick Philipse (who owned a large manorial estate along the Hudson), in 1685.

Passing through the upper portion of the village of Sing Sing is a wild, picturesque ravine, lined with evergreen trees, with sides so rugged that the works of man have only here and there found lodgment. Through it flows the



SLEIGH RIDING ON THE HUDSON.

Kill, as the Dutch called it, or Sint-sinck brook, which rises among the hills east of the village, and falls into the Hudson after a succession of pretty rapids and cascades. Over it the waters of the Croton river pass on their way to supply the city of New York with a healthful beverage. Their channel is of heavy masonry, here lying upon an elliptical arch of hewn granite, of 88 feet span, its keystone more than 70 feet from the waters of the brook under it. This great aqueduct will be more fully considered presently.

On the southern borders of the village of Sing Sing is a rough group of small hills, called collectively Mount Pleasant. They are formed of dolomitic, or white coarse-grained marble, of excellent quality and almost inexhaustible quantity, cropping out from a thin soil in many places. At the foot of Mount Pleasant, on the shore of the river, is a large prison for males, with a number



STATE PRISON AT SING SING.

of workshops and other buildings, belonging to the State of New York. A little way up the slope is the prison for females, a very neat and substantial building, with a fine colonnade on the river front. These prisons were built by convicts about thirty years ago, when there were two establishments of the kind in the State, one in the city of New York, the other at Auburn, in the interior. A new system of prison discipline had been adopted. Instead of the old system of indolent, solitary confinement, the workhouse feature was combined with incarceration in separate cells at night. They were made to

* *Tap-pan* was the name of a Mohegan tribe that inhabited the eastern shores of the bay.

work diligently all day, but in perfect silence, no recognition by word, look, or gesture, being allowed among them. The adoption of this system, in 1823, rendered the prison accommodation insufficient, and a new establishment was authorised in 1824. Mount Pleasant, near Sing Sing, was purchased, and in May, 1826, Captain Lynds, a farm agent of the Auburn prison, proceeded with one hundred felons from that establishment to erect the new penitentiary. They quarried and wrought diligently among the marble rocks at Mount Pleasant, and the prison for males was completed in 1829, when the convicts in the old state prison in the city of New York were removed to it. It had eight hundred cells, but these were found to be too few, and in 1831 another story was added to the building, and with it two hundred more cells, making one thousand in all, the present number. More are needed, for the number of convicts in the men's prison, at the beginning of 1861, was a little more



STATE PRISONERS.

than thirteen hundred. In the prison for females there are only one hundred cells, while the number of convicts is one hundred and fifty at this time.

The ground occupied by the prisons is about 10 feet above high water mark. The main building, in which are the cells, is 480 feet in length, 44 feet in width, and five stories in height. Between the outside walls and the cells there is a space of about 12 feet, open from floor to roof. A part of it is occupied by a series of galleries, there being a row of one hundred cells to each story on both fronts, and backing each other. Between the prison and the river are the several workshops, in which various trades are carried on. In front of the prison for females is the guard-house, where arms and instructions are given out to thirty-one guardsmen every morning. Between the guard-house and the prison the Hudson River Railway passes, partly through two tunnels and a deep trench. Upon the highest points of Mount Pleasant



CROTON POINT, FROM SING SING.

are guard-houses, which overlook the quarries and other places of industrial operations.

It was just at sunset when I finished my sketch of the prisons and workshops, and a large portion of Tappan Bay, and the range of high hills upon its western shore, were then immersed in a thin purple mist. The prison bell rang as I was turning to leave the scene, and soon a troop of convicts, dressed in the felon's garb, and accompanied by overseers, was marched towards the prison and taken to their cells, there to be fed and locked up for the night. Their costume consists of a short coat, vest, pantaloons, and cap, made of white kerseymere cloth, broadly striped with black. The stripes pass around the arms and legs, and are perpendicular upon the body of the coat.

I visited the prisons early the following morning, in company with one of the officers. We first went through that of the female convicts, and I was surprised at the absence of aspects of crime. The cells were all open, and many of them displayed evidences of taste and sentiment, hardly to be suspected in criminals. Fancy needlework, cheap pictures, and other ornaments, gave some of the cells an appearance of comfort; but the wretchedly narrow spaces into which, in several instances, two of the convicts are placed together at night, dispelled the temporary illusion that prison life was not so very uncomfortable after all. The household drudgery and cookery are performed by the convicts, chiefly by the coloured ones, and a large number are employed in binding hats that are manufactured in the men's prison. They sat in a series of rows, under the eyes of female overseers, silent yet not very sad. Most of them were young, many of them interesting and innocent in their appearance, and two or three really beautiful. The crime of a majority of them was grand larceny.

There is one woman there, six-and-thirty years of age, whose case is a sad one. She seems to have been, through life, the victim of others' crimes, and doomed to suffer more for the sins of others than for her own. Years ago, a friend of the writer arrived at New York at an early hour one morning, and was led by curiosity to the police office, where persons arrested by watchmen during the night were disposed of at dawn. Whilst there, a beautiful young girl, shrinking from public gaze, and weeping as if her heart was breaking, was brought in. When her turn for examination came, the justice, too accustomed to the sight of vicious persons to exercise much compassion, accosted her rudely, she having been picked up as a street wanderer, and accused of vagrancy. She told a simple, touching story of her wrongs and misery. Only a month before, she had been the innocent daughter of loving parents in Connecticut.



ROCKLAND, OR SLAUGHTER'S LANDING.

She came to the metropolis to visit an aunt, whose vicious son invited her to attend him to the theatre. She went without suspicion, took some refreshments which he offered her after the play, became oblivious within half an hour after partaking of the spiced wine which the young villain had drugged, and before morning found herself covered with shame in a strange house in a strange part of the city. Utterly cast down, she avoided both aunt and parents. She was soon cast away by her wicked cousin, and on the night of her arrest was wandering alone, without shelter or hope. She was compelled to bow to her fate, whilst the law, at that time, could not touch the author of her degradation, who further wronged her by foulest slander, to palliate his own wickedness. Justice was not then so kindly disposed towards the erring and unfortunate as now. There was no Magdalen refuge for her; and the magistrate, with almost brutal roughness, reproached her, and sent her to "the Island" for six months as a vagrant. The gentleman who witnessed this scene became possessed of her subsequent history.

Associated with the vile, her degradation was complete, while her innate virtue struggled for existence. She was an outcast at the age of seventeen. Parental affection, yielding to the stern demands of social ethics, sought not to rescue or reform their child. She had "disgraced her family," and that offence was sufficient to win for her an eternal exile. When the law was satisfied, she went forth with virtuous resolves, and sought a livelihood through menial service. Twice she was pointed at as a Magdalen and convict, and sought refuge from recognition in other places. At length a gleam of hope beamed

upon her. She was wooed by a man who seemed honest and true, who had been charmed by her beauty. They were married. She was again allied with human sympathy, and was happy. Years passed by. A cloud appeared. She suspected her husband to be in league with burglars and counterfeiters. She accused him inquiringly, and he confessed his guilt. She pleaded with him most tenderly, for the sake of herself and their three babes, to abandon his course of life. Her words were ineffectual. His vile associates became bold. His house became the receptacle of burglars' plunder, and the head-quarters of counterfeiting. To her the world was shut. She had sympathy only with her husband and children. She had not courage to leave the loathed atmosphere of crime that filled her dwelling, and encounter again the blasts of a selfish world. She became a passive participator in guilt. Detection soon followed transgression. She was arraigned as an accomplice of her husband and his associates in counterfeiting. The proof was clear, and conviction followed. Three years ago she was sent to the state prison for five years, and her husband for ten years. They have never met since hearing their sentence. Their babes were taken to the almshouse; and that crushed woman sits desolate within prison walls. Meekly she performs her daily duties. There is a sweet sadness in her pale face. She is not a *criminal* in the eye of Divine justice; she is a *victim* to be pitied—the wreck of an innocent and beautiful girl. Surely there must be something radically wrong in the constitution of our society, that permits tender flowers to be thus blasted and thus neglected, and become like worthless weeds, to be trampled upon and forgotten.

In the prison for men, and in the workshops, everything is carried on with the most perfect order; every kind of labour, the meals, the religious exercises in the chapel, are all conducted according to the most rigid rules. The discipline is consequently quite perfect. *Reformation*, not merely *punishment*, is the great aim, and the history of the prison attests the success of the effort. Severe punishments are becoming more and more rare, and the terrible Shower Bath, which has been so justly condemned by the humane, is now seldom used, and then in the presence of the prison physician. Only when all other means



ROCKLAND LAKE.

for enforcing obedience have failed, is this horrid punishment inflicted. It is admitted, I believe, that the Mount Pleasant or Sing Sing prison is one of the best conducted penitentiaries in the world.

On returning to the village across the fields northward of Mount Pleasant, I obtained a full view of Teller's or Croton Point, which divides Tappan from Haverstraw Bay. It is almost two miles in length, and was called *Se-nas-qua* by the Indians, and by the English, Sarah's Point, in honour of Sarah, wife of William Teller, who purchased it of the Indians for a barrel of rum and twelve blankets. It was called Teller's Point until within a few years, when the name of Croton was given to it. Near its extremity, within a pleasant, embowered lawn, stands the Italian villa of R. T. Underhill, M.D., who is sixth in descent from the famous Captain Underhill, a leader in the Indian wars of New England. The Point is owned by himself and brother, both of whom have extensive vineyards and luxuriant orchards. They have about eighty acres covered with the Isabella and Catawba grape vine, sixty of which belongs to the doctor. They also raise fine apples and melons in great abundance. From our point of view, near Sing Sing landing, the village of Haverstraw is seen in the vista between Croton Point and the High Torn Mountain on the left.

It was the first day of March, and very warm; the surface of the river was unruffled by a breeze. Knowing how boisterous and blustering this first spring month generally is, I took advantage of the fine weather, and crossed Tappan Bay to Rockland Lake village (formerly Slaughter's Landing), opposite Sing Sing, the most extensive ice-station on the river. After considerable delay, I procured a boat and oarsman—the former very leaky, and the latter very accommodating. The bay is here between two and three miles wide. We passed a few masses of floating ice and some sailing vessels, and at little past noon landed at Rockland, where the Knickerbocker Ice Company has a wharf and barges, and a large inclined-plane railway, down which ice, brought from the adjacent lake, is sent to the vessels in the river.

It was a weary way up the steep shore to the village and the lake, on the borders of a high and well-cultivated valley, half a mile from the river. This is the famous Rockland Lake, whose congealed waters have been so long familiar to the thirsty dwellers in the metropolis. It is a lovely sheet of water, one hundred and fifty feet above the river. On its south-eastern borders, except where the village and ice-houses skirt it, are steep, rugged shores. Westward, a fertile country stretches away many a mile to rough hills and blue mountains. The lake is an irregular ellipse in form, half a mile in length, and three fourths of a mile at its greatest width, and covers about five hundred acres. It is supplied by springs in its own bosom, and clear mountain brooks, and forms the head waters of the Hackensack river, which flows through New



MOUTH OF THE CROTON.

Jersey, and reaches the salt water in Newark Bay. Near its outlet, upon a grassy peninsula, is the residence of Moses G. Leonard, Esq.; and in the distance, from our point of view, is seen the peak of the great Torn Mountain, back of Haverstraw. Along the eastern margin of the lake are extensive buildings for the storeage of ice in winter, at which time a thousand men are sometimes employed. The crop averages nearly two hundred thousand tons a-year; and during the warm season, one hundred men are employed in con-



CROTON DAM.

veying it to the river, and fifteen barges are used in transporting it to New York, for distribution there, and exportation.

We crossed the bay to Croton Point, visited the villa and vineyards of Doctor Underhill, and then rowed up Croton Bay to the mouth of the river, passing, on our way, under the drawbridge of the Hudson River Railway. It was late in the afternoon. There was a remarkable stillness and dreamy repose

in the atmosphere, and we glided almost noiselessly up the bay, in company with two or three duck-hunters, in their little cockles. The tide was ebbing, and as we approached the mouth of the Croton, the current became more and more rapid, until we found ourselves in a shallow rift abreast the Van Cortlandt Manor House, unable to proceed. After vain efforts of our united strength to stem the current, the boatman landed me on the southern shore of the stream. After satisfying his extortionate demand of about the price of three fares for his services, I dismissed him, with a strong desire never again to fall into his hands; and then clambered up the rough bank by the margin of a brook, and made my way to the "post road," a most picturesque highway along the lofty banks of the Croton. When near the "High Bridge," at the old head of boat navigation, I obtained a most interesting view of the Mouth of the Croton, including Dover Kill Island near, the railway-bridge in the distance, and the high hills on the western shore of the Hudson in the extreme distance. The scenery



VENTILATORS.

thereabout is both picturesque and beautiful, and such is its character to the very sources of this famous stream eastward of the Pawling Mountains, whose clear waters supply the city of New York with wholesome beverage.

The ancient name of the Croton was *Kitch-a-wan*, signifying a large and swift current. The Dutch called it Croton in memory of an Indian Sachem of that name, whose habitation was on the northern border of the bay, near the neck, a little below the mouth of the river. Its sources are among the hills of Putnam and Duchess, and it has five considerable tributaries, all of mountain birth. When the authorities of the city of New York were seeking sources of ample supply of pure water, their attention was early called to this stream. Commissioners reported in favour of its use, though far away; and in May, 1837, the construction of an aqueduct from a point six miles from its mouth to the metropolis was begun. At the head of the aqueduct a dam was constructed, for the purpose of forming a fountain reservoir. At the beginning of



HIGH BRIDGE OVER THE CROTON.

1841 a flood, produced by a protracted rain-storm and melting snows, swept away the dam, and carried with it, riverward, a quantity of earth and gravel, sufficient to half fill the beautiful Croton Bay. The dam was immediately rebuilt, at greater altitude, and a lake was produced, almost six miles in length, containing about 500,000,000 gallons. It is 166 feet above mean tide-water at New York, and pours into the aqueduct from 40,000,000 to 50,000,000 gallons every twenty-four hours. Not having time to visit the fountain reservoir, I have availed myself of the pencil services of a friend, in giving a sketch of the dam from a point just below it.

The Croton aqueduct runs parallel with the Hudson, at the mean distance of half a mile from it throughout its entire length. Its course is marked by culverts and arches of solid masonry, and its line may be observed at a distance by white stone towers, about fifteen feet in height, placed at intervals of a mile. These are ventilators of the aqueduct; some of them are quite ornamental, as in the case of the one at Sing Sing, others are simple round towers, and every third one has a square base, with a door by which a person may enter the aqueduct. At the top of each is an iron screen, to prevent substances from being cast into the ventilators. Our little group shows the different forms of these towers, which present a feature in the landscape on the eastern shore of the river, to voyagers on the Hudson. This great work was completed, and the water opened to the use of the inhabitants of New York, in the autumn of 1842. Its cost was about $12,000,000. We shall meet with it frequently in our future tour towards the city.

The "High Bridge" over the Croton, at the old head of the navigation, is a wooden, rickety structure, soon to fall into disuse and absolute decay, because of a substantial new bridge, built across the head of the bay, almost a mile below, by which the route from Croton to Sing Sing will be much shortened. Here was the "Croton Bridge" of revolutionary times, frequently mentioned in connection with military movements between New York and the Highlands; and here is now the scene of most important experiments in the production of malleable iron from the ore, by a simple process, which, if successful, will produce a marked change in the iron manufacture. It is a process of deoxidizing iron ore in a heated hollow screw, out of which, when the process is completed, it drops into the furnace, avoids all fluxes, and comes out "blooms" of the finest iron. Mr. Rogers, the inventor, claims that by this process there will be a saving of from eight to twelve dollars a ton in the production of iron—a matter of great importance to such isolated districts as that of the Adirondack works at the sources of the Hudson. It was from Bayley's rolling mill, at the foot of the rapids in the Croton, just above the High Bridge, where these experiments are in progress, that I made the sketch of that dilapidated affair, just at sunset.

Crossing the bridge, I strolled down the right bank of the Croton, along the high margin of the stream, to the Van Cortlandt Manor House, passing the



VAN CORTLANDT MANOR HOUSE.

old Ferry House on the way, where a party of New York levies, under Captain Daniel Williams, were surprised by some British horsemen in the winter of 1782. At the entrance gate to the mansion grounds, at twilight, I met Colonel Pierre Van Cortlandt, the present proprietor, and accepted his cordial invitation to partake of the hospitalities of his house for the night.

The Van Cortlandt Manor House stands near the shore of Croton Bay. It was erected at the beginning of the last century, by John Van Cortlandt, eldest son of the first lord of the manor,* and is now at least one hundred and fifty years old. It is built of heavy stone; and the thick walls were pierced with loopholes for musketry to be used in defence against the Indians. It has been somewhat changed in aspect, by covering the rough stone with stucco. Its front, graced by a pleasant lawn, commands an extensive view of the bay, and of the Hudson beyond. In that bay, under the shelter of Croton Point, Hendrick Hudson anchored the *Half Moon*, on the evening of the first of October, 1609; and such a resort were these waters for canvas-back ducks, and other water-fowl, that, as early as 1683, Governor Dongan came there to enjoy the sport of fowling. There, too, great quantities of shad were caught. But its glory is departed. The flood of 1841, that swept away the Croton Dam, almost filled the bay with earth; it is accumulating there every hour; and, in the course of a few years, the Van Cortlandt estate will have many acres of fine meadow land added to it, where once large vessels might ride at anchor.

* Oloff Stevenson Van Cortlandt, father of the first proprietor of the estate, afterwards erected into the manor of Cortlandt, was a lineal descendant of the Dukes of Courland, in Russia. His ancestors emigrated to Holland, when deprived of the Duchy of Courland. The family name was Stevens, or Stevensen, van, or from, Courland. They adopted the latter as a surname, the true orthography of which, in Dutch, is *Korte* (short), and *landt* (land), a term expressing the form of the ancient Duchy of Courland. Oloff emigrated to America, and settled in New Amsterdam (New York), and in 1697 his son Stephen purchased the large estate on the Hudson, afterwards known as the Van Cortlandt Manor. By intermarriages, the Van Cortlandts are connected with nearly all of the leading families of New York—the Schuylers, Beekmans, Van Rensselaers, De Peysters, De Lanceys, Bayards, &c.

THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY, AND THE SOCIETY OF FINE ARTS.

We greatly regret to find that the two Societies cannot, or will not, "amalgamate," and that, consequently, there are to be two Art-institutions, and two Exhibitions in Liverpool. This is, on all accounts, deplorable; both are in debt, and likely to continue so; for, even if their existing liabilities are "wiped out," others will soon accumulate, and to neither society can there be prosperity. But this is not the principal evil. Each of the institutions will at once set to work to obtain pictures, &c., for the autumn exhibitions. The interest, therefore, will be divided, and two mediocre collections, instead of one good exhibition, will be the inevitable result. The inducements held out to artists to contribute are, on the one hand, mainly the honour of exhibiting: on the other, the prospect of extensive sales; for it is beyond question that the money laid out in pictures at Liverpool is expended, chiefly, in the rooms of the Society of Fine Arts.

The Academy has issued a "Report," and the Society has held a meeting. The Liverpool newspapers give the case fully, *pro* and *con*; from them we gather the following particulars. The statement of Joseph Boult, Esq., Hon. Sec. to the Society, informs us that—

"Early in February last, it was publicly announced that a committee had been formed for placing the Liverpool Academy on a popular and permanent basis. Apprehensive that the means proposed might occasion some misconception among the amateurs of Art, and be prejudicial to a society which was specially instituted for the purpose of securing a popular element in the management of Art exhibitions in Liverpool, some active friends of this society instituted a canvass amongst the more influential patrons of Art, for the purpose of eliciting their approval of the principles and general management, and a promise of continued support. Whilst in some instances they found the confusion they apprehended had arisen, they were much gratified to find that several who were solicited to assist the new movement on behalf of the Academy, had declined to do so until they had learned how it was likely to affect the Society of Fine Arts.

"Whilst the friends of the two institutions were thus employed in securing expressions of approval and co-operation, it was frequently suggested that the time had now arrived when harmony might be restored by uniting both into one society; and the Mayor put the suggestion into a practical form, and proposed that, on behalf of the friends of the Academy and this society respectively, two negotiators should be appointed to arrange a basis for union, and very kindly placed his parlour, in the Town Hall, at the disposal of the negotiators for this conference."

Accordingly, two negotiators were appointed by the Academy and two by the Society, the Mayor agreeing to act with them, in order, if possible, to settle any differences that might arise; they, "after frequent meetings and careful consideration," *unanimously* adopted the following resolutions as the basis for "union:"—

"1st Resolution.—That there be associated with the academicians twenty-four non-professional gentlemen as honorary members of the Academy, to be appointed as may be hereafter agreed, who shall have the management of the affairs of the Academy and the annual appointment of the sub-committee to carry out the various details connected therewith, and who, by the yearly publication of accounts, shall afford to the subscribers all necessary information regarding the financial position and general affairs of the Academy.

"It being, however, understood that the sub-committee to be appointed by the council for the hanging of the pictures and adjudication of prizes shall be composed *exclusively of artists*. Note.—The term 'academician' is intended to comprise the present members of the Post-office 'Academy,' and such number of the associates of the Bold Street 'Society of Fine Arts' as the former may, for the purpose of the proposed arrangements, agree to elect.

"2nd Resolution.—It being extremely desirable that the Academy should, on its reconstruction, be free from liability, it is recommended, to avoid burthening it with the existing debt of the Fine Arts Institution, which amounts to about £700, that by the united efforts of friends of the two now existing institutions, and by such means as may by them be devised, such debt shall be liquidated and wiped away."

These Resolutions were accepted by the council of the Society of Fine Arts at their meeting of the 20th March, in the following resolution:—

"Resolved.—That this meeting accept the two resolutions recommended by the negotiators as the basis of the proposed amalgamation of the Society of Fine Arts with the Academy, believing that the latter, in exercising the privilege of selecting those associates of the Society of Fine Arts who are to be 'academicians,' will do so in a candid and impartial spirit, so as to secure a due proportion in the number."

These resolutions, however, though framed and accepted by their "negotiators," were declined by the Academy, and the affair remains precisely as it was before the arrangement for negotiation was agreed to: the Mayor and the "negotiators" had, therefore, no further duty to perform than to issue the following document:—

"At a meeting in the Mayor's room, 11th April, 1861, of the undersigned, appointed by the friends of the 'Liverpool Academy,' and of the 'Liverpool Society of Fine Arts,' to recommend a basis of amalgamation of the two institutions, the resolutions *unanimously* passed by the negotiators, and the resolutions thereupon received by them, having been read, *it was unanimously resolved*,—'To forward a copy of the whole to the committee of each institution, with the expression of the regret of the negotiators that their functions have ceased without their having accomplished the desirable object—a union of the two institutions.'"

The issue will be much regretted by all friends and promoters of Art,—not in Liverpool alone. The policy of the Academy, in rejecting the "award" of its own arbitrators, is certainly to be condemned; and gives force to a rumour that its members never seriously contemplated "amalgamation" at all; but were compelled to take some steps towards it, in order to satisfy public opinion.

We do not wonder, therefore, that a feeling akin to indignation has been manifested by the upholders of the Society of Fine Arts, some of whom seem to think the Academy has been "playing with them," "stealing a march," so to speak, and making "quiet" exertions to collect pictures for their exhibition, while the Society was "resting on its oars" under a conviction that "amalgamation" so desirable, and so strongly recommended, on a fair basis, by four "negotiators," was not only probable but certain.

At the meeting to which we have referred, James Lister, Esq., (Banker,) moved the following resolution, which was adopted—

"'That the meeting are of opinion that in a town like Liverpool, where the number of resident artists is so limited, and where they are so frequently changed, through the removal of talented and rising individuals, it is most desirable that intelligent connoisseurs should participate in the management of the annual exhibitions of works of Art, an opinion which they are glad to find sanctioned both by eminent members of the Royal Academy and by other eminent artists, and by the trial it has now received. This meeting therefore cordially approves of the constitution of the Society of Fine Arts, as likely to retain the confidence and approval it has already secured, and earnestly hopes the means will now be provided for removing those impediments to its more extended usefulness which are solely occasioned by its limited resources.'

"Mr. Lister said he had taken a very great interest in this society from the first, not from any wish to oppose the Academy, but because he felt that it was no longer a credit to the town, but a mere sectarian branch, which did not reflect the best feelings of the town upon Art. The Society of Fine Arts had laboured to bring about a better state of things, and the public might judge of what good it had done. They were all very anxious that the two institutions should unite. Had they united, they might have done great things: they might have got a good room of their own, and have raised a large sum of money from the public for the promotion of Art."

This feeling appeared to be universal; and the advocates for introducing the "lay" element into an Art institution have a large majority in Liverpool.

We fear that some amount of "temper" will be introduced into the proceedings of both societies, the effect of which cannot be otherwise than injurious to both. The Academy is furnished with the recommendation of age. It has existed, in some form or other, nearly forty years—a fact that must not be lost sight of; while the Society is but in the third or fourth year of its existence. The one, however, is a comparatively weak body, depending for life, mainly, on traditions, adopting the Pre-Raffaellite school as the sole source of excellence, and resorting for aid to "dealers" desirous of publicity. The other is full of young ardour and energy, taking deep interest in its exhibitions, and adopting every possible means to effect sales, acting only direct with the artist, and disposing of no work that is not *bona-fide* his, establishing an Art-union as a co-operative element, and taking an absolutely "personal" interest in the advancement of Art, as a great public teacher, and an especial aid to improvement in a mighty commercial town, rich in wealth, and manifesting a continually increasing desire to obtain works of Art, as the adornments of home and the promoters of civilization. In Liverpool there are upwards of fifty collections of modern pictures, some of them extensive, and all of them more or less excellent. The value of such an outlet for the productions of artists, cannot be exaggerated.

The question that metropolitan artists will have to answer is simply this—to which of the exhibitions they will determine to contribute. Those who desire sales for their pictures will, of a surety, send them to the Society of Fine Arts; those who have no such object will probably forward them to the Academy.

But again we must express our regret that the principle of "amalgamation" has been abandoned, and the counsel (*unanimously* given) of the Mayor and "Negotiators" ignored.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART.

In the Civil Service Estimates for the year 1861-2, the sum set down for the purposes of "Education, Science, and Art," is £1,358,996, showing an increase over the preceding year of £30,548. From the parliamentary paper now before us, we learn the following particulars: of the larger amount just stated, the sum of £111,484 is for the Science and Art Department. The visitors to the South Kensington Museum in 1860 were 610,696 in number, an increase of 135,331. A sum of £17,000 was voted last year for erecting better accommodation for the collections, and it is now proposed to grant £15,000, on account of an estimate of £27,000, for buildings to replace the wooden schools, and provide residences for officers on duty at night; both votes were advised by the select committee that sat last year. It is mentioned that the schools of Art in the United Kingdom in 1860 reached 86 in number, with 90,625 students—an increase of 4,856 over 1859. Passing over the votes of £100,414 for the British Museum, £16,285 for Scottish Universities (a grant which is more than doubled this year), and one or two minor grants, we are brought to the vote for the National Gallery, £12,134, including £6,000 for the purchase of pictures. The chief purchase in the past year is a "predella" (once forming part of an altar-piece), consisting of five pictures by Fra Giovanni. Of this work Vasari says,—"The infinite small figures, which are seen in a celestial glory, are so beautiful that they seem to be truly (beings) of Paradise, nor can the spectator who draws near satiate himself with contemplating them." These pictures have arrived safely in England. They were purchased for the National Gallery in October, for £3,500; but the additional expenses, in consequence of the demands of the Roman government before allowing the exportation, were unusually great. Those demands, ostensibly founded on the excellence and celebrity of the works, were admitted to be also partly suggested by the state of the papal finances. The British consul finally paid £700 for the permission of exportation. With respect to the Gallery in Trafalgar Square, we believe, as we have elsewhere said, it will be re-opened within the month of May. The number of visitors in 1860 was 684,639; but the alterations prevented the Gallery being open after 8th of September. The average number of students was 54; the pictures most frequently copied by them during the year were Reynolds's 'Age of Innocence,' Dyckman's 'Blind Beggar,' and Landseer's 'Shoeing.'

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ROYAL ACADEMY.—Mr. Smirke, R.A., has been nominated, by the Queen, to be Treasurer of the Academy in the room of Mr. Hardwick, R.A., who has retired from the office.

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.—Three busts, and a few portraits, have been recently added to this collection; the busts are those of Hogarth, Pitt, and Moore the poet. That of the painter is in terra-cotta, by Roubiliac; it is small, and conveys the idea of a man under the middle size, an assertion which may be received as a truth, for Hogarth was a man of short stature. It is too much the practice of the present day to make busts somewhat larger than the life; this sometimes flatters personal vanity, but it will embarrass biographers a century hence. The bust is younger than the portrait at Kensington; the head is turned to the right shoulder, and the features engage you at once, being as full of language as the head is life-like in movement. In comparison with the portrait the face is thin, the mouth pungently sarcastic, and the eyes quick and piercing. On the head is a cap, modelled in nicely arranged folds, and over the shoulders is thrown a kind of wrapper, anything or nothing. Any sculptor might be proud of such a work; pity it is not in marble. The bust of Moore is by his namesake, an Irish sculptor. It may not be fair to compare it with Lawrence's portrait; however, this can never be avoided by those who may have seen the latter work; but were there no such portrait, the bust could not be but considered a feeble production. The bust of Pitt is by Nollekens, and "Old Nolly" has ventured to do what no living sculptor would attempt, that is, complete a bust of a piece of marble so bad as this is. It is like Pitt, but wanting in expression. The portraits are those of George IV., by Lawrence, the head only finished as a profile for the Mint,—the canvas remains bare, like that of the portrait of Wilberforce; of Mrs. Fry, a miniature, by Drummond; and a head of Horace Walpole, the painter of which is not known—it was formerly in the collection of Lord James Stuart.

COPYRIGHT IN WORKS OF ART.—The attorney-general brought this bill into the house on April 16th, when it was read a first time. There was so thin an attendance of members that he postponed all discussion on the subject, until the motion that it be read a second time.

MR. JOHN BURNET.—We rejoice to learn that one of the crown pensions has been conferred on this veteran in Art, to whose long life of useful industry the world is very largely indebted, but whose toils have not been sufficiently productive of substantial reward to avert the evils of restricted means from his age and consequent inability for labour. The grant from his country is a recompense for services rendered—a recompense to which Mr. Burnet has unquestionable and unquestioned claims. Though small, it will render easy and comfortable his declining years.

THE SISTERS OF MRS. JAMESON.—The pension enjoyed during the later years of her life by this estimable lady, has been continued to her sisters. It is pleasant to make record of so gratifying a fact.

THE GRAPHIC.—On the evening of the 10th of April this society held their last meeting but one of the season. The collection of pictures and drawings was not so varied and interesting as it usually is. 'The Sick Child,' by Clark, attracted much attention, as it always will; there was besides a small picture by Hook, and drawings by T. Danby, Dillon, the late W. Müller, the late S. Cook, a picture by Holland, an engraving by the brothers Dalziel, from a drawing by Doyle, called 'The Children's Party,' busts by Thornycroft, &c.

THE SOCIETY OF ARTISTS AND AMATEURS held their third *Conversazione* at Willis's Rooms, on the evening of the 10th ultimo; among the contributions, pictures, drawings, and sketches in portfolios, there were works of a great diversity of character by Lance, D. Cox, Copley Fielding, H. Moore, Van Schendel, Duncan, B. Foster, S. Cook, Hildebrandt, W. S. Leitch, Henrietta Brown, Cattermole, John Lewis, Mole, Holland, W. Goodall, E. Goodall, &c. &c.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE.—The statue of Havelock, which has been in course of execution for some time by Behnes, is now placed at the last angle of Trafalgar Square, as a pendant to the Napier, by Adams, at the west angle. In reference to such statues, we may ask when sculptors will dismiss the heavy draperies, with which all public statues are unnecessarily loaded. By the family of the late General Havelock, the features are said to be a happy memento of the subject; but, in proportion, the head is too large. It is much lighter than the Napier statue, but from first to last, Trafalgar Square has been singularly unfortunate in its enrichments.

THE GUARDS' MEMORIAL.—The prevailing opinion appears to be that this memorial is at length finished. Possibly it may be, though we confess that we still cherish hopes of such improvements as could be produced only by important alterations. The presumed "finishing" consists in but little more than the removal of the canvas coverings, which protected the "Honor" and the group of guardsmen from the inclemency of the winter. We began to fear lest, in the faculty of duration, that canvas should emulate the scaffolding. It lately disappeared, however, somewhat suddenly, and so the memorial is said to be "finished." We have tried, in every possible way, to like this work, and to consider it the right thing; but we have failed signally. It is feeble and trite in its conception; and, though they are both characteristic and impressive figures, the guardsmen do not compose well or harmoniously with the symbolic "Honor" (a "Greek or Roman," certainly not an English, lady), who stands above their heads, apathetically holding out wreaths in either hand. And then there is not any beauty in the cold grey granite nucleus of the memorial; nor are we able to say a word in favour of the group of actual trophies—a few Sebastopol guns and mortars, that are piled up, with a stiffness that apparently defied every improving effort, at the back of the composition. Surely it ought not to have been a very difficult matter for the artists of England to have produced a memorial to the lamented heroes of the brigade of guards who fell in the Crimea, which should have been worthy as well of the Arts as of the guardsmen of England. The failure of this work affects us with a twofold regret—regret that the noble dead should have their memory associated with a monument of which it is impossible to feel proud, and regret also that an accomplished sculptor should have proved unequal to a task, which was eminently qualified to develop the highest qualities of his art. The memorial stands in Waterloo Place, at present without any railing, the granite now rising unprotected in the midst of the street. The original military devices of crossed bayonets, &c., have disappeared.

THE SEASON TICKETS, for the year commencing May 1st, at the Crystal Palace, are issued at the same rates as those of the last year—that is, at two guineas, and a single guinea, and at half-a-guinea for children under twelve years of age. The special privileges obtained by the two-guinea tickets are certain opera concerts, with two or three other grand days, at the Palace. The arrangement is calculated to secure public approval; and we trust the tickets will find very considerably enlarged numbers of purchasers beyond their predecessors. The Directors will, we hope, add to their programme a successson of popular lectures upon subjects connected with the Arts. They now possess an excellent lecture-room, in connection with their school, and all they require is to use it freely. We should be glad to know that a course of lectures upon the Palace itself had been organized, to which the holders of season-tickets would be admitted, while a small additional payment would obtain admission for other visitors to the Palace.

MR. DOWLING, the young Australian artist settled in London, whose picture of 'The Presentation in the Temple' we noticed last year, has made a considerable advance since then, in a picture now exhibited by the possessor, Mr. Betjemann, 28, Oxford Street, from whom Mr. Dowling received the commission, and who is also the owner of the other. The subject of the new painting is 'The Raising of Lazarus.' In the centre of the composition is Christ, who, with hand uplifted, is uttering the command,—"Lazarus, come forth." Above the open grave appear the head, in profile, and the shoulders of its occupant, gazing with astonishment on the person of the Saviour, by whose side are the two Marys, while groups of Jews, male and female, young and old, are standing around. There is infinite diversity of expression in these several heads, on each one of which much careful study has evidently been bestowed, while the general arrangement of the figures is excellent, and quite unconventional. The artist seems, in this particular, to have adopted Raffaelle's principles of grouping and disposition. The colouring of the picture is brilliant and harmonious, without any attempt at meretricious effect. Mr. Dowling is, we have no hesitation in asserting, on the high road to fame of a high and legitimate character. His mind is imbued with the true feeling of sacred Art; and when a little more experience has refined his practice, and a little more study of the anatomy of the human figure has given greater decision to his lines, he will have become a painter whose works must be sought after and coveted. As he is at present, there are few artists among us who could produce such a picture as 'The Raising of Lazarus.'

MR. HOLMAN HUNT'S PICTURE of 'The Finding of Our Saviour in the Temple' has, according to the *Athenæum*, been sold by Mr. Gambart to an "eminent collector;" its late owner "reserving free use of the same as long as may be desirable. It is ultimately, we understand, to be presented to a public institution."

FEMALE SCHOOL OF ART.—In the month of June, an Exhibition of Works of Art is to be held in the large room of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, by permission of the Council of that institution. The profits arising from the exhibition will be added to the fund, now being raised, for purchasing or erecting a suitable building for the Female School of Art.—Full particulars relative to the BAZAAR in aid of this valuable school we shall give in our next. It will be held early in June (the place is not yet absolutely determined): meanwhile, any contributions will be very thankfully received by Miss Gann, the Superintendent, at the School, Queen Square, Bloomsbury, or by Mrs. S. C. Hall, who has undertaken to hold one of the stalls.—At an exhibition of the works of the pupils of this establishment, held at the school in Queen's Square, were many drawings remarkable for tasteful execution. The rooms were open three days, during which they were visited by upwards of six hundred persons. Although, from the general character of the studies, it may be inferred that the direction taken by the classes is rather towards industrial designing than figure paintings, it is yet much to say that ladies who have been pupils of this school, have gained studentships in the Royal Academy. Many of the studies from plants and flowers cannot be surpassed in accuracy of outline and minute elaboration; and the designs for cards, lace, and porcelain show an elegance of taste which, not many years ago, it would have been hopeless to expect even from persons who professed themselves practised designers. Among the pupils who won distinction by their drawings, are Misses Wells, Bryant, Le Breton, McGregor, James, Hertford, T. Smith: to Miss Gann, the superintendent, Miss Wilson, and other teachers of the school, is due a large share of the merit of its success.

THE SOCIETY OF FEMALE ARTISTS closed their exhibition on the 27th of March, after a season of average success, considering the extreme depression of all Art interests towards the commencement of the year. It was the intention of the Queen to have visited the exhibition on the 16th of March, but Her Majesty's gracious purpose was frustrated by the death of the Duchess of Kent.

AT THE LAST CONVERSAZIONE of the season, held by the Society of Artists at Langham Chambers, the show of pictures far exceeded in interest that of any former occasion, and the rooms were unusually hot and crowded. Mr. L. Haghe sent a series of photographs from the works of Wilhelm Kaulbach.

THE SOANE MUSEUM.—The recent appointment by the Council of the Royal Academy, with whom the nomination rests, of Mr. Bonomi, to the office of Curator of the Soane Museum, the trustees of the Museum refuse to confirm; on the grounds, as it is alleged, that the gentleman in question is not an architect, in the sense required by the act of parliament, which directs that the Curator shall be "an English architect, who may have distinguished himself, or gained any academical prize." The refusal has caused no little excitement in the profession, and especially among the members of the Institute of Architects.

At the French Gallery, in Pall Mall, there is a collection of views sketched in the neighbourhood of Algiers, by Mrs. Bodichon, which show some advance on the series exhibited at the same place last season; but there is still much room for improvement, especially in water-forms and tree drawing. They are forty-three subjects in number, of which those most worthy of mention are,—'Sidi Ferruch, the place where the French landed in 1830;' 'View of the Hydra Marabout, after Sunset;' 'Cyprus Trees in the Plain of the Metidja, and Storks;' 'Roman Aqueduct near Cherchel;' 'Ancient Julia Cæsarea;' and 'A Moorish Country House and old Cypress Trees, above Mustapha Superieur, after Sunset.' The drawings show enterprise and ambition, and more feeling for effect than power to carry it out.

Alderman Copeland's Art-Manufactures in Glass.—When noticing, in the last *Art-Journal*, the services of British porcelain, which Alderman Copeland has produced for the purpose of being sent to the East, we inadvertently omitted to associate with the porcelain the beautiful examples of works in glass, exhibited by him, that were to proceed to the same destination. These productions are quite equal to anything that has yet been executed in this beautiful material. They combine gracefulness of form with the most perfect delicacy and richness of ornamentation. The art of engraving on glass is here exemplified in singular excellence. It is most gratifying to observe the rapid advance made in our glass manufactures, and we gladly record the pleasure we have ourselves experienced from an examination of the specimens that do so much honour to Alderman Copeland's establishment.

Mr. John Adams has sent from Rome, for exhibition at the Royal Academy, a group in marble of 'The Lady of the Lake.' The moment selected is that when the simple and guileless maiden gazes wistfully, and sadly, on the lessening figure of Fitz-James:—

"The maid, unconscious still,
Watch'd him wind slowly round the hill."

John Adams is the latest travelling student, in sculpture, of the Royal Academy, and has just completed the term of his engagement: he has profited largely by the opportunities of his position.

Messrs. McLean & Co., of the Haymarket, a firm long famous for the publication of engravings, have now an establishment for the production of photographs, and have issued a large variety of unquestionable excellence, consisting of portraits, landscapes, &c., and those miniature copies of sitters, for which we have as yet found no better name than *cartes de visite*. The landscapes have been gathered at home and abroad; several countries have supplied them: those that are near London—Greenwich Hospital especially, of which they show three or four views—are the most interesting; they are admirably done—certainly equal to any the art has given us. Of their portraits we may also write in terms of high praise. If, therefore, the "print trade" is languishing—as it undoubtedly is—it is subject for congratulation that a connoisseur so experienced as Mr. McLean, and an establishment so long fixed in public favour, should supply examples of photography with the guarantee for excellence we are justified in expecting from such a source.

Eugene Verböckhoven.—A large picture by Verböckhoven, the well-known Belgian animal painter, is now on exhibition at No. 3, Hanover Square. It is one of the last, probably, that he will be able to produce; as, since having finished it, and while engaged on a smaller composition, he lost his sight. The subject is a well-conditioned Belgian farm-house, the season, summer, and the time of the day, morning, when the sheep and cows are driven out to pasture. The animals have all been very carefully studied; yet it is in small cabinet pictures that the artist has excelled. There are, at Brussels (or were), two or three large works by Verböckhoven, painted in emulation of Paul Potter. Verböckhoven is 63 years of age, and has been long known in this country as a successful painter of animals. We much regret to know that he has lately been afflicted with almost, if not quite, total blindness, from which there is little hope of recovery.

'The Dowie Dens o' Yarrow.'—This is the title of a series of small pictures, painted by Mr. J. N. Paton, R.S.A., on commission from the Royal Association for promoting the Fine Arts in Scotland, exhibited at 191, Piccadilly. Compared with the minute elaboration with which Mr. Paton usually finishes his works, we should call these compositions sketches, made for engravings, in illustration of the ballad.* The series is very brilliant in colour, and pointed in description.

Mr. Desanges's Victoria Cross Gallery, at the Egyptian Hall, is again open, with several additional pictures. In No. 10, Major Charles Gough saves the life of his brother captain, H. Gough; No. 15, Captain Luke O'Connor, who was a serjeant in the 23rd at the battle of the Alma, although shot in the breast, bravely carries forward one of the colours of his regiment. No. 16, Mr. Mangles of the Bengal Civil Service carries, though wounded and still under a murderous fire, a wounded soldier of the 37th Regiment. No. 17, has for its subject the breaking of the Persian square at the battle of Rooshab, when Lieutenant Moore leapt his horse into the centre. No. 20, Private Henry Ward, 78th Highlanders, induces and encourages by his self-devotion the bearers of the dooley of Sir H. Havelock (the present baronet, who was wounded) to exert themselves to carry Lieutenant Havelock and a wounded soldier of the 78th to the baillie guard. No. 35, Mr. Kavanagh, Assistant Commissioner in Oude, volunteers and performs the dangerous duty of passing through the city of Lucknow to the camp of Sir Colin Campbell, for the purpose of guiding the returning force. These pictures are very interesting. Mr. Desanges has consulted every accessible authority to render them with all possible truth.

The Art Conversazione at Ironmongers' Hall.—We have sincere pleasure in recording the complete success which hitherto has attended the efforts that have been made, with equal judgment and energy, to render this important and interesting event fully equal to the highest expectations. The committee of management have everywhere met with the most gratifying evidences of cordial and liberal support. At the same time, we trust there will not be the slightest relaxation until the 7th of May itself shall have arrived, and also shall have passed away. The idea of giving a prominent position to Art-productions in iron and brass has been most favourably received, so that it may be confidently expected that the hall of the Ironmongers' Company will be the scene of an admirably appropriate exhibition of works in the hard metals. It would be premature to speculate upon the beneficial results which may ensue from this association between the Civic Company of London and the great national industry which bears the same name. We shall not fail either to do full honour to the conversazione itself, or to watch with thoughtful interest over its practical and (as we trust) its permanent influence for good.

The Late John Cross.—The subscription fund for the widow and family of the historical painter, John Cross, progresses favourably. As yet, the subscribers are principally artists. The project is to purchase one or more of the works of Mr. Cross, to be presented to some public institution. Subscribers will not only have the gratification of assisting a bereaved family, but of advancing Art and aiding to promote its teaching. The sum collected ought, therefore, to be a large one; the committee is numerous and influential, and if each member labours but a little, the result cannot be otherwise than satisfactory. The honorary secretary, E. B. Stephens, Esq., 27, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, will gladly supply required information.

The Westminster Crimean Memorial.—The Guards' Crimean Memorial in Waterloo Place, and the companion work erected by living "Westminsters" to their "old schoolfellows" who fell in the Crimea and also in India during the mutiny campaign, have been completed very nearly at the same time. The contrast between these two memorials is most decided, notwithstanding the identity of their purpose. Unlike Mr. John Bell's group of bronze guardsmen with his allegorical "Honor," the Westminster Memorial consists of a column of polished granite, rising from an architectural basement of cruciform plan, with a lion sculptured at each of the cardinal points: the capital, like the basement, executed in stone, is of rich Gothic foliage, treated with admirable freedom and boldness, and upon it rests a group of four seated royal figures; and again, above them the composition is completed by the patron saint of England, who, with uplifted arm, is striking down his adversary. The group is composed of statues of Her Majesty the Queen, Queen Elizabeth, and the two great abbey builders, Edward the Confessor and Henry III.: these figures are placed beneath rich canopies, resting on granite shafts. The shaft of the main column is banded, not quite midway, with a sculptured wreath, from which depend the shields of arms of the lamented heroes: the armorial blazonry displayed upon these shields is very effectively and beautifully rendered, by the granite being rough for the fields and polished for the charges. The shields-of-arms of Lord Raglan and of Westminster appear sculptured at the base of the composition. This beautiful and impressive addition to the street decorations of the metropolis stands immediately in front of the great western entrance to Westminster Abbey, and in front also of the approach to Westminster School through Dean's Yard. The general design is by Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A. The practical execution of the whole, together with the working out the details and the modelling of the statues, has been entrusted to the able and experienced architectural sculptor, Mr. Phillip, and the St. George is by Mr. Clayton, the distinguished artist in glass, who commenced his artistic career as a sculptor. The entire work is a triumphant illustration of the happy and appropriate manner in which pure Gothic Art may harmonise with existing associations; and it is most honourable as well to the artists who have produced it, as to the memory of the gallant Westminsters who fell far away from home, and to the feelings of their surviving friends in England. Possibly the Chief Commissioner of Works, and certain other members of the House of Commons, equally distinguished for their architectural knowledge and discrimination, may object to the expression "pure Gothic Art," which we have just applied to this memorial, since it would seem that Mr. Cowper considers a column, as a column, to be necessarily and essentially a "classical" production, while Colonel French goes a step further, and pronounces a column *ipso facto* "Grecian." Before this gallant officer or the Chief Commissioner himself again venture upon a criticism on Gothic architecture, we advise them to inquire what Gothic architecture really is: Mr. G. G. Scott is able (and we venture to add, he is also ready) to inform them; so are Mr. Clayton and Mr. Phillip.

Artists' General Benevolent Institution.—The forty-sixth anniversary dinner of this well-managed society, took place at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the twenty-third of March; the Right Hon. W. Cowper, M.P., presided, and was supported by the President of the Royal Academy, Messrs. D. Maclise, R.A., D. Roberts, R.A., C. R. Cockerell, R.A., J. C. Hook, R.A., R. Redgrave, R.A., and by the following Associates of the Academy, Messrs. Horsley, Lane, Faed, and Dobson. About one hundred and fifty gentlemen sat down to dinner, among whom we recognised Mr. Borham Carter, Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., Mr. John Penn, of Lewisham, and others. The chairman, in proposing the toast of the evening, advocated the claims of the institution to the consideration of the public, who, he considered, had not extended to it the measure of support to which it was fairly entitled. Art was now better appreciated in England than at any former period, its civilizing influences were cheerfully acknowledged, and therefore, he thought, the cultivators of Art had a claim to the assistance of those who derived a direct advantage from their labours. Some remarks had lately been made concerning the internal management of charitable institutions; but the accounts of this would bear the strictest scrutiny, and prove that it had effected the *maximum* of good for a *minimum* of cost. The subscriptions received during the evening reached nearly £500: a sum, we regret to add, much below that of last year.

The Statue of Oliver Goldsmith, modelled by Mr. Foley, R.A., has been entrusted for casting in bronze to the hands of Messrs. Elkington, whose reputation is a sure guarantee for the production of a fine work of Art. The figure is of semi-heroic size, about seven feet in height, and is intended for Dublin.

* A notice of the engravings executed from them, with a description of the subjects, appeared in our March number.

REVIEWS.

MAW & CO.'S ENCAUSTIC TILE AND GEOMETRICAL MOSAIC PAVEMENTS—SUPPLEMENTARY LIST, AND PLATES OF DESIGNS. Benthal Works, Broseley, Salop.

When the revival of Gothic architecture led to inquiries into the nature and capabilities of the encaustic tiles, which were used with such happy effect in the middle ages, for pavements, and also, sometimes, for mural decoration, it was found to be a matter of no little difficulty to arrive at satisfactory information relative to the principles upon which the groups of tiles were arranged to form pavements. Individual tiles, and designs requiring a small series of tiles to produce them, were to be seen in abundance; but the more extended grouping it was by no means easy to elucidate. In process of time, various early examples of tile-pavements were discovered; and then, under the influence of such guidance as thus had been obtained, our architects prepared designs for the new tiles, which were produced in our own times, both in great abundance and of the highest order of merit. The Messrs. Maw have always taken rank amongst the ablest producers of these beautiful architectural accessories: and, not only have they manufactured most excellent tiles, but they have also put forth designs for tile-pavements, which command unqualified admiration. With the inlaid tiles so prevalent in earlier times, the Messrs. Maw have associated tiles of different colours, and of every variety of size and form, for the express purpose of producing, with them, geometrical mosaic compositions. We have, on more than one previous occasion, adverted to the tile-mosaic works of these skilful ceramists, and now, once more, we have had our attention called to a fresh series of designs which they have prepared and executed. The designs comprehended in Messrs. Maw's supplementary list are singularly beautiful, while, at the same time, they are thoroughly consistent with the true principles of mosaic work. Great varieties, both of colour and of agroupment, are introduced into the new series, and we certainly can most truly add that every example possesses some meritorious qualities peculiarly its own. The Messrs. Maw have published a collection of plates, printed in colours, which convey very faithful representations of the tile-compositions, and to these, as introductory to the pavements themselves, we commend our readers.

THE CARRIAGE-BUILDERS' AND HARNESS-MAKERS' ART-JOURNAL. Vol. I., and Monthly Parts. Published by F. TALLIS, London.

The extent and importance of the manufacturing arts of England receive a truly remarkable illustration from this publication. This is a monthly serial, of which the Twenty-third Part will appear with our own present *Art-Journal*, which is profusely illustrated, and well written, and ably conducted, and is devoted to the trades which give to it its title, and it is completely successful. It does its work thoroughly well; and it finds its way into almost every city and town of the civilized world. Such is the power of England as a manufacturing country, and such the enterprising spirit of her sons.

Until our attention was recently invited to this work, we confess we had not even a suspicion that there existed any publication whatever which, either directly or indirectly, shared with us the title of *Art-Journal;* and yet here is a work that we are proud to recognise as a fellow-labourer with ourselves, which has quietly and steadily assumed a position of no common interest and importance, and which is placed before us for the first time, after it has been upwards of a year and a half in existence. We rejoice to offer a cordial welcome to our recently discovered contemporary, and to invite to it the attention, not only of our own especial friends, but of all persons who desire to understand thoroughly the present condition of our national manufactures.

Each Part of this *Art-Journal* contains five lithographs, one of them a highly-coloured figure of some carriage; three others exhibit various details of carriages and harness; and the fifth is now an illustration of a series of articles upon the "Heraldry of Modern English Carriages." The articles comprehend every variety of subject that is associated with carriages, and they contain equally valuable and interesting information. At the present time, also, each Part contains—in addition to one or two chapters of the eminently useful treatise on Heraldry to which we have already referred—a paper entitled *Artist-Workmen*, which deals with the subject of general Art-education in a manner that must command attention, and that certainly ought to be productive of the happiest results. We shall not fail to watch the career of this work with peculiar interest, and also with a confident assurance that it will at least sustain the honourable reputation, which it has won simply and solely through its meritorious character.

THE IRONMONGER, AND METAL-TRADES' ADVERTISER. A Monthly Trade Circular.
THE CHEMIST AND DRUGGIST. A Monthly Trade Circular. Published at 24, Bow Lane, Cannon Street West.

Like the *Carriage-Builders' Art-Journal*, these two publications demonstrate, in the most effectual manner, the vigorous health that is now enjoyed by the manufactures of this country. These are two monthly serials, that are sold exclusively to the members of their own trades, and which contain a diversified fund of the most valuable information, each in its own speciality. Nothing can be more useful than such works; nothing can be better calculated to elevate the character of our industrial arts, and so to promote their best and truest interests. With the present year, both these admirable little works have assumed an improved aspect, and they also have aspired to a higher and more important character. The articles in each are written with the greatest care, and with equal ability; and, moreover, they are uniformly characterised by an earnestness of manner which is enhanced by their concise and expressive language. We observe that notice is taken of new discoveries and inventions, and of all improvements, of whatever kind; and in the *Ironmonger* we see with much pleasure that the "Art aspect of manufactures in the hard metals" is a subject that receives due attention. We trust that the enterprising proprietor of these publications will press forward with the same judicious energy that hitherto has distinguished his plans, and we rely with confidence upon his efforts being rewarded with signal success.

AN INTRODUCTION TO THE STUDY OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE, by JOHN HENRY PARKER, F.S.A. Second Edition, Revised and Enlarged. Published by J. H. and J. PARKER, Oxford and London.

The attention which of late years has been given to Gothic architecture, especially by men who are not actually professional architects, renders necessary some sure and safe guide to the study of the art. Such a book is that by Mr. Parker, a second edition of which has just made its appearance. The new matter and illustrations, incorporated with the old, combine to make it the most comprehensive and practically useful treatise upon the subject which can be placed in the hands of any one desirous of being taught the principles of Gothic structure. It was written, as the author says, not so much "for architects as for their employers, the gentry and clergy of England."

THE PRACTICAL ANGLER; or, The Art of Trout-Fishing, more particularly applied to clear Water. By W. C. STEWART. Fourth edition, revised and enlarged. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

We scarcely thank the publishers for placing this tempting little book before us. It is very like offering a savoury dish to a hungry man whose hands are paralysed, and with no one near to help him to the coveted food. We have killed, in our earlier days, not a few well-conditioned trout; but now—

> "The *moths* have eaten up our *flies*,
> The worms attacked our rod."

Is not this, for example, an inviting picture to set before one who loves angling, and loves, too, the haunts of the river and stream fisherman? "Besides the mere pleasure of fishing, however, angling has more varied attractions than almost any other amusement. To the lover of nature, no sport affords so much pleasure. The grandest and most picturesque scenes in nature are to be found on the banks of rivers and lakes. The angler, therefore, enjoys the finest scenery the country offers; and whereas other sportsmen are limited to peculiar places and seasons, he can follow his vocation alike on lowland stream, or highland loch, and during the whole six months in which the country is most inviting. From April, with her budding trees and singing birds, to May and June, with their meadows decked with the daisy and the primrose, and breezes scented with the hawthorn and wild thyme, and on to autumn, with her 'fields white unto the harvest,' he sees all that is beautiful, all that is exhilarating, all that is grand and elevating in this world of ours, which, whatever people may say, is not such a bad world after all, if they would only keep bleachfields and blackguards off the rivers' banks." Both of these Mr. Stewart justly considers as the enemies of good sport. The latter, we presume, as poachers; the former as destructive to the fish, from the poisonous matter employed in the process of bleaching and colouring.

We noticed this manual when the first edition appeared, about four years ago. It has since undergone several improvements, the result of a more enlarged experience among the Scottish lakes and streams, to which it refers almost exclusively; but the information conveyed, applies with equal force to any of the southern waters. The author's aim has been to make his book instructive, rather than amusing; and it is thoroughly practical, a safe guide to the tyro, and not without use to the expert. We should just like to put it into our knapsack this first of May, with a few necessaries, and start, rod in hand, for places which knew us well in days gone by. The hand may not be quite so steady, nor the eye so keen, as it was; still we think we could get hold of a few trout between sunrise and sundown.

ANDERSEN'S TALES FOR CHILDREN. Translated by ALFRED WEHNERT. With One Hundred and Five illustrations by E. H. WEHNERT, W. THOMAS, and others. Published by BELL AND DALDY, London.

Hans Christian Andersen's fairy tales have become so well-known and popular among us that a word of recommendation is quite unnecessary; but we may remark concerning this edition, that Mr. Alfred Wehnert's new translation is not inferior to any which has preceded it. It is simple in expression, and therefore well suited to the capacity of those who are presumed will form the majority of his readers.

The illustrations by Mr. E. H. Wehnert, are most humorous in design, and carry out very appropriately the spirit of the text; but we cannot say much for their Art-character. They are not wood engravings, but etchings on copper, we presume, and, as the preface informs us, have been "electrotyped by a new process, recently discovered by Mr. W. J. Linton, which bids fair to be of much service in book-decoration." This process, whatever it may be, can, of course, only affect the copies, and not the artist's original work. It would be as applicable, we may suppose, to the most delicately-executed engravings as to such as these, which are hard and coarse. Book-illustrations have now reached so high a point of excellence that even our children are dissatisfied if their picture-books come not somewhat near the current mark.

AN EASY COURSE OF LANDSCAPE DRAWING LESSONS. By H. A. HARPER. In Six Numbers.
SYER'S ADVANCED DRAWING BOOK. In Six Numbers. Printed and Published by G. ROWNEY & Co., London.

Mr. Harper's series of studies would prove a good preparation for those of Mr. Syer. The former judiciously leads the pupil by simple and easy steps, which the dullest minds and most inapt fingers would readily follow. Mr. Syer proceeds in a like methodical way, but sets out with bolder views, and works upward with more elaboration. There is a *Hardingish* character in his pencil which will not make it less acceptable. We can honestly recommend these drawing-books to learners.

WILL ADAMS: THE FIRST ENGLISHMAN IN JAPAN A Romantic Biography. By WILLIAM DALTON. Published by A. W. BENNETT, London.

Will Adams is not a *myth:* he was a real flesh and blood personage, a Kentish-born sailor, who rose to the post of master and pilot in the royal navy in the days of Elizabeth. We do not hear of his sailing with Martin or Frobisher, or the heroes who helped to scatter and destroy the Spanish Armada; but he served the "Worshipful Company of Barbary Merchants," and sailed with the Dutch fleet from the Texel in 1598. The vessel was wrecked on the coast of Japan two years after, and Adams, with several shipmates, escaped to the land, where he resided till his death in 1620.

Founded upon this history, and upon a work entitled "Memorials of the Empire of Japan in the Sixteenth and Seventeenth Centuries," by Mr. Rundal, and published by the Hakluyt Society, Mr. Dalton has written a very entertaining and pleasant narrative, introducing other personages, who were known to exist at the time, into his story, by way of making it complete. The ground which he has worked is comparatively "virgin soil" to the readers of modern romance; and this, no less than the interest imparted by the author to his tale, will render it acceptable to many. Recent travellers tell us the Japanese have changed but little since Will Adams found a hospitable home among them.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, JUNE 1, 1861.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

LAST month, preliminary to a review of the pictures exhibited, an article was devoted to the vexed question involved in the constitution of the Royal Academy, and its influence upon British Art. In that article the subject was approached in a spirit free from sectional strife or extreme opinions, and with a desire to increase the social dignity and further the highest interests of Art and artists. Another "estate," and its influences, shall be glanced at with equal impartiality. The power of the British Press has been as great as that of the Royal Academy, and it has been much more abused. Art critics have been, up to a comparatively recent period, the mystery-men of modern civilization; nor is that race absolutely extinct. Writing upon a subject the alphabet of which was unknown to general readers, an unintelligible jargon was substituted for knowledge, and the amount of technical slang was taken as the standard of critical acumen. With "proprietors" and a public equally at sea, instructive criticism had no chance against "brilliant writing," and flashy ignorance obtained a preference over simply expressed knowledge. A sentence-maker, whose stock of information was bounded by studio-phrases and a book of anecdotes, paraded his scraps in the spasmodic style, and forthwith became a critic. He naturally enough despised principles and rules, and called that the cant of criticism which sought to extract or to convey exact knowledge from a picture. The depressing effect of this pollution of the fountain of public opinion was a sore discouragement to Art, and a cruel wrong perpetrated upon the artists of this country. Nothing gave foreigners their mean idea of English Art so much as that rubbish which was so long and so generally accepted as English criticism; and they were startled as from a dream when first brought face to face with the works which had been so misrepresented or maligned. In Paris, for the first time, they saw the inherent vigour of the British school, unclouded by the sparkling moonshine or misty dulness of critics who "liked," or "didn't like," but could give no reason why. Even yet the cabalistic jargon of the past is exchanged for a meaningless fustian, which has risen from its ashes. But no truth is more fixed than this—that in Art, as in other subjects, those who have anything to say worth hearing will find ample expression for their thoughts in the common language of their country. Urgency upon this point becomes imperative, because experience shows that many have been driven from Art, its study, and enjoyments, mainly by the conceited gibberish of its ostentatious votaries. In ninety-nine cases out of every hundred, this parade of pictorial slang is but a blind to hide the want of knowledge from the common sense of the people. There are terms usefully employed by artists to describe states and parts of pictures, because they get rid of circumlocutions; but it would be as wise for short-hand writers to present their stenography to the public, as it is for those who "do" an exhibition to use what artistic short-hand they can pick up in describing pictures. Formerly critics shook their heads before pictures—some heads can do nothing else so vigorously—and pronounced the "carnations diluted," or the "empasto destitute of force;" that the handling wanted breadth, or that the *chiaro-oscuro* was imperfect; and the people were expected to marvel—

> "That one small head could carry all he knew."

Fashion has changed, but jargon has not been exploded, and now the remnants of that race of feeble make-believes are revelling in a new vocabulary to hide their want of wisdom. The "pose" is "too pronounced," or "not pronounced" enough; the colour is not "articulated;" one object is "lovingly felt," and another is not "in force;" but common sense is not satisfied, because no real information has been received, and common people ask what all these fine words mean? The honest answer is, that they shroud the would-be oracle in a haze of ignorant profundity. To tell plainly what was meant might, probably would, mar the reputation of the mystery-monger as a judge; what is understood being open to dispute; and the utterance of jargon has always been found easier than bringing pictures to the test of those laws by which true Art, and true criticism also, must be tested. Formerly that was ponderous lore, seasoned with technicalities; now it is often sparkling nonsense, garnished with the cant of studios. Then dulness was the substitute for knowledge; now it is smartness, which too often borders upon rudeness. No judgment is required to "do" an exhibition, or "cut up" an artist in the smart or spasmodic style, or to pronounce a sky "false," if reasons are neither asked nor given; and any charlatan can sneer at an artist's work, and crack stale jokes at his expense. Pictures may be used as pegs, on which to hang desultory thoughts or striking words; and sharp brilliance may also be squeezed out of brains empty respecting Art; but these are no equivalents for legitimate criticism. That ought not to hide the truth, even when it requires to be spoken with severity. It is not from truth that artists suffer, even when severe, so much as from the ignorance that scoffs, or the cowardice that makes pretended criticism the vehicle of personal feeling. Castigation, if indispensable, will be the critic's strange work; his mind must feed on and bask in the beautiful, whether in nature or in Art; and standing between the artist and the public, his office is to teach the people, and not to flagellate the painter; to restrain the license of genius, and point out to the uninitiated mass the excellence achieved. For this work acquaintance with principles is indispensable—not that pictures may be squared by the dry bones of scholastic rules, but that the observation of nature's laws, which the thinkers in Art have elaborated into artistic principles, may teach men to distinguish between soulless forms, and genius struggling for expression through means less mechanically perfect. But knowledge is not the only quality required: a critic's knowledge may be perfect as an artistic creed, but unless he combine love for Art and sympathy for artists, he will want that which can alone make even just criticism influential with those to whom it is directed. The conclusions of the head may be indisputable, but the sympathy of the heart is no less essential; and if, with knowledge and sympathy, the critic be above the vice of flattery—and that meaner vice which dares to write what he would be ashamed to say—the truth, however severe, if written in such a spirit, will stimulate the true artist rather than cast him down. Unfortunately, criticism is not always of that character; and if it were not melancholy, it could not fail to be amusing to watch the "likes" and "dislikes" expressed by a portion of the press regarding the pictures in the present exhibition. We can understand critics being divided into schools, as in France, and that the champions of the respective schools should fight vigorously for the artists who represent the principles preferred; but that teachers should utter their likings and dislikings, each contradicting his brother, and none venturing on reasons, and that this trash should still be offered as criticism, shows how much must yet be done before the public mind is instructed in the most elementary rudiments of Art, and that many of those who pass for authorized instructors are in reality as blind as those they lead. In France men earn their title to become teachers of Art through criticism, just as natural or moral philosophers earn theirs, by proving their competency before a tribunal capable of estimating their true value. There it has passed into a proverb that sound criticism on Art is as often echoed by a wooden clog as by a "polished boot,"—a fact which shows that the masses, although ignorant of the technicalities and practice of Art, are yet no indifferent judges of its merits; just as the people of this country have, through education, become the tribune of literature, although the overwhelming majority are ignorant of the technicalities of literary composition, and never attempted to write a paragraph in their lives. In this country, and wanting the wholesome check of public opinion, those who would not be tolerated in any other walk of thought, have been esteemed good enough for noticing or writing about exhibitions; although their knowledge of Art was infinitely less than of politics, social economy, or the state of the money market. Thanks to the labour of a few, some change for the better is perceptible; and although blind admiration of Ruskin is no part of our creed, he has been a vigorous pioneer in that improvement. In spite of his microscopic logic, and his latter obscuration of Art behind the huge presence and long shadow of himself, his frequent aspect of the partizan fighting for victory rather than of the philosopher calmly seeking truth, his dogmatism is oftener right than wrong; and had he been less ambitious to display his powers of style, he would have been more successful in impressing his truth upon the people. Still, his sparkling paradoxes and splendid contradictions have been the means of stimulating thought; and with all his solecisms, arising from the combined action of inordinate self-esteem and the want of intellectual breadth, Ruskin's knowledge has crushed polyglots of words thrown at him by sentence-making opponents. Even these have been bettered by the exercise, and criticism will improve as Art-education advances among the people. Meanwhile the public should pause before allowing their opinions to be led away by the mass of contradictory garbage or splenetic fault-finding now misnamed criticism. No class in the community has such reason for complaint on this ground as artists. Engaged in labours requiring fostering sympathy, they are too often narrowed in mind and injured in estate, through being publicly at the mercy of "critics" ignorant of

the simplest truths of Art. This is neither respectful to the public nor just to the artist. What he asks is only a portion of that fair play which Englishmen boast of giving impartiality to all, but which has been so largely denied to the artists of this country. How would others relish the same treatment? If literary men were judged by those ignorant of the alphabet, to say nothing of construction, or geologists by those to whom the formations are a sealed book, or chemists by sentence-makers innocently oblivious of the distinction between salts and sulphates, what an outcry would be raised against such censors! But this is too often the precise relation between the artist and his critic; and public ignorance protects anonymous presumption. No artist desires immunity from intelligent investigation of his works, and he asks no restraint of any kind upon the fullest criticism, or even condemnation, provided that be done with sufficient knowledge to show him the better path, and to command respect; but he justly demands relief from the intolerable oppression of men charging public opinion with their oracular ignorance—too often barbed with the sting of ill-concealed malice—and dignifying that with the name of criticism. This has been—and to a great extent still is—the cardinal and cruel sin of much writing "about" Art; and its influence upon Art and artists has been a greater calamity than all other discouragements put together.

There are various standards by which contemporary Art may be estimated, and these are invariably applied by that class to which any particular standard pertains; but as a rule these all centre in works which secure even what Napoleon called in David a "contemptible immortality." These different standards are the result, to some extent, of idiosyncracy or education; because fashion, which exercises so powerful an influence over the ignorant, is no standard by which works of Art are measured, otherwise than as articles of merchandise. The man of mere wealth buys works by fashionable artists just as he employs a fashionable tailor, or his wife her fashionable milliner or dressmaker; and when fashions change, his rooms or gallery look as ridiculous in his old-fashioned works as he does in an old swallow-tailed blue coat with gilt buttons, and yellow inexpressibles. But beyond this region of fashion there are standards almost involuntarily set up essentially different in character, and which are yet held with equal honesty from their point of view; these standards may be used with equal intelligence by different people, and what might seem more paradoxical, although differing in their estimation of a picture, both may be nearly or altogether equally right. This would, at first sight, seem to favour the popular but ignorant delusion that judgment of pictures was altogether a matter of opinion, and that among men of general intelligence, one man's opinion is just as good as another's. Than such a conclusion, however, nothing could be more superficial; and it was this puerile conclusion that made Art criticism continue what it was—and to some extent still is, in this country—a disgrace to the national intelligence, and a burden under which only the inherent vigour of British Art could have enabled it successfully to struggle to its present creditable position. Two men might each see one side of what you prefer, the one black and the other white, and each might go away convinced that the side he did not see was exactly like what he did. But would any man out of Bedlam maintain that there was no standard by which it could be proved that both were right or both perhaps partially wrong, as from the want of exact knowledge and study the one might call very pale yellow white, and the other use the popular word black to describe dark green. We know the illustration will limp if pushed much farther, but to this extent it seems to show that two men may look at a picture with intelligence, and from using different standards each may honestly leave it with a conviction that it is good or bad, according to his test; and yet the picture may contain both kinds of merits or defects, although the testor could only discover those to which his own standard was applicable. An artist and a poet can both judge of pictures, but the poet is not likely to be influenced by, nor, indeed, to know much about, those qualities of Art which first address themselves to the professional instincts of the artist; and unfortunately there are some artists dead enough to that element of poetry which is essential to great pictures. But such one-sided vision does not destroy the fact that pictures may contain both the qualities which neither critic saw combined, and the existence or non-existence of the qualities is not matter of opinion, but matter of fact, as demonstrative as the difference between black and white to those who can use both standards at once. It would be as reasonable to affirm that letters now apart would not make words when properly joined, as that these half truths, seen by different minds, will not make a demonstrable whole truth when intelligibly combined. This want of ability to combine these has sometimes been a great misfortune to the Art and artists of this country; for where they have been so combined, the advantage to both has been manifest. Few poets, however, devote themselves to Art or Art criticism. That has been left to one-eyed poetasters or purblind men of letters, too often unable to see either phase of pictures, and who made up by vigour of abuse what they wanted in discriminating knowledge:—

> "Where men of judgment creep and feel the way,
> The positive pronounce without dismay."

And this "positivity," nearly always in error, was the bane of Art. It produced nonsense for the public, flattery to some artists, and gall and wormwood for others, but legitimate criticism, never. However we may differ about words and their significations, the broad, indisputable fact displayed in all paths of mental labour is true of Art; so, also, some minds appreciate a soul in all things while others only see a body, and this difference is carried out often very zealously both in Art and criticism. It is these qualities—which are characterised respectively as materiality or spirituality, as literal or mental or poetic—in pictures, and it is what is called their artistic combination—that is, fusing them with the subtle power of genius—which give life and immortality to all works of Art; although the higher or highest specimens of either class will excite the wonder or the admiration of the world, as in the perfect material forms of Greek sculpture, or the glorious expression of the early painters, beaming from deformities degraded in drawing. By this unity of standard we shall attempt to guide readers through this exhibition, with only one request, that they follow no further than their judgment approves. It is not concealed that our object is not to point out and lament defects, unless when some important principle appears to be at stake, or to magnify with irritable zeal the shortcomings of those who have done their best to please and earn a reputation; nor shall envious comment be clothed with the subtle style of specious slander—stabbing with a smile. Frankly, we wish to make known the beauties of the exhibition, in full belief that these, not only in the collection as a whole, but in the overwhelming majority of the individual pictures, more than atone for all defects. In cases where want of space compels us to dogmatically state opinions without offering reasons, the public should, in justice both to themselves and the artists, carefully criticise the value of such dogmatism by attentive examination of the pictures.

Among other charges often urged against the Royal Academy, that of partiality in hanging the pictures has often been included; and in reply, some of the injudicious members of that body have put in a claim of right to the line for the exclusive use of academicians. The complaint and claim are alike unwise, because, without going into the abstract question, the practical result has been for years that, as a rule, the Royal Academy has been the most fairly and judiciously hung exhibition in London. There always will be exceptional cases, and some about which men equally honest and impartial may reasonably differ in opinion; and this year the general rule has been observed with one marked peculiarity in the evident preference for "mental labour," as the quotation in the catalogue has it, over mental facility, of which Danby's beautiful landscape (375), 'A Shepherd's Home,' one of the best works of its class in the rooms, and Mr. P. H. Calderon's 'La Demande en Mariage' (72), also an admirable picture, painted with the facility of genius, may be taken as specimens in their respective walks. The preference which placed these works on the ground, for the sake of giving prominence to those displaying more mental "labour," is everywhere apparent; and whether this indicates a sound or an unsound feature must be left for another article. Taking their tendency into account, the hanging committee have discharged their thankless duty with fidelity, and we shall so far follow their guidance, as to commence our remarks on the individual pictures with No. 110, 'Marie Antoinette in the Temple,' by A. Elmore, R.A., the picture justly selected for the post of honour in the large room. The picture is small, and consists only of one figure. Madame Royal, Duchess d'Angoulême, tells us, how with her mother they often went up to the tower, because her son went up there too from the other side, and she could see him, through a chink in the door; and that her mother would watch at this chink for hours together, to see the child as he passed. Out of this slender incident Mr. Elmore has painted a great picture, whose greatness is measured not by quantity of mental labour, but by quality of mental thought. In drawing, the hands and head are fine, and the attitude is expressive, while the flesh is exquisitely painted, and the tone and colour of the whole picture are in harmonious sympathy with the simple and affecting subject. But, chiefly, expression gives value to this picture, as a work of high Art. It is a deeper reading, and a more tender and successful illustration of the unfortunate Marie Antoinette, from whose sad story Mr. Elmore last year extracted his greatest artistic triumph. There he evinced a grasp of thought and a strength of faculty which placed him in the first rank of artistic and pictorial historians. This year he has added tenderness of feeling and intensity of insight to his former strength of pinion, and the outcome is a picture which, for all that distinguishes high mental art from material worthlessness, has seldom been surpassed. A queen watching through the chink of a prison-door, if she might catch a glimpse of the shadow of her dungeoned son, is a text from which the vanity of human greatness might be thundered with effect; and the spirits of the just bending from high might well exclaim—

> "Ah, poor humanity! so frail, so fair
> Are the fond visions of thy early days."

But the noble womanhood of one born to endure a crown, is not less worthy of study. Her life-story shows how

> "A heart once broken, heals no more."

Trusting with all her heart, and strong in self-

felt innocence, she, as a woman, proved magnanimously great; and never is she seen more nobly woman, than in the simple sublimity of this devotion to her child. She had endured the desolating hail of tumultuous scorn, and braved the fiercest storms of godless passion; but this watching reached a higher sphere in the morally sublime, and added beauty of soul to one already conspicuous for womanly and queenly dignity. These characteristics Mr. Elmore has admirably succeeded in rendering; and, while giving her a form still beautiful, he has exhausted his finer powers on the wonderful expression, the maternal earnestness, and anxious gaze depicted in her face, revealing for our instruction—

> "The glorious fragment of a fine immortal,
> . . . . glittering in the dust."

The simplicity of the treatment is worthy of the subject; and, although not likely to be the most popular, it is higher in those qualities most difficult to reach of all Mr. Elmore's works. But intense admiration of that beautiful head does not preclude full appreciation of his No. 87, 'Peace, 1651.' In many respects these two pictures are very different, even in their artistic qualities. The one is a picture of expression, and depending upon that for its highest attribute; the other is a picture where composition becomes the leading characteristic, and where the chief enjoyment springs from the harmonious unity which marks the thought, arrangement, expression, and painting of the group. The theme is simple, but not the more easily treated upon that account. The great civil war had closed, and the nation had exchanged the moral austerity of the Commonwealth for a king, and that debauchery which Mr. Ward has so strongly delineated in the death-chamber of its royal chief. A strong and stalwart yeoman, who, with honest patriotism, has been fighting the battles of his country, comes home, and doffs the habiliments of war—an act in which he is assisted by one who not inaptly represents the ideal of the poet—

> "Her soul, awakening every grace,
> Is all abroad upon her face;"

for she is a charming creature, engaged in what, to both, is evidently a labour of love. The ease and simplicity displayed in her action, as she bends to receive the buckler from her chosen, are dignified in its reality, and beautiful in its rendering, illustrate the full-toned lines of Michael Bruce, appended in the catalogue—

> "No longer hosts encountering hosts
> Shall crowds of slain deplore;
> They hang the helmet in the hall,
> And study war no more."

Lines which will carry back the mind with vivid power to the hopes, and fears, and joys of that great drama in the religious, moral, and political struggle of our national history—a process which would not have been impeded by Mr. Elmore preserving the text of his quotation intact, where the grand old war-symbol of the Bible—the "trumpet"—has been superseded by the "helmet," in deference, we presume, to the supposed obtuseness of modern enlightenment.

Mr. Faed's (A.) picture, No. 247, 'From Dawn to Sunset,' is a domestic reading of the "Seven Ages of Man." The subject is, *per se*, rather unfavourable than otherwise for pictorial illustration, and it would be difficult to realize anything less calculated to afford pleasure in a very wide range of subject than a literal pictorial embodiment of Shakspere's celebrated description. But Mr. Faed, catching the glorious spirit of the theme, has clothed it in less unwelcome garb, although here, too, it is made to tell its tale of deep humility and sorrow. The subject, in Mr. Faed's hands, has become a deep domestic epic, worked out with marvellous skill of Art—of Art superior to those conventional forms which rule the weaker class of minds, which reaches its crowning excellence by hiding the means of its production, and centres the mind in conscious freedom from all else but simple, unsophisticated nature. This Art-concealing art has ever been esteemed the greatest trophy of success, and in this picture the artist has not only surpassed all his former efforts, but has started into a new and higher walk of Art—one where a creative character of thought breathes living lustre over the fascinations of his high powers of colour and manipulative dexterity. The subject is one of the most touching and impressive in the long annals of domestic sorrow. The widowed grandame of a cottage home—she who watched the manhood of her manly son with pride, and who nursed with, if possible, still more loving, certainly with more silken, tenderness those who clung around his knee, and called her "grandma"—she the venerated tribune of the hearth—is dying. Life's taper, soon to be extinguished by the hand of death, is surely gone, although the mourners know it not. And as the son sits musing in sorrow o'er the heavy stroke, what floods of recollections flit across his brain as he sees that shrunk and shrivelled hand damped with the cold dew of death, and realizes the awful solemnity that departed reason cannot dawn anew. The story told by this wonderfully-painted hand is indeed a great lesson in Art—a lesson which Fuseli taught in his 'Lazarhouse,' and all the greatest painters have taught in their greatest works—the lesson that Art is the increaser of man's knowledge, and the improver of his joys, and not that minister of horrors which some artists have endeavoured to make it. The father of the family sits sad and contemplative—and the style in which this head is painted is equal to anything by any other British, or, perhaps, we might with truth say any other living, artist—watching the ebbing life of her to whom he owes so much; and although sorrow seems to corrode his heart, his look imparts thoughts that cannot be revealed—thoughts of a spirit bending beneath the bitter blast, yet supported while subdued by the faith that time is guiding with unerring feet the weary pilgrim to her better home. Some of the other figures of the picture are equally impressive, and the girl kneeling by the bedside is an incident which bears the stamp of genius both in treatment and conception. The mother is also excellent in character; the type of one who would strive with smiles of filial love to make up the want a loving widowed heart must have felt, and felt increasingly, as feebleness stole over age—a woman and a wife belonging to that class in humble life, who are better than riches to their children, through the invaluable exercise of a wisely-regulated love. The boy—sent by some relative, on his way from school, to learn the old woman's state—has also character strongly marked—perhaps too strongly marked—by contrast with the scene within, and the treatment is not equal in refinement to the other figures, but he tells his tale with vigour; while the demeanour of the girl behind him, also a visitor of inquiry, marks the very kind of difference which is indicated by their respective age and sex, although it would have indicated more complete success to have left the contrast less distinctly marked, not in the essential element of thought, but in the quality of their development. The children in the foreground are by no means worthy of the other figures in the picture, while, both from natural and artistic reasons, they ought to have been among the greatest beauties of the scene. But no work is perfect, and in consideration of the other figures named, and the marvellous painting of this exquisite interior, this small defect seems as a discord to prepare for the more complete enjoyment of the high thought and full-toned harmony of this best and greatest of the artist's works. It is useless to say that the whole details of this picture are admirably painted, but there is still room for zealous watchfulness against that tendency to blackness from which this artist has been so happily emerging for the last two seasons—a feeling which is not lessened by the two raw blue and white sea-pieces hung on either side, as if to "blacken" this very high-class picture.

No. 169, 'Ante-chamber at Whitehall during the dying moments of Charles II.,' E. M. Ward, R.A., is one of the largest, and, in some respects, one of the most important pictures in the rooms. It represents in a historic spirit a type of the most heartless scenes in the most morally degraded age of English history; and it does this with a strength and vigour of delineation, and a fulness of knowledge, such as no other artist could have brought to bear upon the subject. The story is a sad one, even in the midst of its scandalous gaiety. The gallery of Whitehall had been crowded on Sunday evening, as usual, with the moral refuse of England's aristocracy. The king had spent the evening with three women "whose charms," to quote Macaulay, "were the boast, and whose vices were the disgrace, of three nations;" and while Charles flirted, a French page sung amorous verses for the amusement of the royal party. But the king had no appetite for supper, and in the morning, when he rose to dress, he staggered, shrieked, and fell into the arms of his lord in waiting. He was bled on the spot with a penknife. The news of his illness spread; the queen fainted on seeing him, and now the gates of Whitehall were closed against all but well-known faces. Some bishops were there; and on Thursday Bishop Ken thought it right to speak out and urge the king to prepare for his great account. The Duke of York was too busy with probable succession to be deeply interested in his royal brother; but the Duchess of Portsmouth, profligate as she was, urged that a priest should be secured, as she knew that Charles was at heart a Roman Catholic. The Duke of York secured Huddlestone, a Benedictine monk, so ignorant that he could not administer extreme unction without instruction. The Duke cleared the sick chamber, brought in the priest by the back stairs, and administered the rite; but the king had difficulty in swallowing the bread, and the door was opened to obtain a glass of water to help down the wafer. This is the point of time chosen by the artist. Some may be unable to restrain their wonder that the painter of the 'Last Sleep of Argyle' should have passed the scene enacted by the dying monarch's bedside—Charles attempting to kneel, but could not, before the crucifix which Huddlestone was holding up before him, with Feversham, Bath, and York, as spectators, and the dim glory of the sick chamber—for the crowd had been turned out into the great hall, and the brilliancy and glare attendant on such a throng. But such are the caprices of geniuses; and artists, like others, do that best which rises spontaneously from their own thoughts. The great gallery of Whitehall, crowded with gamblers and debauchees of both sexes, turning all that men prize of beauty, wealth, and position into curses, through unrestrained license and ungovernable passions, is a wide field for the display of character. There women, notorious for their want of virtue, peers, privy councillors, foreign ministers, favourites, and bishops, make up the crowd which had just been turned out of the chamber of the dying king; and these Mr. Ward has built up into a conspicuous historical picture, with a rare mastery over some of the higher attributes of his art. Other artists there are who are more popularly perfect, and within certain limits there is truth in the remark that concentration in colour is the

weak point of this picture; but we are content to accept thought rather than colour when both cannot be had in the highest state and vigour, for that smooth namby-pambyism which too often passes for finish; believing, perhaps, with Mr. Ward—

> "That wit and fancy, like a diamond,
> The more exact and curious 'tis ground
> Is forced for every carat to abate
> As much in value as it wants in weight."

This picture, in many qualities, may be divided into two distinct parts, that on the left hand of the spectator being in all respects more impressive, and the difference, even in style of painting, curiously enough beginning at the bishops. From the lawn sleeves to the lady's fan, in the extreme foreground, the brilliant magnificence which the artist has so evidently striven to reach has been all but missed through an excess of equal whites and reds, which withdraw the eye from resting with satisfaction on the leading incidents—the hand and glass, both beautifully painted—and which dazzle the eye without inspiring the same sense of voluptuous wealth as is inspired by the more subdued tones on the other side of the picture. Some of the individual figures are fine in character, and the artist has never produced a better head than that of the old man, lighted by a reflected fire-light.

No. 285, 'Lost and Won—Parable of the Prodigal Son,' J. C. Horsley, A., is one of the largest and most ambitious of this artist's recent works; and all such earnest attempts to redeem Art from the grossness of material imitation, into which it has so generally degenerated, ought to be hailed with welcome. Artists may indeed forget, but posterity will not, that

> "Mind, mind alone,
> The living fountain in itself contains
> Of beauteous and sublime."

A truth to which Mr. Horsley bends in humble homage, and which, even where success in minor matters is less perfect, will secure approbation and applause, when mindless materialities, how perfect soever, will be treated as little better than neglected lumber. The parable of the prodigal son, familiar to all, is here most familiarly treated. A worthy-looking old gentleman comes running forward to embrace his son, who is laid in rags upon the bank of the road-side, while forward children offer him flowers to give the prodigal, and timid girls are subdued into silence by the father's action. The mother, we suppose an invalid, is brought to the old hall-door by hired servants, to greet her erring boy with kisses. The eldest son may be supposed helping in the harvest on the far-off field; while the shepherd of the squire drives his flock of sheep to the green and pleasant pastures of a most delightsome landscape. In all this there is honest, consistent, and perhaps laborious thought; and the artist has had full in view the great abiding truth, that to genius there lives and works a soul in all things, and in many points he has succeeded in infusing his intensity of thought into the details of this creditable picture. The drawing of the individual figures is always correct, sometimes clever; the expressions of the various heads are strikingly sustained, without being vulgarly individualized and contrasted, and have this conspicuous merit of generalization—that almost every one will fancy he or she must know those from whom the heads are painted, as also the spot from which the landscape was selected. This is the true worth and the legitimate scope of composition as a principle in Art, not to "make" pictures, as some most ignorantly suppose and teach, in a way which dispenses with the aid of nature, and which things, when "made," are modestly nick-named "compositions." These are such only in the sense in which a debtor offers his creditors three and four-pence in the pound instead of twenty shillings; but in no such dishonest sense does Mr. Horsley treat this invaluable principle of Art. He finds in it that potent power which, through faithful converse with individual nature, leads him from the individual study to the type of men and things,—he wants to embody his individual thought; and it is through the exercise of this selecting, rejecting, and discriminating faculty, which is the true basis of artistic composition, that he has secured that universally familiar character to which we have referred. Everybody knows the old man's head, and all feel sure that they must have seen the landscape; and although almost every one must be mistaken in this belief, yet the existence of the delusion shows the high value of that generalization to which the artist has attained. In one respect the picture is not so successful, for the colour is earthy and opaque compared with the brilliant and transparent sparkle which Mr. Horsley sometimes transfuses over his smaller and less important works; but with this exception, the 'Prodigal Son,' judged from the artist's point of view, is an interesting and generally successful work.

There remains, however, the point just indicated; and the question whether the artist's reading is permissible may at least be tolerated as one on which opinions may be divided. We have therefore no wish to dogmatize; but as the subject is interesting beyond this special example, it might seem cowardly to shirk a point thus prominently pressed on public attention, especially as in the most friendly spirit we differ from an artist of undoubted ability and reputation. It is not pretended that all the parables of Scripture are incapable of this species of familiar illustration, because the Scottish Harvey, he who painted the 'Covenanters' and 'The Reading of the Bible in the Crypt of St. Paul's,' also painted a most touching reading of the wise and foolish builders—children building houses with shells on a sandy, rocky sea beach. It is conceded then that some of the parables may be brought within this style of familiar illustration; but there seems to us a broad distinction suggested by the parables themselves, which places those to which such distinction applies beyond the pale of familiar pictorial representation; and in this class is included that of the prodigal son. A story set forth to teach what man may do for man, or what he might, could, or should do for himself, may not unreasonably be delineated through the medium of men and material things, although even then it fails to challenge attention as illustrating *the* parable intended, and is at best only accepted as pleasant because unexpected embodiment of the old truth; but it may well be doubted whether a truth brought down to primitive minds by incident meant to teach the unsearchable love of the Great Father for his erring children—a truth so overwhelming in its mystery that the strongest and highest human affections can but dimly indicate the unknowable, spiritual sublimities of the reality,—it may well be doubted whether such a truth, so exclusively within the spiritual in conception, action, essence, and result, can be wisely or worthily represented through the most perfect of human types. Who, without the catalogue, or some extrinsic knowledge, would conjecture from this picture, admirable as it is, that it was an illustration of the great parable? This is not the fault of the painter, but the failing of the subject. Purely spiritual truth cannot be materially represented; and on this subject the ancient masters are no authority for modern artists. They painted in an age when the highest spiritual truths could only be preached to the people through the medium of human forms and actions; but even then the essential Father was seldom clothed in human form, and never, so far as we remember, treated with social familiarity. Neither do we suppose that Mr. Horsley has approached this subject with irreverence; and our argument is that on general principles truths predicated to us concerning the Father of all, and which, only in accommodation to human weakness, are taught by means of human incident or feeling, cannot come within the circle of pictorial representation, and least within that circle of familiar treatment which the feeling used for the original illustration presents. What is taught concerning the ways of man may be, but what is hidden within that awful sphere surrounding the Eternal cannot be, within the scope of man's material embodiment. Facts and ideas that will or will not paint may be subjects for dispute in other walks of knowledge or imagination, or of what the schoolmen among theologians call "adaptation;" but it can never be seriously asserted that a human mind can grasp the love or anguish of the Infinite, even when that is taught by reference to human feelings; and these unfathomable mysteries are best understood, and most fully realized, from the simple sublimity of the dress in which they were first arrayed. As already stated, we have entered on this subject from no wish, even in appearance, to depreciate the merit of Mr. Horsley's picture, but solely because that picture seemed to invite attention to the question of what is and what is not the legitimate domain of pictorial art, especially in religious or quasi-religious subjects. But to return to Mr. Horsley's picture; if we might hint a fault or hesitate dislike to any parts of a picture which in itself deserves so general approbation, it would be the seeming anomaly which makes the father appear to be coming out of the picture to embrace his son, who is on the bank a good way within it: so at least it looks to us, and we can only hope, for both the artist's and the picture's sake, that that may arise from some singular optical illusion in which others do not even partially share.

No. 98. 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' W. Dyce, R.A. George Herbert's life was a poem, and, like all men great in their goodness, "he has as well as built the 'Temple.'" Spending childhood under the watchful eye of a tender mother, he left home to pursue a calm, pious, and diligent career at Cambridge; even in the morning of that short day of his life he seemed to be marked out to become the care of heaven, and while others were engaged in riot and dissipation, he sat in his chamber, peaceful in his own thought, watching the glories of the star-lit sky, or making the air melodious with his overflowing praise. Like Milton, Herbert was passionately fond of music. His wit, to use his own expression, "was like a penknife in too sharp a sheath, too sharp for his body." His marriage was singular. His dear friend Danvers had nine daughters, but he had his *beloved* daughter Jane, and because she was so, he often spoke to Herbert about marrying her. She was deeply in love with him before having seen him, from her father's description; and although Danvers died before Jane and Herbert met, some mutual friend brought about an introduction, and "love never did his work more rapidly, nor in more masterly manner, than on this occasion." In three days they married, and as Walton says so beautifully, "the eternal Lover of mankind made them happy in each other's mutual and equal affections, and thus begot in them such a mutual love, and joy, and content, and such daily obligingness to each other, as still added such new affluence to the former fulness of these divine souls as was only improvable in heaven, where they now enjoy it." In the midst of this holy joy he left Layton for the vicarage of Bemerton; and there he began his short but beautiful career, and his daily toil

was "to remember the forgotten." His first text was, "Keep thy heart with all diligence;" and he lived as well as preached this theme. As he mused on the banks of the silent flowing river, heaven became vocal around him; now he heard "church bells beyond the stars," and then "the sound of glory ringing in his ears;" and then he would sing such beautiful hymns and anthems "as the angels and he are now singing together," to quote the words of Walton. It is in one of these holy ecstacies that the artist has depicted the author of the "Temple;" and the beautiful stanza of the poet, which may be said to describe his own bright and sunny life—

"Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky,
The dew shall weep thy fall to-night,
For thou must die,"—

is appended to the catalogue, as the motto to the picture. There could have been few finer subjects of its class, and, in some important respects, there never was any such subject more perfectly worked out by an artist. The drawing and painting of those grand old trees are absolutely wonderful, while the foreground, the grass, the wild flowers, and the weeds, defy description in the literal perfection of the delineation. For these qualities Mr. Dyce deserves, as he will receive, the admiration of all competent to express an opinion, and of none more than of artists, who know what he has overcome, and how much he has achieved. The means by which this success has been reached, although secondary to the result, are not unimportant to artists; with these means the public have no immediate concern. Looking at this picture as a specimen of painting—that is, from the studio point of view—it seems to us not to be half so laborious as at first sight appears; and whether Mr. Dyce has adopted that plan or not, certain it is that this kind of detail and quality of work can be secured by water colour on an oil ground, with a rapidity and success which will astonish those who have never attempted this method of working out details. If any artist will carefully copy a good study of trees in water colours upon an oil grounded canvas or panel, he will be astonished to find how near it comes to the qualities which Mr. Dyce has produced in this most wonderfully minute picture; while the probabilities are that unless the shadows are carefully kept clear and warm in tone, the experiment will have very much of that rather black and generally cold look which is the most conspicuous fault of Mr. Dyce's picture. Although any one may satisfy himself of this by experiment, it by no means follows that Mr. Dyce adopted the method, and if these trees, and ivy leaves, and grass, and wild flowers, be all painted in oils from nature, without the aid of photography or water colours, then must this picture be considered by artists, as it ought to be esteemed by the public, a still more marvellous triumph of manipulative success and skill. But it awakens another feeling of doubt. Is it George Herbert at Bemerton, or trees at Bemerton, with Herbert introduced? In the whole scope of thought and working out, the figure is evidently subordinate to the landscape, and especially the trees; and few among the thousands who view this work ever mention Herbert when they examine the picture, but reserve their admiration for, and bestow it on, the trees and wild flowers. This is surely a cardinal mistake in the working out of the artist's idea, if, indeed, he did not paint the trees for their own sake, and then introduce the poet as an after thought, for the sake of a good title, which is more than possible; but taking it to be what the title says it is, this defect in the realization of the artist's idea involves the whole principle of that style which Mr. Dyce has adopted, in exchange for the grander and more consistent creed of his earlier artistic career. Optically and mentally it would be impossible, if the eye of either artist or spectator was steadily fixed on Herbert, that the very leaves on stately trees could also be seen with microscopic clearness beyond a circle to which the rays of vision could not reach; and to speak photographically, Mr. Dyce has found his focus not in the holy singer, but in the centre of the trees, putting the figure—that is, according to the catalogue, the picture—in subordination to its accessories, which one would suppose must necessarily, naturally, and artistically, be of mere secondary importance. There are other parts of this picture—the clouds, for example, which are softened into hardness—laboured till they have become so unvapoury that if not paint they would certainly fall not in showers, but in lumps: we have thus dwelt upon this work because it is one full of captivating qualities, based on what we believe to be false principles. Of Mr. Dyce's other picture, No. 239, 'Portrait, name unknown,' very little requires to be said, because it has nothing to make the principles on which it is produced attractive, and, therefore, its influence will be unfelt. It is not a portrait in the sense intended in the catalogue, being statuesque in all its characteristics, both of drawing and colour.

No. 180, 'Consolation,' A. Solomon, is, for many excellent qualities, one of the best pictures in the exhibition. Nothing, with the single exception of Elmore's 'Marie Antoinette,' excels it, in either purity of colour, or tenderness of feeling, or simplicity of general style. A poor Normandy mother, we presume, has lost her baby; and, as she plys her distaff,

"Nursing the sweet wormwood of her sorrow,"

a lonely woman, clad in the habit of her religious order, enters, on a visit of consolation; and kindness beams, not from her beautiful face alone, but appears to radiate from the simple modesty of her whole demeanour. The expression of the bereft mother, as she gazes on her empty cradle, is touching, without being overstrained, while the drawing of the details, and the painting of the whole picture, is a long step in advance of anything ever previously done by this popular artist. His scene from 'Le Malade Imaginaire,' No. 464, has a strong dash of rather coarse humour, which may be more attractive to the multitude; but if he wants to build up his fame, he should forsake the latter, and betake himself to the style of his 'Consolation.'

An artist, hitherto comparatively unknown, has produced one of the most important pictures in the exhibition, and certainly *the* most promising work of the season, from among those that can be looked on as the apparently coming men of English Art. The subject of Mr. E. Crowe's picture, No. 328, is 'Slaves waiting for Sale, Richmond, Virginia,' and the appalling guilt of that accursed system was never more successfully depicted, and all the more successfully, that its most hideous horrors, even those of the auction mart, have been indicated rather than portrayed. What we take to be a whole family sits there for sale, ranged along a seat, and all dressed in their holiday attire. The look of settled sadness on the face of the mother, as she nurses her baby, the low, unintellectual type of the boy, who sits beyond, the expression of the elder girl, attempting to keep the temper of the younger child from becoming fretful, and the look of suffused indignant scorn, mingled with defiance, shown in the expression and bearing of the father, are powerful examples of a rare power in Art—that of successfully and discriminately representing the inward actuality and outward expression of phases of mental thought and human passion. This success Mr. Crowe has undoubtedly achieved, and he has also achieved another, although of mere secondary importance—the power of representing with facility and fulness feelings which he comprehends with distinctness. In truth, this is the great secret of successful development in any walk of mental labour. The cause of half the failures among artists is their want of this clear-seeing of their own ideas. They float like a dim haze through their minds, and what they cannot distinctly see with their mind's eye, can never be rendered, through any medium of communication, otherwise than as dull and hazy to others. In writing, no author will ever make clear to others what his own mind does not clearly see and fully comprehend; and artists are authors, who write with brushes instead of pens. This quality of clear-sightedness Mr. Crowe has displayed in an eminent degree, not less in the despicable character he has infused into these whipper-snapper, fire-eating, soul-driving Yankees, than in the emotions so natural to the degraded victims of their avarice and cruelty; and we leave this picture, with the confident expectation that the artist, although hitherto all but unknown, is able, if he will it, to make for himself a position in what Bacon called "the garden of great intellects."

In No. 335, 'The Parting Cheer,' H. O'Neil, A., has written a great book, overflowing with the depth and dignity of human nature—a book that requires to be read in detail, and most amply will it repay the labour. But it is a book taking the form of a diary, rather than of a history wherein the leading incidents are brought more vividly out by the subordination of the general details. But to drop the figure, for there are few things more dangerous than an analogy, this 'Parting Cheer' contains as many incidents and as many excellent heads as would have made three pictures of the same subject; and, *as pictures*, all the three would probably have been the better for the change. It would take a page of the *Art-Journal* to go over and do justice to the wilderness of fine feeling and expression displayed in this work, and the tax upon space might unduly trench upon the attention of readers, and yet not adequately set forth the merits of the details of the picture. But this is an amount of tribute which cannot be afforded to any work, however full of character and talent; and as the description of one or two incidents would be like severing the limbs from the body, we can only recommend readers to go and carefully study the picture for themselves.

For the depth and dignity of high-class colour, F. Goodall's, A., No. 203, 'The Firstborn,' is, beyond all question, the greatest, grandest work in the exhibition, and it may well be questioned whether, in its own class and school, any recent British artist has surpassed this picture in these qualities. It is not the school of Mulready, who is undoubtedly the greatest philosophic colourist—if we may so express it—that is, he has the clearest insight into the higher principles of colour, of any British artist since the days of Reynolds, if, indeed, he really was an exception; but this colour of Goodall's has a quality of its own—a quality which appears to have been acquired through strong perception from without, rather than the gushing flow of his own inherent power as a colourist. The grandeur has come too suddenly to inspire perfect confidence. We can only hope that the presence of a fountain, concealed within, has broken crust, and will now pour forth a continuous stream, to refresh the arid wastes of paint with the beauties of dignified colour.

What this change would accomplish, will be best understood by comparing No. 207, 'Dinah's Prayer,' by J. Bostock, in many respects an

admirable picture, with this 'First-born' by Mr. Goodall. By itself, the 'Prayer' would have been no bad specimen of painting, and compared with many others in the exhibition it is even respectable in colour, but because of this character the contrast between the utter absence of the sensation of paint in the 'First-born,' and the forward display of the pigments in the 'Prayer,' is more striking evidence of the very high style of colour achieved by Mr. Goodall in this picture. So far as it is peculiar it seems to be the solid grandeur of Italian depth, seen through a haze of French brilliancy; and the result is a striking compound of breadth, richness, and reality, as distinguished from literalism. But colour is not the only excellence of this picture. The drawing of the parts, and what artists call the modelling—that is, the rounding of the head and arms of the mother and of the baby who nestles in her bosom—as well as the feeling and look of motherly tenderness in the head, and thrown over the whole figure, make this picture more than sufficient to carry forward Mr. Goodall's professional reputation. The other picture by this artist is No. 290, 'The School of Sultan Hassan, at Cairo,' where the urchins are squatted in Eastern fashion on a carpet, and where the characters of teachers and taught are clearly rendered. The colour here too is fine, but the only other picture in the exhibition approaching this quality of tone, that is freedom from the sense of paint, is poor in almost every other respect—it is No. 426, 'Guido painting Cenci in Prison,' by J. L. Reilly, and is hung high in the room.

'The Hunted Slaves,' No. 59, by R. Ansdell, A., is a large picture, and just now the mere representation of an American slave-hunt cannot fail to be doubly interesting. Among other ways of getting swiftly and surely down the broad road of this world, some of the baser sort in the southern states keep and hire out bloodhounds for hunting slaves, and it is one of these hunts which forms the subject of this picture. Urged with incessant shouts and bellowings, which load the troubled air, the fiendish owners slip their hellhounds on the poor slaves' track. From vale to southern swamp the hideous yell cries out for vengeance as truly as the poor slaves' prayer, and the cries of both are being answered.

"Tear from the murderer's hand the bloody rod,
And teach the trembling nation—Thou art God,"

has long been the voice of all subject to the sway of that scourge and proud oppression; but the curse is being broken, may it not be with horrors which only slavery could engender or consummate. So far the subject is opportune and interesting, and the style of treatment is also calculated to attract attention and speak home to every heart. A slave chased through the silent gloom of nature's night, has, with his wife, been tracked to one of those reeking marshes which exhale contagious vapours; but in escape has not forgotten the necessity of self-defence. With the energy of despair he plys a hatchet against the three bloodhounds that have brought the fugitives to bay, while the terrified wife seems, with trembling earnestness, to repeat the prayer—

"On me, on me, exhaust your rage."

But victory evidently waits on justice. The slave has already laid one pursuer low, and a dog, painted as Ansdell has never before painted the texture of a mastiff, is sprawling in its gore, while another is evidently about to receive the short sharp cut of death. The lifted arm, nerved with the might of terror, will evidently soon become their joint deliverer; and while it will be harmless invention to suppose him "speaking in thunder when the deed is done," it requires neither heart nor imagination to cherish and dwell on the pale and tremulous gladness of the wife, as she exclaims,

"Great God, he's safe, the battle's won."

Such are the feelings this picture evokes, and the working out of many of the details is commensurate with the selection of the subject. The energy of character, and broad and vigorous painting of the man's head, is a great step in advance for Ansdell, and the entire male figure is drawn with a largeness of style and a decision of form for which this artist's works have hitherto furnished little preparation to the public mind. Had the colour and painting of the flesh been equal to those displayed on the head of this slave, the picture would have been a still greater triumph in this higher walk in Art. Unfortunately such high equality is not maintained, for the style of the female figure is small in drawing compared to that of the male—a difference which is not one dependent on opposition of sex or on dissimilarity of action, but a difference produced by the contrast of an essential diversity of styles, the one being feeble and mean by contrast with the other, which is large and vigorous. Neither are the other dogs drawn or painted with the felicity and power displayed in the dying mastiff; but, as a whole, it is a picture where the general simplicity and form of treatment are so in unison with the nature of the thought as to leave their joint impress on the memory for ever. Not certainly one of those which, as

"A thing of beauty, is a joy for ever;"

but as one of those telling representations which, after being seen, can never be forgotten even by those who least admire the artistic or technical achievement. Mr. Ansdell's other pictures, No. 376, 'Going to the Lodge,' and No. 538, 'Old Friends,' cannot be compared with his 'Slave-hunt,' in any of the higher qualities of Art, although they will probably find abundance of admirers among those interested in such subjects. The sunlight breaking on the hills in the Highland landscape is a good specimen of this artist's powers of painting landscape backgrounds, and his style of painting animals is already sufficiently appreciated.

Perhaps few men have furnished more congenial food for thought to artists than Bunyan; and certainly none belonging to what is designated by that strange compound of contradictions, the religious world. Eminently pictorial himself, he successfully appeals to minds of kindred tendencies; and while this is looking from the painter's stand-point, the phase of Bunyan's works that appeals to artists, the circumstances of his life, with the dim halo which the shadow of the times casts upon the history of the great dreamer, are, in almost all respects, such as naturally lay siege to minds hovering on the outskirts of the grander themes of Art, and yet most sensitively alive to the pictorial value of scenes, circumstances, thoughts, and beauties, sufficiently distinct to be realizable with fervour, and sufficiently remote to gain, rather than lose, by that play of imagination in the disposition of details, which so fatally cramps those who attempt to grapple with less remote or more popularly known authors and subjects. Whether these be the feelings which have guided artists or not, certain it is that Bunyan and his works have received a very large share of artistic illustration. Still, these never pall on public feeling, sensitive as that is to repetition on so many other themes and authors—a difference which shows the deep and powerful hold which the story of the Bedford tinker has on the popular mind of England. With him, as with Shakspere, the people never tire of illustrations from their works; and even more than the personal history of the bard of Avon, has the admirable life of the great pilgrim been the study of the artist. No. 239, 'Bunyan in Bedford Jail,' by Alexander Johnston, is the latest, and also one of the most effective illustrations of Bunyan's personal history, depicting, as it does, one of the most interesting episodes of a long and interesting life. Twelve years, he tells us, he was in prison, and during portions of this incarceration his blind daughter visited him, and worked as she could, while her father thought, wrote, or assisted his child to keep her knitting in order. One of these visits forms the subject of this picture; and to say that the artist has well succeeded in realizing the grandeur of the father, and the simplicity and blindness of the child, is no mean praise. As a picture, the treatment is equally successful, being broad in style, and brilliant but not meretricious in colour; so that, taken as a whole, it is one of the best pictures which the artist has yet produced, and it looks, from its disposition of light and shadow, and its strongly developed contrast in character, as if it had been painted with the prospect of being reduced to black and white, under the translating skill of the engraver. Whether it be so we cannot tell; but few pictures which have been exhibited this season will engrave better than this 'Bunyan and his Daughter in the Interior of Bedford Jail.' Of the other picture exhibited by Mr. Johnston, No. 494, 'Love's Language,' less requires to be said; first, because the subject is less important in its theme, in every way less important as a picture, and as a specimen of the artist's higher powers, both in thought and colour. An amiable young knight, looking rather soft, and his lady-love looking very modest, as he may be supposed to be, diffusing the fragrance of his love over her timid but thirsting soul, is, of course, a delightful idea to dwell on, and its embodiment cannot but, if reasonably well done, be a very pleasant picture, and that success Mr. Johnston has reached; but, even then, it is mere by-play, compared with the higher grappling with thought demanded by a subject like Bunyan.

No. 66, 'Gossips at a Well,' is the only picture exhibited by J. Phillip, R.A.; and there are some reasons for supposing that it has not been all painted very recently. The subject is Spanish, of the artist's best type, and the figures and expressions introduced tell the story with great success. Some men—one of them a muleteer—meet two buxom girls at a Spanish fountain, and one of these men commences a badinage, which, as Hudibras says,

"Needs not cost an ounce of sense,
But only pertinacious impudence,"

to carry on the nonsense which both parties so evidently enjoy. But the women have also their notions of propriety, even in badinage, and the beautiful head of the one half hidden by the feigned dignity assumed by her companion, seems to say—

"To the point, and quickly.
These winding circumstances in relation
Seldom environ truth."

A retort which the muleteer evidently withdraws his cigar from his mouth, to answer with leering jest. Some other figures in the background are also full of character, as the old woman who pays her daily visit to the fountain. The subject, therefore, is of comparatively small account, and the glory of the picture is in that quality which we showed, at the commencement of this article, would be most attractive to artists; and for this excellence of artistic development it has no equal in the exhibition. A striking evidence of the facility of genius pervades every touch. While the proofs of mental "labour" are nowhere seen, the presence of that mental power which finds outlet in doing everything

well with ease, is everywhere apparent, and the marvellous command exercised over vehicles and brushes is astounding. Nor is he less successful in his power of colour, which, for clearness, beauty, and effective adaptation to the subject, is as fully manifested in this picture as in any he has ever produced. The secret of Mr. Phillip's great success in both colour and manipulation is his evident power of drawing with his brush. Every touch produces the form he wants, neither more nor less; and this gives a quality of expression to his manipulation which never can be secured by those whose brushes only colour what requires to be drawn by some previous process. This facility, too, imparts to his pictures that clearness and sparkle so characteristic of these 'Gossips at a Well,' for he, like all great colourists, secures brilliancy by painting as much as possible at once.

'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' C. W. Cope, R.A., No. 103, is a picture which contains some fine passages of thought. An extract from Lord John Russell's life of his great ancestor tells us, in other words, what was long before known—that this heroic pair parted in silence, their grief being too great for utterance; and to attempt to depict feelings on canvas which could find no fit expression in words, was a bold thing for an artist of established reputation to attempt. Mr. Cope has not dared, but he has succeeded, at least in the more difficult head of the two, the expression of Lady Russell, which, for the intense mental anguish thrown into it, has very seldom been equalled. The other parts of the picture, both figures and still life, are reasonably well arranged, drawn, and painted; but instead of going over these in detail, there is a question raised by the prevailing tone of this and some other pictures, which may be taken up with more propriety here than elsewhere. It cannot be denied that the colour of this picture is dark and heavy, wanting that air and reality which is so much more desirable in easel pictures; and if a similar tendency be found in the works of Dyce and Ward —although in the latter less conspicuously this year than some two or three years ago—there must be something common to these artists, so different in other respects, which so visibly influences their tone of colour all in one direction. Mr. Dyce's light-coloured pictures are no exception, because lightness does not destroy that heaviness produced by opacity of shadow, which makes even the lightest pictures look black and dingy. That influence we believe to be practice in fresco-painting. Although alike in no other respect, in feeling, style, or thought, they have all been, or still are, painting frescoes; and to this we ascribe that peculiarity of colour which now, or has recently, distinguished their easel pictures. Nor is it difficult to see how fresco-painting should produce this tendency. These must be painted many degrees darker—to allow for drying—than they are meant to be when finished, and the tones fit for an oil picture when finished, would in fresco, when dry, be utterly feeble and insipid. Minds habituated to think in the darker process are apt to carry their daily style of practice into easel pictures, for which the depth and blackness necessary for effect in frescoes, when dry, is wholly unfitted. Opacity in shadow in these oil pictures springs from the same root, and it may be some consolation to find a reasonable ground for what cannot but be seen as in itself a great defect. If artists who are habituated to fresco, would contrive to paint successfully in oil, they must leave the regions and thoughts of fresco behind them; although only minds of the highest power can successfully reach this high quality of abstraction from what is left, and concentration on what is in hand. Mr. Cope's other pictures, Nos. 126 and 140, although small, are both cleverly painted; but there is nothing in either sufficiently important to warrant detailed notice, and the criticism applied to the large, applies also to the small ones, in colour.

Sir Edwin Landseer's name is a tower of strength, and anything coming from his pencil will certainly command popular attention; but, for the last two or three years, the works of this artist have borne witness to the truth that artistic strength does not last for ever, and that there comes a time to all minds when—if they live long enough—they live on the past. There perhaps never has been, in the history of British Art, a longer or more successful reign than that which this artist has enjoyed, and well has he won and worn public applause; for never, since the fabled maiden drew her fabled lover's head, in outline, in the far-back ages, has there been, so far as is known, an artist who could compete with Sir Edwin Landseer as a painter of dogs—and, perhaps, deer may be added to dogs. But his horses, although more artistic than any other animal-painter could produce—for Sir Edwin composes and paints even horses with the feeling of a poet—have been far inferior to his canine quadrupeds; and, while the 'Shepherd's Grave' and 'Chief Mourner,' and many kindred works, will last for ever, it may be questioned whether even the best of his horses will outlive the admiration of the next generation—except in those pictures where the extraordinary dexterity of manipulation, the all but perfect rendering of texture, the admirable colour, and the charms of high-class compositions, will always make them pictures appreciated by the public, and highly valuable to artists. He has painted animals, challenges and combats, and fatal duels, and spearing otters; and his high position has secured for these pictures—which no other British artist could have painted—distinguished approbation; but, notwithstanding this, Sir Edwin Landseer is essentially great only in subjects in repose, when he can bring the mellow influence of his poetic feeling to redeem the meanest subject from the mass of common things, and elevate its reproduction into an impressive work of Art. It is this power in repose which radiates No. 135, 'The Shrew Tamed,' as with a mental sunbeam; and which, in spite of its odd character, and its hard title, makes this one of the best pictures painted by him for years. The subject is poor enough, and there is nothing very interesting in the mode of representation. A young lady has tamed her beautiful mare, and lays down beside it on a bed of straw, and, with uplifted hand, is prepared to prattle with the temper she has subdued. In ordinary hands, there is nothing in this for a picture; and yet Sir Edwin Landseer has made a high-class picture out of it; and, although admirably painted, especially the horse, that is not the attraction so much as the gentle calmness which genius has diffused, with the power of fascination, over a subject that had literally nothing to command attention. This has always been the artist's peculiar power; and, while others have been more successful in "action," he has had few equals, and no superiors, for pictures, even of horses, in repose. His three large drawings of deer—studies, we presume, in the Marquis of Breadalbane's Highland deer-forest, are works peculiarly the painter's own, and charming works they are; but their strong points will be more appreciated by artists, and those who delight in sketches, than by the general public, who estimate finish as more valuable than mere thought. Yet, noble as are some of his best works, and long as he has reigned supreme in the world of publishers and prints, even he can scarcely regret that the public, through his aid, among others, have begun to appreciate, in a higher degree, what formed the chief attraction of his dogs; and that the more than half-human expression, so successfully infused into them, should now, in a more perfect style, be increasingly appreciated in that human form to which human expression more properly belongs. The artist was not responsible; but that progress is highly to be commended which begins to prefer the great or tender doings of humanity to the reflex of these through any of the brute creation, however gloriously painted.

No. 309, 'George Stephenson at Darlington, 1823,' A. Rankley, is a picture well charged with a kind of strength which is making itself, year by year, more strongly felt, in the exhibition. It is the reverse of showy; but, like the words of a thinking man, Mr. Rankley's pictures have a weight and solidity of thought, combined with a quality of painting, which make them peculiarly the artist's own, without any great outward look of novelty, either in subject-matter or style of treatment. The subject of this No. 309 is simple enough. George Stephenson was employed, in early railway times, to survey for the Darlington and Newcastle Railway, and the late Edward Pease, of Darlington, being one of the warmest and most enlightened supporters of the scheme, Stephenson not unfrequently spent the evenings with him, after the day's work was done. On one of these occasions he found the Misses Pease, two young Quaker ladies, working at embroidery; and, as Stephenson knew something of almost everything, he was quite *au fait* at such needlework. He learned it when acting as engine-man, working the pitmen's button-holes by fire-light, at night; and he at once began to give the young ladies a lesson in that, as it appears, very useful accomplishment. Stephenson is represented as deeply interested in his effort, while the pupils look on, in

> "Manner gently firm and nobly plain,"

types of modest simplicity and gentle becomingness. The dress of these young ladies is one of the most striking parts of the picture, —so different are they from all the other female figures in the exhibition; and how much more charmingly simple it is difficult to describe fully in words. The *Art-Journal* does not aspire to chronicle those tawdry vulgarities which, month by month, are heralded as "fashions," and by which the fair sex, with devoted self-sacrifice, destroy, and make ridiculous, the last and most perfect forth-putting of creative power—the form of woman. But, without aspiring to that seat of power, we may be allowed to say that, for all the higher purposes of Art, the plain dresses of these "plain Friends" are many times more beautiful and becoming than the absurdities which disfigure so many other female forms in these rooms; and who seem little aware how much they detract from their womanly beauty by the "attractions" of fashion. Everywhere the complaint is among artists that the monstrosities of female attire are vitiating everything in modern Art, public taste included, because it is impossible children can become alive to the forms and claims of beauty, whose mothers and nurses, through dress, delight in impersonating the goddess of ugliness, each for herself, and Mr. Rankley has done some service to Art, in recalling the attention of artists, and the public, to the fact that simplicity of dress is the best adornment of female beauty. Mr. Pease, and the details of this picture, are also painted with that quiet power so conspicuous in this artist's works; and there might be less unlikely speculations than a well-directed effort to get this picture engraved.

No. 149, 'A Bedouin Sheikh, Egypt,' is one of three pictures contributed by J. F. Lewis, A. The others are—No. 266, 'In the Bezestein, El Khan Khalil, Cairo,' and No.

350, 'Edfou, Upper Egypt;' to say that these all display the merits which have made the artist famous, is giving but a faint idea of the peculiar qualities and value of these most laborious and clever pictures. Nor need the character of details, or the style of colour, be seriously entered on, because, in every case, the artist knows better what he saw than those who did not see it; and all Mr. Lewis's works bear the strong impress of faithful study and unerring delineation. But, with all these advantages, it is impossible to avoid regret that the artist should have exchanged his old for his new vehicle; for in truth there are this year more than ever water-colour pictures in oil, rather than oil pictures on canvas or panel. Nor would that in itself be matter of regret, had all the best qualities of water-colour been transferred to the new medium; but, unfortunately, it has not been so, and the result is a shadowy thinness as an equivalent for transparency in the foreground figures and details, which, of necessity, makes the background, and especially the distance in the last-named picture, wanting in that aerial beauty which Mr. Lewis used to throw over all his scenes of Eastern subjects, when dealing with his old vehicle of water-colour. It is to be feared that in an evil day Mr. Lewis was tempted by the prospect of writing the magic letters R.A. after his name, to leave the sphere which he adorned, and in which he was unrivalled, for one that cannot be successfully occupied except through the intense application of youth—for few men, indeed, in any walk of life, learn much in any new path after they have reached forty; and although, for the first two years after he first exhibited in oils, the pictures by this artist were among the strong points of the exhibition—partly through novelty, but much more through the force of genius—yet now, when the novelty has worn off, without the increase of that facility in the treatment of oil colours necessary to supply what novelty produced, there is reason to fear that Lewis, like Thorburn and some others, has run the tremendous risk of parting with one reputation before making sure that he was able to secure another; and the professional *ignus fatuus* which has lured him to the seductive folly, will all but certainly escape his grasp. Still, with all this, there is no better artist in England than J. F. Lewis, while there is none to compare with him in the class of subjects which has made his reputation: even the worst of his oil pictures will outlive the best of many by men who have more facility of pencil, and whose works attract more notice from the mass of those who visit exhibition.

No. 10, 'Dawn—Luther at Erfurt,' J. N. Paton, is a picture in many respects of the same class—a picture so made up of merits and defects as to render it doubtful which class predominates, and which, although containing many fine passages of detail, does not in its general result add to, if indeed it sustain, the artist's general and high reputation. There is genuine feeling in the face of the careworn, mind-wasting monk, whose eyes have been dimmed by the lurid light of midnight oil; they are not, however, the eyes of the young monk Luther, but of some older searcher for that inner light which may be supposed to lurk in the pages of that book over which he bends with so much thought: and in this all-important respect the title might have been affixed to the picture after it was painted with as much propriety as before, for the monk would have, with equal success, represented any other devotee, transcriber, illuminator, or student. But with this exception, and that want of variety of texture and colour which are the weaknesses of Mr. Paton's style, this picture is in other respects all that could be desired, the details being faithfully drawn and thoughtfully grouped, and rendered with a feeling which carries back the mind to the days when the great Reformer was being prepared for his great work.

J. C. Hook, R.A., appears to look on the ocean with the feelings of an old tar, to whom the earth is a step-dame, and whose mother was the sea. He treats its ever-varying beauties as one of the most glorious pages in the book of nature, and seems to say with the worthy sketched by Crabbe—

> "'Tis this which gives us all our choicest views,
> Its waters heal us, and its shores amuse."

The three pictures exhibited by Mr. Hook are all subjects of the sea, and so genuine in their character and freshness that one almost fancies that a peculiar fish-like smell attaches to all of which these pictures are composed. The largest and most important of the three is No. 118, 'Leaving Cornwall for the Whitby Fishing,' where the domestic affections are happily blended with those tougher feelings which make a day's rest and feasting hang heavily on the hands of those who seek wealth on the sea, and do business on the deep waters, and who, while on land, seem as restless as the waves which battle with their sea-board. These fishermen setting out present no feature distinguished for originality of thought, although the treatment in colour, and style of working out, are all the artist's own; but as Milton said that is not plagiary when thoughts are bettered by the borrowing, so Mr. Hook's fisherman, kissing his baby before setting out, kisses with more parental feeling than was evinced by the fisherman painted by Collins, in a similar position in a similar subject: still it is impossible to escape all that others have done in any walk of thought or action, and so long as men in similar circumstances continue to kiss their children, so long are artists entitled to go on painting them. The others about to leap on deck, or already there, appear so alive to their primitive element that they look as if they retained a sense of nothing but the sea, whose dangers they delight in as much as its rewards. The figure of the old man holding the rope is not quite up in reality and action to Mr. Hook's standard; but the perspective of the pier, and the way in which the figures retire, both in drawing and colour, are most successful; while the salt-looking, stern reality of the coast town, and the beauty of the ocean, retiring to meet the sky in the far-off distance, are passages of genuine power in colour. Whether No. 317, without a title, be intended as a companion picture, the catalogue saith not; but it requires little imagination to suppose that the fisherman, woman, and child whose infant strength delights to rove about, while the fisherman with wife (or daughter?) enjoy their *tête-à-tête* after, let us hope, a most successful fishing, are the same as those going out in No. 118. The pleased, weather-beaten face of the honest-hearted sailor looks as if he might be describing how—

> "The breath of heaven did gently fill our sails,"

after the riches of the deep had fully rewarded the toil; and the wife and mother, glad to hear the music of his longed-for voice, rejoins in joyous loving response—

> "The waves were proud to bear so rich a lading,
> And danced to the music of the winds."

This is to us the best picture of the three: clearer and more perfect throughout in the working out of the theme, without abatement of any of those individual beauties which are conspicuous in the others. No. 522, 'Sea Urchins'—two boys, growing familiar with the watery way, dabbling in the sea in search of fish, are well painted; but Mr. Hook has done the 'Luff, boy,' once, and these two similar urchins are no improvement on that famous gem, although his other two pictures show steady progress in working out his own peculiar vein of thought.

'Young Lady Bountiful,' No. 109, R. Redgrave, R.A., is the largest and the best of the artist's works exhibited this season, with the exception of the two sketches in water-colours in the north room, which are very clever. The subject is neither novel in character, nor striking from its style of treatment; yet the picture is finished with commendable care, like all the other works exhibited by this artist. How, with his multitudinous duties, as Art-superintendent at Kensington, he finds either thought or time for painting pictures, must be the real wonder to those who know how incompatible such labours are with the calm study necessary for successful picture-painting, and it would be absurd to expect that Mr. Redgrave's works should be free from traces of this want of concentrated thought; yet this 'Lady Bountiful' is a creditable picture, without making any large allowance for circumstances; and time will tone those greens, which at present look more like paint than colour—a fault nowhere visible in the water-colour drawings already referred to, which are beautiful, both in colour and in character.

'A Dance,' No. 150, W. E. Frost, A., is one of those subjects which have so often before been seen from this artist's pencil, that it is difficult to find any new way of describing, as they awaken no new thoughts, nor even new forms of cogitation. The dancers perform their agile gambols in a state of classic innocence, which clearly shows that, in the words of the lines appended to the picture,

> "'Twas in the happy olden time,
> Before the birth of care and crime."

As a feat of Art, these dancers are more successful than any other artist could have produced; Mr. Frost, however, should remember that the days of heathen allegory and material mythology have passed never to return; and although it was possible to reproduce the full material beauty of the age of Phidias in paint, without the addition of that soul which the later and higher truths of Christianity have enthroned as the better part of humanity, the most perfect forms will not impress the universal heart. They may astonish the initiated, as the fantasias on the violin astonish professional musicians; but while the public may not be insensible to the artist's dexterity, it is only melody which touches their hearts, and inspires them with feelings of delight. So it is with painting; and whatever artists may think, it is not in this, as it was not in the past, age, nor will it be in any coming one, to become admirers of soulless forms, however perfect, employed in illustrating improbable joys in impossible periods. Still there are many creations of the poet which may be properly and successfully embodied in Art, and Mr. Frost has frequently been a successful worker in this ethereal path; but this dance is not, except in colour, one of his successful labours, and here, more than anywhere else, it is the little more or less which separates success from failure.

'A Street Scene in Cairo—the Lantern-maker's Courtship,' No. 231, W. Holman Hunt, is a capital picture, better, in many qualities, than his 'Christ in the Temple,' and yet it causes no excitement among the public, and is passed by, with the merest glance or passing remark, by hundreds who have worked themselves into raptures over his picture of 'The Doctors and the Child Jesus.' Has his cunning, then, lost its power, or did that require the adventitious aids of pomp, circumstance, and "puffing" to show it off? This small but clever picture is equal in character, and better in colour, than that which was so lately the fashion; and yet it does not receive half the attention its real merits deserve; but public lions

are seldom long-lived, and artists, like others, when unduly exalted, live to taste the wormwood of undue neglect. We regret that Mr. Hunt should ever appear to suffer this decline of popularity, for we were among the first to hail his talent, as we still admire his genius, although not convinced that mere peculiarity is evidence of power; and in this picture, where the power is displayed without any ostentatious display of his sectarianism, he has reached a higher and more enduring style of Art in a subject comparatively mean and grovelling. That this inferiority of subject is not the cause of there being no crush round this 'Courtship' is evident, from the fact that subjects equally mean secure more popular attention. Artists, and all who have made Art their study, can enjoy and admire this lantern-maker and his lady-love; but it has no chance against bright mauves, whites, blues, and greens, magnifying glasses, and a good showman—which make the veriest trash of pictures "take"—for drawing out the honour and shillings of the multitude. In this kind of popularity Mr. Hunt is quite eclipsed by some of the feeblest of his followers; and their pieces of painted furniture carry off, from this work of the chief ornament of the sect, the approving admiration of the foolish.

No. 258, 'The Escape of Lord Nithisdale from the Tower, 1716,' E. Osborn. The subject of this picture is a bold one for a lady, and she has treated it with more strength and historic power than are usually ascribed to her sex. Some of the artistic lords of the creation, who succeed in treating such subjects with great feebleness, must begin to feel rather jealous, as they certainly ought to feel very much humbled, at being thus outstripped in their professional race. The incident is a difficult one to portray, from the mingled feelings requiring to be expressed; but in the embodiment of these, especially in the principal head, Miss Osborn has achieved a most triumphant success. When the Earl of Marr proclaimed the Pretender in Scotland, Lord Nithisdale was one of the Scotch nobles who rallied round the standard of the fallen dynasty, and who, after being worsted at Preston, had no choice but that of surrendering at discretion. He, with two others, was condemned to be beheaded, and Lords Derwentwater and Kenmuir suffered the legal penalty incurred. Before the time for execution, Lady Nithisdale came from Scotland, riding the greatest part of the way to London on horseback, and after in vain petitioning the king for her husband's life, she set her wits to work to save him at all hazards. Having permission to visit him in the Tower, and to have one friend with her at a time, she took a Mrs. Mills, a stout lady, whose garments were found to fit the imprisoned lord. One difficulty remained—Mrs. Mills was fair, and his lordship dark; but by means of paint, and yellow colour for the hair, the metamorphosis was completed, and the escape effected, as the quotation in the catalogue sufficiently explains. The accessories of the picture—the guards, the prison, and Lady Nithisdale, are all cleverly imagined, and well painted; but, with the true spirit of genius, Miss Osborn has concentrated her own strength and the interest of the picture in the extraordinary intensity of expression in Lord Nithisdale's head.

No. 34, 'The Drinking Fountain,' W. C. T. Dobson, A., is by no means one of the best specimens of this artist's power. The figures are poor in thought, unreal in character; and the drawing, especially of the undraped extremities, is strongly redolent of that wooden character which so unfortunately mars much of this artist's painting. To go over the details would be no pleasure to us, and would probably be less to him; and we therefore turn from this feeble work to one in which Mr. Dobson revels in the full glory of his own peculiar strength, No. 298, 'The Flower Girl,' where the expression, the painting, and the modelling of the girl's head display a delicacy of perception, a vigour of reality, and a beauty of colour, which make one marvel how the painter of such a head should have thrown away his time and talents on such a picture as the 'Fountain.' But even in this 'Flower Girl,' the ever-present tendency to woodenness of drawing, so unfortunately characteristic of this artist, is distinctly visible, both in the outline and painting of the arm: could he but learn to draw arms and hands with the same feeling for nature which he displays in children's heads, he would add greatly to his own reputation, and at least double the value of his works. His No. 394, the 'Bauer Mädchen,' is not equal to the 'Flower Girl,' but it has a breadth of colour and effect which are at once attractive and pleasing.

Mr. F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., exhibits three pictures containing some good mixed up with many doubtful qualities. No. 42, 'Duke Frederick banishing Rosalind,' from "As You Like It," is one of those illustrations which are never meant to be based on nature, and which are evidently constructed upon a principle of compromise between the classicality of the antique and the questionable brilliancy of the modern stage. In colour these works are much higher in character than many of those by which they are surrounded; here and there are evidences of what approaches very near to good expression, as in the head of Duke Frederick in this picture; but no amount of colour can redeem the want of soul, and almost the want of vitality, which form the leading feature of Mr. Pickersgill's idea of woman; and to these two defects, the striving after an unwise classicality, and this want of soul, may be traced that deficiency of interest which, as works of Art, the pictures of this artist would otherwise command. What is true of 'Duke Frederick,' from "As You Like It," is at least equally true of the illustration from "The Tempest," No. 77. His No. 360, 'Pirates of the Mediterranean Playing at Dice for Prisoners,' although in every respect a more vigorous and successful work, is yet wanting in that humanity, without which figure-pictures are as unimpressive as painted statues. If Mr. Pickersgill would throw his genius for colour into figures and subjects appealing to the hearts of the people, he might do good service both to Art and the public, and in serving these he would not be injuring either his present position or future reputation as an artist. As it is, he seems to us to be throwing away great powers upon subjects for which he does not appear to have any especial inspiration.

We shall now go over some of the many good pictures, especially those above and below the line, where a portion of that dogmatism can be indulged, which we asked our readers, at the beginning, not to follow further than their judgment approved, but without prejudice to more ample discussion on any picture that may seem to warrant the introduction of general principles in course of criticism.

No. 6, 'La Senorita,' R. Fox, is a good head, creditably painted, although rather pinky in colour, and wanting in originality; looking more a reflection of J. Phillip than a study from nature, thought out by a separate mind; but, with these exceptions, and they are important, Mr. Fox has not been unsuccessful in his work.

No. 14, 'Autumn Fruit,' T. Grönland, is the first of a class of pictures which are always pleasing, and often reveal an amount of good painting which the unimportant character of the objects hardly seem to warrant. Lance, of course, stands at the head of this school, and with all our admiration of that artist's great ability—and none capable of appreciating the delights of beautiful colour and artistic feeling can fail to admire Lance's works—it is impossible to help mingling admiration with regret that so much genius should have been permanently sacrificed to subjects wholly unworthy of its exercise; because, after all, fruit, to whatever season belonging, seems only one of the accessories of a picture, and the best groups of that perishable commodity are not sufficient to secure more than transient interest. This No. 14, by Mr. Grönland, is well enough, and some of the fruit, such as the white grapes, deserve the higher character of being transparent in colour and well painted; but there is very little satisfaction derived even from this success, and the eye wanders, in spite of the desire to see merits, to those opaque and poor discolorations which have been so plentifully bestowed on the leaves which always accompany fruit. This artist has another picture of the same kind, with the same combination of good part and bad; but this we shall leave for the only work sent by the great artistic chieftain of this branch, No. 270, 'A Sunny Bank,' G. Lance, one of those rich and juicy pieces of thought and colour which make all other pictures of similar subjects look very unripe.

Fruit and flowers go not unnaturally together, and either, when good, are always welcome from the hands of ladies, so that we turn with pleasure to those presented for the public pleasure and instruction by the Misses Mutrie. It is difficult not to admire the wild roses of a lady, painted with the skill of Miss Mutrie, and equally difficult to resist the pleasure which Miss A. F. Mutrie's 'Orchids,' are so well calculated to inspire; but, with the gallant diffidence that ought to animate the other sex when placed in such a position, we would rather not be rude enough to show a preference; impressed with the full value of the rather stale and hackneyed couplet—

> "How happy could we be with either,
> Were t'other dear charmer away."

Ladies, unfortunately for us, are said to hate nothing so much as generalization in matter of liking, and value nothing so much as not only the feeling, but the expression, of a decided choice, except when such choice falls upon a rival; but these sisters appear to work together in such unity, that neither will probably grudge the other a slight preference in approbation, seeing that it all comes to the stock, and is shared in by the family. Only some such consideration could have induced the expression of an opinion favourable to the 'Roses of York and Lancaster'—a group of cleverly-painted "blooms," with a harmonizing background,—but most favourable to the 'Hollyhocks,' which, for rich fulness of colour, broad and skilful treatment, a quality of "cloth"—that is, texture of petal—and easy, artistic combination of the "spikes," with their foreground and background surroundings, have never been surpassed by the flowery, "eloquent pencil" of Miss Mutrie. Here, Miss A. F. Mutrie must, as in some other respects, give way to her elder sister, as all other flower painters who exhibit must give way to both.

No. 15, 'Finnan Fisherman's Cottage,' J. Cassie, is a clearly-painted and clever representation of a very ordinary theme; and, although showing progress in the artist, so far as the mere *mechanique* of his profession is concerned, yet he is doing little or nothing to build himself up a professional reputation, which will either secure present position or prospective honour.

No. 25, 'The Village Well,' F. S. Cary, is a picture of the same character,—a piece of respectable colour, and founded in intention

upon that basis of compromise (which so many of the younger artists are evidently attempting to work out) between the literality of Pre-Raffaellism and the older and sounder principles of Art.

No. 27, 'First Steps in Life,' W. J. Grant, is another of those pictures below the line which bespeak promise of no ordinary kind, the mother's head being a very fine example both of painting and expression. The subject is novel in treatment, although belonging to one of the most ordinary incidents in domestic life, it being neither more nor less than a baby, before being put into bed, exercising its infant agility on its mother's bosom; but the whole is sweetly painted and creditably drawn, and such as will make us watch the future progress of this artist.

No. 49, 'St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary (canonized for her good deeds), distributing alms to the poor,' S. A. Hart, R.A., is a picture not likely to add much to the artist's reputation, although it contains a few good points: such as the Israelitish fruit vendor, which appears to have been painted from nature with an appreciating spirit.

No. 72, 'La Demande en Mariage,' P. H. Calderon, is one of the very best pictures this artist has ever painted, and certainly one of the best hung below the line in this year's exhibition. The subject is simple, and the story is admirably told. An old peasant fingers and cons over with due solemnity the letter he has received from his daughter's lover, asking her in marriage, while the daughter herself sits by his side, the very embodiment of modest abstraction and thoughtfulness becoming her position and the occasion. There are no better specimens of expressive and effective painting in the exhibition than will be found in these two figures, while the whole treatment of the picture is pervaded by a simplicity and breadth which show that Mr. Calderon cannot be long kept below the line for the exhibition of such pictures. No. 214, 'Liberating Prisoners on the Young Heir's Birthday,' by the same artist, has reached higher hanging honours, being placed on the line of the middle room, which, contrary to custom, is this year the strong room of the exhibition. But, notwithstanding this preference shown by the hanging committee to the 'Liberating Prisoners,' &c., over the 'Demande en Mariage,' we suppose that very few who carefully examine the qualities of the respective pictures are likely to concur in their decision. In the one we have nature, pure, simple, and refined; in the other ostentation, not in character only, but much more in those artistic means by which character is sought to be produced. It is not that the heir and his attendants are dressed in holiday attire, because that in itself is fitting for such an occasion, but there is that want of reality in the air and getting up of the boy and his attendants, which pertains more to the actings of the stage than to the realities of even birthday life. The prisoners, however, Mr. Calderon has painted with at least a portion of that power displayed in his other and better picture; and in the haggard look of wretched misery thrown over these victims of oppression, he teaches, more vividly than words could accomplish, the lesson

> "'Tis liberty alone that gives the flower
> Of fleeting life its lustre and perfume,
> And we are weeds without it."

But there is a possibility of making even rags and wretchedness too formal and apparent, and if these prisoners have any fault, it may be found in the rather ostentatious display of these too refined rags.

No. 125. 'Beleaguered,' C. Rossiter, is a lady, evidently on the staircase of some old border keep, surrounded by the retainers of some predatory neighbour; yet she nevertheless looks but little disconcerted in expression, while her face is painted in the full blaze of what appears to be an impossible light. It is, however, the best of Mr. Rossiter's pictures, his other production—No. 277, 'Puritan Purifiers'—being little other or better than a feeble artistic impertinence, thrown at a class of men who have been truly said to represent the "manhood period of English history." Of this latter picture, as a work of Art, very much could be said to show that the "purifiers" might exercise their vocation with advantage to the artist, in the simplifying of his rather confused notions of pictorial composition and effect,—the one being sprawling and disjointed, and the other wanting in that concentration necessary to successful picture-painting: it might be also shown that the incidents brought together are as improbable, historically, as they are artistically absurd, while the painting belongs to that peculiar school which indulges in the peculiarities of eccentricity, without the genius that redeems the works of the greater adherents of Pre-Raffaellism. But to go over such a picture in detail would be a waste of time, and a trial of the patience of readers, to which we shall not subject them, leaving Mr. Rossiter, with his poorly-drawn, feebly thought-out, historical falsity, to the tender mercies of those after-purifiers who will certainly winnow the chaff from the wheat in Art. That such a picture is hung on the line shows that overweening tendency to favour "labour" which we have already noticed as characteristic of the hanging of this year's pictures.

No. 177, 'Pastimes in Times Past,' J. Faed, and No. 341, 'Queen Margaret's Defiance of the Scottish Parliament,' by the same artist, are good specimens of the style of Art to which he has devoted himself, and belong to a class of pictures which have small chance of becoming prominent or popular in such exhibitions as that of the Royal Academy. There, strength of colour or breadth of treatment, or a dashing style, used to be indispensable to success; and now abundant microscopic labour will command a certain portion of applause. But the pictures of this artist belong to neither of these classes, although painted with uncommon, perhaps with too much, care, and finished more for personal examination in the domains of private purchasers, than for becoming lions amidst the glare and glitter of modern exhibitions. The figures in both of these pictures are well drawn, and the draperies most faithfully finished; but there is that want of variety in textures which a style so smooth is always in danger of producing, and from which even the great genius of Messonier does not always protect the otherwise perfect gems which come from his pencil.

No. 187, 'Montrose routed at Philiphaugh by Sir David Leslie,' A. Cooper, R.A., is one of a series of Scotch subjects with which this artist has favoured the English public. Among these we have also No. 366, 'The Fight at Gladsmoor, near Edinburgh, 1650;' he has also produced two sporting scenes, No. 201, 'Duck Shooting, Second Barrel,' and No. 234, 'Shooters going out, Scotland;' one landscape, No. 127, 'On the Bank of Loch Ness;' and the portraits of some hunters, No. 548, which lately belonged to Sir Tatton Sykes, Bart. Here, then, we have variety and quantity sufficient, and although the quality may not be equal to the standard which present Art represents, yet Mr. Cooper's works retain much of that feeling and character which secured for him his earlier reputation, and which few even of the younger race of artists could now surpass, if dealing with the same class of subjects. It may be admitted that the battles, especially one of them, have a close resemblance to the 'Fight at Marston Moor,' 'The Battle of the Standard,' and other similar subjects, upon which this artist erected his professional reputation; but even with this drawback of self repetition, it would be curious to see what some of the younger artists, who sneer at this style of Art, would produce in illustration of similar themes. We are no apologists for feeble mannerism or deficient drawing in the works of any artist, but neither ought we to forget that the vigour of manhood cannot last for ever, and that when age blunts the edge of novelty, what artists have done for their profession should not be wholly ignored. In this spirit we are inclined to look at the pictures of such men as Mr. Cooper, and points which cannot be admired are willingly overlooked and forgotten.

No. 241, 'Ruinous Prices,' E. Hughes, is a picture which places this artist very much in the position of Mr. Calderon in respect to the hanging of his pictures. Mr. Hughes has another work, No. 225, 'Bed-time,' which is hung on the line in the middle room; and although it is admitted that of the two the latter is the richer in general tone of colour, yet in no other respect will it compare for excellence with the picture of 'Ruinous Prices,' which has been very much ruined by being placed where it is. We have no desire to depreciate the beauties and many good points in No. 225, such as the old woman's head, but, on the contrary, commend these to the careful study of the public, believing thut such study will bring no small share of approbation; but with all its strong points, the 'Bed-time' is comparatively commonplace in conception, individuality, and generalisation, when viewed alongside of that deeper power and stronger mental pinion so visible in No. 241. In this picture the individual figures have nothing of the mere "model" character about them; they are not even individual characters representing isolated men and women, but types of the classes to which they severally belong, as truly as were the heads of Wilkie in his earlier works: and in this respect Mr. Hughes' 'Ruinous Prices' appeals to universal humanity, and will therefore be appreciable so long as the picture has a being. The poor widow with her orphan child; the sharp-eyed, large-headed dealer, whose mental power is turned into the channel of organizing labour without reference to moral obligations; the stupid-looking lad who acts as his assistant, the very type of those whose ambition is likely to be gratified by filling the important niche of man-milliner in society; and the sweet, artless commiseration resting on the face of the young lady eyeing the helpless widow, whose labour she may not unlikely purchase at considerably less than its real value, where flesh and blood is not so cheap, combine to tell a story of present and ever active callousness and misery, with a power sufficient to make this picture a great moral teacher. Nor are the mere artistic characteristics of the production inferior to the best of this artist's previous works, nor unequal to those of almost any of his compeers. True, the colour tends to blackness, and especially are the shadows deficient in richness and transparency, but there are few better pieces of painting in the exhibition than the goods ranged along this shirt-maker's back shelves; while there is nothing at all of its class finer than that quality of Art by which these heads have been developed, having breadth without slovenliness, and finish without labour.

No. 267, 'Fresh from the Warren,' G. B. O'Neill, is a work which in some respects may be taken as evidence of progress in the artist, and is no doubt conventionally a more perfect whole than some of the other pictures which he has previously exhibited. The tone of colour is richer, while the concentration of the subject is more artistically realized; but here we are afraid approbation must end, for we would rather have the cruder but more vigorous character displayed in some of Mr. O'Neill's

previous pictures, than the more conventional properties developed in his 'Fresh from the Warren.'

No. 275, 'Lilies,' T. M. Joy. No idea of this picture can be gathered from its title; because, instead of being a work of which flowers form the staple, it is the representation of a simple and sweet girl, with lilies in her hand, to which the artist has appended this quotation—

"Quiet in heaven, where ye fain would be
Anchored in peace for all eternity."

The motto may not be very intelligible without its context; but the quiet calm diffused over the expression of the head makes the picture beautiful, in spite of its want, or rather its defects, of colour, while the whole subject has an artistic breadth, which Mr. Joy has pre-eminently reached in this refined specimen of his work.

No. 308, 'Tobias restoring the eye-sight of Tobit,' J. E. B. Hay, is one of two pictures of a character peculiar to themselves, and still more peculiar when looked at as the labour of a lady artist. The subjects are imposing in character, and by no means destitute of ability in general treatment; while Mrs. Hay shows a perception of harmonious colour which many more efficient and popular artists might envy. But with all the good qualities,—and respectable drawing ought to be numbered in these,—there is such an absence of reality, and so much pretentious striving after the classical and antique, that even the pencil of St. Luke himself, had he been a better painter than we have any reason to suppose he was, could not have made the class of subjects popular, or even interesting, to which Mrs. Hay has, with but indifferent success, devoted herself. Ladies, in Art as in other subjects, are more generally endowed with the perceptive, than with the reflective, faculties. Mrs. Hay has no especial exemption from this general law; and, if she would devote the artistic knowledge and patient skill displayed in these pictures to scenes and subjects by which she must every day be surrounded, she might successfully increase a reputation that will most surely be wrecked against such old-world rocks as 'Tobias restoring the eye-sight of Tobit.' Only the very highest qualities of genius could imbue such subjects with sufficient life and reality to make them either pleasure-giving or profitable to the men and women of these generations; and it is doing this lady's ability no injustice to say, that she does not give evidence of possessing such indispensable requirements.

No. 313, 'The Mother of Sisera looked out at a window,' &c., A. Moore, is a picture, to some extent, of the same class as those we have just been describing; but much less pretentious in style, and very much more forcible in character; the expression of the woman's head being very good indeed.

No. 327 is a rendering of an old and well-worn subject, containing little either in character or novelty to distinguish it from the one thousand and one pictures which have been painted from the same story before. Still, Mr. Frank Dillon has inspired this 'Hagar and Ishmael' with a good sentiment in colour; and there is a congenial feeling of desolation diffused over the scene, which shows that this artist, more successfully than many of his compeers, can realize the higher elements of Eastern story, and transfer them to his canvas with a power that carries back the mind into the far-distant incidents of the past.

No. 330, 'The Sonetto,' by W. F. Yeames, may not be untruly described as a kind of Italian version of 'George Herbert at Bemerton;' nor is it, in many of its qualities as a work of Art, unfit to be placed as a companion to Mr. Dyce's picture. In that, Herbert sends forth his heart's hymn of praise in a grove of magnificent trees, fringing the banks of his much loved stream. In 'The Sonetto' of W. F. Yeames, the inspired Italian, with that stronger demonstrative impulse which characterises all southern races, gives out the full flood of his song amidst the ruins of a mighty past, sufficient to stir up the depths and tenderness of his highest and most sensitive imaginings. The details of this picture are produced with no ordinary power; and although the ruins, both around and beyond the figure, are what may be considered as rather scenic in arrangement, they are, nevertheless, clearly and beautifully painted, showing at once an appreciation of aerial colour, and a breadth of light and shadow, which cannot but secure for Mr. Yeames a still more distinguished future position.

No. 362, 'Portrait,' J. A. Houston, is the head of a fine child, very beautifully painted: but it is in No. 630, 'The Skylark,' that we must look for the higher development of this artist's powers; and in this fine picture, although condemned, like many other excellent works, by the hanging committee, to the floor, we find beauties of thought, expression, and style, which ought to have protected this 'skylark' from such treatment. Mr. Houston is evidently an artist imbued with refinement and poetic feeling sufficient to carry out his picture in a style far removed from that commonplace which less accomplished minds would almost inevitably have fallen into. 'The Skylark' is imagined—not seen,—and the girl, with uplifted finger, and attentive, listening look, is, as evidently as if we could hear the words, saying to her equally charmed companion—

"Long be thy song, and loud,
Far in the downy cloud.
* * * *
O'er fell and fountain sheen,
O'er moor and mountain green,
Musical cherub, hie, hie thee away!"

In the picture the artist has caught, if we may so speak, the melodious music of the poetry, and diffused it over figures of great excellence, basking in the sunshine of a landscape of rare fidelity and beauty. But the work belongs to a class of pictures which fail to attract the admiration of the multitude, although redolent of pleasure—giving attractions to those capable of appreciating them.

No. 372, 'The Sisters of Lazarus,' H. Le Jeune, is one of a class of subjects which would, upon the whole, be better left unpainted. It will not be denied there are many parts of this picture which display qualities and capacities of no ordinary kind, but the Saviour that is here standing to be addressed by the loving sisters of Bethany, is so very much like any ordinary mortal, that without the help of the catalogue and those conventionalities which the schools have thrown around the person of Christ, it would be difficult for ordinary observers to know what this mass of very respectable painting meant. It is, no doubt, a debateable subject, but we should not be without hopes of successfully showing that in these days, and to a people like us, pictorial representations of the Redeemer might, without loss either to Art or Christianity, be put, by common consent, beyond the pale of exhibitable pictures. If there be classes still existing in a country where every individual may, and ought to, read the Bible for himself, who fancy that their religious emotions can be stimulated by gazing on the pictorial works of artists who cannot produce the higher qualities of spirituality, not to say divinity, simply because they are not, as a rule, spiritually-minded men—and mind, like water, never rises higher than its level—those so convinced of the religious advantages of pictures painted from scriptural subjects are entitled to enjoy what they desire without let, hindrance, or question. But the public exhibition of such pictures produces no solid advantage to Art, seldom rising above the merest mediocrity in thought; and it will hardly be pretended by the most ardent admirers of a decorated worship that such pictures are exhibited with any especial advantages to religion. Before the discovery of printing it was not only permissable, but advisable, to teach the multitude, by any or all available means, those facts and truths on which the highest hopes of humanity were based. Then the pictorial representations of the sublimest spiritual mysteries were the only books open to the people; and, however material in the aspect of their teaching, they nevertheless formed for them a record of that past upon which the destinies of their awful future were suspended. Artists then, partaking of the spirit and feelings of those by whom they were surrounded, approached and grappled with such themes with feelings akin to those that inspired the Greek sculptors in the production of their gods; but in these days, when every man can learn as well as every other man all that is knowable of these great and Divine mysteries, and can draw his knowledge fresh from the well of Divine inspiration, endeavours to thrust material representations of spiritual truths on men with the Bible in their hands, might reasonably be treated as beyond the legitimate bounds of representative art; because such truths will, even to ordinary intelligence, be more fully realized from the simple sublimity of the language in which inspiration has revealed them. Apart from this question of principle, or, as some may deem it, of opinion, Mr. Le Jeune's 'Sisters of Lazarus' furnishes considerable scope for criticism on what are strictly the artistic characteristics of his picture; but on these we prefer not entering at length, or going over in detail, because the process of investigation would discover fewer beauties than are his wont, and the result might be less satisfactory to the artist than we and others, who admire his general power, would desire: for there are fewer styles within the range of British Art less permanently pleasing or profitable than that known as the academic, being generally void of spirituality, and as widely apart from the living characteristics of humanity.

No. 381, 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model,' H. S. Marks, is a picture which, in its mode of treatment, may be looked upon as the very antipodes of that just noticed; the one full of scholastic formal propriety, the other rough, vigorous, and dashing—full to overflowing of broad individuality, which, in parts, verges closely upon caricature, like the unpolished forth-puttings of a mind destined to still greater efforts in the higher walks of Art. The subject, so far as we know, is original in thought, and its development may be equally original to the artist, although to those acquainted with the works of the late David Scott it may appear as if Mr. Marks had been slaking his professional thirst at the fountain which flowed from the brain of that great genius. In itself the incident is simple, like that of all really good pictures. A brother of the Franciscan order, combining the professions of monk and sculptor, is bestowing his talent on the ornamentation of one of those ecclesiastical edifices which, west and north, came through the church, declined with the church, and is again reviving under the same influences. A comical-looking old man, holding a bottle, is perched on a scaffold, erected to sustain the model, while the enthusiastic monk plies his vocation with extraordinary energy and earnestness, unmoved by a grotesqueness in his "sitter" which raises the risible faculties of all who look upon this picture; a feeling in which the monks ranged along the flat roof of the edifice appear not unwilling to participate. The character infused into these several figures distinguishes Mr. Marks as one of the "coming men;" but

that he has much to accomplish in the perfecting of the embodiment of that thought which is so evidently within him, is a truth he cannot lay too seriously to heart; because this picture displays precisely those qualities which very many before him have as successfully reached, and yet have never gone further, nor even retained the excellence they had achieved, through neglect of the persevering labour and incessant study which are the only sure bases for the support and strengthening of such genius as that discovered by this artist.

No. 389, 'The Life-boat going to the Rescue,' T. Brooks, is a very good picture, of a rather painful subject; and although some of the heads are reasonably well painted, and display considerable variety of expression, yet it may well be doubted whether this work will add much to the popularity of Mr. Brooks's already well-earned reputation. If painted for the "Life-boat Association," it would well sustain that influence of Art which consists in profitable teaching, because few individuals of ordinary sympathy, after studying this picture, could muster callousness enough to refuse subscriptions to an association organized for the purpose of saving men from such dangers, and women and children from such anguish and suspense, as are depicted in this picture; but, except for this purpose, they must be cold-hearted indeed who can reap pleasure from the continual contemplation of such scenes; and as pictures of this size and character must nearly always remain one of the household treasures of a private purchaser, it seems difficult for landsmen to imagine that state of mind which could extract continuous pleasure from a scene so full of anxious misery. The sea, the sky, the background, and the majority of the heads are, however, painted with all Mr. Brooks's former strength; and although we cannot sympathize with artists in the choice of such pain-dispensing subjects, we can, nevertheless, appreciate and admire the power displayed in the rendering of their thoughts.

'They talk a power of our drinking, but never think of our drought,' No. 392, by E. Nicol, belongs to that class of pictures, Irish in character, and ragged in costume, which has made the name of the artist extensively known throughout the British dominions and America, with the exception of Ireland. That the sons and daughters of the Emerald Isle should dislike seeing the grosser features of their poverty and wit turned by Art into subjects of laughter for the amusement of others more socially fortunate, is no matter of surprise. But that an artist, with such powers as Mr. Nicol undoubtedly possesses, should continue, year after year, sacrificing that manhood portion of his intellectual strength on subjects so unworthy of his higher powers, is matter of wonder to those most anxious to see him working his way to what would form a more solid basis of artistic reputation. These two ragged tipplers are but indifferent repetitions of former and equally vulgar subjects, and, although the title and the picture combined may provoke a momentary smile, they leave no lasting impression on the mind, except one which is anything but pleasurable. Moreover, the colour of Mr. Nicol's pictures is becoming blacker and heavier, instead of showing progress towards that transparency and richness, which have been the only qualities capable of preserving the Dutch pictures of a similar character in existence, as recognised specimens of Art in any of its qualities. His No. 251, 'Toothache,' is equally unimpressive in other respects, and is not more fortunate in colour; if, indeed, the heaviness here has not reached a density which it will require the highest efforts, and the most persevering patience of the artist to overcome. And, above all things, let him be firmly persuaded that the distinction between wit and vulgarity is as wide and well-defined, as that between depth and blackness of colour.

No. 390, 'L'Histoire de la Croix,' J. H. S. Mann, is an example of creditable colour; and No. 393, 'The Inventor,' C. S. Lidderdale, is a work simple in treatment and well thought out in detail, in which the heads are painted with considerable vigour.

No. 399, 'A Dream,' and No. 550, 'Lieder ohne Worte,' F. Leighton, are two pictures which have caused considerable talk in artistic and literary circles—not, so far as has been heard, because of any distinct and definite merits, but because of some vague and floating ideas about these pictures having been sacrificed by the hanging committee. As already seen, we have no particular faith in the perfection of that body; but, of all the accusations that could have been brought against them, that of injustice to these pictures is the one they can best afford to treat with contemptuous silence. Mr. Leighton is one of those artists to whom early success appears to have brought permanent misfortune. Accepting the fabled procession of Cimabue's 'Madonna' as a fact, he treated it in a style at once poetic and historic, and leapt at one bound to a high position in one of the highest walks in Art; but the effort seems to have exhausted him, and he has been coming down the ladder of Fame step by step ever since, until he has left the poetic development of historic Art, and sought refuge in the lower forms of mere decorative ornamentation. Instead of these pictures being hung too high, the 'Dream,' had it been properly hung, would have been displayed upon the ceiling, because in the conventional qualities and flowing forms of outline, and in the strongly and distinctly marked ornamental characteristics of colour, both in contrasts and combinations, this 'Dream' is not so much a picture as a very clever treatment for the centre of a ceiling. It bears the same relation to the higher styles of pictorial Art that the 'Dancing Girl' of Canova bears to the 'Venus de Medici,' or the elegant twisting of Watteau's trees bears to the more natural and severer grandeur of those by Claude or Turner; and, although it would take longer time and larger space than are at present at our disposal to elucidate, even imperfectly, this distinction through words, yet it is one clear and palpable to every artist skilled even in the rudiments of his profession, and one, therefore, to which Mr. Leighton cannot be a stranger. His other picture of 'Songs without Words'—a lady sitting at a fountain—excites no sensation so strongly as this, that it is the well-laboured study for some extensive piece of mural decoration, whose exhibition is wholly out of place in the Royal Academy, but which would have been found in most congenial company at the Architectural Exhibition, now open in Conduit Street. In so saying, we have no desire to depreciate Mr. Leighton's true and inherent powers; but other men, equal to him, have before become ensnared with the same delusion—that progress in what were considered the refinements in conventionality is necessarily progress in the paths of high Art; while, on the contrary, these were separating them from that dignified reality in which the highest Art has ever found its highest sphere, alluring them on and down that lurid path which leads from high Art to conventionalized ornamentation.

[The two important branches of portraiture and landscape have been reserved for next month. Some other pictures of merit will also be noticed, which want of space prevents our even glancing at on the present occasion. We therefore announce this article—*to be continued.*]

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE GUERILLA'S DEPARTURE.

Sir D. Wilkie, Painter. J. C. Armytage, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 3 ft. 0½ in. by 2 ft. 8½ in.

In the natural order of events, this picture should have preceded that of 'The Wounded Guerilla,' introduced into our April number: the transposition is of little importance, and we were unable to arrange it otherwise. The two are companion works, this illustrating the departure of the Spanish patriot to take arms against the invaders of his country, the other shows him returning, ill and wounded, from the fight; in both there are certain points of identity, such as the man himself and his gaily caparisoned mule, and also in the ecclesiastic, but there are, as well, certain prominent points of difference. In the latter composition, the guerilla has apparently reached his home, where he is met by his wife; in the former—that which we now introduce—he seems to be on the journey to join himself to the armed bands of his countrymen: he has stopped on the way at the door of some monastery, one of whose occupants, a venerable and burly-looking priest, permits him to light a cigar at his own, and then, in all probability, will offer him a draught of wine from the flagon by his side, give him his blessing, and send him on his way refreshed and hopeful.

The incident is not very perspicuously narrated by the artist; indeed, without the title given to it, it might well pass for an ordinary road-side scene among the mountains of Spain: moreover, the almost nude figure of the boy seated at the foot of the guerilla, which seems as if Wilkie had in his recollection when he painted it, one of Murillo's "Scapegraces of the Ferias," is, viewed simply as a national characteristic, surely out of place in such a locality and in such company. The story, as it purports to be, would have been more effectively told, if the guerilla had assumed the prominent place in the composition now given to the priest, instead of the subordinate position in which we see him. Doubtless Wilkie's object in disposing them thus, was to make the two compositions as dissimilar from each other as he could, while retaining in each both individualities.

But apart from the presumed special character of the subject, the group of figures is picturesquely and artistically arranged: the good-fellowship which evidently exists between the priest and the peasant—manifested, as it may be, by a peculiar occasion—is, moreover, a pleasant allusion to national fraternisation; the jovial-looking friar is no Levite, nor a contemner of the good things of this life: he loves something better than

> "Sweet herbs, and water from the spring;"

but he is quite willing to share his blessings with others, and probably the cigar which the guerilla is lighting is one out of the stock of the monastic brotherhood.

These Spanish subjects, as most of those who have studied Wilkie's life and works know, belong to the latter portion of his career. Success and the caresses of the world, frequently operated as a powerful sedative to his energies; and if these later productions are not altogether so good as his earlier—that they are not so generally appreciated, must be universally admitted—it is by no means through any lack of labour. Nothing, however insignificant in appearance, escaped his notice; nothing in preparatory study was found unworthy of his pencil.

The influence which the works of Wilkie had upon British Art, has probably been greater than that of any other painter: not so much, however, over artists themselves, as on the public mind. When he first came to London in the early part of the present century, there was little appreciation of, and far less sympathy with, the Art of the country; with some few exceptions it was almost entirely neglected, the people knew nothing of it and cared not for it. Wilkie's pictures were just the works to catch the public eye, and then the pulses of the country began to beat with something like a generous sympathy towards that from which they had ever kept aloof.

The 'Guerilla's Departure' is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

This, notes the catalogue, is the fifty-seventh year of the life of the Old Water-Colour Society; to which unquestionably is due the merit of creating an Art unknown to the world before its time. Turner's toast of "the Paper-stainers" might in his early day have had some justification in fact, but at the date of his joke the society was already a guild of painters, whose learning produced Fine Art of the most fascinating kind; and they have gone on enhancing its beauties, until at length the art till then unknown is become an object of envy to foreign schools. By unanimous accord, it would seem, there is an absence this season of drawings of high pretension; but the default is in some degree compensated—there is no lack of lustre, for we stand amid a shower of stars. Nearly all the members and associates of the society are contributors to the exhibition. It would scarcely be fair to say that this or that athlete does not equal his prowess of past years, lest it might be inferred that his powers are on the wane, which we know they are not. And scarcely is it just to signalize a few names of the many by saying that their efforts especially are missed in larger works, for among those whose names might be omitted are many whose drawings, though small in size, are really great in quality.

The number of contributions to the walls is two hundred and ninety-five. Among them figure-pictures are not numerous; indeed, personal subjects will be felt to be under the average in number, for the mass is made up of landscape, composite, everything in which figures are not primary. Many of the small drawings are remarkably beautiful,—important in everything except size,—but therefore not fitted for the line; whereas, perhaps, a few that are on the line might have been raised without damage to the principal tier. We know not what may be the feelings of the society with reference to the enlargement of their room, but the way in which they seem compelled to hang their works, tells us there is not space enough. They might, with even the works now exhibited, cover a much greater space than they possess, and with more even justice to drawings that are of necessity placed high or low, and that would gain largely by being brought nearer the eye. The silence of the government with respect to the Burlington sites, looks like a negative to the requisitions, as well of the Royal Academy, as of the other Art societies. If it be true that the Academy advanced an indirect proposition to the Society of Painters in Water-Colours to receive them into their body, this would in some degree have cleared up their horizon, for then would the daughter-in-law have claimed to lodge where the mother-in-law lodged, and that the people of the one should be the people of the other. If the proposition, being made, had been accepted, it would have been a step towards what would be very desirable—the consummation of all our fragmentary Art societies into one great institution. In the event of such an incorporation, whatever gain there might be would be on the side of the Academy. But on the side of the Old Water-Colour Society there would be a certain loss,—first, of their independence; next, of that substantial pecuniary quota of the funded balance that accrues to the family of each member at his decease.

With respect to the absence of large and important drawings, two principal causes may be assigned for this: that, whereas many small works may be executed within the time required for the completion of one of large size, the remuneration for the many is much more considerable than that for the one. Again, as in the New Water-Colour Society, many of the contributors are so engaged in teaching as to be precluded from undertaking large drawings; yet some of the small views they send are gems.

It must be observed that the hanging this season is at least eccentric. The rule, the best pictures in the best places, is reversed in numerous instances; Hunt is everywhere but where he should be; F. Tayler's drawings are not where they deserve to be; nor are those of the Goodalls, nor Dodgson's, nor Duncan's; and Holland's one delicate drawing cannot be seen. To the experienced observer these are signs of internal discord.

In glancing round the walls for what stories soever of humanity may be written there, we do not find many compositions in which the artist concentrates himself in his figures. Topham is back from Grenada to Galway, painting from Lover's "Angel's Whisper"—

> "A baby was sleeping, its mother was weeping,
> For her husband was far on the wild raging sea;
> And the tempest was swelling round the fisherman's dwelling,
> And she cried, 'Dermot, darling, oh come back to me!'"

The story is in three chapters: the mother is abroad in the tempest, looking for her husband in the storm; in the centre and principal compartment she bends over her child in her cottage; and in the third, Dermot hastens home. A second (211) is 'Irish Peasants at a Holy Well,' and both these pictures testify Mr. Topham's attachment to his first love. John Gilbert's best drawing has been damaged,—while in the hands of, we believe, the framer,—so much so that it could not be exhibited. He has sent, however, (248) 'The Return of the Expedition,' in which again he is pleased to cut the horses short by the legs. We are accustomed, in the human subject, to see this kind of excision, but to a cavalcade the effect is mischievous. The drawing presents a company of knights in the armour of the time of Henry VIII; behind them rides a troop of musicians, and we are to believe that there is a numerous following of horsemen. The paper is thronged—almost confused—with figures, which (cunning device!) so bewilders the eye, that you fancy them all advancing, and hear the click and ring of the armour; but the pith, above all, of the drawing, is the really gallant bearing of the riders. (86) 'A Roman Bagpiper,' having his truculent face set in a wilderness of hair, looks somewhat like a converted reminiscence of Rembrandt; the sky comes too forward. The drawing that savours most of Mr. Gilbert's veritable unction is (291) 'Sir Hugh Evans examines young William Page in his Accidence.' In a drawing like this, Mr. Gilbert asks us to believe more than Shakspere does. We do not find in the text the grotesque points on which Mr. Gilbert insists, yet we would not have the drawing otherwise; he laughs you out of all remonstrance, and attempts justification by here and there a touch of genuine nature. For such compositions he must prepare himself by some process of pantomimic exercise; and then the whole is done without models; were he to condescend to the common resources of his craft, he would lose all his angularity.

It would appear that Carl Haag is almost persuaded that his prowess lies in landscape; his 'Acropolis of Athens,' as to its form and surroundings, may be very true; but the drawing is overwrought; with 'The Rehearsal' (284) it is just the contrary; instead of the blank paper, a background would have given the necessary finish to the sketch, wherein appear four or five figures that the artist has picked up in the streets of Cairo, one of whom, a Turk, plays a pipe, to the drumming and jingling accompaniment of a tambourine, beaten by a sable Nubian, who, by the way, is the master of the situation. See him squatting in any shady nook of his adopted city, and you pass him, thankful that even your shadow does not touch him; but here he is an example precious for either ethnology or Art; it is a charming drawing. Besides these Mr. Haag sends two others—(15) 'The Gate of Justice, Jerusalem,' and (83) 'The Ancient Vestibule to the Southern Entrance beneath the Temple Area, Jerusalem.'

'The Pilgrim's Progress,' (62) Joseph Nash, is a new line of subject for the eminent artist who has so well illustrated England's wealth in ancient halls and bowers. This is a series of thirty of the most prominent situations in the narrative. In these Mr. Nash does not assume any pretension to refinement of expression, but he tells us at once what he means by the spirit of his figures and their accompaniments.

Miss Gillies' 'Beyond' (78) is the most successful essay she has yet produced in that quasi-classic kind of art, in which she seems to stand without a competitor. In this drawing are represented two women; the one with her face full of cheerful hope, Christian endurance, and affectionate care, points to the "beyond," and encourages her companion yet to brave the perils of the way. But the latter is overwhelmed with despair; she looks not so much as if she were incapable, but as if she felt herself utterly unworthy to make the attempt. In looking at this group you cannot help descending to technicality. The lines and quantities are so effectively disposed, that the composition would come well in bas-relief. Other works by this lady are 'Selling Fish—Arran' (75), 'Taking Shelter' (157), and 'An Orphan Fisher Boy, Corrie, Isle of Arran,' &c.

No. 275, 'A.D. 1660. The Old Ironside,' Frederick W. Burton, is a study of a man reading the Bible, not equal in interest to Mr. Burton's usual productions.

E. Duncan's 'Crab-catchers, Caswell Bay, South Coast of Wales,' may perhaps be a disappointment to those who have expected another of those tempestuous coast scenes that he has of late years been accustomed to paint with such grand effect. The 'Crab-catchers' is of another character, as picturing a wild rocky coast, at low water, divided by winding flaws, that always retain water, and are consequently the fishing-ground of the coast children. (93), 'Whitstable Flats—Thames Barges waiting for the Tide,' is simply what the title describes, a group of those heavy barges carrying cubical haystacks, which they discharge at various points, but in a great proportion at Hungerford Wharf. 'On the Thames, near Shiplake' (52) is Mr. Duncan's *cheval de bataille;* it is a view of the river flowing through grassy meadows, which are animated by herds of cattle, the distribution of which, with the breadth of the land and water, are well enough, but it is upwards wherein reside the beauties of the work; there is laid out the ever-weeping sky of last summer, on which is painted a rainbow so perfectly illusory as to seem to fade under the eye. In (279) 'Rye, Sussex, from Winchelsea Marsh,' is another charming sky, full of air and tender gradation. The landscape material is really nothing, such as few would attempt to make an important drawing of: the marsh is but a foil to the distance and sky, in which centres the mastery of the performance.

'Watteau' (130), J. J. Jenkins, announces a disposition to forsake those pretty *paysannes* whom he has now for many years celebrated. He now cries, "*Place aux dames!*" and we find a triad of them standing over Watteau sketching, on a garden terrace, a woman and two children. The ladies wear the sacque, and have somewhat the air of having stepped out

of one of Watteau's pictures. It is a sparkling composition, shining out with a starry brilliancy amid its surroundings. (229), 'Tout Beau,' a lady gathering flowers, and (287) 'N'aie pas peur,' are also by Mr. Jenkins; the latter a glance back at those he has left behind him, as setting forth a piquante *paysanne* addressing these words to her child, who follows her, trembling at the menacing gambols of a kid.

No. 268. 'From my Cottage on the Moor,' is the title given to a drawing of cattle by F. Tayler; the animals are only a couple of cows and a calf, rough in coat but unexceptionable in complexion, and clumsily natural in movement. 'Return from the Peat Moss, Kyl Rhea, Isle of Skye' (271), and (294), 'Cattle Drovers, Black Mount, Argyleshire,' are by the same. The latter shows mingled flocks and herds crossing a stream and toiling up a mountain pass, with the greatest care on the part of the drovers that there shall be an available distribution of the blacks, whites, and reds for Mr. Tayler to paint from. If the truth were known, it is probable that the entire herd was black, brown, and red, and that these white cows are importations. Be that as it may, how studiously slight the drawing is throughout! each kyloe seems to have been drifted into its place by a strange process known only to the painter. We would ask if we have shaken hands for the last time with those gay parties of dames and cavaliers that he was wont to conjure up from the vasty deep of a century and a half ago? It is to be hoped that his right hand has not forgotten its cunning in that direction.

No. 12. 'Vietri, Coast of Salerno,' J. D. Harding, is a drawing most tastefully seasoned to the eye by its well-adjudged dispositions of light and shade; it is modest in colour, and not remarkable for the character of its objects, but it is not a picture that can be passed with indifference. No. 82, 'Trans, near Frejus, France,' is Mr. Harding's largest work; it presents a kind of combination that he delights to picture—a passage of broken scenery, of which the life, movement, and music, is an impetuous waterfall. The ravine through which the water sweeps is wild enough, and the substance, firmness, and motion of the nearest section are taught to redouble themselves by the retirement beyond earshot of the sounds of the inward composition.

No. 174. 'The first from him,' F. Smallfield, is a powerful moonlight effect—a girl reading a letter at an open casement by the light of the moon. The title tells us that it is a love-letter; but it were not necessary that such information be so conveyed, for would a girl in the solitude of her chamber, and in her night-dress, sit at an open window to read anything but a love-letter? The face being entirely in shade, there is no scope for the clear, fresh, and life-like colour wherewith this artist vivifies his features; the difficulty has been of course the moonlight, but it is shining in the silver sky, and lights up a part of the girl's dress.

No. 191. 'The First Note of the Cuckoo in Early Spring,' O. Oakley, is a broad and bright drawing of a mother and child, but both rather looking for the bird than listening to its note. No. 182, 'The Student,' is a young lady studying, or perhaps despairing, over the bust of Clito—

"Out of the sculptor's fearless soul
The grace of his own power and freedom grew,
And thou in painting wouldst transcribe all taught
By deepest meditation."

We described the former drawing as broad; this is also broad in light and middle tone, as if the dark, indispensable to force, had been forgotten. Other drawings by Mr. Oakley are (164) 'Bijouterie,' (21) 'Coming to the Well,' (28) 'A Savoyard,' (145) 'In Harvest Time,' and (256) 'A Guernsey Peasant Child.'

Mr. Newton's (202) 'Winter Foliage—the Garden of the Prince of Monaco, Menton,' presents a remarkable contrast to the drear solemnity of the snow-mantled mountains of the Highlands. In this combination of trees and peeps of distance there is nothing to entitle the subject to the extension accorded to it. In proportion as the voiceless Highland hills were aggrandized, the spirit was awed by these mysterious shapes, that seemed now to be claimed by the clouds as no longer of the earth. But the very size of this garden dwarfs it; the subject would have been much more agreeable as a small drawing. As a painter of snow-clad mountains Mr. Newton stands one of a very few, if not alone; but as a painter of an Italian garden, he is but one of many.

'The Moorish Tower of the Giralda, Seville,' E. A. Goodall (57), might well have been a much larger drawing than it is; it has all the elements that constitute largeness, and treated as an important picture would have been a telling subject. The tower rises in the right of the drawing with an interval of picturesque dwellings, with their three tiers of verandas. In the (67) 'Fruit-market, Venice,' by the same, the eye is caught by the Ponte di Rialto as a principal object, with all the fruit and vegetable boats on the right of the quay. 'San Giorgio, Venice—Moonlight' (184), is also by Mr. Goodall; and (170) 'Rome, from Monte Pincio,' is the view across to St. Peter's, over the Castle St. Angelo, the dome of the cathedral rising out of the lower mass of shade, and the Vatican stretching out to the right, the whole opposed to a light evening sky. There is much to be seen in the Pincian Gardens, but it is to the sky and the veiled buildings that are thrown up against it that the eye is attracted.

The 'Interior of the Dom, Münster, Westphalia' (74), Samuel Read, looks like a drawing of conscientious truth. The subject cannot have been chosen for any general picturesque quality it possesses, for beyond the magnificent screen, with its three altars, there is nothing. The painting and drawing, however, of this screen is an instance of great power and singular endurance. In (129) 'The High Altar in the Church of St. Augustine,' much more construction, elegance, and great richness of colour, are apparent; there is also (199) 'Chapel in the Church of St. Paul, Antwerp,' equally careful with the latter in drawing and painting; indeed, as a painter of architecture, Mr. Read takes a high place, but it is entirely his own; he displaces nobody.

Birket Foster's 'Wark's Burn, Northumberland' (7), is pleasantly mellow in colour; he may be congratulated on the breadth he gets into his work when it is remembered that the entire surface of his paper is worked over in stipple, though it is not so apparent in this drawing as in some others. The practice of stippling out every item of a landscape composition, places the painter under a dead weight that is for ever bearing him downwards; for instance, in (192) 'Gleaners,' whatever weakness may be found in this drawing is the result of stipple. It appears only in close examination, but the effect of it is seen as far as the drawing is visible. 'Down Hill' (212) is another drawing by Mr. Foster; and all these works have peculiar beauties, but their good qualities could be produced by a more generous execution, whence must follow greater effect.

'The Ice Cart' (169), C. Branwhite, is a composition, but the parts cohere so pertinently as to defy a precise analysis. These winter scenes placed Mr. Branwhite at once in a position of vantage before the public, and every succeeding year since his frosty and snowy advent he has been *par excellence* the *glacier* of the exhibitions.

In 'Crossing the Stream' (263), Walter Goodall, we see two children, the one carrying the other across; the figures are well drawn and painted; but this is far exceeded by his interiors with figures, such as 'Le Chapelet' (149), and 'The Rabbit Hutch' (125), both of which are beautifully bright and clear.

'Nisida from the Solfatara' (179), T. M. Richardson, is this artist's best production; from being less broken in the foreground than many of his other drawings, it does not fret the eye. It is a scene to dream of, and the sentiment is happily suited to it. Mr. Richardson proposes 'Salerno' (141) as his most important drawing; it is his largest and most elaborate. Other scenes by Mr Richardson are (87) 'Coaster discharging Coals,' (87) 'Horse-shoe Bay, Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' and (221) 'Remains of an Old Breakwater, Isle of Wight.'

The ragged and worn surface of the houses in (85) a 'Street Scene at Münster, Westphalia,' J. Burgess, Jun., is a much more grateful representation of such quaint old buildings than the new and smooth-faced exterior we see continually given to them. The like unqualified description is given of the buildings in (103) 'The Tower of St. Andrea's Kirche, and old Houses at Brunswick.' And into a subject of a totally different kind is carried the same unflinching assertion of substance and stability, that is (108) 'A Clearing up at Snowdon, a study from the Old Road at Capel Curig.'

By C. Davidson (45) 'A Sussex Farm-house, Early Spring,' is a production of infinite labour, so much so as in parts to rival photography. It were of course impossible to persuade the artist that his earlier trees, so amply and vigorously developed, were more agreeable than those which he now sometimes paints. In (267) 'Reigate, Autumn,' the whole is well kept together by the genial character of the background. Mr. Davidson exhibits also (189) 'Waiting to be folded,' (180) 'Swansea Bay, with Oystermouth Castle,' &c.

No. 76, 'The Sands at Low Tide,' S. P. Jackson, favourably instances this artist's feeling and manner: he sees everything very distinctly, and so presents his objects in his drawing. It is evening, and the reluctant and slowly retiring tide is the argument of the piece.

W. Hunt is one of those who is not in such force this season as usual. His drawings are numbered and called—(238) 'Pine Apple;' (255) 'Grapes,' &c.; (258) 'A Chick'—one of a series painted for J. Ruskin, Esq., to be presented to schools of Art; (259) 'Study of a Head;' and (131) 'A Wood Pigeon'—the last his principal and best work.

By John Callow there are (50) 'Leaving the Downs;' (58) 'Off the Reculvers;' and (115) 'A Wreck at Whitby Sands,' &c.

No. 119, 'Scene at the Head of the Pass of Nant Frangon, looking towards the Lake and Falls of Ogwen, North Wales, Sunrise,' is exhibited by G. A. Fripp as his most important drawing, and as to magnitude and elaboration it is so; no pains have been spared in its completion, but there are some of his smaller works, as in (155) 'Manorbeer Castle, South Wales,' happier in treatment.

In No. 156, 'Sonning Church, Morning,' George Dodgson has descended from his former imaginative composition to a detail of actualities; but in his (261) 'Noon,' and (272) 'On the Thames below Reading,' he carries into his local portraiture much of the elegance that distinguished his former productions.

Mr. Finch's compositions are an agreeable reminiscence of the old school; and here and there are yet notable works by Riviere, Gastineau, Bartholomew, Evans, Naftel, and others. The exhibition is, as we have said, wanting in important drawings, but it abounds in small productions of much excellence.

THE NEW SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

On Saturday, the 20th of April, this society held its private view, and, according to custom, opened its doors to the public on the following Monday. This is the twenty-seventh year of the existence of the society; a period brief in retrospect, but long enough to have removed some of its early members, and to have subjected it to many trying vicissitudes. This society originated, like all secondary formations, out of the "exclusiveness" of the senior body, as the latter started into life fifty-seven years ago, a strong and lasting censure of the contemporary authorities of the Royal Academy. For all Art societies, this is a critical period; none of them know how long they may call their present abiding places their home; all have put in claims to share in the division of the Burlington property, but the government makes no sign of concession. The simple claim to consideration in the distribution of the buildings contemplated on the site in Piccadilly, has, of course, induced a canvass of the conditions and pretensions of the claimants. Had all our native Art been united in one grand national association, the government could not have justified itself in a refusal to extend aid to such a body; and the less so that none of the Art societies, save the Royal Academy, have ever received any grant from king or government. Between the two water-colour societies there is not now the slightest probability of union; but had the restrictions of the senior society been so modified as judiciously to absorb all the rising talent, it cannot be denied that one great academy of water-colour painters, embodying without question every distinguished professor of the art, would be more dignified and influential than a sectional corporation, how successful soever it may be. We argue from a conviction that there are in the New Water-Colour Society men whose works would add to the lustre of the walls of even the elder society, and also from the assurance that there are yearly exhibited in Pall Mall East, drawings that would in nowise assist the interest of the new. But the old society desires no such conjunction: the body may be called affluent, and their substantial success and popularity are recorded at the end of each season by a long tale of thousands of pounds. Nor does the junior society desire any coalition; its members have made a position for themselves by a twenty-seven years' term of steady, up-hill labour. By a junction with the elder society they would lose the respectable and distinctive individuality they have won for themselves. But had the professors of water-colour painting been united in one great academy, it is not conceivable that the government could have dealt with their application for an abode at public cost so slightingly as they have held the addresses from different sections of the same profession. Whether men in power may deem it expedient or not to do anything for the Royal Academy, water-colour painting has a peculiar claim which cannot be overlooked. It is an art of which we ought to be justly proud, for water-colour painting, in the sense we now interpret the term, was never known until practised and developed to the high perfection to which it has been carried in this country. Our artists have left nothing for the future to accomplish; in whatever school water-colour painting may be taken up, nothing can be done that has not been anticipated by ourselves.

But to revert to the subject more immediately before us. The New Society of Painters in Water-Colours consists of three classes, members, lady members, and associates. Of the first there are thirty-one, of the second ten, and of the last class there are nineteen; in all sixty members, who alone are privileged to contribute to the exhibitions. Of these, fifty-five have sent drawings, the remaining five being defaulters. The catalogue numbers three hundred and thirty-nine works, which amount gives a trifle over six works to each contributor. But an average is no representation of the real state of the catalogue, for of the members no less than eight send only one drawing, and six no more than two; but on the other hand one contributes seventeen, another sixteen, another fifteen, another fourteen, two others thirteen each, and so downwards in successively diminishing numbers until we descend to the eight already mentioned. It may be understood that the largest contributors are not figure painters; personal pictures are not so rapidly produced; were it so, they could be no more than sketches, far below the quality now necessary to give value to works of Art. But it does not follow that because the most numerous productions of certain artists respectively are not figure compositions, that the one or two by others are figure drawings. This is by no means a rule; there are many causes operative in effecting this discrepancy, the principal of which is teaching, the income derived therefrom being, to many artists, of primary importance, so that the mind is much, in many cases entirely, diverted from painting for exhibition. The Old Water-Colour Society was originally a body of landscape painters, and the New began life as a company of figure painters, by way of broad distinction from the senior body; but neither society has been able to sustain the character it assumed, and which was originally given to it. Forty years is a long period in the history of our schools of Art, though it tells for nothing in the history of painting. Forty years ago, the character of our water-colour painting was immeasurably inferior to that of our day, but since that time it has been employed in every class of subject-matter with a success which has commanded the best consideration of all interested in it. And hence, examples to which the best places in exhibitions could not be refused; not because they were vivified by a sentiment of poetry, or by an utterance of exalted narrative; their claims to admiration were superficial, mechanical—they arrested the attention by their *technique*, which was sometimes only curious, at others prodigiously eccentric, and frequently mysterious even to the most cunning professors of the craft. If there is such a thing as "high Art," these were not of that category: they may be beautiful low Art, but they brake down the ceremony that "did hedge" a prescribed choice of subject, and exhibitions have become miscellanies, instancing every kind of paintable subject. Of the sixty members and associates constituting the society there are only about a dozen figure painters; the other forty-eight, having a considerable proportion of landscape painters, distribute themselves throughout the entire circle of available material. Thus, as exhibitions are now formed, this variety cannot be dispensed with, because a landscape collection, such as that of the younger days of the Old Water-Colour, would now be felt to be monotonous; as also would a catalogue of figure subjects, even if such could be yearly brought together. Any degree of *thinness* in the exhibition of this society may be most commonly ascribed to success in teaching, which is, and has been, the staff of a great proportion of its members. The time required for the discharge of such duties, and the wear and tear consequent on their conscientious fulfilment, frustrate the entertainment of great works. Hence the support of the exhibition becomes of secondary importance; yet, among the minor drawings of this season—those which have been made more directly with reference to teaching than to sale—there are numerous instances of the soundest Art.

In his principal drawing, the President, Mr. Warren, has departed from the Orientalism to which he has long been so constant. The subject is (46) 'A Zwingfest on the Wengern Alp, August, 1860; the background is the upper portion of the Jungfrau:' a wrestling match, at which the neighbouring population, young and old, all "assist." On a board is written the very homely, but perhaps inspiriting legend,—

"Zeigt wie im Ernst sonst man heut beim Spiel,
So ehrt ihr euere Heldenahnen und das sey euer Ziel."

The figures are very numerous; some standing, and others sitting in a circle round the wrestlers. It would appear that the artist has aimed at nothing beyond a faithful description of a Swiss national sport, brought forward under a broad daylight effect: it is simple in treatment compared with Mr. Warren's Eastern pictures. His second drawing is (33) 'The Ford of the Jordan—the Greek Bathing-place.'

By Haghe there are four, two of which are large (63) 'The Artist's Studio,' and (76) 'The Interior of the Cathedral of Milan.' The former is, *sui generis*, a drawing in which the signature "L. Haghe" may be said to be written all over. We have never been in Mr. Haghe's studio, but as it is of late much the practice for artists to paint themselves in their workshops, we may suppose this to be a drawing of the "artist's" laboratory, and the figure at work at the easel Louis Haghe himself—it is like him, and he paints with the left hand. The model he is working from is a standard-bearer of the seventeenth century, the idea, perhaps, taken from Lord Warwick's Rembrandt. The garniture of the room is admirable, with its lights and darks; there is enough for a very full composition, but nothing importunes the eye. The drawing anywhere may be pronounced a *chef d'œuvre*, but we cannot help comparing Haghe with Haghe; we find here and there signs of impatience; as a whole, the work is not so lustrous as foregone productions. To No. 76, 'The Interior of Milan Cathedral,' much of what we say anent the studio will apply. Some of the deeper gradations are heavy and opaque, and there is not the superb finish we have been accustomed to see in these works; but in respect of space and grandeur, ample justice is done to the place; and this is most skilfully ordered by the way in which the scant congregation is introduced, by the great elevation given to the vaulting, and even by the exertion of the preacher, who desires to be heard in the most distant nooks of the cathedral. Mr. Haghe's other drawings are No. 315, 'Preparing for the Fight,' and No. 323, 'The Song of Victory,' both small, but sufficiently interesting to have merited a larger treatment.

No. 88, 'Elaine, the Lily Maid of Astolat,' E. H. Corbould, is a version of the subject so often painted—the bier steered by the "dumb old servitor." The circumstance of the composition is pompous and gorgeous, but not more so than the terms of the verse—

"So these two brethren from the chariot took
And on the black decks laid her in her bed,
Set in her hand a lily, o'er her hung
Her silken case with braided blazonings," &c.

The artist adheres to the letter of his text; he paints the "blackest samite," the "cloth of gold," the "blazonings," and brings the whole together by that license which he is fairly entitled to use. But withal it is almost beyond mortal power entirely to escape the scenic in painting closely from the description of the poet. We cannot but applaud the manner in which the black velvet is utilized: it is subdued, kept in its place, and made to assist the mournful sentiment. Mr. Corbould may, or may not, have painted the landscape; neither that portion of the composition, nor the narrowness of the stream on which the death-barge is borne, is consonant with the solemn sentiment of the

rest. By the same hand there are two other subjects, both from Adam Bede, and both painted by command of her Majesty; they are (206) 'Hetty and Captain Donnithorne in Mrs. Poyser's Dairy,' and 'Dinah;' the latter is in the act of addressing her "dear friends," of whom there is a large assembly around her. Both works markedly exemplify the difficulty the artist finds in dealing with his teeming conceptions; the very redundancy of material is not always facility of composition.

No. 189, 'Venice in her Pride and Power—the Secret Tribunal of Three sitting in Judgment,' Carl Werner, is, as to the figures, a suggestion from Cooper's "Bravo of Venice," but the place of the incident seems to be an accurate representation of the Judgment Chamber as it now is. The three judges sit masked on the left of the picture, while Jacopo stands on the right, under an examination, during which he informs his tormentors of the death of his father. In the frame of this work are inserted eight small drawings, after important passages in the career of Jacopo, in which appear *il Buintoro*, the state barge, the column San Marco, the regatta, Jacopo and Gelsomina on the Bridge of Sighs, the insurrection of Venetian fishermen, the marriage of Donna Violetta, the drowned fisherman, and a scene in the cells beneath the leads. Mr. Werner exhibits altogether eleven drawings, principally architectural and interiors, in both of which he excels. No. 213, 'Home, Present and Past—an apartment in the artist's residence at Leipsic, with a group of relics of other times,' is a masterpiece; and 'The Rose of the Alhambra' (259) is extremely interesting, as showing in a very spirited manner what we believe to be the present condition of the Alhambra.

No. 238. 'Dar-Thula,' Henry Tidey. With admirable hardihood this artist goes to Ossian for his subject, and produces a drawing which reminds us of the old school of English water-colour, as having been modestly painted without any yearning after dazzling colour or theatrical effect. The circumstance occurs at the end of the poem. Dar-Thula, after the battle with Cairbar, stands over the body of her slain lover, and escapes in death the taunts of Cairbar. That independence of thought that urges an artist to read and think for himself cannot be too highly applauded, for it is too much the practice of our painters all to fly at any well-favoured quarry which one more fortunate than the rest may have started. The limbs of Mr. Tidey's figure are a trifle too heavy, and the chest is narrow, and if the features had been less defined, they would have been more in accordance with the misty style of the description.

In No. 25, 'The Long Sermon,' W. Lee, is presented a bench full of charity girls, who, we see at once, are weary of the discourse, and avail themselves of the sound sleep of their ancient mistress to bestow the tediousness as well as they may. Each of the girls is a patent variety of the charity-school type, but their stale and mouldy mistress is good enough, or bad enough, to be one of Dickens's best ideals. By the same artist there are also (57) 'Returning from the Well,' and (253) 'The Drinking-Fountain.'

There is a remarkable drawing by J. Absolon from Lamartine's "History of the Girondists," in which appears Mdlle. de Sombreuil, about to drink a glass of blood—a penalty proposed to her, as the terms on which life will be granted to her father. She had interposed her own body when the weapons of the fiends were pointed against her parent, who is now rescued by a devotion of which history furnishes not many examples. The subject is not one in Mr. Absolon's ordinary vein—not one that would interest many painters, on interested motives, for few persons would care to possess so lively a reminiscence of a fact so revolting. We find, in No. 242, 'Isola Bella, Lago Maggiore,' something more sunny—a sentimental party on the brink of the lake, with a distant view of the islet and its picturesque surroundings. (245) 'Berne,' by the same, is a girl in the costume of the canton, one of Mr. Absolon's best single figures.

Edmund G. Warren's 'Rest in the Cool and Shady Wood,' is a study of beech and other trees, all in shade, with peeps here and there of a harvest-field, and bright masses of foliage rejoicing in the outside sunshine. Mr. Warren states his season to be autumn, and, being so, he might have given a little more warmth to the broad mass of foliage. The ground, with its covering of dead leaves and scant herbage, is curiously wrought—lower than nature, but this is pardonable, for the sake of the one or two dazzling lights that are on the ground.

No. 56. 'The Upper Lake of Killarney—Sunset,' by W. Bennett, has, wherever he places trees before us, all his rough and nettle-like texture; but when we feel his light and air, these are all geniality and tenderness. This, it appears, he proposes as his great work of the season; but it is not a class of subject whereby he would ever achieve the distinction he has won by painting forest trees, near and far, under a cloudy sky; such scenes, under his hand, are powerfully eloquent. Besides this work he has sent twelve others, generally smaller, many of which are more consonant with his feeling.

'The Valley of the Lledr' (144), J. C. Reed, a large and highly-elaborated picture, full of colour, but wanting in atmosphere; it seems to have been worked too near the eye, but with a constancy beyond all praise.

Mr. Fahey's 'View from the Tarn Dimples, Whitbeck Fell, Cumberland, St. Bee's Head in the Distance,' is at once recognisable as Cumberland scenery; it appears to be very faithful in colour, and also in its description of distance. Besides this work, Mr. Fahey paints 'Goodrich Castle, on the Wye' (222); 'The Keeper's Lodge, Kensington Gardens;' 'Black Comb and Bootle, Cumberland' (50); 'At Great Tew, Oxon' (23); and many other scenes.

No. 148, 'The Princess Elizabeth Prisoner in the Tower,' by A. Bouvier, is the best drawing we remember to have seen under this name; but the attitude of the princess is too stiff, as the little child offers her the tiny keys whereby she may "unlock the gates, and go abroad." This artist's other drawings, 'Olympia,' and 'Lesbia,' refer so pointedly to ancient mural paintings, as entirely to forbid association with any breathing creation of either modern or classic poetry.

'The Church and Capucin Monastery of San Michele, Venice,' J. H. D'Egville, is a broad substantive drawing of a piece of architecture seldom painted for its own sake, but which composes well, either as a fully-relieved principal, or a secondary to other objects.

No. 211. 'The Woods of Cliefden and Taplow, as seen from the Great Western Railway—Autumnal Evening,' H. C. Pidgeon, presents a combination of beauties equalled only by the view from Cliefden itself; it is a very careful drawing. There are also by the same (180) 'Cottage at Sonning, Berks;' (133) 'Scene in Eridge Rocks;' (124) 'By the Wood Side,' &c.

'A Hopeful Parting,' J. H. Mole (201), is a suggestion from Mackay's ballad—

"What joy attends the fisher's life," &c.

The fisherman is here represented taking leave of his "faithful wife" before his cottage "on the strand:" the scenery is much like that near Hastings. No. 100, also by Mole, 'Fishing for Dog Crabs,' is an open scene with a group of children on a piece of rock; both of these are large drawings. Others are—'Near Tintern, Monmouthshire,' 'A Highland Girl,' 'Gleaners on the Devonshire Coast,' &c.

No. 70. 'Vesuvius, &c., from the Ruined Palace of Donna Anna, Naples,' Charles Vacher, is a view that every artist sketches who goes to Naples: the palace here shuts out the inner portion of the bay, and the sweep of buildings that views of the bay, and the coast line repeat *ad nauseam*. Some of Mr. Vacher's other contributions are—'Snowdon from Capel Curig;' 'Sunset, Italy;' 'Italian Peasants returning from Market;' 'An Italian Evening,' &c. These drawings are generally full of light and air, but the anxiety for these effects frequently causes other necessary qualities to be forgotten.

'The Garden of the Tuileries, Paris' (249), W. Wyld, shows by the absence of lightness, especially in the trees, the French feeling that has dictated the execution; it is minute and particular, and instead of the eye being gratified by the discovery of beauties for itself, they are forced upon it. But in (229) 'The Garden of the Luxembourg,' there is more of the essence of the pictorial; yet the place looks aggrandized in the drawing. The trees are not so heavy as those in the other drawing.

The 'Castle of the Seigneurs de la Tremouille, Vitré, Brittany' (20), J. S. Prout, conveys an impression of squalid poverty in the associations of the place that mocks its fallen grandeur. We do not learn whether the castle is habitable or not, but seen as it is in twilight, surrounded with miserable cottages, it is perhaps intended to contrast the present ruined condition of the place with what was in its best days an imposing castellated ruin.

In 'The Rialto, Venice,' W. Telbin (40), we see only a portion of the bridge, with some of the houses flanking the canal, which are painted with a firm, matter-of-fact resolution to give nothing more, but nothing less, than the plain features of the place as it is; and in much the same spirit is 'The Maria della Saluta,' which is presenting the back of the edifice, not often given.

In 'Raglan Castle, Monmouthshire,' John Chase, the obvious purpose has been to realize a portrait of the ruin; and Mr. Chase's other drawings show equal steadfastness of purpose in the same direction. By J. Wykeham Archer there is a drawing in the same realizing spirit, the 'Window in the Old Nursery, Prudhoe Castle.'

Mr. McKewan is the largest contributor to the exhibition, which may, and probably is, the cause why his works are not so fresh, and otherwise so successful as usual; his subjects are, however, well chosen for points which attract the student of landscape: he exhibits 'Looking down the Willon Beck, Eskdale, Cumberland;' 'A Solitary Spot under Sca-Fell;' 'In Windsor Old Park;' 'Ludlow Castle, Shropshire,' &c.

Other drawings that show well directed effort are Edwin Hayes' 'Hay Barge on the Thames,' and 'Outward and Homeward Bound;' Miss Farmer's 'Lost Sixpence;' H. Weir's 'Ptarmigan;' Campion's military exercitations; Mrs. Oliver's 'Bouvignes, on the Meuse,' 'Watford, Herts,' &c.; and a variety of brilliant studies of flowers by Mrs. Harrison, Mrs. Fanny Harris, Mrs. Duffield, &c.

As a whole, the exhibition will be found more equal than of late years; look where you will, the smaller works commend themselves to the eye by various excellences.

It is now in contemplation to change the name of this society. Whatever title may be assumed, it is resolved that the body shall no longer call themselves "New." It is a matter of surprise that the epithet has been so long retained, since it might well have been dispensed with when the society attained its majority.

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART VI.

In the last Number of the *Art-Journal* allusion was made to the early pictures executed on unprepared linen cloth, generally, if not universally, of Eastern origin, and to be referred to either the first or the second centuries.

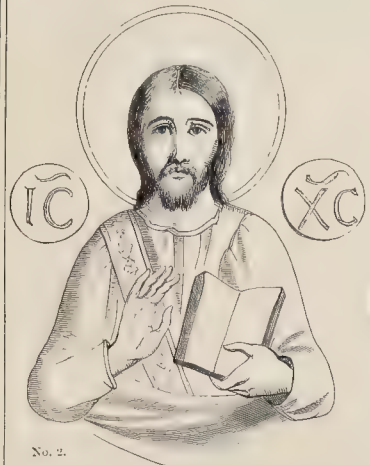
The Christians of the pseudo Greek races, occupying Asia Minor and Byzantium, appear



No. 1.

in all ages to have entertained an especial devotion to pictorial as distinguished from sculpturesque representations.

The church in these countries, from the earliest period, steadfastly rejected all aid from



No. 2.

the plastic arts in the symbolising of sacred forms, or in the decoration of their religious buildings. The "making the likeness" of any Divine, or indeed human object in relief, or in what the sculptors term the round, seems to have been considered as an infringement of the Divine command against graven images, and as such coming within the definition of idolatry. But the representation of objects on a flat surface not being specifically included in the terms of the prohibition, that form of delineation was used with an universality and an earnestness of purpose that has scarcely been seen in any other age or people. The style of the earlier productions of Christian portraiture in these countries was at first much affected by the conventionalities of the contemporary sculpture; but as sculptural art declined, painting became characterised by forms and modes of study peculiar to itself. Barbarous and unlearned at first, but, after a time, exhibiting an amount of artistic power that, though never arriving at absolute excellence, was yet capable of influencing all contemporary Art, and finally leading to the revival of the twelfth and thirteenth centuries in Germany and Italy.

The progress of Greek or Byzantine Art was destined never to exceed certain limits. A time arrived when, in common with the philosophy, the religion, and the pervading intellect of the people, it was to become fixed and petrified, so as to admit of no further change or development. Other schools of Art, the Italian, the German, might be generated by it, but for itself it was to know no further progress. This was not altogether a loss to the future. Types and traditions of sacred things, that had been handed down historically from the first age of the church, have been thereby transmitted to us unaltered, untampered with by either the ignorance or the erratic imagination of the painter. In Germany and Italy, as elsewhere, the unfettered liberty of the artist allowed of the Divine resemblance being portrayed with all the variations of form and expression that might suit the fashion of the moment or the ideas of the painter, who might thereby hope to establish a reputation for originality. The Greek or the Asiatic artist was allowed no such liberty; generally a monk, he felt it as much incumbent on him to hand down the traditional form and features in even the most minute integrity, as it was to transmit the tenets of his faith unaltered. Or if the artist were a layman working for the church, a strict and uncompromising monitor was at his elbow, in the shape of an ecclesiastic, forbidding any, even the slightest, divergence from the recognised type.

As a natural consequence of this continual repetition, such works will be found to lack all life, freshness, and feeling, and, on the contrary, to possess a hard rigidity of character which, while it renders the picture certainly less attractive, evidences the conciseness of the tradition in which it originated. So fixed and rigid has this form of representation become in all Eastern works of Art, that were it not for the freshness of the materials, it would be difficult to distinguish a picture painted to-day from the production of the third century. The same hard type, the same symbolic accessories, the same gold, vermillion, and azure, will be found in each.

Greek Art has for the last fifteen hundred years been absolutely stationary; prolific enough as far as regards the mere quantity of its productions, but neither advancing nor receding, its whole aim being apparently to reproduce its traditional forms with more than Chinese fidelity. The immobility of the Greek tradition may be observed also in the Greek faith; unchangeable, it knows of no development, and any alteration or addition to its doctrines, such as we have recently witnessed in the western church, would in it be absolutely impossible. The same persistence may be observed in the feelings with which artistic productions are regarded by the Eastern populations of the present day. The miraculous legends that are recounted to us by Italian sacristans and custodians, in reference to the older Greek pictures, have, in all probability, been handed down from the earliest centuries, since they were as common and as recognised when the Empress Helena, in the year 330, adopted measures for the preservation of such works, as they are to-day; and the superstitious feeling with which modern Greeks and Russians regard their pictures, is but the survival of the same sentiment that in the first ages of the church prompted its members to invest certain works with supernatural efficacy.



No. 3.

The practice of wearing an effigy of the Saviour under the clothes, which may be traced in the Eastern church during the first and second centuries, has continued unaltered to the present day. We read how in the Crimean war every Russian, whether taken dead or alive, was found with an amulet in the shape of a sacred portrait; and all travellers concur in remarking on the intense devotion of the Eastern church for everything in the form of pictures, not so much as works of Art,

but as talismans, or *fetish:* everywhere, in public and in private, in every room of the cottage, in every shop, in every public office, at the corners of the streets, in taverns, in steamboats, is the picture hung, with the lamps or the candles burning before it, and regarded with a superstitious reverence far exceeding anything that is to be seen even in Italy. In private life, the picture, not the image (as in the western church), plays the part of the family Bible, of the wedding gift, of the birthday present, and finally accompanies the member of the church to his last resting-place. Identified with the domestic life, it has also entered into the national life. A picture has become a watchword of a country's faith and nationality; Eastern armies fight under a picture for a banner. In a church it is rather an indispensable appendage than an adventitious aid to devotion. At any time during the last fifteen hundred years a Greek ecclesiastical edifice, from the basilica to the smallest chapel, will be found covered from top to bottom, from side to side, walls and roofs, and screens and columns, with a mass of gilded pictures, seldom of any artistic value, not put there apparently for the sake of show or effect, but to subserve some unexplained feeling of superstitious reverence for antique traditions, as they will be found all cast in the same ancient mould, and overcast with the same ancient hue, and each, from the smallest figure to those gigantic ones which look down on you with their large eyes from the arched vaults above, performing a part, and bearing a recognised relation to the whole.

The ancient productions of Byzantine Art, in which the type or pattern of subsequent works originated, have been exposed to more than the ordinary amount of destructive influences. Pagan barbarism, iconoclastic prejudice, and finally Mahometan fury, operated to their annihilation. The superb mosaics of the churches of the East, and, in most instances, those of Italy, the pictures in the monasteries, and those of the laity, as far as these last could be discovered, were all involved in one common destruction. Some churches in Sicily, in Ravenna, and in Rome, certainly escaped, and in a corner of the roof of the Mosque of St. Sophia, at Constantinople, there may still be seen a portion of the ancient mosaic that has escaped the general destruction. From these causes the most ancient and reliable instances of Byzantine Art are to be found in the metal enamel pictures that, in consequence of their having been worn secretly by the living, or interred with the dead, have been preserved with but little, if any, deterioration to the present day.

The illustration marked No. 1 is, perhaps, the oldest instance of Greek or Byzantine metal-work extant; it is executed in either solid gold or in gold plate, of about the size rendered in the cut. The antiquity of this work, besides being established by the sepulchre whence it was taken, is evidenced by its mode of workmanship. A metal image in the round, or in high relief, would have fallen under the letter of the prohibition of the second commandment, whereas the same object worked in low relief escaped it; consequently, we see just enough projection given to the whole figure as was absolutely necessary in giving any representation at all. The traditional features will all be found thoroughly marked, and the attitudes of the one hand in benediction, and the other holding the scroll, are in conformity with the fashion that had established itself in these respects from the middle of the second century. After the date at which it may be assumed that this work was executed, it was found that the combination of mosaic with the metal-work afforded a readier mode of delineation than the low relief, besides being more distinctly separated from anything that could be included under the Divine prohibition. Of these enamel works, an especially beautiful one (cut 2) is now in the treasury of St. Mark's, at Venice, to which place it was brought from Constantinople at an early period of the tenth century. The colouring in the original is exceedingly gorgeous, the robe being of bright violet and gold, which, with the blue nimbus and the scarlet of the symbolic figures, unite in rich and perfect harmony.



No. 4.

The art of mosaic in coloured glass (as distinguished from naturally coloured stone) developed itself with extraordinary power immediately on the christianizing of the empire. A detailed account of these works will form the subject of the concluding article on this inquiry in the next number of the *Art-Journal*.

The eclipse of Christian art caused by the invasion of Rome by the Ostro-Goths of the sixth century, was not of long duration; but while it lasted it was complete, and any works in the possession of the people were either executed by stealth in the workshop of the blacksmith, or had been secreted from the general destruction. Two instances of these works, as being more interesting than most others of their class, are given in cuts 3 and 4. The first, it will be seen, represents a whole-length figure of our Lord carrying the book, and in the act either of benediction or teaching. It would be difficult to adequately describe the particularly living and speaking appearance of the original. The execution of the features and of the figure generally is ruder than in most works of the same age and class; nevertheless it fixes the attention of the beholder with a commanding spirituality peculiar to itself. The eyes, though represented with no more elaboration than a piece of blue and a piece of white flat glass could afford, still seem, in combination with the concentrated expression of the mouth, to follow and address the spectator in whatever part of the room he may move to. The mode of workmanship is almost unique. Thin wedges of metal (gold or bronze) appear to have been placed upright in different divisions through the figure, which is in relief, and about one inch in thickness to about two feet in height; a coloured molten glass would then seem to have been poured between the ridges or walls of metal to form the drapery and the figure: over this, in smaller pieces, the glass with which the face and ornaments were delineated would appear to have been affixed either by a second fusion or by cement. This unique work was disinterred from beneath the pavement of the church of St. Maria, in Trastevere, in the year 620, at which time it must have been buried (for secrecy, as it was not found in a grave) at least a century; it now exists in the museum of the Roman College, and I was enabled to make a copy of it by the kindness of Father P. Garucci, the principal of that establishment.

Cut No. 4 is from an amulet or talisman, intended to be worn under the dress, either as a secret or cabalistic symbol, whereby members of the Church might be recognised by each other, or, what is more probable, as a charm against evil influences. The work is executed entirely in enamel upon metal. The expression and the countenance in the original is well, and, indeed, beautifully, given. The extent of symbolic ornamentation, and the form of the Alpha and the Omega, at the feet and on the seat, show it to be a work of a period subsequent to the fourth century, but antecedent to the sixth, as, after that age, the cloak or toga is universally represented with a bordering similar to the ecclesiastical vestments of the period.

In the enamel pictures of the East, will be discovered the germ of those principles of brilliant and harmonious colouring that have, ever since their period, obtained in the schools. The Greek cloth pictures, though they surpassed in expression, possessed no qualities of either arrangement or of colour. The frescoes of the catacombs, while often excellent in arrangement, were limited, in their chromatic scale, to the few chalky tints afforded by the earthen pigments. In the Byzantine school, the discovery of the manufacture of coloured glass, with its endless series of intense azures, golds, and scarlets, enabled the painter to endow his works with a gorgeousness, and, at the same time, with a special character of harmony, such as make them stand alone and distinct from the productions of any other age or country. This peculiarity of the school is visible not only in such works of Art as those we have been speaking of, but in its architecture also.

THE

CRYSTAL PALACE ART-UNION.

THE lively interest we feel in the successful progress of this institution induces us to keep its existence, its merits, and its claims, constantly before our readers. It is this sustained advocacy which alone is of any real value to an Art-union. Being in its nature, and also in its operation, altogether dependant on constant support, an Art-union requires from its sincere and earnest friends such sympathy as will ensure for it an enduring popularity. The *Crystal Palace Art-Union* is doing good to the cause of both Industrial and High Art; and we are convinced of its ability greatly to extend the range, and to increase the efficacy, of its present beneficial action. This Art-union endeavours to elevate public taste, by bringing the public into familiar contact with works of a pure Art-character, and it encourages and fosters the highest industrial arts by adding considerably to their popularity. It is also a highly desirable element in the existence of the Crystal Palace itself, inasmuch as it vindicates for the Palace a distinct, definite, and thoroughly practical title to be considered one of the grand Art-patrons of the present time.

Since we drew attention in our February *Art-Journal* to the presentation works that have been prepared by the council for their subscribers of the present season, the season itself has made rapid advances towards a close, and with it the operations of the institution have fully kept pace. We



1.

now desire to corroborate and to repeat the commendation we have already bestowed upon the admirable series of presentation works which this Art-union has placed before its subscribers for their selection. The better these works are known, and the more completely they are understood, the stronger does their claim upon all lovers of Art become. With the view, accordingly, to make them even still better known than they already are, we have decided upon engraving a few examples of the presentation works; and to these engraved examples, as fair specimens of the whole series, we now specially invite the attention of our readers. The objects, because of their intrinsic merits, fully deserve any honour that may be shown to them; and from ourselves, who have so long laboured to accomplish precisely the results that receive from them so powerful an impulse, these works certainly may expect the hearty approval it affords us so much pleasure to express.

It is the special characteristic of each of these objects, that it is of the full value of the subscription to which they are severally assigned; indeed, both in design and execution, they are considerably in advance of any similar productions that are to be obtained at the same rates. Thus, in addition to a full equivalent for their subscription, subscribers have a chance (one chance for every guinea subscribed) in the annual prize distribution. We are particularly desirous to urge upon the public these facts—that the presentation works are actually of the full value of the amounts of the subscriptions, and also that the prizes may be won by any subscriber, in addition to the presentation works he may select for himself.

To the busts and the statuette we have felt that full justice could scarcely have been rendered by wood-engravings of the size to which our space



2.



3.

restricts us, and we therefore have decided that our illustrations should consist only of other works, equally meritorious, and better adapted to our requirements. These are, Ex. 1, the *Perforated Basket, with the group of youthful figures;* it is a most successful example of statuary porcelain, and is enriched with gold chasing, and has a lining of ruby glass. Ex. 2 and 3 are vases, the latter being the *Wedgwood Vase*, which, as our engraving significantly intimates, is a production of a very high order of ceramic art. It shows how great an advance has already been accomplished in our fictile Art-manufactures, and gives good promise that the Wedgwood of our own time will speedily be worthy



4

will experience that strenuous support which it has a just right to expect.

We may not omit to state that there are, in addition to the ceramic presentation works, some beautiful and highly interesting Photographs offered to subscribers who may prefer them. Nor are we by

very recently been added to the list of one-guinea works; it is from a design by David Roberts, R.A., and is suitable for supporting any of the busts. Our space not having permitted us to illustrate many of these works, we the more strongly recommend a personal inspection of the originals. They will be found competent to endure a very searching investigation. It is a close examination that these productions ask for, that their worthiness may be fully appreciated. We can speak of them as being honourable alike to the artists who have created them, and to the institution which has provided them for its subscribers; and we, consequently, cherish the confident expectation that the *Crystal Palace Art-Union*

any means disposed to leave, without, at least, an expression of the warmest admiration, the exquisite examples of Engraved Glass, that have been produced by Mr. Apsley Pellatt, to form a part of the series of prizes which every subscriber may hope to secure.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

ANCIENT ITALY.

(THE BANISHMENT OF OVID.)

Engraved by J. T. Willmore, A.R.A.

If John Martin's architectural conceptions astonish by the grandeur and vastness of his designs, those of Turner win admiration by their beauty, elegance, and symmetrical arrangement. Had he chosen the profession of an architect instead of that of a painter, and if "ample room and verge enough"—full and free opportunities, that is—for carrying out his ideas had been afforded him, what magnificent structures he would have erected over the face of his country! The question to which so much discussion has lately been given, whether the Gothic or Classic style be the better adapted to our requirements and climate, would scarcely have given him a thought. There is no instance, so far as we remember, of a bit of Gothic work in any of his pictures, except in his Venetian views. His mind was full of the Art of old Rome, and it would almost have been as easy to roll back the stream of the Tiber, as to divert his affections from the memories associated with the ruined grandeur yet visible in the city of the Cæsars and other parts of Italy. This was the land of his idolatry; its palaces, its temples, its fountains, skies, and landscapes, were all sources of inspiration whence he drew forth those marvellous displays of pictorial beauty which have given immortality to his name.

What a glorious pile of palatial edifices has he reared on the banks of the Tiber in this picture of 'Ancient Italy,' or rather of, ancient Rome, in her most intellectual and luxurious age! But with all that the pages of the historian have told of her wealth and grandeur, and with whatever opinion may be gathered from existing relics, it can scarcely be supposed that even in the Augustan era, Rome presented so great magnificence as Turner's imagination suggested. Rising from the left bank of the river, in a south-west direction, is Mount Aventine, covered with a succession of buildings of various kinds, all of them in the most decorative style of architecture, some having broad terraces to the edge of the Tiber. The opposite side is also covered with edifices, but less elevated in position; among them are two of the triumphal columns yet standing in the city. In the distance is a bridge, that known in the olden time as the *Sublicius Pons*, which, according to the traditions of history, Horatius Cocles defended so bravely against the hosts of Porsenna, and which Antonius Pius reconstructed in marble at a much later period. Some ruins of the latter pile are all now remaining. Beyond the bridge is the Castle of St. Angelo.

The position of the sun with respect to the locality indicates evening, but it is not very low in the horizon, and consequently every object within the influence of its rays is lighted up with brilliancy. The sunny splendour of the picture is equal to anything Turner ever painted; the eye, however, is not dazzled by the glory, every detail and line of architecture, except in the extreme distance, stand prominently out, clear and visible, and are reflected in massive forms on the surface of the river.

By way of giving to the picture an historical character, the artist has introduced, in a subordinate manner, the banishment of the poet Ovid from the imperial city, an event which took place in the ninth year of the Christian era. Almost in the foreground is a group of figures, among whom are two who appear to be forcing the unhappy poet towards the edge of the water: on the opposite side is a boat preparing to receive him. All along the terraces are multitudes of Romans, waiting to see the last of one whose writings had long been the subject of their admiration. The immediate foreground is strewed with various articles of domestic use, probably taken from Ovid's villa, and destined to accompany him to his future home; and near these is seen part of a sarcophagus, on which is inscribed, in capital letters, Ovidius Naso. Perhaps the painter intended by this to intimate that death would not be long ere it released the poet from his term of exile. He died about nine years after his expulsion from Rome.

This fine picture is in the collection of Mr. H. A. J. Munro.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.

The Commissioners for arranging and conducting the forthcoming International Exhibition, have issued the following document having reference to the exhibition of British Fine Art. It reached us too late for insertion in our last Number, where, for the sake of the information contained in the last paragraph, it would have been more useful to many of our readers than it now can be.

Decisions Specially Applicable to Section IV. Modern Fine Arts.

Class 37. Architecture.
,, 38. Paintings in Oil and Water-Colours and Drawings.
,, 39. Sculpture, Models, Die-sinking and Intaglios.
,, 40. Engravings and Etchings.

"The object of the Exhibition being to illustrate the progress and present condition of *Modern Art*, each country will decide the period of Art which in its own case will best attain that end.

"The Exhibition of British Art in this Section will include the works of artists alive on or subsequent to the 1st of May, 1762.

"It is not proposed to award Prizes in this Section.

"Prices will not be allowed to be affixed to any Work of Art exhibited in this Section.

"One-half of the space to be allotted to Section IV. will be given to Foreign Countries, and one-half will be reserved for the works of British and Colonial Artists.

"The subdivision of the space allotted to Foreign Countries will be made after consideration of the demands received from the Commission, or other Central Authority, of each Foreign Country. It is, therefore, important that these demands should be transmitted to Her Majesty's Commissioners at the earliest possible date.

"The arrangement of the Works of Art within the space allotted to each Foreign Country will be entirely under the control of the accredited representatives of that country, subject only to the necessary general regulations.

"For the purposes of the Catalogue, it will be necessary that the Central Authority of each Foreign Country should furnish Her Majesty's Commissioners, on or before the 1st of January, 1862, with a description of the several Works of Art which will be sent for exhibition, specifying in each case, the name of the artist, the title of the work, and (when possible) the date of its production.

"The space at the disposal of Her Majesty's Commissioners for the display of British Art being limited, and it being at the same desirable to bring together as careful and perfect an illustration as possible, a selection of the works to be exhibited will be indispensable.

"The selection of Exhibitors, the space and number of works to be allowed to each, and the arrangement of them, will be entrusted to Committees to be nominated by Her Majesty's Commissioners.

"In the case of living artists, Her Majesty's Commissioners would desire to consult the wishes of the artists themselves as to the particular works by which they would prefer to be represented. The selection of works so made by the artists will not necessarily be binding on Her Majesty's Commissioners, but in no case will any work by a living artist be exhibited against his wish, if expressed in writing, and delivered to the Commissioners on or before the 31st of March, 1862.

"Her Majesty's Commissioners will avail themselves of the following eight Art Institutions of this country in communicating with artists who are members of those institutions, viz.:—

The Royal Academy.
The Royal Scottish Academy.
The Royal Hibernian Academy.
The Society of Painters in Water Colours.
The Society of British Artists.
The New Society of Painters in Water Colours.
The Institute of British Artists.
The Institute of British Architects.

"Intending Exhibitors in the British Division of Section IV., who are not members of any of the preceding Institutions, may at once receive Forms of Demand for Space, by applying to the Secretary to Her Majesty's Commissioners. These Forms must be filled up and returned before the 1st of June, 1861.

"By Order,
"F. R. SANDFORD, *Secretary*.
"Offices of Her Majesty's Commissioners,
"454, West Strand, London, W.C."

POMPEII.

Excavations conducted in a more vigorous style, and on a more enlarged scale, than have hitherto characterised the researches at Pompeii, may be confidently expected from the present government, which has already employed more than a hundred labourers in different parts of the buried city. Near the military quarters several new houses have been exhumed, whose walls are decorated with paintings which prove how rich are the treasures still waiting to reward the labour of exploration; for it must be borne in mind that scarcely one-third of the city has been uncovered, and the treasures of the Museo Borbonico have been the result of that labour in the comparatively small portion of the city to the west of Vesuvius. Near the Forum, a series of rooms is now being disclosed, in all instances decorated by painting, sometimes exclusively ornamental, but occasionally laid out with panels filled with pictures of mythologic story, or illustrative of the works of the classic poets. A large quantity of fragments of fine sculpture, portions of architectural decoration, altars, and minor articles, has been stored in the atrium of one of the houses in the principal street, opposite the Forum; and it is said to be the intention of the government to establish a new museum at Pompeii, for the reception and exhibition of antiquities to be obtained from future excavations. The great interest attached to the objects used by the inhabitants of the buried city, being kept in the place itself, instead of a distant museum, need not be insisted on.

Now that a well-conducted railway offers facilities for a visit to Pompeii, conveying the traveller from Naples in half an hour by a circuit of one of the most beautiful bays with which the shores of Italy are adorned, visitors may pleasantly make the journey; the whole distance presents objects of historic interest, the railway being cut through the lava which buried Herculaneum. It is much to be regretted that excavations at the latter city are attended with so much labour and difficulty. The fact of a large, busy town being built over ruins, which can only be cleared by great labour in chipping away the solid lava, now become stone, and which, when in a liquid state, closely filled the entire city with the mass, renders the labour and expense of excavation very great; and the necessity of continually propping all portions cleared, because of the town above ground, and the danger to that town which would result from careless excavations, seem for ever to preclude extensive discoveries, which is the more to be regretted, as the finest bronzes and statuary have been obtained from Herculaneum. Pompeii, on the contrary, being concealed only by a mass of light earth, is more easily exhumed, and we may look forward with much hope and interest to future discoveries.

The Museo Borbonico, since the advent of the Sardinian government, has been opened as freely to the public as our own museums. It used to be a continual, fretting, small taxation on the visitor, who was mulcted at the entrance to every room of fourpence or eightpence, which helped to swell the income of the half-paid officials. Now every one has a fixed and liberal salary from the government, and visitors are requested not to offer money to any one, as the officials run the risk of dismissal should it be taken. It is to be hoped that the government may complete the good work, by the preparation and publication of a useful catalogue, descriptive of the entire contents of this unique collection, giving details of the places of their discovery, and the facts connected therewith, which add so greatly to the interest of each object, and for want of which many persons ramble over the rooms, passing antiques which they would willingly linger over, if their history was known to them.

F. W. F.



THE CONVERSAZIONE AT IRONMONGERS' HALL.

GREAT expectations are proverbially but too often fallacious in themselves, and in their effects vexatious and disappointing. Such may be the prevailing rule, and yet it may admit the most signal exceptions to its operation. And, certainly, if we had been led to expect great things from the Conversazione, held on the evening of Wednesday, May 8, at the Hall of the Ironmongers' Company,* in the City of London, the event itself not only realized, but proved to be far in advance of even our most sanguine anticipations and hopes. This conversazione was one of the complete successes that occasionally crown first efforts. So far as we are aware, it was altogether without a precedent in civic entertainments. In this respect it was like the Great Exhibition of 1851, as it also resembled that famous experiment in its triumphant issue. The Ironmongers' Company have taken the initiative in elevating the character of the entertainments provided by the ancient commercial guilds of the City of London, as to the Painters' Company is due the credit of having made the first advance towards reviving these time-honoured institutions, under conditions of practical working utility in connection with the commerce of the London of to-day. Without a doubt, the conversazione of the 8th of May will not fail to inaugurate a new era in civic hospitalities; and, accordingly, while we record a truly splendid success already achieved, we feel that in this very success we have the assurance of a long series of similar gatherings in store for time to come.

Having once resolved to throw open their hall for a conversazione, the Master and other officers of the Ironmongers' Company felt it to be incumbent on them to form such a collection of objects of varied interest and curiosity, as would prove at least sufficient to ensure for their guests an agreeable evening. If a large assemblage of visitors were to respond to the invitation of the Company, they would naturally expect to find that becoming provision had been made for their gratification; and this consistent expectation it devolved upon the projectors of the conversazione to realize. They commenced operations by making applications to different well-known collectors for the loan of objects from their cabinets,—such objects in particular as, in addition to their intrinsic value or rarity or curiosity, were calculated in a special manner to be attractive to a mixed assemblage. These applications at once elicited replies, which left but little of doubt relative to the success of the plan. Cabinets and collections of every kind were freely and generously opened to the conversazione committee. Mr. Beck, the active and zealous secretary of the Company, found that his work grew and multiplied upon his hands in a ratio unknown to ordinary arithmetic. It was soon evident that the expected guests would have abundant *materiel* for an evening's enjoyment, even supposing the evening were to extend far through the night into the succeeding morning. The next thing, then, to be thought of was, the means for arranging and placing all the objects that would be assembled together to form this remarkable exhibition. The work was most happily entrusted to Mr. Charles Bailey, the architect and archæologist, and with him were no less happily associated, as sharers of his labours and allies in his duties, the brother of the secretary, the Rev. J. Beck, and Mr. Chaffers. The latter was an especially valuable ally.

So the work went on, and all was completed just at the moment when completion was required.

At the head of the contributors, with her customary kindness and liberality, was Her Majesty the Queen; and the royal example was followed as well by corporate bodies as by individual collectors, the almost only exceptions being the municipal corporations, to whom applications were addressed for the loan of their regalia, &c., but who replied only in a few instances. It would be altogether impossible, as indeed it would be superfluous, for us to attempt to form anything resembling a catalogue of these collections. Our special aim is to notice their numbers, their variety, and, above all, their singular importance. On no one occasion did we ever witness so much of diversified excellence, or such pre-eminent excellence, exhibited within a similar range. The collections may be best described as the *essence* of the Manchester Art-Treasures Exhibition. With scarcely an exception, everything was the very best of its class and order; and but few classes and orders of early works of Art and Art-manufacture failed to be represented. Foremost in the collections, considering the circumstance that they were formed by the Ironmongers' Company, we place various groups of weapons and other productions in iron, with some fine examples of such iron-work as screens, locks, keys, caskets, &c., and most interesting models of steam and other machinery. Then, next in order of succession, follow works of every conceivable variety in the precious metals and jewellery; followed in their turns by specimens of glass and of ceramic works, of manuscripts and illuminations, of rare printed books and examples of book-binding, autographs and miniatures of surpassing interest, oriental productions, Egyptian relics, textile fabrics of the most curious varieties, with an endless series of relics that are either curious or beautiful, or associated with personages and incidents that will live enshrined in the memories of all generations. The Queen sent the Benvenuto Cellini shield, that Francis I. gave to Henry VIII., and with it a splendid group of swords. Cellini's ivory shield was close at hand, contributed by Mr. Beresford Hope; and still nearer were the sword that James IV. of Scotland still retained in his grasp as he lay dead at Flodden, and the dagger that so long has held the place of honour in the arms of the good City of London—the dagger with which the Lord Mayor Walworth struck down Wat Tyler, the insurgent. Then there were the Duke of Buccleuch's matchless case of miniatures, and several other similar collections second only to these in historical interest, while emulating them in their artistic worth. Every most beautiful and interesting variety of porcelain and glass was illustrated in a manner that left nothing to be desired, Mr. Slade and Mr. Bohn being principal contributors, and Mr. Apsley Pellatt having added a case of choice specimens of his own exquisitely beautiful engraved glass. The regalia of the London companies and of a few provincial corporations added a characteristic richness to the scene, and most felicitously relieved the trophies of quaint and curious weapons, and the groups of porcelain and glass. As evidences of the concentrating powers of this conversazione, the great sword of Edward III., and his shield (which "*never*" leave Westminster Abbey), were at Ironmongers' Hall; so was Henry V.'s Agincourt shield; and so also was the French sword that Lord Nelson sent to the Corporation of London three or four days after the battle of the Nile, and with it the great admiral's autograph letter that accompanied the present. Then there were choice examples of the art of engraving (including a fine mezzotint by Prince Rupert, and some choice Albert Durers, and others by Mantegna and Carpi), selected as illustrative of the various processes, and a few pictures of first-rate excellence; and, in the same room with the pictures, a series of microscopes and stereoscopes first invited attention, and then amply rewarded it; and Wheatstone's last improvements in the electric telegraph were there, with various scientific models of scarcely inferior attractiveness. Thus it is apparent that every conceivable variety of taste might find something specially adapted to its own individual predilections, while the most cosmopolitan devotee of Art and archæology might revel at large until fairly exhausted by the very abundance of the treasures that were spread so invitingly before him. We have omitted any mention of drawings and photographs, both classes of works were present, and both bore a worthy part towards making up the unrivalled whole. We must also especially notice, as amongst the most attractive and admired objects, two large and thick volumes filled with cuttings of illuminated letters from manuscripts; they are the property of Mr. Tite, M.P., and we believe were chiefly obtained by him from Spain. Amongst the other MSS. were several volumes of the records of the Ironmongers' Company, beautifully written and exquisitely illuminated and illustrated, together with some charters and other deeds.

By a judicious arrangement, which the liberality of the various contributors rendered practicable, the collections were not dispersed from Ironmongers' Hall until after the close of the week which had witnessed their completion; and thus, during the three days that followed the conversazione, the Company were enabled to invite their friends, and their friends' friends, to inspect the treasures that had been entrusted for a while to their guardianship. Such an opportunity was made the most of by visitors in great numbers; and we can safely affirm that in every instance the collections made the most gratifying impressions on the minds of those who inspected them.* The collections looked well when visited for the second time; indeed, they fully maintained the high character which was impressed on them when they appeared under all the favourable conditions of the conversazione evening. The subsequent days were *encores* of the preceding Wednesday, making due allowance for modifications of costume, and the absence of the excellent music and of the characteristic hospitalities, that played no unimportant parts during the conversazione.

In now looking back at this successful entertainment, in the capacity of an object for bringing together a collection of works of Art, it is at once apparent that the collectors of the most costly and precious works are distinguished by a prompt and generous liberality in lending them for exhibition, as it is also certain that their collections abound in objects of surpassing interest and value. To form such a collection as we have attempted to describe only in the most general terms, was evidently an easy task for the Ironmongers' Company, simply because they had a suitable edifice for the exhibition and safe custody of the contributions, and because they were able to advance what were held to be amply sufficient claims for having the various works and objects that they desired entrusted to their care. But there still remains—as the practical impression to be left permanently behind by this unique and admirable conversazione, as its memorial

* The Hall of the Ironmongers' Company, situated on the north side of Fenchurch street, is a fine example of the street architecture of the middle of the last century. It was erected by Thomas Holden, architect, in the year 1748. The banqueting-hall, a splendid and spacious apartment, has recently been decorated afresh, and it appeared to the greatest advantage on the occasion of the Conversazione. The Ironmongers' Company was first incorporated in the reign of Edward IV., A.D. 1464.

* On the morning of Saturday, the 11th, His Royal Highness the Prince Consort paid a visit to Ironmongers' Hall, where he stayed upwards of an hour, and expressed his warm admiration of the collections to which his attention had been invited.

—the consideration of the manner in which such a collection of collections may be applied to a definite purpose. The Ironmongers' Company will not rest content with their triumph of the 8th of May, nor will the other civic Companies fail to follow their example. We invite them all, then, to reflect upon the possibility of taking steps still farther in advance, by rendering their Art-collections useful as well as wonderful, beneficial as well as attractive. It will be well in future to aim at some one grand result, instead of leaving everything like result to develop itself as it best may from the wonderfulness of the collections. It will be well also, we venture to suggest, on like occasions hereafter, to avoid such a decided inclination to archæology and antiquarianism. This was the one drawback from the Ironmongers' Conversazione—that it was too decidedly archæological. The guests, to have been in harmony with what they were so busily and so delightedly examining, ought most of them to have been habited in the costumes of the days of our Edwards, and Henrys, and Elizabeths,—a few of them glancing back to far earlier times, when the Romans and the Greeks were in their pride of power, and even to an era more remote still, when a Thothmes was king in Egypt. What was felt to be the want of the Ironmongers' collections, was the absence of works of living Art-manufactures. The steam models, and MR. PELLATT'S glass, and a beautiful case of coral contributed by MR. PHILLIPS, of Cockspur Street, some admirable imitations of Etruscan vases by MR. BATTAM, of Gough Square, and a pair of singularly beautiful vases in agate alabaster, the productions of the justly famous marble works of MESSRS. COLLINS and GREEN, were almost the only representatives of what 1861 can set, side by side, with the sixteenth and fifteenth centuries, with the fourteenth and thirteenth centuries, and with their predecessors extending into the far-away depths of antiquity, when the centuries may be said to date in reverse order, like degrees below zero. We understand that arrangements had been made for the exhibition of the most meritorious and able works in metal of our own times, in connection and for the express purpose of instituting comparison with the metal-works of the old masters of the craft. It was to be regretted that any contingency should have permitted such a part of the project not to have been realized, since such men as Hardman, and Hart, and Skidmore, and Benham, and Cox, and their confederates, could have easily shown that there exists in England, in active and energetic operation, a school of artist-workmen who work in the metals that may emulate the noblest productions of Quintin Matsys and Cellini.

But we must now be content—and we may well be more than content—with having witnessed such a collection of works of various departments of Art as the Ironmongers' Company have already brought together. To the Master, the Secretary, and the Company at large we offer our warmest congratulations on their success, and to the Contributors we likewise tender cordial thanks for their liberality. Hereafter we hope to see that modern Art is placed on terms of honourable equality with that Art which we must designate archæological, and that collections will be formed which will aim rather at excellence in one particular direction, than at a combination of miscellaneous excellencies even of the highest order.

It is scarcely requisite to add that "the usual hospitalities" of the City were not forgotten on this occasion; the Ironmongers' Company were liberal in this respect also: in a word, nothing seemed to have been neglected, that might add to the enjoyment of the evening.

THE COMMISSION OF FINE ARTS.

TWELFTH REPORT.

IN the notices which have from time to time appeared in the *Art-Journal* of the progress of the pictorial decorations of the Houses of Parliament, the suspension of portions of these works has been alluded to. For some time past this official statement of the condition of the decorations has been expected. The report is not long, it consists, with an appendix, of only twenty-five pages, and by its silence on certain topics connected with the subject is more eloquent on them than on others of which it treats. It is stated that the Commission has found that the architect has undertaken, upon his own responsibility, the whole of the minor decorative work, with the exception of the stained glass; that the artist recommended by the Commission was instructed to work out the designs of the architect instead of following his own conceptions. Hence the Commissioners abstained from any interference, and now think it their duty to state that they do not hold themselves responsible either for the taste or the expense of the decorations adopted. It is now late for the Commission to make this declaration, for it must have known how these decorations were being carried out, and it had the power of arresting any departure from its own instructions. The responsibilities of the architect have been great in many directions. For ourselves, we have always complained of one defect—that is, the want of light in the building generally for showing pictures. By daylight the frescoes in the House of Lords are invisible. In the corridors the works of Cope and Ward, and those in the so-called Poets' Hall, are but little better seen. In the Queen's Robing Room and the Royal Gallery there is a greater breadth of light, and, all things considered, these, and such apartments as these, are the only rooms in which frescoes should have been executed. As the plans and nature of the pictorial decorations were specified at a very early period of the erection of the Houses of Parliament, the architect was the only person concerned who could have been able to anticipate the result, which is, the sacrifice of a great portion of the paintings to the architecture. Years ago, the frescoes in the Poets' Hall were in this Journal pronounced a failure. We never considered them more than an experiment, and the experiment has signally failed, not only in the quality of the Art, but in the endurance of the materials; and this seems to be the persuasion of the Commission. Any further commissions for oil pictures will not be given, in consequence of the imperfection of the light. "In the course," says the report, "of repeated experiments by placing oil-pictures in situations for which, from the possibility of near inspection, they might have been apparently better adapted than fresco-pictures, we have invariably found that the shining surface, under the existing conditions of lighting, has rendered them altogether unfit for those situations." The progress of Mr. Herbert's work in the Peers' Robing Room is alluded to, also those of Mr. Ward and Mr. Cope in the corridors; and in speaking of Mr. Dyce's work in the Queen's Robing Room, the Commissioners express their extreme mortification that these works are still suspended.

The process of fresco-painting being but ill adapted for subjects containing a multiplicity of details, Mr. Maclise proceeded in 1859 to Berlin, in order to make himself acquainted with the practice of stereochrome, or the water glass method of painting, and he is now engaged in executing his grand picture, 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo,' in this manner, which has also found favour with Mr. Herbert, who has made satisfactory experiments. The state, therefore, of the pictorial decorations is this: Mr. Maclise is busied with his large work in the Royal Gallery in the new or stereochrome method; Mr. Herbert, whose cartoons and studies have taken a length of time to prepare, is proceeding with his works in the Peers' Robing Room; Mr. Cope and Mr. Ward continue their works for the corridors; but Mr. Dyce's works, which were stipulated to be concluded in the Queen's Robing Room in 1855, are suspended. The report treats of many interesting topics, to which we shall revert at some length at a future time.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE BEACON TOWER.

Claude, Painter. E. Radclyffe, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 3 ft. 2¾ in. by 2 ft. 4¾ in.

SPEAKING of Claude Lorraine, Smith, in his *Catalogue Raisonné*, remarks: "Upwards of two centuries have elapsed since the birth of this enchanting painter, and during this long period, no successful rival has appeared to compete for the wreath of fame; he therefore stands alone, pre-eminent in excellence, the admired of all beholders. A reputation so based and so universal can receive no augmentation from the encomiums of writers, and all that their pen can offer in the cause of such high merit, is a faithful record of the works which have so raised the artist, and thereby to render still more durable his well-deserved fame." To the opinion expressed in the first part of this passage we must take exception; we have had, and still have, in our own school, landscape-painters as great in their style as Claude was in his, and unquestionably as true to nature, with far less of conventionalism, and with much more of the poetry of Art. But beyond all in this or any other country stands Turner, by many degrees the grandest painter of scenery that the world ever saw, towering above the men of every age and clime in magnificence of pictorial display, beauty, and richness of expression and poetical feeling, as loftily as Homer, Shakspere, and Milton are raised above their fellows. This we say with a full estimate of the merits of Claude, whose imagination and conceptions are feeble, in comparison with those of our own great artist: in truth, Claude possessed little of the ideal; he was a faithful, yet beautiful, copyist of nature in her ordinary aspects and most common forms; and when he ventured into the region of fancy, he not unfrequently cast aside nature, when viewed in combination with the works of man. Take, as an example, the 'Europa,' engraved in a previous number of this publication: it is in such compositions as that, we see the incongruity of ideas in his mind, the absence of that *fitness* of objects to the localities where nature or man would have properly placed them; and hence that peculiar "something," which has a disturbing influence over the spectator who critically examines and analyses the picture.

This, however, is scarcely felt in his inland scenes, for though the same defects may occasionally be detected, they are not so directly obvious. Claude, surrounded by verdant meadows, bounded by gently-rising hills, animated by flocks and herds, and bright with the shining of the morning or evening sun, as "at home," happy, cheerful, and dispensing gladness to all in his company—we feel that he is in the right place, doing what is right. But we sometimes miss in him that sense of propriety when he wanders by the sea-shore; he transplants to the water-side objects which were never intended to be there, and which scarcely could exist there. Turner, it is true, was guilty of the same inconsistencies, yet he invested his compositions with such a charm of poetry, that we lose sight of the anachronisms in the beautiful garb in which he arrayed them. Claude had visited the sea-ports of Italy, but it seems to have been, chiefly, for borrowing some ideas of them; we should think he rarely sketched them, and still more rarely introduced them, in their integrity, into his pictures: most of his paintings of this class were executed in Rome, and, like his inland views, were combinations of materials gathered from various sources.

The 'Beacon Tower' is evidently of this kind; it is a composition: on the left is a ruinous temple, like that of Vesta at Tivoli; on the right, in the extreme distance, is a range of rock, on the summit of which is an extensive castle, and at the base a town of considerable extent; in the middle distance is a *pharos*, or watch-tower, used also as a light-house to guide mariners into the harbour, the entrance of which is guarded by a strong round tower. On the shore, in the foreground, are several figures, whose business or occupation it is not easy to define. The composition is very judiciously arranged, but the charm of the painting is the soft glow of morning sunshine which is thrown over the scene.

The picture is at Windsor Castle.



THE

FRENCH EXHIBITION OF 1861.

PALAIS DE L'INDUSTRIE.

As we find the French Legislative Assembly receding from its old accustomed ante-Christmas time of meeting, and drawing its assemblage close up to that of the British parliament, so this biennial congress of Art, which has hitherto habitually opened about mid-April, has now made a simultaneous movement with that of your Royal Academy. Both great festivals of refined civilization, attended by a train of minor followers, join in a "Hail, smiling May." The season is surely propitious to the deed.

The whole range of gallery saloons on the north side of the *Palais de L'Industrie* have not, since their dedication to this purpose, been so fully and so richly furnished as they are on the present occasion; and the entire aspect of the place, where the pictures are neither crowded nor over-highly hung, is extremely satisfactory. The eye, when strained with too much gazing on their ample array, has always a most agreeable relief at hand, in looking down upon that Italian garden, in which the interior basement quadrangle of the building is laid out, and embellished with the new sculpture.

And now, having got within these treasure ranges of Art, it is necessary to give a few words to our professional guide through their pleasant mysteries, viz. the Catalogue. The catalogues of the French Exhibition seem to have been, hitherto, compiled upon a principle of *ne plus ultra* inutility. Human ingenuity could scarcely produce anything of the kind more tantalizing and wearisome—in a word, more preposterous. They gave the names of exhibiting artists alphabetically, with all the works of each subjoined; the whole duly numbered from alpha to omega. Of this the hanging agents took no notice whatever. The result was, that you had no intimation of the whereabouts of any work of any artist. The sole use then of this catalogue was for reference, as you went along in a course of inspection. There being, however, no sequence in the numbers affixed to the pictures, you had to undergo a perpetual process of turning over and turning back the leaves of a small octavo. This, in the temperature of a Paris summer and an atmosphere akin to that of the Castle of Indolence, was too severe a trial for mortal patience.

Owing, probably, to remonstrances on this crying grievance, a change for the better has been made for the present exhibition. That change amounts, or, if carried out, ought to amount to this—that the hanging and numbering of pictures should accord with the register of names and indications in the catalogue. Its most startling result is, that all the works of each artist are (or ought to be) grouped together, in galaxy—the only exception being in regard to works selected for the great central saloon, such as vast battle-pieces, or portraits of individuals having special claims to distinction. It must be recorded, in sober sadness, that this new and salutary rule has not been carried out scrupulously, but quite the contrary. To the sauntering, indifferent visitor to the exhibition this is matter of perfect indifference; to the zealous discriminating amateur, whether native or foreign, it is an intolerable grievance.

The exhibition before us merited, it may be emphatically said, corrective attention on this point. In the first place, because it may safely be adjudged one of *much more than average merit;* in the second, because that merit is not attached to vast, ambitious canvases, which at a glance reveal their master, but to a universal clustering of cabinet pictures—some of the most modest dimensions—requiring frequent recourse to the roll-call to establish their identification. Insensibly influenced, in part, it may be supposed, by the British school, and, in part, by that of Belgium, the Art school of France has gradually and obviously receded from that stilted epic in which it vainly competed with the high, sincere, and poetic creations of Germany; it has happily fallen back upon a wide and various field of *genre*. In landscape, too, it has learned to eschew a feeble mannerism for genuine sympathy with nature. In both these departments, the present exhibition presents most copious and interesting evidence of this revolution. Including foreign contributions, there are 3,146 pictures arranged in these saloons and galleries, and it is surprising how numerous are those in such a muster, upon which the considerate examiner must pause with admiration.

The military element holds its place, by force of arms, first and foremost—a something of state policy, it may be affirmed, extorting for it that *quasi* pre-eminence. It is an expediency that *gloire militaire* should be alimented upon the richest repast of illustrated victory. Hence the central saloon—the saloon of honour—bristles with flashing bayonets, is shrouded with the "sulphurous canopy" of artillery, and familiarises the spectator, more especially the Gallic youth, with the soul-stirring carnage of the battle-field. On the four spacious sides of the saloon, such scenes are displayed, Solferino being in the ascendant. Besides this, they break upon the sight in every other quarter of the exhibition. Monsieur Yvon this year, as last, is commander-in-chief in these great strategies. He gives us the biggest of the Solferino battles, with the Emperor placed in the central spot of interest, surrounded by a numerous staff—the *famille militaire*—and directing that attack of the Voltigeurs of his Guard, which proved disastrous to the Austrians. We should not say that in pictorial vigour, in truthful tone of colour, this *magnum opus* was equal to either of Monsieur Yvon's Malakoff works. There are two incidents connected with it calculated to excite a smile. In the first place, it has immediately contiguous to it another Solferino, with also a foreground group of "The Emperor and his Staff," but if you seek to identify any individuals of the one circle with those of the other, you find yourself seriously at fault. They are a totally different set of persons; even his Majesty is not the same man. It would have been better had the second battle been disposed of elsewhere; there was ample room for it away from such vicinage. The second circumstance alluded to is this, that almost all the generals and lesser *aides-de-camp* around the Emperor, in Monsieur Yvon's picture, have a most extraordinary, striking family likeness in colour, feature, and expression. This is the more remarkable as each particular gallant individual is portrayed with that precision which could alone have been arrived at in express sittings. There may be something unique in this, but it can scarcely be thought to harmonise with that homely, yet important character called verity. Posterity will surely be bewildered in Versailles anent this historic *memento*.

Portraiture contributes liberally to this collection, but, it must be added, that, contrary to the established custom on your side of the water, it is neither garish nor grossly obtrusive. It reveals, however, no hand of striking superiority—nothing to shake the throne of a Titian or a Lawrence. Winterhalter has only sent one work, but that is studiously remarkable. It is a head, or head and bust of the Empress, painted on a white ground, and with drapery, as far as drapery appears, also of that neutral tint. The view is taken from the back, and the head is turned in profile. The execution of this, no doubt labour of loyal love, is supremely delicate and masterly, but along the facial line there seems a want to relief. This work stands apart, is draperied round with crimson velvet, and is a peculiar object of artistic scrutiny, as well as of observation to her majesty's lieges. The two Flandrins, J. Hippolite and J. Paul, appear on these walls in their characteristic daguerreotype concealment of touch, even in life-size portraits. Madame Browne, on the contrary, sustains all the acquired honour of her masculine and artistic pencil. Biard, so vigorous in subjects illustrative of negro slavery, and also as a humourist, takes here a new part, and gives a clever portrait of the Emperor of Brazil. The names of Pichat, Baudry, Jacquand, and Winne must also be noted amongst the portrait masters of this exhibition. Those of Chazel and Belly merit a special mark; the former for the portrait of a lady, in which singular grace and expression are conveyed with a pencil of great delicacy; the latter for a female head, in which vigorous, spirited touch, purity of tint, and a very brilliant harmonic result are strikingly conspicuous.

In the great general field of fanciful creations in Art, to which we may give the somewhat vague designation of *genre*, a line should be reserved for that admirable poet Hamon, the leader of the Pompeian school. His contributions to the collection equal anything he had previously done, in his ever delicate and expressive style. His most remarkable work, however, is one in which he leaves his ideal penciling for a daring experiment in strong contrasted colour. He succeeds in, perhaps, the most singular work in the whole collection.

Gerome also attracts many observers in this exhibition, but not with any such justice as crowns the muse of Hamon. He made a dangerous start to notoriety in his art; neither his style nor his subjects will bear a close scrutiny. The one is, for the most part, a finished effeminacy, the other, but too often, a culpable lasciviousness. Such was his 'Roi Candule,' such is his 'Alcibiades,' and still more his 'Phryné.' The evil vein which so notoriously and lamentably permeates French novel literature, is here fully and execrably exemplified and emulated. The 'Rembrandt engaged in Etching,' also by M. Gerome, is in a different vein, and proves that he might, with success, dedicate himself to better things.

To those who have paid attention to the productions of the French pencil, in times gone by, it will seem marvellous how much it has advanced in the better way of illustrating interior scenes of familiar life, with piquancy of design, and sweetness as well as force of colour. Were it consistent with your space in this exacting month, I could cite you a cohort of names, to which this exhibition is indebted for right good things of the kind, over which the lovers of Art would fondly linger. Many of them will, in all probability, become hereafter familiar to British eyes,—that too in the British market of *vertu*,—and then speak eloquently of their own merits.

In landscape, and landscape with cattle, much of the same remarks may be advanced in respect to this exhibition. Two of the strongest supporters of that class of works are not here on this occasion, viz. Troyon and Rosa Bonheur; nevertheless, their absence is not severely felt; so many emulators have they—fresh and original in feeling—who have assiduously wooed nature in her most attractive moods.

Amongst the few artists who have distinguished themselves by the singular merit of their contributions to this collection, a word must be given to one who is, probably, matchless in Europe, Blaise Desgoffe, whose imitations of artistic ornaments in metal and precious stones are so true in tint, and so exquisite in presenting an *alto-relievo*, that they seem more like reflections in a mirror, than the work of palette and pencil. Never was profound imitation more exquisitely illustrated than in these works.

Artists from every quarter of Europe have sent in their tribute to this exhibition, and, as few would take the trouble of such a proceeding, who had not reason to have a good opinion of their merits, so these foreign works are, for the most part, considerably above the commonplace in their attractions. In the galleries overlooking the central garden, there is, as usual, a full range of engravings, lithographs, small works of sculpture, and drawings for future works. Amongst the latter, I was glad to find a continuation of the 'Poeme de l'ame humaine,' by Janmot, the opening illustrations of which appeared in the Great Exhibition of 1855, and excited much admiration by their depth of original feeling.

In concluding this mere sketch of a display of Art, to which justice could only be done by critiques too prolonged for your arrangements, I can but repeat, that while ambitious works of indifferent intent are scarce in it, it abounds in sterling good works of a less pretentious class, well worthy a visit to Paris for inspection.

To give your readers practical evidence of the advance of exhibition in these saloons, since they were first dedicated to that purpose, I offer them this simple statistical table. In lithographs and architectural drawings there has been a slight decline.

Years.	Painting	Sculpture.	Engraving.	Lithography	Architecture.
1857	2,715	427	146	97	84
1859	3,045	471	159	95	112
1861	3,146	514	236	83	83

Amongst the architectural designs let it be noted that those from England, of Mr. H. E. Kendal, Jun., in which Tudor and Elizabethan styles are so strikingly illustrated, have received an honourable place, and attract considerable attention. They certainly are singular amongst French conceptions.

C.

PICTURE SALES.

Before proceeding to record the most important sale of modern pictures which has taken place this year, we must briefly notice the dispersion, on the 18th of April, by Mr. Nisbet, of Glasgow, of the collection formed by the late Mr. A. Graham, of that city. It contained numerous examples of the works both of British and foreign modern painters, and not a few by the old masters: nothing, however, of a very high character, or of a large size, was included in the catalogue. The most notable were:—'Where the nibbling sheep do stray,' a landscape by W. Linnell, 273 gs.; 'Dolly Varden and Miss Harewood,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 215 gs.; 'The Sunday School,' R. McInnes, 155 gs.; 'Rosalind, Celia, and Orlando,' J. Faed, 125 gs.; 'The Spring Wood,' W. Linnell, 253 gs.; 'The Fish, Flesh, and Fowl Markets,' P. Van Schendel, a modern Dutch painter, 122 gs.; 'Snake Charmers,' Wilkes Maddox, 125 gs; 'Landscape, with cattle and sheep,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., £185; 'Crossing the Desert,' J. F. Herring, 120 gs.; 'A Shipwreck,' James Danby, 101 gs.; 'Lallah Rookh and her Persian Slave,' Frank Wybrnd, 130 gs.; 'Home Treasures,' H. Schlesinger, 150 gs.

The intention of Mr. Gambart, to dispose of his large and valuable collection of pictures, took us, as we believe it did most others who have to do with Art matters, quite by surprise, and must have been a sudden determination; at least, no public announcement of the sale was made until within a few days of its occurrence, at the rooms of Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 3rd and 4th of last month. As might have been expected, from the magnitude of the collection,—upwards of three hundred works,—and its celebrity, as containing numerous excellent pictures, by the most distinguished painters of the English and French schools, a large assembly of amateurs were present at its dispersion. As in the case of Mr. Flatou's sale, and in others which have taken place during the present season, we do not find that Mr. Gambart's pictures reached high prices, except, perhaps, in three or four instances: we will venture to assert that, two or three years ago, a very considerable advance on the figures we are about to quote would have been realized. Whether the fall arises from the depressed state of the political and commercial world, both at home and abroad, or from purchasers taking a more rational view than they have lately done of the monetary value of works of Art, we do not now care to inquire; perhaps both causes have had a depreciating influence: the fact, however, is beyond dispute, as the following record serves to show. Mr. Gambart, we hear, is about to direct his attention more than he has hitherto done to the publication of engravings of a high class.

A very large number of the paintings are of small cabinet size; they were sold for sums varying from 20 guineas to 100 guineas, but our space this month will not allow us to specify them in detail. Of those which exceeded the latter amount were:—'Fern-Gatherers returning from the Fields,' a beautiful water-colour drawing by Topham, 151 gs. (Grundy); 'Children blowing bubbles,' E. Frère, 127 gs. (Cunliffe); 'Cattle on the Sea-shore,' C. Troyon, 130 gs. (Earl); 'Cottage Interior,' J. Phillip, R.A., 120 gs. (Earl); 'The last sleep of Argyll,' the finished sketch for the large picture in the Houses of Parliament, E. M. Ward, R.A., 257 gs. (McConnell); 'Past and Present,' A. L. Egg, R.A., a series of three small pictures sold separately, 181 gs. (Agnew and Earl); 'The Fencing Scene in *Le Bourgeois Gentilhomme*,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 510 gs. (Johnson); 'Landscape, with boys fishing,' J. Linnell, 195 gs. (Rought); 'The manuscript of Robinson Crusoe refused by the bookseller,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 110 gs. (Agnew); 'The Sacrifice of Noah after the Deluge,' D. Maclise R.A., 205 gs. (Hardy),—we believe the artist received from the first purchaser of this fine gallery picture the sum of 600 guineas; 'St. Agnes' Eve,' W. Holman Hunt, 106 gs. (Earl); 'The Gladiator introduced to the Emperor Vitellius,' J. Leon Gérome, 300 gs. (Pellett); 'Mare and Foal in a Landscape,' Rosa Bonheur, £430 (McConnell),—this beautiful cabinet picture was purchased by Mr. Gambart from the Baron de Michel, for whom it was painted. These works were included in the first day's sale, which realized upwards of £7000.

In the catalogue of the second day's sale appeared:—'A Cool Retreat,' a small oval picture, representing a female in a landscape, by W. E. Frost, A.R.A., 140 gs. (Walsh); 'The meeting of Pepys and Nell Gwynne in the Green-room,' A. L. Egg, R.A., 210 gs. (Lewis); 'Chess Players,' J. Clark, 112 gs. (Taylor); 'The Lion in Love,' engraved, S. Solomon, 160 gs. (Graves); 'Remains of the Temple of Mars, Rome,' and 'Remains of the Temple of Minerva, Rome,' a pair by D. Roberts, R.A., 235 gs. (Walsh and Taylor); 'Lear and Cordelia,' D. Maclise, R.A., 120 gs. (Taylor); 'The River Tees, Rokeby, Yorkshire,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by S. Solomon, 110 gs. (Agnew); 'Spanish Bouricairos crossing the Pyrenees,' Rosa Bonheur,—this fine picture, which has been engraved, was put up at the price of 1250 guineas: after a spirited contest between Mr. Pennell and other bidders, it was knocked down to the former at the sum of 1900 gs. 'The Raft,' F. Danby, A.R.A., originally purchased from the painter by Sir T. Lawrence, and engraved, 220 gs. (Rought); 'Venice,' W. Wild, 150 gs. (Leggatt); 'Alice Lisle,' E. M. Ward, R.A., a finished sketch for the large picture, 175 gs. (Cox); 'Friendship Endangered,' F. Stone, A.R.A., engraved, 120 gs. (Crofts); 'A Summer's Day,' J. C. Hook, R.A., 200 gs. (Leggatt); 'Vessels on the Dutch Coast,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 221 gs. (Rought); 'A Scene in Brittany,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 230 gs. (Agnew); 'Diogenes at Athens,' J. Leon Gérome, 200 gs. (Pellett); 'The Orange Girl,' W. P. Frith, R. A., 121 gs. (Pennell); 'The Disconsolate,' T. Couture, 100 gs. (Pettit); 'The Lock,' the picture by Constable, so well known from the engraving, 220 gs. (Leatham); 'Horses taken to Water,' Rosa Bonheur, engraved, 200 gs. (Taylor); 'Apple Blossoms,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A.,—this is the picture exhibited at the Academy in 1859, then in an unfinished state, it was said; it was afterwards completed for Mr. Gambert, and many of the figures repainted: it was sold on this occasion for 460 gs. (Crofts). 'A Carnival Scene in Venice,' and 'Water Carriers listening to an Improvisation,' a pair by C. Louis Müller, 200 gs. (Vokins and Agnew); 'The Dairy Farm,' C. Troyon, 200 gs. (Leggatt); 'Charles II., Nell Gwynne, and Evelyn,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 100 gs. (Leatham); 'Pilgrims arriving in sight of Jerusalem,' a large picture by T. Frère, 105 gs. (Taylor). The amount realized by the two days' sale was £17,750; a sum, we venture to affirm, far below that which the collection cost its late owner.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The mania for collecting pictures has been exemplified in a most extraordinary manner at the sale of the unfinished paintings left by Decamps. In this collection many of the works were only first ideas rubbed in on the canvas with colour, about six or eight small paintings finished, and the rest in various states of advancement. Decamps undoubtedly possessed great power as a colourist, and originality of conception; but his method of working was very prejudicial to the exhibition of pictures in an incomplete state. We annex the titles and prices of some of the principal works offered for sale:—'The Good Samaritan,' £944; 'Job and his Friends,' £724; 'Saul pursuing David,' £288; a small repetition of the latter, £164; 'Christ and the Samaritan Woman,' £140; 'Christ and the Centurion' (a very unfinished sketch), £140; 'Christ Rejected,' £280 (a mere sketch); 'Jesus and the Disciples on the road to Emmaus,' £112; 'Repose of the Holy Family,' £152; 'Balaam,' £156; another of the same subject, £136; 'Caravan in the Desert,' £116; 'Lot escaping from Sodom,' £200; 'Scene in the Holy Land,' £198; 'Polyphemus,' £624; 'The Shepherd and the Sea,' £144; 'Turkish School,' £376; 'A Turkish Butcher,' £476; 'Gaza,' £104; 'An Armenian Jew,' £280; 'The Consultation,' £140; 'Truffle Finders,' £380; 'During the Harvest' (nearly finished, a girl, a young child, and a dog in a corn-field), £880; 'The Poacher,' £280; 'A Sand-pit,' £144; 'Terrace in Italy,' £312; 'Sea-beach, Tréport,' £118. The thirty-seven pictures and sketches in oils realized nearly £8,680; the drawings brought about £1,600.

THE ART-UNION OF LONDON.

On the last day of April, the annual meeting of the subscribers to the Art-Union was held in the Adelphi Theatre, for the purpose of hearing the report of the council, and seeing the drawing of the prizes. It was understood that the chair would be taken by Lord Monteagle; but, in his absence, Mr. T. H. Hope presided. The chairman having made the usual motion, Mr. Godwin read the report, in which it was stated that the subscriptions of the year amounted to £10,882, a sum falling below that of past years; but many causes had depressed the interests of Art. Allusion was made to the practice of selection by the prize-holders themselves, as promotive of Art-education, the great purpose for which the Art-union had been established. The subscribers of the current year had received the engraving of Turner's 'Italy,' and each subscriber for the ensuing year will be entitled to an impression of an engraving by Sharpe, of the 'Raising of the Maypole,' painted by F. Goodall, A.R.A. One hundred guineas had been offered for the best series of designs, in outline, from the "Idylls of the King;" in answer to which forty-three sets had been sent in. They were last season exhibited at Suffolk Street, and the set adjudged to be the best, and to which, consequently, the premium was awarded, was by Mr. Priolo, of Edinburgh. These drawings will be engraved in outline, and future subscribers will be entitled to copies of the series. Two other premiums, of 70 guineas and 30 guineas, were offered for the best and second-best statuettes, to be executed under certain conditions. The premium of 30 guineas was adjudged to a group—'Alfred in the camp of the Danes'—by Mr. Thomas Duckett; but, although eleven statuettes were sent in, none were considered of sufficient merit to receive the higher premium. In compliance with the desire, earnestly expressed, that subscribers may be enabled to possess the bronzes and statuettes produced by the Society, the council has arranged that a subscriber of two guineas may obtain, instead of the prints to which he would be entitled, a small iron tazza; for three guineas, three chances, and the large iron tazza, or the Clytie; for four guineas, the Parian statuette of 'Innocence,' the 'Dancing Girl,' or the 'Narcissus,' with four chances; and, for larger subscriptions, works of greater value, with always a number of chances equal to that of the guineas subscribed. The statuette of 'Caractacus,' by Mr. Foley, R.A., has been reproduced in bronze by Messrs. Elkington, and a certain number of these will be distributed as prizes. The general statement of receipts and disbursements is as follows:—Subscriptions, £10,882; set apart for the purchase of pictures, bronzes, &c., £5,540; cost of engraving, £2,101 14*s.* 7*d.*; printing, advertising, commission, exhibition, &c., with 2½ per cent., £3,240 9*s.* 5*d.* The reserve fund now amounts to £10,026, and for the purchase of prizes the sum of £5,540 has been set apart, and thus apportioned:—of £10 each, 34; of £15, 28; of £20, 26; 16 of £30, 7 of £40, 4 of £60, 5 of £75, 3 of £100, 2 of £150, 1 of £200, and 20 bronzes of the 'Caractacus,' 30 silver medals of Wilkie, 10 chromo-lithographs, 250 porcelain busts of the 'Apollo,' 164 sets of photographs from subjects in Rome, and 210 volumes of 12 photographs, making, in all, 830 prizes. In order to secure a more equitable distribution of the porcelain busts and photographs, certain changes in the method of allotment had been determined on: the picture prizes, bronzes, medals, and chromo-lithographs would be drawn from the wheel, as heretofore; a number would then be drawn from the wheel, and every seventeenth name in the list, reckoning backwards and forwards from that number, would be entitled to one of the minor prizes, in order as the names stand, with the proviso that, if any name, so designated, should have already gained a prize, the prize would pass to the name next succeeding.

When the report had been read, its adoption was moved by the chairman, seconded by Mr. Filey, and unanimously accepted.

The proceedings terminated with the usual vote of thanks to the chairman.

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XVII.



THE Van Cortlandt mansion, of which a sketch appeared in our last Number, is clustered with historic associations. It was the summer home of the master, whose town residence was a stately one for the colonial times. There, at early, as well as at later, periods, the wealthy and the high-born of the land frequently assembled as guests. From its broad piazza the famous Whitfield preached to a large audience upon the lawn. There, in 1774, Governor Tryon, and Farning, his secretary, came on a mission of bribery to General Van Cortlandt, who had espoused the cause of the colonists. They offered him lands and titles for his allegiance to the crown, but were refused. Under that roof the illustrious Washington was a frequent guest when the army was in that vicinity; and the parlour was once honoured by the presence of the immortal Franklin. There may be seen many mementoes of the past: the horns of a stag killed on the manor, when deer ran wild there; the buttons from the yager coat worn by one of the captors of André; a box made of the wood of the *Endeavour*, the ship in which Cook navigated the globe, &c.

On the morning of the 2nd, accompanied by Mrs. Van Cortlandt, I rode to the village of Croton, a mile distant, to visit one of twin sisters, who were ninety years old in August, 1860. On our way we turned into the cemetery of the Van Cortlandt family, upon a beautiful point of land, commanding an extensive view of the Hudson southward. A little west of the cemetery, at

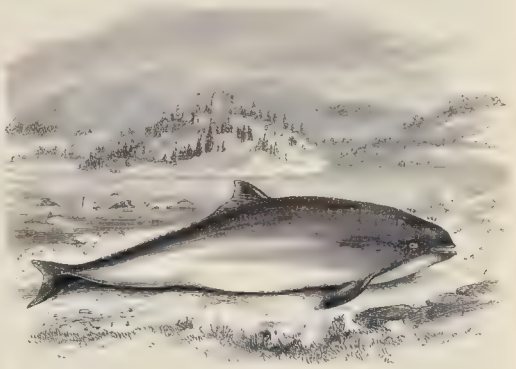


VIEW FROM PRICKLY PEAR HILL.

the neck of land which connects Croton Point with the main, stood the old fort or castle of *Kitch-a-wan*, said to have been one of the most ancient Indian fortresses south of the Highlands. It was built by the Sachem Croton, when he assembled his parties for hunting or war. In a beautiful nook, a little east of the site of the fort, on the borders of Haunted Hollow, is the *Kitch-a-wan* burying-ground. Around this locality hovers the memory of many a weird story of the early times, when the superstitious people believed that they often saw, in the groves and glens there, the forms of the departed red men. They called them the Walking Sachems of Teller's Point.

We visited one of the twin sisters at Croton, Mrs. Miriam Williams. Her memory of long-past events seemed very faithful, but the mind of her sister has almost perished with age. They have both lived in that vicinity since their birth, having married and settled there in early life. Mrs. Williams has a perfect recollection of Washington, when he was quartered with the army near Verplanck's Point. On one occasion, she said, he dismounted in front of her father's house, and asked for some food. As he entered, the twins were standing near the door. Placing his hands upon their heads, he said, "You are as alike as two eggs. May you have long life." He entered with her father, and they peeped curiously in at the door. A morsel of food and a cup of cold water was placed upon the table, when Washington stepped forward, laid his hand upon the board, closed his eyes, and reverently asked a blessing, their father having, meanwhile, raised his hat from his head. "And here," said Mrs. Williams, pointing to a small oval table near her, "is the very table at which that good man asked a blessing."

From the little village of Croton, or Collaberg Landing, I rode to the dwelling of a friend (James Cockroft, Esq.), about two miles northward, passing on the way the old house of Teller (now Moodie), where the incident just related occurred. Accompanied by Mr. Cortlandt and his neighbour, J. W. Frost, Esq., I climbed to the summit of Prickly Pear Hill,* almost five hundred feet above the river, from which may be obtained the most extensive and interesting views in all that region. From no point on the Hudson can be seen, at a glance, such a cluster of historic localities, as from this eminence. Here Washington was encamped in 1782, and made this pinnacle his chief observatory. At one sweep of the vision may be seen the lofty ranges of the Highlands, and the Fish Kill Mountains, with all the intervening country adjacent to Peek's Kill, Verplanck's and Stony Points, the theatres of important military events during the war for independence; Haverstraw, where Arnold and André had their conference; Teller's Point, off which the *Vulture* lay, and from which she received a cannonading that drove her down the river; King's Ferry, where André crossed the Hudson; the place of Pine's Bridge on the Croton, where he was suspected; Tarrytown, where he was captured, and the long wharf of Piermont, near Tappan, where he was executed. All of these, with the villages on the eastern shore of the Hudson, from Cruger's to York Island, may be seen from this hill. Before it lies Haverstraw Bay, the widest expanse of



THE PORPOISE.

the Hudson, with all its historic and legendary associations, which limited space forbids us to portray. Here the fresh and salt water usually contend most equally for the mastery; and here the porpoise,* a sea-water fish, is often seen in large numbers, sporting in the summer sun. Here, in the spring, vast numbers of shad are caught while on their way to spawning places in fresh-water coves; and here, at all seasons, most delicious fish may be taken in great abundance. All things considered, this is one of the most interesting points for a summer residence to be found on the Hudson.

The highways, on land and water, from the Croton to the Spuyten Duyvil Creek, at the head of York Island, pass through exceedingly beautiful and



GENERAL WARD'S MANSION.

picturesque scenery, made classical to the American mind because of most interesting historical associations. On the west side of the Hudson, seen by

* This is so called from the fact that a species of cactus, called Prickly Pear, grows there abundantly.

* *Porpoise Communis;* genus *Phocæna*, supposed to be the Tursio of Pliny. It is from four to eight feet in length, nearly of a black colour above, and whitish beneath. They are found in all our northern seas and bays. They swim in shoals, and pursue other fishes up bays and rivers, with the avidity of hounds after game. In fine weather they leap, roll, and tumble, in great glee, especially in late spring time. They yield a very fine oil.

the traveller on road, railway, or river, is a bold mountain shore, having a few cultivated slopes and pleasant villages as far down as the lower extremity of Tappan Bay. There are presented, for about twenty miles, perpendicular walls of rock, with bases in buttress form, called the Palisades, and rising several hundred feet above the river. On the east the voyager sees a beautiful, high, undulating country, well cultivated, and sprinkled with villages and hamlets.

The drive from Sing Sing to King's Bridge at Spuyten Duyvil Creek, along the old post-road, is attractive at all seasons of the year, but more especially



ANCIENT DUTCH CHURCH.

in spring and early summer, when the trees are in leaf, because of the ever-varying aspects of the landscape. Fine mansions and villa residences are seen on every side, where, only a few years ago, good taste was continually offended by uncouth farmhouses, built for utility only, without a single thought of harmony or beauty. Now all is changed, and the eye is as continually pleased.

One of the finest of the older country seats in this region is the mansion of General Aaron Ward, overlooking the village of Sing Sing, and commanding



SLEEPY HOLLOW BRIDGE.

a very extensive view of the Hudson and its distant shores. General Ward is one of the most distinguished men in Westchester County; he is descended from an early settler in that region. He was an officer in the American army during the war with Great Britain in 1812—15, and at its close conducted the first detachment of the British prisoners from the States to Canada. Law was his chosen profession, and in 1825 he became a law-maker, by election to the Lower House of the Federal Congress. He was an active and efficient worker, and the satisfaction of his constituency was certified by their retaining him as their representative, by re-election, twelve out of eighteen consecutive years. He assisted in framing the present constitution of the State of New York, in 1846, and since then has declined invitations to public service. Sing Sing owes much to his enterprise and public spirit, and he is sincerely honoured and beloved in the community where he resides.

Pleasant residences—some embowered, others standing out in the bright sunlight near groves and woods—delight the eye more and more as we approach the large village of Tarrytown, twenty-seven miles from New York. Of these the most conspicuous between the little hamlet of Scarborough, below Sing Sing and Tarrytown, is that of Mr. Aspinwall, a wealthy New York merchant. Near it is the residence of General Webb, the veteran editor and proprietor of the New York *Courier and Enquirer*, well known, personally and by reputation, in both hemispheres as a gentleman of rare abilities as a journalist.

Approaching Tarrytown, we observe upon the left of the highway an already populous cemetery, covering the crown and slopes of a gentle hill. Near its base is an ancient church, and a little beyond it flows a clear stream of water, which the Indians called *Po-can-te-co*, signifying a "run between two hills." It makes its way in a swift current from the back country, between a hundred hills, presenting a thousand scenes of singular beauty in its course. The Dutch named it *Staperigh Haven Kill*, or Sleepy Haven Creek, and the valley in the vicinity of the old church, through which it flowed, *Staperigh Hol*, or Sleepy Hollow, the scene of Washington Irving's famous legend of that name.



IRVING'S GRAVE.

The little old church is a curiosity. It was built, says an inscription upon a small marble tablet on its front, by "Frederic Philips and Catharine Van Cortland, his wife, in 1699," and is believed to be the oldest church edifice existing in the State of New York. It is built of brick and stone, the former imported from Holland for the purpose. Over its little spire still turns the flag shaped vane of iron, in which is cut the monogram of its founder (VF in combination, his name being spelt in Dutch, Vedryck Flypsen); and in the little tower hangs the ancient bell, bearing the inscription in Latin, "*If God be for us, who can be against us*, 1685." The pulpit and communion table were also imported from Holland. The former was long since destroyed by the iconoclastic hand of "improvement."

At this quiet old church is the opening of Sleepy Hollow, upon the shores of the Hudson; and near it is a rustic bridge that crosses the *Po-can-te-co*, a little below the one made famous in Irving's legend by an amusing incident.* In this vicinity, according to the legend, Ichabod Crane, a Connecticut schoolmaster, instructed "tough, wrong-headed, broad-skirted, Dutch urchins" in the rudiments of learning. He was also the singing-master of the neighbourhood. Not far off lived old Baltus Van Tassel, a well-to-do farmer, whose house was called *Wolfert's Roost*. He had a blooming and only daughter named Katrina, and Ichabod was her tutor in psalmody, training her voice to

* "Over a deep, black part of the stream, not far from the church," says Mr. Irving, in his "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," "was formerly thrown a wooden bridge; the road that led to it, and the bridge itself, were thickly shaded by overhanging trees, which cast a gloom about it even in the daytime, but occasioned a fearful darkness at night."

mingle sweetly with those of the choir which he led at Sabbath-day worship in the Sleepy Hollow Church. Ichabod "had a soft and foolish heart toward the sex." He fell in love with Katrina. He found a rival in his suit in stalwart, bony Brom Van Brunt, commonly known as Brom Bones. Jealousies arose, and the Dutchman resolved to drive the Yankee schoolmaster from the country.

Strange stories of ghosts in Sleepy Hollow were believed by all, and by none more implicitly than Ichabod. The chief goblin seen there was that of a Hessian trooper, whose head had been carried away by a cannon ball. This spectre was known all over the country as "The Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow."

Ichabod was invited to a social evening party at the house of Van Tassel. He went with alacrity, and borrowed a lean horse called Gunpowder for the journey.



PHILIPSE'S MILL-DAM.

Brom Bones was also there. When the company broke up, Ichabod lingered to have a few words with Katrina. He then bestrode Gunpowder, and started for home. When within half a mile of the old church, a horse and rider, huge, black, and mysterious, suddenly appeared by his side. The rider was headless, and to the horror of the pedagogue it was discovered that he carried his head in his hand, on the pommel of his saddle. Ichabod was half dead with fear. He urged Gunpowder forward to escape the demon, but in vain. The headless horseman followed. The walls of the old church appeared in the dim starlight of the midnight hour. The log bridge, in the deep shadows of the trees, was near. "If I can but reach that bridge," thought Ichabod, "I shall be safe." Just then he heard the black steed panting and blowing close behind him; he even fancied that he felt his hot breath. Another convulsive kick in the ribs and old Gun-



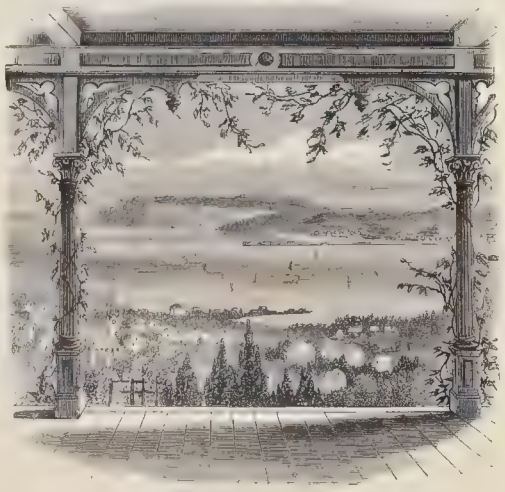
PHILIPSE CASTLE.

powder sprang upon the bridge; he thundered over the resounding planks; he gained the opposite side; and now Ichabod cast a look behind to see if his pursuer would vanish, according to rule, in a flash of fire and brimstone. Just then he saw the goblin rising in his stirrups, and in the very act of hurling his head at him. Ichabod endeavoured to dodge the horrible missile, but too late; it encountered his cranium with a terrible crash; he was tumbled headlong into the dust, and Gunpowder, the black steed, and the goblin rider, passed like a whirlwind. A shattered pumpkin was found in the road the next day; and Brom Bones not long afterwards led Katrina Van Tassel to the altar as his bride. Ichabod was never heard of afterwards. The people always believed he had been spirited away by the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow, who, on that occasion, some knowing ones supposed to have been a being no more ghostly than Brom Bones himself.

Let us climb over this stile by the corner of the old church, into the yard where so many of the pilgrims of earth lie sleeping. Here are mossy stones with half obliterated epitaphs, marking the graves of many early settlers, among whom is one, upon whose monumental slab it is recorded, that he lived until he was "one hundred and three years old," and had one hundred and twenty-four children and grandchildren at the time of his death! Let us pass on up this narrow winding path, and cross the almost invisible boundary between the old "grave-yard" and the new "cemetery." Here, well up towards the summit of the hill near the "receiving vault," upon a beautiful sunny slope, is an enclosure made of iron bars and privet hedge, with open gate, inviting entrance. There in line stand several slabs of white marble, only two feet in height, at the head of as many oblong hillocks, covered with turf and budding spring flowers. Upon one of these, near the centre, we read:—

WASHINGTON,
SON OF
WILLIAM AND
SARAH S. IRVING,
DIED
NOV. 28, 1859,
AGED 76 YEARS 7 MO.
AND 25 DAYS.

This is the grave of the immortal Geoffrey Crayon!* Upon it lie wreaths of withered flowers, killed by frosts, and buried by drifts of lately departed snow. These will not long remain, for all summer long fresh and fragrant ones are laid upon that honoured grave by fair hands that pluck them from many a



DISTANT VIEW AT TARRYTOWN.

neighbouring garden. Here, at all times, these sweet tributes of affection may be seen, when the trees are in leaf.

This lovely burial spot, from which may be seen Sleepy Hollow, the ancient church, the sparkling waters of the *Po-can-te-co*, spreading out into a little lake above the picturesque old dam at the mill of Castle Philipse, Sleepy Hollow Haven, Tappan Bay and all its beautiful surroundings, was chosen long ago by the illustrious author of the "Sketch-Book," as his final resting-place. Forty years ago, in Birmingham, three thousand miles away from the spot where his remains now repose, and long before he even dreamed of converting Wolfert's Roost into Sunnyside, he wrote thus concerning Sleepy Hollow, in his introduction to the legend:—

"Not far from this village [Tarrytown], perhaps about two miles, there is a little valley, or rather a lap of land, among high hills, which is one of the quietest places in the whole world. A small brook glides through it, with just murmur enough to lull one to repose; and the occasional whistle of a quail, or tapping of a woodpecker, is almost the only sound that ever breaks in upon the uniform tranquillity. . . . . If ever I should wish for a retreat, whither I might steal from the world and its distractions, and dream quietly away the remnant of a troubled life, I know of none more promising than this little valley."

When, a dozen years ago, the Tarrytown Cemetery was laid out, Mr. Irving chose the plot of ground where his remains now lie for his family burial-place. A few years later, when the contents of the grave and vaults in the burial-ground of the Brick Church, in New York, were removed, those of his family

* In the Episcopal Church at Tarrytown, in which Mr. Irving was a communicant for many years, a small marble tablet has been placed by the vestry, with an appropriate inscription to his memory.

were taken to this spot and interred. A gentleman who accompanied me to the grave, superintended the removal. Mr. Irving had directed the remains to be so disposed as to allow himself to lie by the side of his mother.* And when the burial was performed, the good old man stood thoughtfully for awhile, leaning against a tree, and looking into his mother's grave, as it was slowly filled with the earth. Then covering his face with his hands he wept tenderly. According to his desire he now rests by the side of his mother, and at his own left hand is reserved a space for his only surviving brother, General Ebenezer Irving, who resides at Sunnyside.

We have observed that the *Po-can-te-co*, flowing through Sleepy Hollow, spreads out into a pretty little lake above an ancient and picturesque dam, near



VIEW ON THE PO-CAN-TE-CO FROM IRVING PARK.

the almost as ancient church. This little lake extends back almost to the bridge in the dark weird glen, and furnishes motive power to a very ancient mill that stands close by Philipse Castle, as the more ancient manor-house of the family was called. The first lord of an extensive domain in this vicinity, purchased from the Sachem Goharius, in 1680, and which was confirmed by royal patent the same year, was a descendant of the ancient Viscounts Felyps, of Bohemia, who took an active part in favour of John Huss, and Jerome of Prague. Here, at the mouth of the *Po-can-te-co*, he erected a strong stone house, with port and loop holes for cannon and musketry, and also a mill, about the year 1683. Because of its heavy ordnance, it was called Castle Philipse. At that time the extensive marsh and meadow land between it and the present railway was a fine bay, and quite large vessels bore freight to and from the mill. Here, and at the lower manor-house at Yonkers, the lords of Philipse's Manor lived in a sort of feudal state for almost a century, enjoying exclusive social and political privileges. The proprietor in possession when the war for independence broke out, espoused the cause of the crown. His estates were confiscated, and a relative of the family, Gerardus Beekman, became the purchaser of the castle and many broad acres adjoining it. In that family it remained until the spring of 1860 (about three quarters of a century), when Mr. Storm, the present proprietor, purchased it. Beekman made a large addition to the castle. In our little picture it is seen as it appeared in the time of the Philipses.

Upon an eminence eastward of Philipse Castle and the ancient church, whose base is washed by the *Po-can-te-co*, is Irving Park, a domain of about one hundred acres, laid out by Charles H. Lyon, Esq., for the purpose of villa sites, which should have all the advantages of highly ornamented grounds, pleasant neighbourhood, retirement, and extensive and varied views of a beautiful country, at a moderate expense. From this hill, and its river slopes, comprehensive views may be had of some of the most charming scenery of the lower Hudson. From its summit, overlooking Sleepy Hollow, the eye commands a sweep of the Hudson from New York to the Highlands, a distance of fifty miles, and views in five or six counties in the states of New York and New Jersey. From the veranda of one of the cottages in the park, most charming glimpses may be obtained of portions of the village of Tarrytown,† near, with its wharf and railway station; and of the Palisades below Piermont, the village of Piermont and its pier jutting into the Hudson a mile from the shore, the village of Rockland (formerly Snedeu's Landing), and the intervening river with its numerous water-craft. Our little picture of that scene gives some idea of the delights of a residence within Irving Park, afforded by broad views of nature in its lovely aspects, and the teeming commerce of a great river. Besides these attractions there are pleasant views of the *Po-can-te-co*, as it dashes through Sleepy Hollow in swift rapids and sparkling cascades, from various portions of the park. And all of these, with the pleasant roads and paths, belong to the owners of dwellings within the park. The proprietor of an acre of ground and his family may take their morning walk or evening drive through miles of varied scenery, without going into the public road, and with the agreeable consciousness of being on their own premises.

Soon after leaving the *Po-can-te-co*, on the way towards Tarrytown, a fine monument of white Westchester marble, about twenty-five feet in height, is seen on the side of the highway, and the margin of a little stream called André's Brook. It is surrounded by an iron railing, and upon a tablet next to the road is the following inscription, which explains the object of the monument:—

"On this spot, the 22nd day of September, 1780, the spy, Major John André, Adjutant-general of the British army, was captured by John Paulding, David Williams, and Isaac Van Wart, all natives of this County. History has told the rest.

"The people of Westchester County have erected this Monument, as well to commemorate a great event as to testify their high estimation of that integrity and patriotism which, rejecting every temptation, rescued the United States from most imminent peril, by baffling the arts of a Spy and the plots of a Traitor. Dedicated October 7, 1853." *

"History has told the rest," says the inscription upon the monument; let us see what history says.

We have already observed the progress of Arnold's treason, from its inception to his conference with André at the house of Joshua Hett Smith. There we left them, André being in possession of sundry valuable papers, revealing the condition of the post to be surrendered, and a pass. He remained alone with his troubled thoughts all day. The *Vulture*, as we have seen, had dropped



MONUMENT AT TARRYTOWN.

down the river, out of sight, in consequence of a cannonade from a small piece of ordnance upon the extremity of Teller's Point, sent there for the purpose by Colonel Henry Livingston, who was in command at Verplanck's Point, a few miles above.

* The remains of Mr. Irving's old Scotch nurse were, at his request, buried in the same grave with his mother. Of this faithful woman Mr. Irving once said,—"I remember General Washington perfectly. There was some occasion when he appeared in a public procession; my nurse, a good old Scotch woman, was very anxious for me to see him, and held me up in her arms as he rode past. This, however, did not satisfy her; so the next day, when walking with me in Broadway, she espied him in a shop; she seized my hand, and darting in, exclaimed in her bland Scotch,—'Please your excellency, here's a bairn that's called after ye!' General Washington then turned his benevolent face full upon me, smiled, laid his hand upon my head, and gave me his blessing, which," added Mr. Irving, "I have reason to believe has attended me through life. I was but five years old, yet I can feel that hand upon my head even now." Mr. Irving's last and greatest literary work was an elaborate life of Washington, in five octavo volumes.

† The natives called this place *A-lip-conck*, or Place of Elms, that tree having been abundant there in early times, and still flourishes. The Dutch called it *Terwen Dorp*, or Wheat Town, because that cereal grew luxuriantly upon the Greenburgh hills and valleys around. As usual, the English retained a part of the Dutch name, and called it Terwe Town, from which is derived the modern pronunciation, Tarrytown. In the legend of "Sleepy Hollow," Mr. Irving says,—"The name was given, we are told, in former days by the good housewives of the adjacent country, from the inveterate propensity of their husbands to linger about the village taverns on market-days." So they called it Tarrytown.

* The land on which this monument stands was given for the purpose, by William Taylor, a coloured man, who lives in a neat cottage close by, surrounded by ornamented grounds, through which flows André's Brook. Hon. Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Daily Times*, addressed the multitude on the occasion of the dedication. Monuments of white marble have been erected to the memory of two of the captors of André, over their respective remains. That to Paulding is in the burial-ground of St. Peter's Church, near Peek's Kill. It was erected by the corporation of the city of New York, as "a memorial sacred to PUBLIC GRATITUDE." William Paulding, then mayor of New York, addressed the assembled citizens on the occasion of its dedication, November 22, 1827. The monument to the memory of Van Wart is over his remains in the Greenburgh Presbyterian Church, near the lovely Neperan river, a few miles from Tarrytown. It was dedicated on the 11th of June, 1829, when the assembled citizens were addressed by General Aaron Ward, of Sing Sing. The monument was erected by the citizens of Westchester County. The remains of Williams are at Livingstonville, Schoharie County; no monument has yet been erected over them.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

DUBLIN.—The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Art-Union of Dublin, for the distribution of prizes, took place on May 1st, in the lecture-room of the Dublin Royal Society. The Secretary, Mr. M. Angelo Hayes, read the report. The number of the subscribers—this is a "shilling" Art-Union Society—was 26,040, about 1,300 below those of the last year—a decrease attributable, in a great measure, to the formation of other similar institutions, and the comparatively depressed state of commercial affairs. The amount subscribed was £1,302, of which about £900 were set apart for the purchase of prizes, and the balance, exclusive of a reserve fund of £38 8*s.* 8*d.*, was expended in carrying out the objects of the society. The highest sums appropriated for pictures, were one of £100, one of £60, one of £40, and one of £30; the others ranged from £3 to £25. A number of chromo-lithographic prints were also distributed as prizes, with the view of meeting an objection, made on a former occasion by many of the subscribers, to the paucity of prizes allotted to members.

TAUNTON.—The annual examination, by Mr. G. R. Wyld, one of the Government Inspectors, of the drawings by the pupils of the Taunton School of Art was made in the month of April. The school has been now five years in operation, for the whole of that time, or, at least, a great portion of it, we believe, under the management of Mr. Gunn. The number of pupils connected with it is about 550; but, in consequence of the inspector's visit being considerably earlier than was expected, some of the students had not their drawings ready for competitive examination; still there was so satisfactory an exhibition that Mr. Wyld awarded twenty-two medals, and several of the works received "honourable mention." Nine of the whole number offered for examination were selected for the annual National Competition in London.

NOTTINGHAM.—It is intended to erect a new building for the school of Art in this town, and Mr. Simpson, an architect, had prepared plans which, so far as we can ascertain, had received the approval of the committee of the school. In order, however, to procure the pecuniary aid from the Department of Science and Art—without which, it seems, the school could not be built, and which had been promised to the extent of 25 per cent. on the cost—it was necessary to submit the plans to the heads of the Department in London. Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Captain Fowkes, objected to them, chiefly on the ground of insufficient light in the principal room. Some correspondence then took place between these gentlemen and the architect; the latter altered his plans in accordance, as he considered, with the suggestions thrown out, but they were still disapproved of. The committee, finding it impossible to proceed with Mr. Simpson's designs, invited him to compete with other architects, selected by ballot; he was also offered compensation, but declining to accede to either proposition, the committee subsequently invited four of the town architects, selected by ballot, to compete; the designs of one of these have been approved of both by the committee and the Government Department. The plans now only await the sanction of the Nottingham Town Council to be carried out. The elevation of the successful design is in the same style as the "Minton" School at Stoke, and the Clifton School.

BRIGHTON.—The rooms now being constructed and arranged in the Royal Pavilion as a picture-gallery for the Brighton Society of Arts, will shortly be ready for the reception of the works to be exhibited there during the ensuing season. Hitherto, the want of proper accommodation and a good light has proved a barrier to the support which otherwise would have been afforded to this institution by many of our most eminent artists. The new gallery, spacious and in every way suitable for its purpose, will leave them without any excuse for absence, and we do trust to see in the autumn such a gathering of Art as will be creditable to our school, and will compensate the Brighton Society for its exertions to promote the object they have in view. The resident population of the town reaches nearly 100,000, and it is computed that quite as large a number of persons visit this fashionable watering-place annually; these facts justify the committee of the institution in asking the co-operation of those artists whose works are most sought after and appreciated. The gallery will be opened on the 26th of August.

WROXETER.—*The Roman city of Uriconium.*—The excavations at Wroxeter, which have been suspended during the winter, are about to be resumed with increased activity. Mr. Botfield, M.P., who has so liberally contributed to the excavation fund during the last three years, offers a third subscription of fifty guineas, conditionally that fifty other subscriptions, of not less than a guinea each, can be obtained. A considerable amount has already been promised toward making up this complement, but as, with the present intentions of the committee, it will be quite inadequate to meet the expenses of their operations during the season, it is hoped that a much larger sum will be contributed. The rich collection of relics, including coins, bronzes, pottery, tesselated pavements, &c., which have been deposited in the Shrewsbury Museum, attests the interest of the site under exploration. It is intended that the operations of the present season shall include the examination of the site of the Roman cemetery, in addition to the remains adjacent to "the old wall;" but until further funds are obtained, the excavations must of necessity be on a limited scale; it is hoped, therefore, that the archæological public will again come forward to supply the means of continuing an investigation which has hitherto been attended with so much result, and is likely to add largely to our acquaintance with the history and archæology of the country at the close of the Roman occupation. Subscriptions are received by Dr. Henry Johnson, of Shrewsbury, the hon. secretary to the committee.

BRADFORD.—The annual award of prizes to the pupils of the School of Art in this town took place last month, Mr. Ruskin officiating as distributor. Upwards of two hundred pupils are at present attending the classes.

ART COPYRIGHT.

ON the motion for reading a second time the Copyright (works of Art) Bill, Mr. Walter, the member for Berkshire, spoke thus:—"He apprehended that few hon. members had read the various clauses of the bill, and yet the measure was one which, if passed in its present state, would *seriously affect all persons throughout the country who might, at any time, become purchasers of modern pictures.* It would be presumptuous on his part to criticize the construction of a bill endorsed with such weighty and influential names as those which appeared on the back of the present measure; but, at the same time, he thought he was not incorrect in stating that the provisions of the bill were not altogether consistent with its title. The Lord Chancellor recently stated that the object of the bill was to protect artists against pirates and impostors. If that were all which the bill proposed to effect, he should be the last man to offer any objection to it; but if hon. members would look at the third clause, they would see that the protection which the bill proposed to afford to artists was not against pirates and impostors only, but also *against every person who happened to be a purchaser of pictures.* The third clause provided that 'the author of every picture, work of sculpture, and engraving, which shall be made, or for the first time disposed of, after the commencement of this act, and his assigns, shall have the sole and exclusive right of copying, reproducing, and multiplying such work, and the design thereof, by any means, of any size, and for any purpose, for the term of the natural life of such author, and thirty years after his death.' Unless he read that clause incorrectly, the effect of it would be that any person who purchased a picture after the passing of the act, or, as the sixth clause stated, who might have purchased a picture ten years before the passing of the act, would be deprived of the power of permitting any friend to copy it, or of having it engraved himself. *He was persuaded that very few persons would like to purchase works of Art with any such conditions attached to them.* The House had seen many a curious tenant-right bill, but it appeared to him that to allow an artist, after he had sold a picture, to retain a copyright in it, and thereby to deprive the real owner of those rights which the artist originally enjoyed, was about as unreasonable a proposition as had ever been submitted to parliament. Though a great lover of the Fine Arts, his taste lay in the direction of ancient pictures rather than in that of modern pictures, and therefore he had no personal objection to the bill; BUT IF HE WERE A PURCHASER OF MODERN PICTURES, NOTHING COULD INDUCE HIM TO BUY ONE WITH SUCH CONDITIONS ATTACHED TO IT."

Mr. Walter has thus said all we desire to say on the subject of the ruinous proposal made to the legislature—ruinous to the Art it professes to promote, and the artists it assumes to foster and protect.

We have frequently given currency to a like opinion, and it is needless to say we rejoice to find the good sense and practical knowledge of several intelligent members of parliament so emphatically sustaining the views we have considered it our duty to put forth; indeed, it could not well be otherwise. If ever the aphorism, "Save me from my friends!" was capable of strong and obvious application, it is in this case; for never was there advocacy so perilous, leading to results so utterly destructive of a cause intended to be served.

Mr. Walter was not the only member who took this rational view of the contemplated act. Mr. Layard protested against the second reading, believing that "*no gentleman would like to purchase a work of Art saddled with such conditions.*" Other members expressed similar sentiments, and it was arranged that the dangerous clause should be considered in committee. The day appointed for the debate has passed without the discussion, and we write in ignorance of the ultimate issue.

In any case, however, we repeat the assertion we have frequently made, that the passing of such a measure will be the ruin of British Art, that few artists will find purchasers of their pictures, and that the monies of the wealthy will be directed into other channels. The works of some artists, indeed, will be as eagerly sought after as ever; *they* may dictate any terms they please, even to the positions their works are to occupy, the colour of the paper of the room, and the size and character of the frame; but the vast majority of artists will find their calling at an end, if this evil bill becomes law. To an Englishman it seems a natural right "to do what he likes with his own;" he will crave no possession that is not to become entirely his—even an object of value and beauty will be distasteful and irksome, if he be in any way restricted in its use. But the evils in this case would be by no means imaginary; if he obtain a picture, it will be at his peril to let a copy be made; he cannot tell what may be the hazard he runs; years after it is made, it may be produced in court as evidence on which to sustain half a dozen actions at law against him; in fact, there are so many evils that would arise out of the passing such an act, that all lovers of Art will feel as Mr. Walter feels—"nothing will induce them to buy pictures with such conditions attached to them."

We speak within our own knowledge, when we say that a like opinion is entertained by nine out of ten of the wealthy picture buyers of Lancashire.

"The utmost rigour of the law" should be undoubtedly enforced against all fraudulent imitations of original pictures: we are not quite sure whether this view should not apply to *the artists themselves, who make what they call "replicas,"* such replicas being generally copies by inferior hands, finally "touched" upon by the painters who produced the original works.

Our readers know that, for many years, we have been incessant in our efforts to arrest the progress of villanous coiners of copies or imitations; but the evil will be effectually met by the artist affixing his name to his production, and being enabled to punish with extreme severity the person who forges or vends the imitation or copy as an original work.

We confine our remarks, at present, to the third clause of the bill; we may have to direct attention to clause fourteen, which provides that no other than the engraver of a plate shall be permitted to repair it. The effect of this clause would be to prevent any engraving from being produced; but it will be rendered *nil* by the employer of an engraver obtaining a bond from the engraver he designs to employ that he abrogates all such right, without which, of a surety, no work would be placed in his hands.

We do not go at greater length into this subject; it may be needless, for the bill may be rejected. If unhappily it pass, it will be our duty to exhibit more clearly the ruin to which it will inevitably lead, and to date from the evil day on which it receives the royal assent, the decline of British Art and the downfall of its professors.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION OF DECORATIVE WORKS IN THE HALL OF THE PAINTERS' COMPANY.

Our readers will remember that, last year, a project was formed by Mr. Sewell, a member of the Court of the Painters' Company of the city of London, to form in the hall of the Company an annual exhibition of specimens of decorative works, with a view to the promotion of the decorative arts, and to the elevation and improvement of all classes of artist-workmen connected with those arts. Under Mr. Sewell's auspices, and at his personal expense, the first of the proposed exhibitions was held last year, with the most gratifying success. It ought to be expressly recorded that Mr. Sewell was cordially supported by the other members of the court of his Company, and that the successful issue of his plans was, in a great measure, due to the judgment, zeal, and energy displayed by the Messrs. Tomlins, father and son, the joint clerks of the Company, who acted as honorary secretaries to the exhibition committee. At the present moment, the most active measures are in progress to give a permanent, as well as a definite, character to the project of Mr. Sewell. The second of the series of exhibitions has been fixed to be opened on the first day of this present month of June, free to all visitors.

In this movement of the Painters' Company we see the promise of far greater and more beneficial results than could, at the first, have been anticipated, even by Mr. Sewell and Mr. Tomlins. It is a grand thing merely to have associated a metropolitan civic company with the actual trade, the name of which it bears, in its present working capacity. These once influential guilds thus have their attention directed to a course of action of absolutely incalculable importance. They may, by these means, become the agencies for imparting a fresh, and a more healthful impulse to the Art-industries of the country; and, at the same time, they may contribute, in the most powerful manner, to the prosperity of the Metropolis. The effect thus produced, collectively, upon any particular trades will be fully shared by the artizans and workmen connected with that trade. The Company, by its effort to improve its own trade or manufacture, necessarily improves the men who work in it. It seeks out, and distinguishes, and does honour to the best workmen. It encourages aspirants, while it decorates proficients. It is scarcely necessary for us to declare that we warmly sympathise with the movement that has originated with the Company of Painters, or that we shall exert our utmost effort to co-operate with its supporters. This is exactly such a project as accords with our own views, and is in harmony with one principal motive that governs our own course of action; and we are able to accept, as in the closest conformity with our own sentiments, not only the project itself, but the views respecting it, which the Painters' Company have promulgated. "Without vainly seeking to compete with the national institutions which exist for the encouragement of the Fine Arts, the Painters' Company conceive they act in full accordance with their vocation and with the spirit of the age, in endeavouring to give an artistic impetus to the more mechanical of the decorative arts; and, as far as is practicable, re-uniting them with the higher branches of the art and mystery of painting." On such a ground as this, the Company may well feel justified in appealing for support, and sympathy, and encouragement, to all patrons and lovers of Art, to the trade, and to the general public. All working painters and decorators we earnestly advise to send their productions to the exhibition; and we ask from every person who is either directly or indirectly interested in so good a work as that which originated with Mr. Sewell, for prompt and decided co-operation. We shall revert to this subject when we shall have been enabled to give a description of the exhibition of the present month. Meanwhile, we observe that the Company has secured the aid of the Society of Arts, and that it has determined to act upon our own suggestion of associating with their exhibition a school, with lectures and classes, where operatives may receive instruction in the various arts of decoration.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy Dinner passed off as usual: with the ordinary amount of exchanged compliments, but with nothing to enlighten either artists or the public concerning Art. Indeed, the President seemed, with his accustomed caution, to avoid as much as possible all reference to the subject. The dinner was, of course, abundant and costly—that is all there need be said, or printed, as regards the annual gathering. It was a monstrous deal of sack to a halfpennyworth of bread.

The National Gallery.—Three new pictures have been added to this collection. A 'Deposition in the Tomb,' by Roger Van der Weyden, painted in *tempera*, apparently, on raw linen. The heads are marvellously fine, and the landscape is more like nature than those of any of Roger's contemporaries. A second is 'Christ surrounded by Angels, Saints, and Martyrs,' by Fra Giovanni Angelica; a long picture, containing about three hundred miniature figures. The third is 'The Baptism of Christ,' by Piero della Francesca, looking unfinished in parts, but extremely well drawn as to the extremities for the period.

The Crystal Palace.—We learn with equal regret and surprise that the directors have determined *not* to adopt a project for having popular lectures upon the courts and collections of the Crystal Palace, in connection with their "School of Art," &c. A more unfortunate decision could not have been adopted, since by the means that had been proposed to them, the directors might have secured for the Crystal Palace just that kind of interest with the public which it so greatly needs, and which would have ensured its holding its own next year, in the lists of competition for public support, with its formidable rival, the Great Exhibition of 1862.

An Exhibition of Water-colour Drawings, commencing on the 1st of June, will take place at the Rooms of the Society of Arts, Adelphi, in order to aid the fund for sustaining the Female School of Art. It will consist of a highly-interesting series of drawings, chronologically arranged, so as to give a complete idea of the progress of water-colour painting in England, from its infancy to its present state of strength and vigour.

The Bazaar in aid of the Female School of Art will be held in June. The existence of the school depends on the issue. We have, however, little or no apprehension as to the result; but aid must be looked for from generous and sympathising friends.

The Equestrian Statue of Hardinge.—Our readers should be reminded that the subscription, destined, we trust, to obtain a *replica* of this great work for England, is proceeding—although far too slowly. The artists have done their duty, it is for the general public to do theirs.

The Graphic Society held its last meeting for this season on the 8th of May. The collection was better than the last, but yet far short of what might be expected. There were drawings and pictures by Mole, Callow, G. Stanfield, Sandys, Bennett, Wolf, Melby, Wyburd, Lejeune, Müller, Stanley, Constable, Roberts, Phillip, and Leslie.

The "Artists and Amateurs" closed their agreeable *réunions* for the season on the 9th of last month. Though the meetings are always well attended, the last is generally the most brilliant gathering, both of company and works of Art; and on this occasion these seemed to be more numerous than usual. The alteration this year in the lighting of the room has been, in every way, a manifest improvement.

The Society of Arts.—The Conversazione at the rooms in the Adelphi, on the 4th May, was well attended; the chief attraction of the evening being a series of transparent photographs, enlarged by the oxy-hydrogen light. It will, however, no doubt, be surpassed in interest by that which is to take place on Saturday, the 1st June, at South Kensington.

Mr. E. M. Ward's two pictures, 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' and 'The Last Scene in the Life of Montrose,' are now at No. 5, Waterloo Place. Both of these pictures have been frescoed in the corridors of the Houses of Parliament, but, from the extremely defective light, cannot be seen there; they are, however, well shown in Waterloo Place. The former may be considered Ward's greatest work: it contains few figures, but they are circumstanced so as to give to the passage its most solemn effect. The incident is from Macaulay; according to the text—"The door of the cell was softly opened, and there lay Argyle on his bed, sleeping in his irons the placid sleep of infancy. The conscience of the renegade smote him. He turned away sick at heart, ran out of the castle, and took refuge in the dwelling of a lady of his family hard by." The moment chosen in 'The Last Scene in the Life of Montrose,' is that just before his death, when the executioner ties round his neck Dr. Wishart's narrative of his exploits, and his own manifesto. Even if the subject of this picture were unknown, the artist has taken especial care that, to a little inquiry, the political signification of the narrative shall unfold itself. We see on the scaffold a gentleman dressed with the utmost care in the cavalier costume, and near him, as assisting at the execution, persons in the garb of the puritans and uniform of the parliamentary soldiery; this at once points to the time, and opens up the history of the troubles of the seventeenth century. Both of these works have been fully described by us.

M. Winterhalter's life-sized portraits of the Queen and the Prince Consort are at the French Gallery: these, we believe, are the only large full-lengths that her Majesty and the Prince have sat for during the last ten years. The Queen wears the state robes in which she opens parliament. She is seated, having her left hand on the speech, which is laid near, and appears about to rise to read it. On her head is the tiara, and on a table at her left is the imperial crown. The portrait is very like the Queen, and the artist is unusually successful in dealing with the draperies, in suppressing points unmanageable in composition, but yet indicating their presence. The Prince appears in the uniform of the rifle brigade, of which he is colonel. He stands with the left side, but the face full, towards the spectator, and, as a likeness, the head is the best that has ever been painted of his Royal Highness. Mr. Phillip's picture of the marriage of the Princess Royal, which was recently exhibited in the Royal Academy, is also in this room, where we think it looks brighter than it did in the Academy.

The late John Cross.—With a view to assist the fund that is being raised by subscription for the purchase of one of Mr. Cross's unsold pictures for the benefit of his widow and children, by the permission of the Society of Arts, four of his large works, with sketches and other items, are to be seen in their great room in the Adelphi. One of them is the picture belonging to the nation, 'The Clemency of Cœur de Lion,' which, it may be remembered, won for its author the first prize at the Westminster exhibition of 1847. We are glad of an opportunity of again seeing this admirable picture; it is hung high, for the sake of obtaining a sufficient light, but it confirms all the best impressions it made on its first exhibition. Another large composition is the 'Murder of Thomas-à-Becket,' painted in 1852; it was in the Royal Academy in that or the following year. 'The Burial of the Princes (sons of Edward IV.) in the Tower, 1485,' painted 1850, appeared also in the Royal Academy. 'The Coronation of William the Conqueror,' painted in 1858, presents William grasping the crown which he thought was about to be torn from him by an insurrection of the people. A small copy of 'Lucy Preston's Petition' is unfinished. There are also sundry chalk studies and sketches for the Cœur de Lion picture, and for the same work a portion of ring mail made for this picture by the artist himself, in a manner worthy of the best period of the fifteenth century, and too good for the time of Richard. Subscriptions are received by E. B. Stephens, Esq., hon. secretary to the fund committee, 27, Upper Belgrave Place, Pimlico, S.W.

Crystal Palace "Entertainments."—"To this complexion must we come at last." It is true that a curious search might find the great Alexander stopping a bung-hole; but notwithstanding all the warnings we obtain from history, we were not prepared for so low a descent as we find advertised in the *Times* newspaper—separately advertised—where we are told that at the Crystal Palace will be exhibited, in the centre transept, after the concert, "a Chinese mandarin's red silk umbrella!"

The South Kensington Museum has received some important additions from the collections of

Signor Campana at Rome, and the sale of the famed Soltykoff museum at Paris; they are not yet exhibited, but are among the most excellent examples known of mediæval art, including the very early candlestick, in the Byzantine taste, which was made for Gloucester Cathedral. Among the exhibited novelties we may particularly note the delicate sculptures, in marble, executed by Agostino Busti, of Milan, in the early part of the sixteenth century, for a tomb proposed to be erected to Gaston de Foix, who was killed at Ravenna, in 1512; appended to them is a curious photograph, from a drawing by Busti, showing the design of the tomb entire and the portions we have here *in situ*. Next in importance are the two small figures of SS. Peter and Paul, attributed to the celebrated Peter Visscher, of Nuremberg, and any person who has seen his wonderful shrine of St. Sebald, in that city, will sanction the attribution; they possess the entire character of his works, and though small are as grand as colossi. There are some other examples of German sculpture, good in their way, as specimens of schools of Art; the most recent works being a set of chessmen, presented by Prince Albert; they are in terra-cotta, designed in the costume and taste of the fifteenth century: they have not the purity of Flaxman's famous set, but they exhibit great artistic ability. Among the loans to the Museum may be noticed a very varied and beautiful series of ivory carvings, the property of R. Goff, Esq.; a series of enamels, the property of Sir Francis Scott; some curious glass, from E. Black, Esq.; and several original designs, by Flaxman and Stothard, lent by H. Vaughan. Major E. L. Green, who we presume was present at the sack of the summer-palace at Pekin, has sent for exhibition a series of Chinese silk-works, remarkable for the beauty of their colour, and elaboration of their detail.

The Artists' Benevolent Fund.—The anniversary festival of this institution was celebrated at the Freemasons' Tavern, on the 11th of last month. The chair was occupied, in the absence, through indisposition, of the president, Lord Ashburton, by Mr. A. Beresford Hope, one of the vice-presidents, and a liberal supporter of the society. We should have been well pleased to recognise among those who sat down to table, a much larger number of the influential members of the profession than were present. Of those whose names are on the roll of the Academy, we saw only Messrs. D. Roberts, S. Smirke, Foley, Millais, and S. Cousins; of the numerous wealthy patrons of Art not one, so far as we could ascertain, gave his personal countenance to the proceedings of the evening. We are quite at a loss to account for the almost general absence on these occasions, not only of the great professional body, but of those who, as patrons, are its main supporters. Look where you will, when a public dinner to promote the object of any other charitable institution is announced, the list of stewards is large and influential, and the attendance numerous. It is not so with any one Art-corporation, though the annual dinner at the Royal Academy is celebrated by the noblest and the wealthiest of the land. We deeply regret that these things are so, and we point them to those whom they most concern, in order that, if possible, a remedy may be applied. Of one thing we are certain, if artists will not help themselves—and they are too slow in this way—others will not, and cannot be expected to, help them. The "Artists' Benevolent Fund" differs from the "Artists' Annuity Fund," inasmuch as it is a joint stock fund appropriated to the relief of members only, and their widows and orphans; the income of the society being augmented by the contributions of any who are disposed to aid it. Considering the number of artists now practising the various branches of the profession, it is quite evident to those who know anything of the constitution of this society, that it is comparatively small. What the institution wants, and what it ought to have, is a larger measure of support by their own body, and especially ought the younger men to enrol themselves on its books, in order that, should, unhappily, circumstances render it necessary, they may reap the benefits arising from membership. To the numerous artists living in various parts of the country we would particularly point out the objects of this "Benevolent Fund."

The late Mr. W. J. Roper.—The recent decease of this gentleman, after a long and painful illness, should not pass unnoticed in our columns. Occupying for several years the position of assistant secretary to the Artists' General Benevolent Institution, he commended himself most significantly, not only to the members of this society, but to all who knew him and claimed his services. Diligent in his attention to the interests of the institution, kind and courteous to all, and especially to those whose distress brought them into personal communication with him, he gained the esteem of every one, and has left a large circle of friends and acquaintances to mourn his loss.

Titian's 'La Bella Donna.'—Though it is not our usual practice to reply to anonymous correspondence, the question asked us by a subscriber, who wishes to know the meaning of the letters that appear on the canvas of the famous portrait by Titian, engraved on page 102, in the April number, and which, probably, many other of our readers may desire to have explained, induces us to deviate from our ordinary course. The writer of the article which the engraving accompanies has never heard those letters satisfactorily explained; but, as it was not unusual with the old painters to dedicate their works to some individual, or to place on the canvas some motto or significant expression, it is not improbable that Titian may have intended them for the initials of the following sentence:—*Tiziano alla molto bella e nobile donna:* a compliment to the lady whose portrait it is, whoever she may be.

The Sculptors, Wills Brothers.—We gladly avail ourselves of an opportunity to correct an error, to which our attention has been drawn, that appeared in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, where it was stated, in our remarks on the statue of 'Temperance,' by these artists, that they were not "sculptors by profession." The observation was not made with any intention of derogating from the merit of these gentlemen, but rather with the object of enhancing it, by showing what could be done by men who, as we thought, had not received a strictly artistic education; and who did not practise the art as a profession. However, we hear that Messrs. Wills passed through the schools of the Royal Academy, and subsequently studied in the ateliers of Baily, Marshall, and others,—sculptors whose genius and knowledge could not prove otherwise than beneficial to those who worked under, or with them. Messrs. Wills have exhibited, at the Academy, several small works, which entitle them to the rank they claim to hold.

The Interior of the Houses of Parliament is the subject of a series of twelve stereoscopic views, just published by Mr. F. Jones, of Oxford Street. The rich decorations and delicate architectural work of this noble edifice are well brought out in these photographs; we would especially notice—'St. Stephen's Hall,' 'General View of the Throne in the House of Lords,' 'The Statue of the Queen,' with its accompanying figures in the Prince's Chamber, 'Upper Cloisters, House of Commons,' and the 'Canopy of the Throne.'

The Crystal Palace Schools.—Dr. Dresser's course of botanical lectures, which commenced last month, will be continued every Thursday during the present, and a part of the month of July. We believe the committee of these schools are making arrangements with various gentlemen for the delivery of lectures during the same period, on other subjects connected with the course of instruction adopted.

M. Cordier's Sculptures.—The interesting collection of ethnological sculptures, by M. Cordier, of Paris, recently exhibited at the French Gallery, Pall Mall, was sold last month at the rooms of Messrs. Foster, the auctioneers. The principal "lots" were—'The Nine Muses,' represented by young females of Missolonghi, a beautiful bas-relief in Parian marble, purchased by Mr. Blondell for 145 gs.; a pair of 'Negroes of the Soudan,' male and female, life-size busts, the heads in bronze, silvered, the draperies of Algerine onyx, sold to Mr. Walker for 200 gs.; and a 'Roman Venus,' a fine colossal figure, considered the sculptor's *chef-d'œuvre*,—it was bought by Mr. Cholmondeley, for the sum of 400 gs. Upwards of 2,000 gs. were realized by the entire collection, which numbered sixty-five works.

The Picture of 'New York,' which was presented to the Prince of Wales on the departure of His Royal Highness from the United States, by about fifty American gentlemen who purchased the work for that express purpose, has been added, within the last few days, to the royal pictures that are exhibited by Mr. Gambart at the French Gallery in Pall Mall. This very admirable picture, *the only present* which the Prince of Wales accepted in America, is the production of Mr. G. L. Brown, an American artist of distinguished reputation, both at Rome (where he has long studied) and in his own country. It is of considerable size, and it gives a most graphic and striking representation of the capital of the United States (as we still prefer to entitle the Federal Union of America), as seen from across the *embrochure* of the Hudson, with all the adjoining sea and land view. This picture possesses intrinsic merit. Another large work by the same artist is also exhibited in the French Gallery. This second picture, a view of the White Mountain Range, or "Crown of New England," in New Hampshire, is one of the most beautiful and impressive landscapes that we ever remember to have seen.

Thefts at the Royal Academy.—We regret to learn that no fewer than seven pictures, among the rejected, were stolen from the Royal Academy; the frames were left, but the paintings abstracted. We hope to obtain a list of them, in order to facilitate detection.

Mr. Jerry Barrett, who painted Miss Nightingale tending the sick and wounded at Scutari, has, at 191, Piccadilly, a picture representing 'Mrs. Fry reading to the Prisoners in Newgate.' The prisoners are presumed to be a selection from the female inmates of the gaol, many of whom are deeply affected by the lessons read to them by this benevolent lady. By others, a rearward group, the gin is covertly circulated, with every manifestation of hardened vice. The accuracy of this part of the picture might be subject to question, were it not known that at this time (1816) spirits were allowed in Newgate to those who could purchase them. Mrs. Fry sits at a small table, and immediately behind her stands Mr. John Joseph Gurney, and Mr. Samuel Gurney, the late Sir Fowell Buxton, the Bishop of Gloucester, Mrs. Coventry, and others. The picture is extremely well painted, and from the prisoners the artist deduces an element at once pictorial and pointedly descriptive.

Shakspere's Bust, on his tomb at Stratford-on-Avon, has been "restored" in colour; and the white paint with which Malone was allowed to disfigure it, covered by a new and varied series of tints, with which connoisseurs are likely to be as little pleased. Originally painted in natural colours, in accordance with the taste of the era of James I., such colours have been again placed over Malone's, as they are described to have been before his foolish meddling. But delicacy and taste have not guided the restoration, and it has made "the judicious grieve." A monument of such supreme interest should not be subjected to these chances: it is a glaring instance of how little reliance can be placed on custodians in England, whether lay or clerical.

Portrait of Henry Farnell, Esq.—The lovers of the "gentle craft" will be glad to learn that his many friends have subscribed and obtained a full-length portrait of the veteran angler. The commission was given to Mr. T. M. Joy: it is an admirable work and a true likeness—perhaps the best production of the always careful and skilful artist, who has few rivals in the art of combining the style of the master with accuracy of details and manipulative finish. Mr. Farnell has richly merited this graceful compliment: almost solely to his energy and large sacrifices, the Thames angler is indebted for the enjoyment he obtains on the noble river, that may be said to run from a meadow in Gloucestershire into all the nations of the world. "The Thames Preservation Society" not only owes its existence to him—without his continued thought and labour its usefulness would be very limited. There are thousands to whom the Thames is a source of intense delight, who can rarely visit the rivers of Wales or the lakes of Scotland, but who can revel in a punt, and be well content with tributes which the venerable father yields them willingly and in abundance. All such will be gratified to know that a gentleman so much esteemed and respected as Mr. Farnell, has been thus complimented by "the Brethren of the Angle."

Exhibition, 1862.—The Guarantee Fund now exceeds the sum of four hundred thousand pounds.

REVIEWS.

THE ENGLISH CATHEDRAL OF THE NINETEENTH CENTURY. By A. J. B. BERESFORD HOPE, M.A., D.C.L. With Illustrations. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

This able volume has been developed from a lecture that was delivered by the author before the Cambridge Architectural Society. It is a book for the time—the production of a man who takes a prominent practical part in the grave questions which he discusses, and who is deservedly held in high esteem and respect, as well by those who dissent from his views, as by the friends who cordially sympathise with him. Since the appearance of the "Seven Lamps of Architecture," we have not read, with such profound interest and admiration, any work that treats of architecture in its highest range in association with its becoming uses. Mr. Hope has produced a book that is thoroughly original, eminently characteristic, of commanding interest, and of supreme importance. True to his churchmanship, and no less sincere in his devotion to Gothic art, throughout his volume Mr. Hope deals with the "English Cathedral of the Nineteenth Century" as both a building and an institution. He takes his stand on high ground, and he maintains his position with admirable tact, as well as with conscious strength. Having cleared the way before him by a keen glance, first at the work of the Church among the millions, and then at the architectural and ecclesiastical ideas of a cathedral in contrast, Mr. Hope boldly claims for cathedral churches a distinct recognition among the urgent requirements of our day; and he proceeds to discuss the choice of style for our "nineteenth century" cathedrals, their plan, general character, arrangements, constructive and decorative features, and internal decoration, with their accessory buildings and practical means of usefulness. Such a work, when projected in a becoming spirit, and produced with a masterly hand, cannot fail to make its voice heard, and its influence felt. It is, indeed, a noble testimony to true churchmanship in its broadest practical dealing with the community at large, as it triumphantly vindicates the supremacy of Gothic architecture.

Amongst the most interesting portions of the work, we feel assured that all readers will give the place of honour to the chapter which is devoted to descriptions of the new cathedrals that have very lately arisen, and that now are rising, or about to rise, in our colonial cities. We should rejoice to see this part of Mr. Hope's volume printed, in a popular form, by itself, for the widest possible circulation. The same may be said of the summing up of the work, which contains the author's earnest and eloquent appeal for the erection of additional cathedrals, as essential to the complete and consistent development of the Church of England in the England of to-day.

We have placed in juxtaposition Mr. Hope's "Cathedral" with a work by Mr. Ruskin, and, having done so, we feel bound to declare that, in matters ecclesiastical, the two writers profess to hold views that are widely sundered. And yet we believe that, even in these matters, *at heart* their aim and desire are very nearly identical. In their love and admiration of Gothic art the two writers agree in principle, though in many points of detail they may diverge from a common sentiment. Such differences, however, serve to strengthen the community of sentiment that does exist between them.

Mr. Hope's volume is printed in that excellent large type that always carries with it its own sure welcome, and he has judiciously enlivened his pages with such engravings as really *illustrate* the text. The engravings are all on wood, with the exception of a steel plate—St. Ninian's Cathedral, erected for the Scottish Episcopal Church, at Perth, by Mr. Butterfield, and of a photograph—one of the very best we have ever seen—of the interior of a church of cathedral dignity and rank, that was rebuilt from the designs of Mr. Slater, in the island of St. Kitts, in the West Indies, after the destruction of a former one by an earthquake, and was consecrated in 1859. Many of the woodcuts, we may add, have been borrowed from Mr. Fergusson's "Handbook of Architecture."

We recommend Mr. Hope's "Cathedral" to the earnest and thoughtful perusal of all who are deeply interested in the well-being of the Church of England, and more especially to all such churchmen as have at heart the honour of the great style of architecture, the revival of which is the commanding Art-fact of our era. To the opponents of the Gothic we may also commend this book, inasmuch as it may teach them not to condemn hastily a style which can command the devoted advocacy of a writer possessing the ability and the discrimination so signally exemplified in Mr. Hope.

NOTES ON ART, BRITISH SCULPTORS, SCULPTURE, AND OTHER PUBLIC MONUMENTS. Published by E. STANFORD. London.

We know not the author of this anonymous pamphlet, but he is certainly a person who has attentively studied the conditions under which patronage, both public and private, but especially the former, is extended to Art in this country,—conditions resulting so often in the elevation of the unworthy and the neglect of what is really excellent. The absence, in those who assume to be judges in matters of Art, of all fitness for the duties they voluntarily undertake, or which are placed upon them, is too obvious to admit of dispute, and its result is lamentably seen everywhere—in our public works of Art, no less than in the private gallery of the amateur. And it is not ignorance only, but dogmatic reasoning in favour of certain Art-creeds, or of certain artists, which works the evil complained of: and it is to these matters, as well as to others, that the writer of "Notes on Art" directs attention in a few pages of sound sense, and clear, unanswerable argument. Though he touches upon Art generally, it is to sculpture chiefly that his observations extend; his object being to advocate the necessity of legislative interference in the matter of our public monuments, by the institution of some tribunal or council, presided over by a "Minister of Art," to which council all public works should be referred for approval—the present condition of public sculpture loudly calling for some such system of restriction and surveillance. We do most earnestly recommend this pamphlet to the earnest consideration of every one who has any feeling for Art, or desires either directly or indirectly to promote its best interests: could we reprint it entire in our pages we think we should be doing good service to the cause we have at heart. Some remarks are appended on the attempt being now made to get a duplicate for London of Foley's noble statue of Lord Hardinge. We shall find an early opportunity of saying something on this matter: the subscriptions towards the work come in but slowly; it will be a stigma on the Art-patronage and taste of the public, if the project is not realized, and that quickly.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANNERS AND CUSTOMS OF THE MODERN EGYPTIANS, written in Egypt, during the years 1833, '34, and '35. By EDWARD WILLIAM LANE. The Fifth Edition, Edited by the Author's Nephew, EDWARD STANLEY POOLE. Published by JOHN MURRAY, London.

This is, in every respect, an equally valuable and beautiful volume. It must be held to be the standard edition of a first-rate, and eminently-popular, work, since it is printed from the author's last edition, with the important additions and alterations which he has himself made, from time to time, in a copy of that work. The author's own illustrations, engraved on wood, are also present in this edition, which further comprises a valuable appendix, by the present editor. It will thus be understood that this fifth edition by no means professes to be a recast of a book that, at the first, was comparatively imperfect: on the contrary, it is simply a final elaboration of a work which, in the first instance, was one of the most complete and masterly that ever issued from the press. The handsome volume, that so ably sustains the reputation of Albemarle Street, is the genuine *Lane's Modern Egyptians*,—only it is that book still more worthy of itself and of its character than ever it was before.

Like his uncle, the author, the present editor is personally familiar with the people whose "manners and customs" are described and illustrated in the work, the publication of which he has so carefully and judiciously superintended. His own corroboration of the public recognition and approval of Mr. Lane's pages is, therefore, of the utmost value; and, in addition to this, while scrupulously preserving the integrity of the author's work, the editor has enriched it with a group of supplementary essays of his own, in which he at once conveys fresh information, of equal interest and importance, and demonstrates his own fitness for the office that has been entrusted to him. This appendix, by the editor, comprises a richly-illustrated article on the "Female Ornaments" in use amongst the modern Egyptians, and essays on "Egyptian measures, weights, and money;" on "household expenditure in Cairo;" and on the "prayer of Muslim schoolboys;" with some "directions for the treatment of dysentery and ophthalmia." And it further contains the editor's notes on the "census" of Egypt; on "Arabian architecture;" on "the history of the Mosque of 'Amr;" and on the "increase of the Nile deposit."

To enter now into any detailed examination of the body of a work that has, for several years, taken a position in the front rank of the standard literature of England, would be altogether superfluous, as it certainly would be beside our present purpose. We assume that *Lane's Modern Egyptians* is, and long has been, a valued friend of our readers, and we are accordingly content to direct their attention to the peculiar merits of the present edition. We may, however, remark that Mr. Lane's work possesses a quality almost, if not altogether, without a parallel. It closes the exclusively oriental history of the most remarkable people of the East. Since Mr. Lane wrote, twenty-five years of steam communication with Europe have more effectually altered the inhabitants of the Nile valley than the preceding five centuries had done. When Mr. Lane wrote, the people were the veritable Egyptians of the Egypt that the then present had received from the past. The "manners and customs" which he described with such graphic and minute truthfulness were those of "Modern Egyptians," indeed; but still of Egyptians who retained the habits and usages of their remote ancestors. Mr. Lane stereographed the people as he saw them around him, and then, at once, they began to change. From the time that their biography was completed, the "Modern Egyptians" have gradually been straying from the old paths of their fathers' fathers, into the new ways of European civilization. A new era in their history has commenced; and, after a while, it will require another chronicler. But Mr. Lane has identified himself with the Egyptians of the East, as they lived on to the close of their pre-European period; and it must ever be held to be most fortunate, that so keen and discriminating an observer should have seized the last available opportunity for describing this remarkable people, while yet they were unchanged, and it was possible to describe them.

The paper, typography, &c., of this fifth edition of the "Modern Egyptians" are, of course, all that can be desired, after the manner of Mr. Murray's publications.

THE EARL OF DERBY. A Photograph by J. E. MAYALL. Published by MARION and Co., London.

This is the first of a series of "portraits of eminent men" produced by Mr. Mayall's photographic process, and an admirable likeness it is of the great Conservative leader. The expression of the face is not pleasing, is not even amiable; it is that of one to whom deep thought, much anxiety, and, perhaps, much political disquietude, have given no stinted measure of severity and sternness; still it is a noble, intellectual head, and, independent of the photograph being one of great pictorial beauty, it will be welcomed by the numerous admirers of the statesman, who, through good report and evil report, look to him as the champion of the highest interests of our country.

PORTRAIT OF JOHN BRIGHT, M.P. Engraved by J. H. BAKER, from a Drawing by L. DICKINSON. Published by J. L. FAIRLESS, Newcastle-on-Tyne.

This portrait also will find its admirers, for Mr. Bright is a man of mark with a section of the community. Analysing the composition of his face as it appears in this print, we should say, without committing ourselves to the truth, or otherwise, of the epithet not unfrequently applied to the honourable member, that there is not an atom of the demagogue in it; great firmness in those half-compressed lips, and great keenness, amounting almost to restlessness, in the eyes, are there certainly, but the general expression is benignant and agreeable. Mr. Baker has engraved his subject in the very first style of stipple-work; delicate, yet free and firm.

THE ILLUSTRATED GIRLS' OWN TREASURY. Published by WARD & LOCK, London.

There are hundreds of really good engravings in this full volume, some pictorial and some explanatory, all interesting and instructive. Its contents are very varied; beginning with dry biographies of eminent women, and ending with descriptive sketches of "the months" and their respective productions. Indeed, there is scarcely a theme that is not treated, and well treated; scarcely a topic that is not illustrated, and well illustrated—the author and artist bearing always in view that their duty is to minister to the wants and wishes of girls, for whom they have produced a "Treasury" of instruction and delight, which, though costing little, is of great worth.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, July 1, 1861.

EXHIBITION OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY.*

LAST month what are popularly known as the principal pictures in the exhibition were noticed at considerable length. In the course of these notices questions of principles in Art were discussed as they seemed to arise out of the merits or defects of pictures: and the same course shall be followed, in more or less detail, in our notes on what may, without offence, be called the less important works, wherever the elucidation of principle, in connection with particular pictures, shall appear to assist in propagating true and definite knowledge upon the subject; but relieving the tedium of such discussions by an occasional scamper over a number of those pictures too good to escape notice, and yet not sufficiently important to impart either much instruction in Art, or more than ordinary pleasure in the contemplation.

If whiting fishing be like other piscatory sports or occupations, it must be at least as interesting as the representation of it by Mr. A. Montague, No. 5, which contains some tolerable painting, but which, like No. 7, 'Pharaoh's Daughter,' E. Armitage, does not fill or satisfy the mind, from belonging to that highly respectable class of works which, notwithstanding all their good qualities, are said in poetry to be acceptable neither to gods nor men. From Mr. Armitage especially we should be better pleased to have something atrociously bad, because then we might hope for some decided rebound towards his first works and great promise; but this mediocrity in high Art will prove the grave of any reputation, however worthily won; and being among those who welcomed the dawn of this artist's career with so much expectation, we are the more anxiously urgent that the fruit should bear some proportion to the blossom. Unfortunately the same tone must be adopted towards Mr. D. Birch, respecting his 'Common near the New Forest,' No. 11, which is a careful display of labour, without one ray of genius to recommend his diligence; but mere labour will never make a picture any more than a poem, and landscape without poetry is the body without the soul of nature. The photographer can do all this; he can lay out the body, and represent, if we may so speak, the limbs of nature better than any artist—and when that is all that can be accomplished, better that it should be left to those who can best succeed. But this is not landscape painting; that must be made instinct with the vitality of nature: and it would be as reasonable to suppose that wax dolls were veritable babies, as that such putting together of the details of nature, without evidence of life, are veritable landscapes. Labour is all very well; but without some evidence of being combined with genius—and that is not the mere faculty of imitation, however perfect—labour might be more profitably bestowed than in the production of pictorial nonentities.

'An Ancient Dame,' H. Moseley, No. 21, an old lady's head, creditably painted, and No. 26, 'Gossip on the Beach,' J. Mogford, have qualities of atmosphere, colour, and a knowledge of composition and effect from which more important works may be anticipated. Two things, however, Mr. Mogford would do well to bear in mind, that smoothness is not finish, and that what is technically known as glazing, does not always produce transparency. Smoothness will produce "prettiness," one of the most worthless qualities which can attach to pictures, but it is destructive of that variety of tint and texture so essential to success, and which are so eminently displayed in the beach scenes of Turner; and the reflected lights even of a breaking wave must be *painted* to secure transparency, as, according to Mr. Mogford's experience in this No. 26, glazing secures heaviness without producing the pellucid character of a curled breaking wave. The artist has another picture, No. 170, 'Beachy Head—an October Sunset,' which exhibits the same class of beauties and defects, the sky and distance being most creditable, while the sun seems not so much reflected in the waves' trough as on a space of wet sand. 'The Storm Cloud,' No. 469, however, shows that he has some of the true mettle in him, and, with ordinary study, he may soon be able successfully to develop his inherent power, and get rid of his present danger, which is to mistake a pretty manner for a successful style.

No. 30, 'The Water-seller of Ragusa, Dalmatia,' T. Heaphy, is a characteristic treatment of an interesting study; and No. 43, 'The *Fox* in the Ice,' J. Hamer, looks very like a recollection of what Mr. E. W. Cooke did for the same subject last season, without the idea being bettered by the borrowing.

No. 36, 'The First-born,' C. Baugniet, is in title the same as the great work by Mr. F. Goodall; nor is the feeling essentially different in character, however inferior in degree. There is something beautifully tender in the humanity which the artist has thrown over this incident of fisher cottage life, and this work is another illustration of the truth—

"One touch of nature makes the whole world kin."

The picture is, moreover, good in colour, as well as full of truth. We sincerely wish as much could be said for No. 37, 'Street in Geneva, 1825,' G. Jones, R.A., and a companion picture of the same size, where the houses are different, but the same figures appear to the same disadvantage in both. Mr. Jones has other and better pictures in the exhibition than these, and we cannot forget that artists are not always young, and that age cannot be expected to display the strength of manhood in picture painting. But if, instead of dealing with works according to their merits—and we should not be stinted in appreciation of legitimate partiality in such cases—they are, as it were, forced on public attention, as if for the mere purpose of challenging remark—the public have but one course left, and that is, to lift the glove so ostentatiously thrown down, and test the mettle of those whose chivalry so conspicuously outruns discretion. Let it be well understood, that in what follows Mr. Jones is in no way concerned, except as he has been brought forward by the hanging committee—most probably against his better judgment—as the most prominent victim of a most indefensible system, but one to which the members of the Royal Academy will probably more tenaciously cling than even to the limitation of their number; because, with the consciousness that they too may become old as men, and, consequently, more feeble as artists, a right to the line has become one of the most cherished individual rights belonging, or assumed to belong, to the members of this corporation. We yield to none in sympathy for age in any or in all its feelings, and can, therefore, fully estimate the strength of those feelings which cling around such a privilege as knowing that, come what may, you can never be supplanted by younger men in position for pictures, whatever their quality; but neither can we forget that the nation is always young, and that national institutions are not simply for preserving mementoes of the past, but must also represent the present, and prepare for doing justice to the future. How the claims of past merit are to be reconciled with those of the present may be matter of opinion, and the subject is one which cannot be satisfactorily treated in an incidental way; but the claim practically set forth in the hanging of these and some other pictures in the exhibition—that the works of those belonging to an incorporation shall, apart from quality and competition, be entitled to the best situations on the walls of a national edifice—is so foreign to British ideas on all other subjects, as to be, on public grounds, utterly indefensible,—so indefensible that, whatever might be supposed or felt on the question, judicious policy would prevent such a claim, either theoretically or practically, being forced upon public notice. We have already said that, as a rule, the Royal Academy is the most fairly hung exhibition in London. By that opinion we abide, but the case now in hand is not governed by the estimation in which different individuals may hold works of nearly equal merit, but by a claim of right set up altogether apart from the merits of the pictures. Mr. Frith recently, and most justly, took those who *did* the hanging at the British Institution to task, for the style in which some artists were there sacrificed, and Messrs. Ward and Hart have done good service by placing on record their opinion that, at least for Liverpool, sufficient guarantees for impartiality are best secured by admission of the lay element into decisions on such subjects; but, however the British Institution may err in judgment, that body is clear from the graver error of deliberate wrong-doing, through an alleged right to perpetrate the wrong. Mr. Frith had a very strong case against the committee at the Institution, because it ignorantly sacrificed some better pictures to make room for worse ones; but how much stronger would his case have been, could he have pointed to good pictures, not only this year, but every year, sacrificed, not from ignorance, but upon principle, to bad ones. Suppose, for example, that he could have shown the world, through the columns of the *Times* and *Art-Journal*, that the quality of pictures had nothing to do with the position assigned them by the hanging committee, and that the hanging committee had, practically, no option in the matter; that, as matter of right to certain artists, the committee was bound to put their pictures on the line, and in the best places; and that all other pictures could only be hung around these as was found most convenient;—what a case would he not have made out against the absurdity and cruelty of such a rule! True, the noblemen and gentlemen composing that Institution might have replied, that they sought nothing from exhibitors, who might submit or not, as suited them, to their judgment and decision; but with what indignant zeal for his brethren Mr. Frith would

* Continued from page 172.

have demolished such flimsy sophistry, can be more easily imagined than described. Or suppose, instead of hypothetical cases, that the Liverpool committee could have pointed Messrs. Ward and Hart to the fact, that the committee of artists had actually hung 'Early Sorrow,' No. 44—one of the best pictures exhibited of its class—by Mr. F. D. Hardy, and 'Ruinous Prices,' by Mr. Hughes, and the landscapes of Danby, on the floor, to make way for some of those which now disgrace the "line," how would their argument have been strengthened against the alleged tendency to "cliques" so feelingly deplored at Liverpool, and how doubly needful could they have shown some admixture of the lay element to be among those who have the management of exhibitions! Should any be so unfortunate as to mistake Institution for Academy, or to read London for Liverpool, the arguments of these academicians might be found more telling than convenient, and it is, at least, no disadvantage to the interests of artists as a body, that these opinions have been so distinctly put on record.

After this long digression—not undertaken willingly, but forced upon us by the action of the hanging committee in asserting one of the supposed rights of Royal Academicians—we are glad to return to the pictures, because, even when but indifferent in character, they are infinitely more pleasing than the stirring of such questions. 'The Mischievous Models,' No. 51, R. Physick, is a puppy tolerably, and and a kitten not well, painted, who have got upon the artist's palette, greatly, no doubt, to his grief, and the disfigurement of the puppy's nose; and No. 52, 'At Dockwray, Cumberland,' J. Adam, is a small piece of dextrous handling, which rather, however, verges upon what has been so often proved a fatal facility of brush, to the destruction of all earnest thought. We ought to have noticed No. 50, 'A Welsh Cottage,' by Mr. A. Cooper, as a clearly and cleverly painted interior, not improved by the introduction of the figures. No. 55, 'Fruit and Still-life,' J. D. Adam, is very good in colour, and worked out with true artistic feeling, the textures of the different objects being well preserved, and rendered with more than ordinary skill; while 'A Claddagh Fisherman's Fire-side,' No. 56, G. W. Brownlow, is a pleasing little picture of a very common subject, owing its chief attraction to a judicious balance and arrangement of colour. There is also something very nice about the upper portion of No. 68, if we except the drawing and quality of the tone in the clouds—rather a large exception, but still not sufficient to dishearten Mr. T. J. Banks from attempting to repeat what he has done without repeating the defects. And why should Mr. W. W. Fenn, as in No. 78, 'Clovelly, North Devon,' attempt to prefer resembling Hook instead of looking at nature for himself? A landscape only half as good as this would have been much more valuable, both to the artist and the public, had it displayed the artist's own idiosyncrasy. And young men would do well to remember that they had better be themselves even in indifferent pictures, than the followers of others in better ones.

No. 82, 'Counting her Chickens before they are Hatched,' C. S. Lidderdale, is a figure good in expression, and one which tells its story not by the face only, but by the whole disposition of the figure. Pity that the drawing of the arms is so wooden in character, and the left hand and arm are so positively bad; nor is there much excuse for such carelessness, for both parts of this picture, and the 'Inventor,' No. 393, by the same artist, show that he can and ought to be more careful. How Mr. Lidderdale came to produce some of the work in 'Threading Granny's Needle,' No. 188, it is difficult to divine. Mr. Mason's 'Landscape,' No. 88, is as hot and sultry as 'The Shadow on the Tree,' No. 89, by J. Ritchie, is striking and peculiar; this latter having a great appearance of finish, or rather labour, which it has not; and if Mr. Ritchie would be wise for himself, he will leave a style which is bringing down what once promised to be at least a respectable professional reputation by the run, and betake himself to the more legitimate path indicated by his other picture of 'A Case of Assault,' No. 230, where the character is good, albeit a little over-strained.

No. 93, 'The Artist's Properties,' J. Ballantyne, is a spirited treatment of a subject which some artists never tire of painting, viz., portraits of their own stock in trade. Here, the artist's children, we presume, are ransacking his studio wardrobe, and dressing themselves out with its contents, and for those who like such subjects, this will be a pleasing little picture; but apart from the skill displayed in painting, it seems to us little better than time and effort thrown away, unless, indeed, such subjects are selected to save thought, which, it may reasonably be feared, is too often the case.

One of the most attractive small pictures below the line is No. 123, 'A Farm Yard,' G. W. Horlor; but, to our thinking, the very qualities which make it most popularly attractive are precisely those which detract from its intrinsic value. Mr. Horlor is an artist who has made himself a high position as an animal-painter, and he has painted sheep with a strength of character and individuality of style which have not been surpassed by any except Landseer, if in reality by him. What, then, could tempt such an artist to adopt and manifestly imitate the latest, and certainly not the best, style of Landseer, as a substitute for the former manly forth-putting of his own power? The smoothness and finish, if it be finish, of the calves in this 'Farm-yard' are excellent, and the whole picture is unexceptionable, barring the rather leaden tone pervading the sky and greys throughout; and it would have been a wonderful specimen of animal-painting had Landseer never painted; but in that case Mr. Horlor never would have produced this picture; and what is gained by an artist when the first exclamation on seeing his work is, "Very like Landseer?" Is that the way in which any artist ever has, or ever will, build up a reputation for himself? We trow not. And it would be infinitely better to have the less perfectly-developed style of Mr. Horlor himself, than to have even good translations of Landseer, when that is destroying the inherent style of the translator; because a man's mode of expression is in reality, as much as his quality of thought, an essential part of him, whether in excellence or defects, and no parody of another can, as a general rule, compensate for the want of the original element. There have been, of course, exceptions—as when Teniers the younger added all his own genius to what his father had formerly achieved; or when Wilkie, basing his style upon that of old Carse, almost infinitely surpassed his model; or where the authors of *Rejected Addresses* threw their own genius over the styles of those they so cleverly—not so much imitated as—hit off; but these exceptions only prove the general rule. Unfortunately, Mr. Horlor gives no signs of being able to add additional lustre to the style of Landseer; and therefore we should greatly prefer seeing him in his own mode of pictorial expression. 'The Blot,' No. 136, and 'Pothooks,' No. 138, both by J. Morgan, are two clever renderings of the same subject—an old schoolmaster, with a young urchin who, in the one case, is learning to make pothooks, and the other showing what "that boy did" to his copy-book. The colour in both is good, and to this is added excellent expression—in the latter picture making it one of those "bits" which collectors will, no doubt, snatch at with avidity.

No. 147, 'An Italian,' H. T. Wells, contains many good qualities, although wanting in decision of manipulation, and having the texture of a number of substances rather than that of flesh; while No. 152, 'Building a Rick,' by F. W. Hulme, is up to, but does not go beyond, what the artist has previously reached—the painting being as clever and the colour as cold as usual.

No. 153, 'Births, Marriages, and Deaths,' C. Landseer, R.A., is, without any exception, the most perplexing picture in the exhibition. Upon the claim of right to the line assumed by academicians, this picture is hung where it cannot fail to attract attention; but how shall it be described after it has been seen? In a former article we referred at some length to the state of the Academy school, and endeavoured to point out the disgrace of being unable to produce students worthy of receiving the usual prizes. Mr. C. Landseer is keeper, *i.e.* teacher of drawing in the Academy, and it is impossible to overlook these two facts after this picture has been so ostentatiously forced upon public attention. It is admitted that a man may be a good teacher up to a point, without being able to produce good pictures; and it is also admitted that the mere drudgery of teaching tends to destroy an artist's works who continues to combine exhibiting with tuition. And these admissions are frankly made, to help in some measure to account for the qualities of this picture; but after all is said that can be conceived in extenuation, it is difficult to see how the school can be otherwise than bankrupt in ability if this be a fair sample of the instruction given to the students. Were personal feeling everything, and the interests of Art nothing, it would be much more agreeable to pass such pictures in silence; but, from the public position of the artist, this picture acquires a public interest which does not attach to the works of less important officials. Among the Royal Academicians, who may be president, treasurer, secretary, or trustee, matters nothing to the public, if the members are satisfied; but that the teacher of the coming artists of the country should be fully qualified for his work is a matter of national urgency, and it is to be hoped, for the sake of these young men, as well as for the prospects of Art, that if a fourth-form student produced drawing like the arms, legs, hands, and feet of these women and children, Mr. Landseer's righteous soul would feel constrained to apply the birch with vigour, and not spare for the delinquent's crying. But there must be some mistake in the catalogue which has misled the hanging committee; and until further and better proof, we cannot, and will not, believe that this picture represents the artistic skill of the first master of the highest school of Art in Britain—that school to which we, as a nation, owe nearly all the great men which this country can boast of in Art. Constrained by this hope, we forbear to go over the parts of this picture in detail, lest the galling saddle might be placed upon the wrong back; but if, unfortunately, it should turn out otherwise, other opportunities may offer for pressing the inevitable inference upon the attention of the Royal Academy and the public.

No. 161, 'Fruit Fragments,' Miss I. Inglis, is a small picture of considerable merit, being especially remarkable for its truth of texture, the pieces of cut apple being equal to anything in the exhibition for the feeling of reality with which they have been painted.

No. 189, 'Chewing the Cud,' F. W. Keyl, is good in character, both the ewe and lamb being cleverly rendered.

No. 190, 'The Knight's Home,' J. B. Bur-

GESS, a different reading of the 'Islesman's Home,' painted by Mr. Noel Paton some years since, is a coarse but vigorous treatment of what has become a very hackneyed theme with artists who subject their children, or the children of others, to such annoyances, but which seem to us neither natural nor interesting, however well they may be painted—although as a rule they are painted badly, from the fact that it is impossible to get up mental interest in an unreal subject. No true man can be earnest in developing a sham; and even the hope of sale will not enable an artist to put out his strength on what does not come home to his feelings of reality.

No. 216, 'Boat Builder's Yard on the Medway,' W. E. BATES, displays a creditable amount of respectable drawing; and No. 218, 'Volunteers returning from Firing,' F. HARRISON, shows that the artist has a good eye for colour, with a vigorous feeling for effect. His picture is small, but the way in which the clouds return, and the evening haze envelops the distant landscape, as well as the strength with which the volunteers come up against the sky, and yet retain the aspect of distance—an effect which less tutored eyes would have destroyed by the use of blackness, instead of contrast—shows that something more important may be expected from an artist who can do a little bit so well.

No. 226, 'A Leaf from the Book of Nature,' H. C. WHAITE, with Shakspere's well-known

"Books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in everything,"

appended as a motto, is a leaf well chosen for the purpose to which it is applied; and it displays some clever painting, although there is a general want of depth about the colour, and a frittered manner about the trees which, at least, add nothing to its value as a picture.

No. 232, 'An unexpected Trump,' W. H. KNIGHT, is a picture which contains a very large amount of admirable painting, and yet, from the threadbare nature of the subject, in the exhibition more than half the beauty of the picture is overlooked—that is, thrown away. Had half the ability been displayed upon a new and interesting theme, or had the subject been invested with some new interest from difference of composition, this would undoubtedly have been considered one of the choice pictures of the collection; but to reproduce the same old types sitting round the same old table, in the lines which everybody's pictures have rendered familiar, was surely a great blunder in the artist. Novelty of effect and striking composition are not absolutely essential to all success, but it requires other powers of the very highest order to bear up against the want of such invention, and even the highest powers in other walks will not long uphold an exhibition reputation against the want of this great popular charm—the love of novelty. Mr. Knight's picture is better than many that attract much more attention; but had the attractive qualities been added to the substantial merits of the picture, it would have been worth double value as a work of Art, and would have added ten times as much to the artist's reputation. Good painting is indispensable; but that is thrown away, when bestowed upon a composition so well worn that nobody takes the trouble to investigate the beauties of those details of which it is made up. Unfortunately, this is too much the case with these card-players, and the fact ought not to be lost upon Mr. Knight, and others whom it no less concerns.

'Flowers,' by Mrs. COLLINSON, No. 249, will repay attention, and so will a good landscape, No. 237, 'Colmslie Castle, the supposed residence of Sir Halbert Glendenning —see "Monastery"'—by Mr. A. PERIGAL. 'A Persian Bazaar,' No. 262, H. PILLEAU, is a piece of good colour. It might be difficult to get more interesting thistles than those of No. 280, painted by ROSARIUS, whoever he may be: but they are only thistles after all, and no means within the domain of Art will magnify the down into importance, even although every fibre were as fully represented as in nature. At best, such success would be a display of laborious idleness—and what can it be, when this kind of success is less than half achieved? No. 295, 'Dark and Fair,' by L. J. POTT, is a very good picture of its class, which may also be said of No. 310, 'Sunrise, Monte Rosa,' G. E. HERING, and No. 312, 'Baby's Awake,' by J. D. WATSON. 'Playing at a Queen with a Painter's Wardrobe,' No. 347, J. ARCHER, is far below what we are entitled to expect from this artist, and it is sincerely to be hoped from the multitude of failures this year on painters' wardrobes, that the public has seen the last of them for many years to come, as subjects for their owners. If an artist has a wardrobe, let him have it to himself; but we protest against a lot of old clothes being imitated on canvas, and these imitations being dignified with the name of pictures. No. 351, 'The Old Road—a scene in North Wales,' N. O. LUPTON, is smartly painted, in the very "prettiest" style. There are a number of other similar works in this room, but readers are probably as tired as we are of this running reading of the smaller pictures; still, if they are to be noticed at all, there is no other way of overtaking them, and we have at least endeavoured to find out their beauties, rather than their defects, and that is, perhaps, the reason why the results of this cursory glance may read so drily.

Now, however, we return to a portion of the exhibition affording more ample scope for criticism—that portion represented by the entrance hall and west rooms, where academicians do not prefer to hang their own works, and where the line is liberally appropriated to those who send pictures suitable for covering it. Some capital pictures there are, too, and to these we now ask attention. Like others, we are well nigh satiated with 'Elaine' and her surroundings upon canvas, and can most sincerely hope that this young lady will be allowed at least one season's respite, for she has been sadly tortured lately by artistic devotees; we shall, therefore, leave her among the gardens where Sir Lancelot found her, and which Mr. G. DIGHTON has made the subject of his picture, and glance at the sterner subject, and vastly more impressive picture, by Mr. J. DANBY, of 'A Wreck on Exmouth Bar,' No. 388. This picture is hung so far out of sight as to make any close examination of its details impossible, but there is sufficient in the general construction and effect to ensure no small share of attention from all intelligent lovers of Art. The red setting sun throws its lurid light over the vapour-clad horizon, and the wreck is seen dimly stranded on the mid-distant bar. Whether the upper portion of the sky be not too clear for the general tone of the picture may, perhaps, be questioned, and the picture would certainly have been none the worse, had the blue partaken of that dimmed glory which lights up the other portions of this sea-piece; but Mr. Danby does not deal in

"That liberal art which costs no pains,
Of study, industry, or brains:"

so that, even when we desiderate certain qualities of character or tone, his pictures are always honest and successful efforts, produced in an appreciatory spirit.

The WILLIAMS family exhibit a number of pictures bearing the family stamp; and Mr. A. F. PATTEN is represented by a subject from the "Arabian Nights," No. 404, which shows more abundance of colour than of harmonious treatment.

No. 411, 'The Hero of the Day,' F. B. BARWELL. This artist has attached himself to the new sect, and is certainly not the feeblest among the recent adherents to the Pre-Raphaelite brethren. He at least has no chance, for a long time to come, of falling into that maudling groping after refinement so conspicuous in the works of some of his less energetic fellow labourers. The subject will, no doubt, be considered of that class which Mr. Ruskin somewhere has declared to be of the true historical style, that finds its truest development in painting things just as we see them around us. Upon this principle portraiture was asserted to be the true historical painting; and if so, Mr. Barwell, by the production of this picture, ought certainly to find an enviable niche in the temple of Fame; for he has produced a most literal rendering of what may be a popular, but which is withal rather a vulgar, vigorous embodiment of a present every-day scene. 'The Hero of the Day' is one of those patriotic volunteers whose military ardour the weather seems to take every opportunity of attempting to damp, but who, with his companions, have enjoyed, for this once, at least upon Mr. Barwell's canvas, the rarity of a sunny day for the exercise of their skill as marksmen. The hero, who is no doubt a costermonger, from the quality of animal and style of vehicle on which his family is returning from witnessing his success, evidently carries home his prize as proud of his military superiority as the first Napoleon or Wellington would have been of conquering a kingdom. He is evidently on the very best terms with himself, fancying, no doubt, that he is

"Made of better clay
Than ever the old potter, Titian, knew;"

while the wife and the children, one of whom carries the prize, are evidently as proud of their father, as he is of his own exploits. In this respect the story is well told. There can be no objection to the satisfaction, any more than to the general arrangement, of the picture or the working out of the details, which are all good. There is a species of unrefined vigour about the picture, which at least arrests attention; but how much the artist has yet to achieve before he masters the refinement necessary to the production of pleasing pictures, can only be fully seen after this work has been carefully examined. Mr. Barwell has, however, a good share of the true ore in him, and the independent style in which he has displayed it in this 'Hero of the Day' is far more hopeful than if he had adopted the slavery of that '*ism* to which he so evidently leans; and if he will but strive to refrain from seeing nature as through a mere lens, and bring his mind to bear upon what he cannot individually represent, and must therefore strive, with all possible success, to generalize, the picture of the Hero gives promise of yet far more important results from this artist in the walk which he appears to have selected.

Another picture by a young artist, Mr. M. STONE, has also attracted some attention—No. 425, 'Claudio, deceived by Don John, accuses Hero,' from *Much Ado about Nothing*, and it certainly displays some most precocious qualities; for instead of looking like the work of a very young man, it has rather the appearance of being painted with a decision and breadth of touch bespeaking one who had painted on from vigorous style into facile manner. This ripe facility of pencil is at least equalled by adroit dexterity of grouping and disposition of colour, so that, as a whole, this is a most winning and attractive picture. But although the product be such as we have stated, its excellence is based upon some things so utterly false and ultimately destructive, that they must

be pointed out. The first and most cardinal defect, is the total want of reality that pervades both the individual figures and the whole scene. It is the representation of actors on the stage, and has no affinity to the doings and feelings and actions of real life. This may result from various causes, but chiefly perhaps from the kind of study to which too many artists devote themselves. They far too literally believe that all "the world 's a stage," and hence it becomes the only world wherein they seek for help in the profession; but there never was a greater fallacy, and it has ruined the prospects of every artist who has been bitten by the delusion. It is perhaps not to be wondered at, because the kind of ideas which the great majority of painters have of their profession do not constrain to intense study, except, perhaps, in facility of imitation; but as to the cultivation of the mind through the means of books bearing upon history and those subjects they mean to paint, that is a waste of thought to which very few indeed are addicted. It is at once more easy and more pleasant to study history from the stage, where the manager does all the thinking, and the actors provide all the "points," than to drudge through musty old volumes treating of events or costume; and it is to this cheap class of representation that Mr. Stone's picture belongs. Young men of this class—and it is all the more necessary when there is such dangerous facility of "getting up" as this young artist displays—would do well to learn the practice of Haydon on such points, which they should engrave on the palms of their hands, that it slip not from their memories or eyesight, because however easily they may secure a reputation for "cleverness," it is only knowledge combined with ability that will enable them to paint worthy pictures; and true pictorial knowledge can never be acquired from the stage. Other points of this picture are also open to remark, as, for instance, the length of the figures being at least half a head too tall, and the want of transparency in colour all through, but especially in the flesh tints; but these may be overcome. When the artist accepts real life as his standard, his other tendencies to conventionalism will probably disappear.

'The Captive's Return,' No. 432, P. R. Morris, is a peculiar picture, containing some traces of vigour both in conception and colour, and although displaying nothing absolutely good, yet it shows much from which we are inclined to hope for greater efforts. This is one of those pictures by young men, on which a separate chapter might with ease, and perhaps with profit, be written, going over its details, and showing the tendencies, the shortcomings, or the defects in each, and that would be criticism proper; but neither the public nor present space would tolerate such digging after hidden treasures, and so the artist must be content to accept conclusions, instead of the reasons on which these are founded.

No. 433, 'Land Leben,' W. Gale, is very nicely painted; and the 'Seven Ages,' by G. Smith, 'The Schoolboy,' No. 435, and 'The Soldier,' No. 437, do most to support the artist's previous reputation, although even these are no improvement on what he has formerly achieved.

'The Border Widow,' W. B. Scott, No. 446, is one of those pictures which make earnest lovers of Art faint and sick at heart through sore disappointment, and which makes hope in the future of artists go up "like the crackling of thorns under a pot." Mr. Scott once gave evidence of being an artist of more than ordinary power in the higher walks of history, till he got bitten by that mania which has entombed so many other intellects; and after having gone on from bad to worse, he now appears as the bond-slave of perversion and most hideous ugliness—the victim at once of that perverted style which seems the necessary end of Pre-Raphaelism, and that revelling in the ugly and horrific from which alone its morbid craving seems able to extract its Art and pleasure-destroying aliment. Well may he and the public sigh for one gleam of that former power which enabled him to produce the 'Bell Ringers,' 'Queen Mab,' and the works of those earlier days when genius rose superior to persistence in this paltry and most wretched conceit of style and subject; and, above all, the people of Newcastle ought not to cease sighing and crying that their youth may be released from those influences which this picture may be supposed to represent. Mr. Scott is teacher of the School of Art under the Department at Newcastle, and has the reputation of being one of the ablest artists connected with those schools; but if this 'Border Widow' embody his ideas of beauty, what can be expected in our additions to the beautiful in design from the pupils so educated? It is painful beyond expression to be compelled to write thus, but the pictures exhibited by the teachers of British youth this year show that the subject cannot be much longer ignored by those interested either within or beyond the walls of parliament; and the whole question of competency of teachers, as evinced from their exhibited works, will soon be forced upon the gravest attention of the nation.

'Warwick Castle,' J. Brett, No. 451, is another of those unfortunates who is rapidly falling into the same slough of despond from the same cause, and who, in spite of great ability, seems unable to bear up against the paralyzing influence of an overmastering literalism in stone walls, and ugliness in all things living.

'Elaine,' No. 492, H. Wallis, is worth attention, from its excess of colour, and, to use a popular vulgarism, from its excessive "loudness." But it is not a picture so much as a crude imitation of the more recent style of stained glass, looking as if the artist had no higher aim than to imitate the brightest colours which the sun's rays pouring through the stained medium could produce. That some black velvet and some silk stuffs are tolerably well imitated, is, no doubt, something in the eyes of the devotees of Pre-Raphaelism, and that a flowing profusion of yellow hair is made to appear like hard spun silk, is evidently considered a feat of some importance by the artist; but what all this blaze of inharmonious colour has to do with the smooth, flowing, and quiet description of the poet, or with the elements of a good picture, it would be very hard indeed to determine. Still, the multitude of the ignorant are attracted, just as children are charmed, by the brightness of colours; but such vulgar brilliancies bear the same relation to legitimate colour that the reds, blues, yellows, and greens, on a country girl's dress, bear to the refined dressing of a well-bred lady. The one is all vulgarity and show, the other simplicity and elegance; and painting to the top of a palette is no more good colour than screaming at the top of the voice is good singing. Unfortunately, Mr. Wallis has increasingly become one of the "screaming" colourists, and he is rewarded with a place on the line for his loudness. Whether this be teaching the people wisely requires no answer; but that so many of this class of pictures have secured positions on or near the line this season cannot be ascribed to accident; and it deeply concerns the public to know whether the hanging committee were agreed upon the merits of such works. The 'Young Musician,' &c., of S. Solomon, No. 493, is a work of higher finish, and of almost infinitely higher and purer feeling, than either of those just noticed; and although deficient in colour, it is redolent of deep and pious feeling.

No. 511, 'Billingsgate,' G. E. Hicks, has sufficient material and merit to make half a dozen admirable pictures, and highly as we appreciate this work as a whole—and, in many respects, there are few better in the exhibition—yet any one of the ten or twenty sketches from which it has probably been made up, will be each of nearly as much value as itself. There is nothing finer in the gallery than the lad offering to carry the young woman's purchase, in the centre of this picture, and the man offering the money is in action and expression not unworthy of Wilkie, while in all the figures there is a wonderful look of reality and truth; but the general result is by no means equal to the beauty of the details, and this through defective composition and unimpressive colour. The general line of composition is feeble, being weak where it should have been strongest, in the centre of the picture; and there is that want of concentration in the incidents, without which no work can rivet the attention of the spectator. It is all points of nearly equal importance, instead of what may be called, for want of a better expression, the bye-play being made to revolve round one grand leading incident; so that, instead of resting upon the whole with satisfaction, the eye wanders hither and thither over the various groups; and, although delighted with the skill and character displayed in each, the mind does not derive equal satisfaction from the whole. We sincerely wish that we could make Mr. Hicks understand this matter, for he is one of the very best among our young artists—one who, while not grudging labour, has power to clothe it with the radiance of genius, and to whom the knowledge and study of principles and rules would be of unspeakable advantage—not only as concentrating his pictures, but in counteracting that tendency to manner which can be acquired as readily by those who have not been inured to academic styles, as by those who have. Mr. Hicks has another small picture—a lady amusing a child; but with him that female form is becoming conventional, and here, more than in his larger work, is the trace of conventionality perceptible. Nevertheless the 'Billingsgate' is a picture admirable in its points, and one which any collector may rejoice to own.

'What d'ye lack, Madam?' No. 537, J. Pettie, is a cleverly-painted study of a worthless subject. 'A Lee Shore,' No. 540, W. F. Vallance, is a faithful rendering, albeit rather colourless, of the scene; and 549, 'Florentine Sawyers,' F. Smallfield, is far below what the public are entitled to expect from this artist, the upper figure being more like a demon than a man, and the whole more remarkable for bad drawing than for beauty. No. 557, 'Quite as effective as Charlie,' T. J. Gullick, is a humorous subject extracted out of the Volunteer movement, respectably painted; and the 'Imprisonment at Loch Leven Castle,' A. B. Clay, No. 565, is a large but not very successful effort in a subject that requires more historic power than Mr. Clay seems to possess; while 'The Sea-Side Visitors,' No. 566, T. F. Marshall, is one of those congregations of figures on the beach which have been often painted, and almost always without success, because, like Canning's knife-grinder, they are empty:—

"Story?
God bless you, I have none to tell, Sir,"

is the position of many pictures in this room, and these 'Sea-side Visitors' are among the number. 'Newhaven Fisherman's Cottage,' W. W. Nicol, No. 569, is a work of conspicuous merit, both from its reality, its drawing, and its colour. The "fish-wife" is, perhaps, too intensely real, and the picture would have been improved, had the artist refined the angularities of her face a little; but

the baby is beautiful, and the boy who sits in the window listening to the waves as they moan over the harbour bar, is quite worthy of the best parts of the picture. To us this artist's name is new, but if he continues to paint in the style of this picture, he will soon make for himself a name and place among the better, if not among the best, artists of this country.

No. 581, 'The Arrest of a Deserter,' Miss R. Solomon, is a clever picture, and, in all respects, most creditable to the lady artist; but it is not quite equal to 'Peg Woffington,' exhibited by Miss Solomon last year, which was an extraordinary picture for character.

No. 589, 'Dr. Jenner's Volunteer,' T. H. Maguire, is a work of great merit, the individual figures showing a rotundity and reality almost stereoscopic, while the character and colour are both creditable. The title is unfortunate in these days, and it would require considerable space to tell the story of the boy who first volunteered to be vaccinated by the great discoverer.

'Doing Business,' No. 601, H. J. Stanley, is one of the very best works in the exhibition, and shows a wonderful advance, especially in colour, on anything this artist has previously exhibited. The subject is an old Jew selling a crucifix to a Romish priest, and the character of each is cleverly portrayed. The Jew's stall, too, is a picture in itself, and the other accessories are admirably painted.

Always graceful and effective, thoroughly comprehending the capabilities of Art, and ever selecting subjects of large and general interest, Mr. Jacob Thompson maintains the high position to which he has risen. His picture, No. 641, 'They have seen better days,' is at once eloquent and impressive, and cannot fail to satisfy all who demand Nature in Art.

'Home from Work,' No. 624, A. Hughes, is one of the most intense and one of the best specimens of Pre-Raphaelism in the rooms; but the artist owes less to his own inherent vigour than to his recollection of autumn leaves, of which this No. 624 is a mere recollection in colour. Some of the details are carefully painted, and there is good feeling in the face of the child and father; but the former would not have been a whit less kissable, had it been moderately good-looking—nor would the feeling have been less effective, had it been painted with a firmer touch, instead of being stippled in style. This rage for ugliness and stiffness is, however, the cant of the school, and sects are nothing without their shibboleth.

'The Last Reliques of Lady Jane Grey,' No. 631, W. J. Grant, is a well-painted representation of a most painful subject; and with all our admiration of this artist's ability, already expressed in noticing his 'First Steps,' nothing would induce the acceptance of such a picture, if the price was the penalty of being compelled to look at it every day. Art was never intended to be a minister of horror; and it is rather unfortunate that so many artists seem determined to pervert its influence into this jaundiced groove. They may, however, take this for certain, that no scene from which people would shrink in reality will ever be converted into a means of producing profitable pleasure through their pigments.

Within the recollection of the "oldest inhabitant" there has been no exhibition of the Royal Academy so poverty-stricken in great landscapes as the present, and with the exception of a very few pictures, there is little in this department worth notice, and still less worth any detailed criticism. The most important work in this walk is the 'Gathering of the Flocks,' by W. Linnell, the younger of the two sons; and for many of the high qualities of Art, this picture by this young man has never been surpassed. In largeness of style, clear depth of colour, and in that combination of poetic feeling with the details of reality, it stands out conspicuous and pre-eminent as the first landscape in the exhibition, and the best of the season in any of the exhibitions; and its production stamps Mr. W. Linnell as one of the few men likely to arrest the evident declension of this branch of Art in England. Mr. James Linnell also exhibits two landscapes, one called 'May Morning,' which is most careful in detail, but is wanting in concentrated power; the other, which is hung on the floor to make way for some of those wretched daubs which disfigure the line, is to our liking the best of the two—and the sky of this 'Summer's Evening,' No. 580, would have been perfect had the dark clouds across the sun been a little more aërial in colour. The other portions of this picture, including the figures, are painted as the Linnells only can paint such scenes. The next most important landscape in the rooms is Mr. Danby's 'Shepherd's Home,' No. 375, also most scandalously sacrificed by being hung on the floor. The details and sentiment of this 'Shepherd's Home' are beautiful, although there is a slight want of variety in colour, the presence of which would have added greatly to the value of this very high class picture—at least as matters now go in landscape. Mr. Oakes also exhibits a good landscape, 'A Carnarvonshire Glen,' No. 517, in which the rush of the water down the gorge is magnificently rendered, and a feeling of wild poetry settles over the other parts of the picture, although the light of the rainbow wants luminosity. Mr. MacCallum has also two large pictures; the one, 'Spring,' most beautiful in parts, and would have all been excellent had not the morning shadows of some trees cast their stringy, and not very agreeable, forms across the foreground, and had the feeling of photography been less conspicuous on the details of the larger objects. If this artist could throw more mystery over his pictures they would be more impressive, even although that was done by destroying the clearness of the colour, for it is wonderful what even a little dirty colour will sometimes do in bringing a picture into harmony with nature; but this dressing out in span new holiday attire is but seldom seen, nor would it be any improvement if seen often, for there is something far grander in the feeling of rough wear and tear, which betoken old time, than if nature were washed and dressed occasionally as if to enjoy an Easter holiday. Mr. MacCallum's 'Winter' is not equal to his 'Spring,' the snow wanting that crispness so essential to its true rendering.

There is another good landscape, No. 539, 'Still Evening,' B. W. Leader, where the drawing and feeling are alike conspicuous; but this too is hung above the eye, and in a corner, and it is impossible to believe that all the best, and indeed the only good landscapes in the rooms, should have been thrust by accident into positions, some where they cannot be seen, and none so as to attract the attention of visitors. There is such evident method in this kind of madness, that its uniformity constrains attention even from the easy class of exhibition goers. The inferior class of landscapes, which are mostly placed upon the line, are those that admit of no commendation; and it is no part of our duty to point out defects when no beneficial purpose is to be served thereby. The works of Creswick, Lee, Witherington, and others, have long spoken for themselves, and this year they are as forward as ever to proclaim their own high merits: Mr. Lee has gone far beyond himself in his two 'Gibraltar' pictures.

We have thus, in a few sentences, gone over the few landscapes worth naming; and, what is more disheartening, the younger men, who two or three years since promised to adorn this department, are either absent, or their works are "down among the dead men," without displaying the same hope of an early rising. Truly, Constable will prove himself to have been a far-sighted seer, and by the end of the predicted thirty years there seems too much the appearance of landscape being extinguished in England as a high and distinguishing branch of national Art. Of course, Stanfield, and Roberts, and W. E. Cooke, and Sidney Cooper, maintain their old positions, and all of them this year justify their well-earned reputations; but the fathers cannot live for ever, and who is there coming forward likely to catch their mantles when they retire from the Art, some of them have so long adorned? This is grave consideration for those who think on such subjects; and there does not seem to be the most distant indication of successors, not to say rivals, to either Roberts or Stanfield, who, however, show no symptoms of age dimming their artistic power. If inclined to be critical, objection might have been hinted respecting the bridge in the large picture by Stanfield, and the upper light on the left hand of Roberts's 'St. Peter'—the one as apparently misplaced, and the other as certainly taking from the size and concentration of effect in the vast structure; but these are minor matters, not worth mentioning in the presence of those other passages which so fully bespeak the genius of these two artists.

There is such ignorance to overcome, and so much prejudice is expended against portraits in exhibitions, that we are almost afraid to encounter opponents whose name is legion; but our business is to speak the truth, and therefore we shall undertake the perhaps thankless task of defending that large, and this year increasing, class of "nobodys," whom ninety-nine out of every hundred exhibition-goers sneer at; and we do this not because these are portraits of the unknown, but because some of them are admirable pictures, and others works of Art eminently creditable to the British school, which, with all its defects, is the best school of portraiture in the world. Whatever a large portion of the English public may think, the present exhibition—and, as we shall see by and by, it is not very strong in high class portraits—could not be equalled by the artists of any other country in either christendom or heathendom, for the artistic merits of those portraits which the thoughtless so much despise; and half the nations of Europe would willingly barter much of what is considered their high Art for the privilege of being able to claim some of those who paint such portraits among their foremost artists. In their ignorance, the English public put such honour from them with a sneer; but, as knowledge advances, public opinion will change, and the more just appreciation of high-class portraits will be one of the surest evidences of national progress in Art. As a whole, the portraits this year are not up to the mark, and the paucity of historical men is one of the most remarkable points in the exhibition. This rather ominous fact furnishes some food for reflection.

It has often been said, and sometimes with justice, that a professional portrait-painter is more likely to make a good portrait than a historical painter, who rarely condescends to exercise his skill on portraiture, and who dwells in the higher region of artistic thought. We admit the truth, so far, for two reasons: first, because a portrait must be an entire picture, and not simply a figure looking like the part of a subject, which historical painters are too apt to make it; and secondly, because, as a rule, practice in any branch produces ease of execution, and every man does that best which he does easiest. For producing a respectable lord mayor, or county magistrate, or even

member of parliament, an accomplished-looking countess, or a gentlemanly *pater-familias*, the leading painters of Britain stand at the head of the world's Art in their department. Then the features of the individual, the gait, and the every-day expression, being all that is there, must of necessity be all that requires transference to canvas. Not so, however, with the nobles of humanity, and creatures of thought. Their outward being is but the index of a mightier development within, which none but those who dwell in the loftier regions of imaginative idealism can appreciate, far less transfer to canvas. It is as true of mind as of water, that it never rises above its own level; and to expect that portrait-painters, however great their capacity for painting portraits of those whose minds they can grasp and measure, are competent to the portraits of those men who stand out as the mental finger-posts of history, is to expect an impossibility which never has been, and never can be realized. In the brightest and palmiest days of Art this appears to have been a fully recognised truth, and the world's greatest artists were called upon to perpetuate the great men of their age. What all Europe did, Britain might, with advantage, attempt to do again. Mere portrait-painting has ever had a tendency to stunt the imagination; it clogged the upward flights of Titian, and chained Reynolds to every-day existence, like an eagle to his cage. Lawrence and Raeburn occasionally degenerated into mere face-makers; and nobody will assert that the portrait-painters of our day are superior to their predecessors. How many men painted John Hunter! and yet only one portrait of that great discoverer conveys to us the slightest idea of the man's mental grasp. The same is true of Dr. Chalmers and Professor Wilson. And why is this? except that each of these portraits was painted by an artist largely imbued with historic power in Art. All three were historical subjects; and true representations of such men necessarily partake more of historical pictures than of mere portraits; and it would be well for the historic men of this generation, and better for the Art of England, if they would lay this inexorable truth to heart.

In the present exhibition, Sir JOHN WATSON GORDON's portrait of Professor Forbes is undoubtedly the greatest of its class, embodying the whole man—body and intellect—with remarkable fidelity and power; although as a mere effort of painting, his head of Smith, of Jordan Hill, No. 9, is perhaps quite as perfect. BOXALL's portrait of Louis Huth, Esq., No. 67, and the Earl of Harrowby, K.G., No. 171, G. RICHMOND, are entitled to respect; while those by KNIGHT, MACNEE, and FRANCIS GRANT fully sustain the reputations of these artists; and, among the portraits, the full-lengths, of course, maintain an important position. But, to make great portraits, artists must have more than ordinary men; and these are sadly absent from this exhibition. Lord Clyde is an exception, and of him Mr. Grant produces his best portrait; while many respectable mayors, lawyers, and worthy citizens, are produced by others. There is a want about the portraits, as a whole, for which the few excellent ones do not compensate: and what is true of gentlemen's portraits is doubly the case with portraits of ladies. Of these there are some fifty in the rooms, and, with almost no exceptions, there is hardly a high-class head among them. They are either smirking dolls, such as no man of sense would marry, or masculine termagants, whom no prudent man would encounter; and we prefer glancing at this difference in quality, to going over unimportant portraits in detail.

No writer on Art has attempted to grapple with this difference between male and female portraiture, and we shall here rather attempt to state the subject preparatory to discussion, than offer a dogmatic solution of the difficulty.

On looking round the exhibition rooms, no fact becomes more apparent than this—that, as a general rule, the portraits of gentlemen are, beyond comparison, higher specimens of Art than are the portraits of ladies. There are some exceptions, of course, but this is the rule; and for its existence there must be some cause. Among the portraits of gentlemen, for instance, no two are alike; and whether good pictures or daubs, there is throughout a strongly-marked individuality and distinction, which entirely annihilates any fixed and general resemblance; while among the portraits of ladies there are no two of them precisely alike, and yet to each other they have all a strong, and, if we may so speak, a family likeness. Now this general identity is by no means the case in the world among ladies any more than it obtains among gentlemen. As accounting for this general defect in female portraiture, it is often said that woman has naturally less character developed in her face than man, and just as it is more difficult to paint the head of a young man of twenty-five without any peculiarly striking individuality, than to paint a patriarch with the time-created indentations of fourscore, so upon the same principle it is more difficult to paint women with the still less strongly-marked features than are found in young men. There is undoubtedly some truth in this, but touching the matter in hand, it is leaping over instead of solving the difficulty. It is not admitted, as a rule, that ladies have less development of character in their heads than gentlemen. The character is different in kind, but not less strongly-marked in degree, as all may see in every-day life, and as may be particularly seen in the exhibition rooms among the ladies who visit there. Besides, if it were true that in proportion as there were the strong indications of age, for example, we have good portraits, as a necessary consequence we should generally have as many good portraits of grandmammas as of grandpapas. Now, neither is this true in point of fact. In general, portraits of old gentlemen are vastly superior to those of old ladies even when painted by the same artist; although it is true that we have a larger number of good pictures the portraits of matrons above sixty than of young ladies under thirty. This is at least a curious fact, and to some it may seem a startling anomaly. It might be supposed that towards the opposite sex the highest genius, as well as the tenderest feelings, of every man would be drawn out. Fashioned mentally to appreciate the peculiar qualities of woman as necessary to his own complete happiness, and even existence, it might be imagined that the most pleasing development of the beauties of female form, and her mental charms, would be a task at once more grateful and more easy of attainment than the representation of his fellow man. Yet such is not the case, and no remark is more trite than that such and such an artist paints capital portraits of men, but always fails in representing woman. We could mention dozens of artists of whom this is the universally-admitted character; and, therefore, it appears necessary to success in this department that artists should be able to realize, as well as appreciate, the peculiar characteristics of woman. The cause of difficulty in the painting of female portraits must, we presume, be sought for, and it may, perhaps, to a large extent, be found inherent in the artist's own essential nature. None except the highest class of minds have ever succeeded in female portraiture. It is said that Mary descended from the realms of bliss that she might have her portrait painted by the Evangelist Luke; and a Scotch collector, the late Mr. Johnston, supposed he had obtained the wonderful original, encircled by a halo of cupids, the alleged work of Rubens—but the head was by no means calculated to impress the beholder with any profound reverence for St. Luke's inspiration as a portrait painter, although a power or gift approaching that mysterious something is essential to all great artists, and only such can represent woman as she is. Women in their nature are more rarefied, if we may so speak, than men. It seems as if their blood were more refined, and their fibres constructed of a more delicate material; whether arising from physical causes or not, vivacity is to them a gift; sprightliness and joyous gaiety are, as it were, the first atmosphere of their being. A higher standard of refinement, therefore, becomes essential to artists who would successfully embody these characteristics of women upon canvas. But mere refinement, although indispensable, will of itself do but little to put the painter in a higher artistic position. In search of womanly grace many of our distinguished artists appear only to have gone as far as possible from the masculine; and hence, although they have produced the negative of man, they have by no means succeeded in developing the characteristics of woman, which, as many portraits in these rooms show, are attainments by no means identical. In nature, as a general rule, there is no possibility of mistaking the head of a woman, even under the most violent disguises. In portraits, as generally exhibited, there is scarcely a female head painted which, with other accessories, would not equally represent an amiable dandy, or, carried to the other extreme, can be considered as anything nobler than a smirking doll. To refinement must be added the higher qualities of dignity and grace, and he that would successfully represent the highest characteristics of woman in female portraiture must crown even these with a sensitive and high appreciation of the beautiful, not in outward construction only, but in the far higher walk of mental development.

Of the sculpture exhibited we have left but small space to describe, nor is that of so much consequence, because, in spite of the increased and improved accommodation, the quality of sculpture exhibited this season is not up to an average of former years. Here, as among the female portraits, there is not a high-class female head exhibited, and the busts of gentlemen are not conspicuous for their perfection. The small statue of 'Oliver Goldsmith,' by Foley, the 'Girl and Dog,' by Durham, and one or two medallions, exhaust the attractions among the smaller works; and Durham's statue of 'Frank Crossley, M.P.,' a bust of the same gentleman, and Noble's head of 'Cromwell,' with Fuller's 'Constancy,' are literally all that attract attention. It is to be expected that MacDowell, Marochetti, Behnes, Bacon, Munro, and a host of others, will produce respectable works of Art; but it would be no compliment to such men to dwell on these respectabilities, and there does not appear to be any other work which clearly stands out from its surroundings by its excellence. This is a state of things that almost warrants the neglect to which sculpture has hitherto been doomed.

In taking leave of the exhibition, we do so with the conviction that much, very much ability has been overlooked, or, rather, left unnoticed; but also with the consciousness that however disagreeable our strictures may have been to individual artists, we have attempted honestly to see the best parts of pictures, and when the overlooking of glaring defects has been impossible, that we have neither willingly hidden the truth, nor "aught set down in malice." To answer the natural uestion, What is the result? was our earnest desire, but space is exhausted, and each must attempt to gather up the right conclusion for himself.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.

Waagen says that the greater proportion of the works of the ancient masters are in this country; and from what we remember to have seen brought forward in the British Institution during a long series of annual exhibitions, it is most probable that he is right. With a few remarkable works that have been exhibited more than once, there is year by year an ample catalogue of pictures that are either entirely new to the visitor, or that may not have been publicly seen for many years. The wealth of the country may be roughly estimated by these exhibitions, but the verification of the fact could only be effected by such a research as was made by Dr. Waagen. Every school is represented, and what will be especially interesting to English painters, there is in the South Room a grand display of portraits by Reynolds. We commence, however, in the North Room, with a 'Noli me Tangere,' by Baroccio (No. 1), which is extremely vulgar both in its personal conception and colour; it is without the stiffness, but has none of the delicacy, of his great work, 'The Descent of the Saviour into Limbo.' In Fra Angelico's 'Death of St. Francis,' the multitude of figures is admirably painted, but there is no attempt to sustain the composition; the buildings are not unlike those of the modern Assisi. The 'Predella' (No. 7), in three compartments, may be by Massaccio; it may, indeed, be a sketch for a larger work, but the figures have none of the breadth and presence which we find, for instance, in that 'St. Paul' that even Raffaelle found good enough to plagiarise. We cannot pass Nicolas Poussin's (No. 22) 'Landscape, with St. John,' although it does not come well together; it has passages that never have been surpassed in dignity of suggestion. But this class of work is not that which has made his great reputation; it was his Promethean thefts from the Greeks. No. 23, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' is one of the Warwick Vandykes, in perfect preservation; the Vandykes at Warwick Castle are superior to those at Dresden, and equal to the Petworth pictures: it is dated 1630. No. 24 is a 'Landscape, with Chateau and Gipsies,' by Teniers; a notable piece of local portraiture, so precise in all its details that every touch seems to have been prompted by the place itself; but this is not the kind of composition whereby the reputation of Teniers lives. There are also by him (No. 48), 'A Marriage Festival,' and (No. 94), 'A Village Festival;' but such works do not afford opportunities for the colour, character, and effects which he produced in his interiors, between which and these out-door merry-makings there is so little relation that they scarcely appear to have been executed by the same hand. With the large collection of Dutch and Flemish pictures at Madrid there are many of the choicest works of Teniers.

No. 38, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' by Moroni, from the Warwick collection, is a splendid example of Venetian daylight painting—we mean of painting the face in a broad light, without strong markings, as Titian painted all his female heads. Never was a picture of the middle of the sixteenth century in finer condition. The very careful drawing of the face does justice to the teaching of Moroni's master, Il Moretto. The background is grey, and the figure is opposed to it with black velvet and strong colours: but from the ungraceful *pose* chosen by the artist, the lower part of the figure does not well balance the upper. Another admirable portrait, by the same hand, is No. 55, that of 'Bartholomæus Bongus,'—the name might be set down as a pseudonym, were it not that the painter has inscribed it on the canvas with the style and offices of the bearer. This picture is the property of Lord Taunton; pity the two do not hang in the same gallery, so perfect in condition, so minutely individual, so profoundly Dutch in finish. But there is no grandeur in the style; it speaks of little passions. Look at No. 36, 'Portrait of a Nobleman,' by the Hidalgo Diego Velasquez; there is only the head, and a head very like that of Velasquez himself, so like is it to that grand portrait that hangs with those of Rembrandt, Rubens, Vandyke, and Jordaens, on one side of the second portrait room in Florence. We see only the head, but it suggests a person of noble and imposing figure. Of Rembrandt we are reminded by (No. 44) 'A Woman looking from a window,' and sufficiently plain she is to recall Rembrandt's contempt of both masculine and feminine beauty. There is more careful painting than usual, and the glazes are more transparent; the lady has sat to Rembrandt more than once. In No. 123, 'Portrait of an Old Lady,' we find one of his best female studies, which would serve as a very suitable pendant to Lord Overstone's picture. She wears a dark dress, and holds a Bible in her hand, and round her neck is one of those stiff round ruffs that separates the head from the body, placing the former as if on a white trencher. But it is a remarkable picture; these valuable old women seem to have favoured Rembrandt alone. In No. 49, 'Portrait of a Gentleman,' we have another Vandyke—a half-length in black armour. The head is a most interesting study, worked, not as we now-a-days paint portraits, but pictures. The lace and ruffles are grey, as if intended for mourning; we can scarcely suppose that they have been thus subdued to obviate competition with the face and hand, for of the latter there is the customary useless display.

No. 50, 'View of Bentheim Castle,' is an example of Ruysdael, with much more of nature than in his *ad libitum* compositions; it is a given natural subject, in which, to secure identity, he has been obliged to follow a local colour much more genial than that opaque black wherewith he has saddened so many of his best works. No. 53, 'The Wife of Rubens,' is the Marlborough picture of the lady we all know so well; but we have always felt in this portrait that the expression which Rubens meant for a smile has fallen into a leer. 'The Doge of Venice Marrying the Adriatic' (No. 68), is the most elaborate Canaletto we have ever seen. No. 85 is 'A Village Fair,' Ostade; but here, as with Teniers, Ostade is feeble in comparison with his interior scenes. No. 86, 'Landscape and Cows,' is a captivating little picture by Cuyp; and next to it (No. 87) is a 'Moonlight,' by Van der Neer, minutely painted. No. 90, 'The Stadtholder Henry, his Secretary, De Witt, his Daughter-in-law, the Princess Royal of England, Wife of William, Prince of Orange, &c.,' by Gonzales Coques, is a curious imitation of Rubens, with three of the figures staring the visitor out of countenance; the lady, by the way, is she of whom Macaulay made a convenience to win his wager for making a rhyme to *porringer*—

> "King James a daughter Mary had,
> He gave the Prince of Orange her.
> I've won my bet—I claim the stakes,
> I've made a rhyme to porringer."

No. 95, 'Portrait of a Divine,' A. Dürer, has not the accepted characteristics of the works of Dürer; it is more like the production of a follower of Holbein. 'A Garden Scene' (No. 96), Watteau, is a small picture with only one or two figures. Although all the best Watteaus are in this country, we rarely see any of them. Until recently there was but one in the Louvre. No. 77, 'A Garden Scene, with figures,' P. de Hooge; a very carefully finished picture of a house and garden, and a party playing at nine-pins: it is clearly a memento of place and persons. In No. 111, 'Seaport,' Claude, may be seen illustrated the principle so continually put in practice by Turner—that of focussing together his strongest light and dark. No. 115, 'Interior of a Cathedral, with figures,' P. Neefs and Franks, is an example of that architectural painting which, in its day, was pronounced unsurpassable; but accustomed as the eye now is to turn from all hard edges, we feel nothing to be harsher than the vaulting lines of Neef's architecture. Vanderwerf's 'Paris and Œnone' (No. 119) are both too old; that hard-featured dame is not the woman to have written that tender epistle that moves all hearts towards poor Œnone. The 'Girl's Head' (No. 118), by Greuze, has all the artist's freshness of tint, but it is fearfully out of drawing.

The South Room administers a refresher in respect of our own school, and it is enough that the principal pictures are by the hand of Reynolds. It is only at long intervals that we see such a collection of portraits by Sir Joshua as are now exhibited; and if at times there are more than usual, it is rare to find such precious examples of our great master. When we look at these, and remember that his life was spent in doing such as these, we are struck with surprise that, in this kind of practice, he should have acquired such an amount of knowledge as he shows in his lectures. But it is that extent of acquisition that has enabled him to vary his compositions, insomuch that no two resemble each other. From the collection of the Queen, there is 'The Princess Sophia Matilda of Gloucester'—a priceless gem; and near that (No. 169), 'Frances, Marchioness Camden,' with a face charming in everything; but the neck seems to have been injured in cleaning. In 'Lord Richard Cavendish' (No. 170), Reynolds breaks a lance with Titian, and clearly wins the guerdon; the features are full of language, which those of Titian are not; the expression even of the hand coincides with the firmness of the face; but in Titian's portraits the cordage of the cheeks says nothing, and the hands say less. 'Mrs. Peter Beckford' (No. 183), 'Mary, Duchess of Ancaster' (No. 134), and 'Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire,' are three of the most noble portraits that ever were painted. The coiffure of the time—the most hideous, by the way, that ever disfigured the human head—assisted Reynolds in giving grace to his figures, without the risk of making the heads look small. It would not be just to exalt Reynolds at the expense of other men of much more extensive reputation, only it must be said that there exist no works of their class so entirely satisfactory as these, and others of the series to which they belong, that in the days of their execution were portraits, but are now become pictures. There is also (No. 203) the famous 'Georgiana Spencer, Duchess of Devonshire, and her Daughter, Lady Georgiana,' 'Lord Ligonier,' 'William, Duke of Devonshire,' 'The late Duke of Hamilton,' &c. The portrait of Sir George Beaumont is the only one that shows any of those errors of judgment into which Reynolds fell in his use of pigments and vehicles. On this portrait he has bestowed great pains; he intended it for one of his best studies; but he has gone over the blue coat with asphaltum, which has torn up the colour down to the raw canvas; the same with the face—it is a network of cracks. Besides these and other works by Reynolds, there are pictures by Morland, Gainsborough, Leslie, Opie, Hoppner, Lely, De Loutherbourg, Wilson, and others; but, on entering the room, we see nothing but Reynolds.

"THE EXHIBITION OF THE GERMAN ACADEMY OF ART."

We copy this title as it appears on the catalogue; we know the schools of Berlin, Munich, and Düsseldorf, but what is the "German Academy of Art?" There are a few good names in the list, such as Stilke, Begas, Drake, Steffek, &c., but the works by which they are represented are not of their best; and it is not fair to Germany and its professors, for many of whom we have the highest admiration, to produce a collection like this in representation of German Art. A few of the animal pictures and landscapes have a certain degree of merit, but knowing the quality of a catalogue of pictures that have this year been rejected at the Royal Academy, we venture to say that there is not a figure picture in the collection that would win, by its own merits, a place on these inestimable walls. We are accustomed yearly to see many of the very finest minor productions of the French school, and the works of our own painters are, in especial departments, superior to all others, and generally second to none; it is, therefore, a costly error to exhibit in London a catalogue of one hundred and twenty works of Art, the bulk of which is, to speak mildly, of questionable merit. By Professor Steffek there is (No. 1), 'Equestrian Portraits of their Royal Highnesses the Crown Prince of Prussia and Princess Royal of England;' and by the same, 'The Quitzows,' showing the pillage of the country round Berlin by the 'Quitzows,' who were marauding Prussian barons of days gone by. By the same, 'Sorrowing Maternity,' a mare standing over her dead foal, is perhaps the best picture in the collection. No. 31, 'The Villa d'Este, Tivoli, near Rome,' Professor Heyden, is broad and effective, but scenic and unreal. No. 33, 'Hungarian Horses at Play,' T. Schmitson, an entire herd of horses chasing a couple of dogs: painted with spirit, but the action of the animals is, in many cases, not easily intelligible. 'Italian Boys with a Monkey,' Ewald (No. 41), has the feeling and manner of the French school; but it is even more loose than the most sketchy exercitations seen in the *Champs Elysées*. 'The Boar Hunt,' Arnold (No. 112), has certain points of force, but it seems to challenge comparisons with Snyders. A 'Farm-house,' Bennewitz Von Loefen (No. 22), a very simple subject; the ground perspectives and water are painted with knowledge and observation, but in the drawing of the trees there is a great abuse of colour, and no knowledge of foliage painting. 'Landscape' (No. 40), by the same painter, seems to be a pendant to the preceding; and, as in that, the perspective and broken surface of the ground is the pith of the description. There is a sketch by the late Professor Stilke, called 'Tristan and Isoldi,' the argument of which (from an old German legend) is an accusation laid against Tristan and Isoldi by Auktrath, before King Mark. It is clearly a sketch for a large picture, and is dramatic enough, but without any of the beauty that distinguishes other works by Stilke. Another sketch by the same artist is that for a picture in the possession of the King of Prussia, setting forth the proclamation of Torismund, on the field of battle, as the successor of his father. 'Loading Hay by a Canal,' Bennewitz Von Loefen, an extremely bald piece of material, seems to have been taken up as a *tour de force*, to show that there is something in sharp and strong opposition; it is entirely a painter's sketch, for there is nothing to invite the eye of the amateur. 'A Landscape, with Cattle, St. Mary's, Jersey,' H. Esche (No. 98), is one of the best compositions in the collection; but it is entirely French, and quite as creditable as the well-reputed French pictures of its class. Another animal picture (No. 91), 'Cattle at the Brook, in the Forest of Foutaine,' E. Ockel, is proposed as a light picture, whereas the preceding is low in tone; and a comparison of these two shows the much greater difficulty of dealing with light than with middle tone, according to the conventional treatment of the French painters, which always secures accordance with one valuable principle of Art. The best works of the German schools are their figure compositions, but here the most creditable productions are the landscapes and animal subjects.

THE "HISTORICAL EXHIBITION" OF WATER-COLOUR PAINTING.

At the house of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, has been held, for the benefit of the Female School of Art, an exhibition of water-colour drawings showing the condition of the art a century ago, and its progress during the last hundred years. It is true that in the days of Elizabeth miniature-painting was carried by Hillyard, the Olivers, Hoskins, and Cooper to a degree of excellence that has never since been surpassed; that art, as it was then practised by Englishmen, was the envy and admiration of contemporary foreign artists: but from this our modern water-colour cannot claim descent, for the extinction of that school of miniature and its brief posterity was followed by an interlapse of obscurity ultimately dispelled only by foreigners. When we look at the early drawings of even some of the best originators of the art, we cannot help giving them limitless credit for faith and hope beyond their fellow men for persevering in a practice—it could not yet be called an art—so ungrateful in its results. In the first catalogues of the Royal Academy, contributions were exhibited as "stained drawings." If water-colour "painting" were considered an unwarrantable term as applied to these essays, certainly that in the Academy Catalogue is unassuming enough. But there must have been encouragement for the new art even in the infancy of the Academy, for the unsold works were then the exceptions—they were asterisked, and the stars were really very few. The thinly washed rustic studies, with trees having masses of foliage with crisp curly outlines, look easy enough to have allured battalions of amateurs to take lessons. And so it was, for the art improved, and its professors grew in numbers. A few exemplars of the water-colour painting of that time would not tempt us to inquire into their history, but when we see in the exhibitions of our day works that not only vie with oil in depth and richness, but win deservedly the plaudits of every European school—when we contemplate such results, and see them side by side with mementoes of the infancy of the art—when we thus see the first and the last with so little in common between them, and such a vast hiatus to be accounted for before we can understand that the last has any family relation with the first,—then it is that we desire to know something of the adolescence of an art which in a hundred years has developed itself into a maturity so splendid. Who, only twenty years ago, ever could have dreamt that these venerable ladies—the Madonnas of the Florentine schools—could have had such a *renaissance* as they have experienced at the hands of a few eccentric enthusiasts? There would in water-colour art be nothing more extraordinary in the sudden formation of a sect of Pre-Sandbyites than there is in oil-painting in the institution of an association of Pre-Raffaellites. Think of a minute subdivision of the profession ignoring the experience of a century, the whole life of water-colour painting, and going back to what was modestly called "paper-staining" a century ago! But to turn at once to the drawings that suggest these thoughts, we have by Paul Sandby (b. 1725, d. 1809)—who was R.A., by the way—'Llandaff Cathedral,' 'Palace at Eltham,' 'In Hyde Park,' 'Carnarvon Castle,' 'The Pillion,' and a 'View from Shenstone's Leasowes.' In some of these there is no feeling for the picturesque, as in the first two, for instance; they look as if they had been made for engraving; they are carefully drawn—sharp, edgy, and very thinly tinted with Indian ink and yellow ochre—and it is curious to observe how studiously all allusion to *green* herbage and foliage is avoided. All that is light is yellow; all that is dark is brown. The eyes of these professors must have been so saturated with the "brown trees" and works of the "great" landscape-painters that they looked at our fresh nature through a brown lens. Richard Wilson lived a hundred years too soon; to their eyes his verdure was what saw-sharpening is to a fine ear.

Among much that is feeble in the early part of the catalogue, we find two drawings by a man who stands in immediate relation with Turner, that is, John Cozens; the names of the drawings are, 'View in the Island of Elba,' and 'Pic du Midi, Pyrenees,' and these are the first indications we see here of anything like grandeur of conception. The scenes are mountainous, and were it not that the colour dates them—the grey—they are good enough for the present day. When Turner saw Cozens' drawings, they suggested more force and substance to his own. Following these, we have drawings by Loutherbourg, Hearne (b. 1744, d. 1817), Edridge (b. 1768, d. 1821), Crome (b. 1769, d. 1821), and in No. 29, 'Jedburgh Abbey,' we come to John Girtin (b. 1775, d. 1802)—Turner was born in the same year—and No. 15, 'St. Alban's Abbey,' is an example of his work at, perhaps, twenty years of age, about the same time that Girtin executed his, and there is a similarity between the two drawings—indeed, Turner was always flattered when his works were pronounced to be like those of "his friend John." Of these two men, Girtin was assuredly the leader; but he died at the age of twenty-seven. Had he lived, it is impossible to say whether he would have maintained the lead in the face of the endless toil to which Turner subjected himself. Other works by Girtin are—'Cottages near Newcastle,' and 'St. Asaph's, Cornwall.' There are examples of Turner's first and last manners. He is said to have first practised the wiping out of the lights, and to have thereby produced some startling effects. We observe traces of this in works of the young time of John Varley and others; but as yet the resource was employed with timidity and irresolution. By Turner there are also 'Corfe Castle' (1792), and 'Waterfall' (1795); 'Tintern Abbey,' dated 1793, but certainly later, for Turner was then only nineteen; 'Easby Abbey,' very grand; and later works, as 'Tivoli,' 'St. Alban's Abbey,' &c. By John Varley (b. 1777, d. 1842) there are two views of Conway, 'Knaresborough Castle,' 'The Welsh Coast,' 'Bedgelert Bridge,' 'Frognall, near Hampstead'—all very vigorous, but none so luminous as some of those last Claude-like compositions of his long life—all light and air, obtained by washing each drawing twelve or fifteen times. Then we have Glover, and poor Robson—whose father, a wine merchant in Durham, turned his back upon him, because he would be an artist—and Havell, and all the recently departed, and those who yet linger, having something more to do before they depart—those who signalized themselves as having originated something that assisted to shed on our water colour art the lustre which so eminently distinguishes it; and David Cox—who was not ashamed to acknowledge having passed portions of his life as blacksmith, itinerant scene-painter, and harlequin—Copley Fielding, W. Hunt, J. D. Harding, De Wint, Prout, George Cattermole, David Roberts, John Lewis, and others whose drawings are always conspicuous, wherever they may be seen.

To the readers of the *Art-Journal* it is scarcely necessary to state that there are two societies of water-colour painters. The senior was established in 1803, but the "New Society" was not instituted until 1832. The first members of the elder association were—G. Barrett, J. Cristall, W. J. Gilpin, J. Glover, W. Havell, R. Hills, J. Holworthy, J. C. Nattes, F. Nicholson, W. H. Pyne, S. Rigaud, T. Shelley, J. Varley, C. Varley, and W. F. Wells. Neither Turner nor Girtin appear here; the former was, in 1802, elected an Associate of the Royal Academy, and Girtin was dead.

There are in the exhibition two hundred and eighteen drawings, whence it will be understood that we have only in this brief notice named certain men who have introduced principles and practices, which have now been tested by the experience of half a century. The catalogue records the names of several foreigners, as Cipriani, Loutherbourg, Serres, Francia, Pugin, and one or two others; but their methods were not English, and when it was, they contributed nothing to advance the art. It would have been extremely difficult to have procured examples of all the contemporary living men, even whose names we cannot here mention; nor would that be necessary, as the most interesting passages of the history of the art are found during the embarrassments of its obscurity. Besides, the living school is well known: it is the past on which the public desire enlightenment. The proceeds of the exhibition go to assist the building fund of the Female School of Art, and it is to be hoped that the aid will be worthy of the effort.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XIII.—THE GALLERIES BORGHESE AND CHIGI.



T an angle, one side of which faces the Via di Fontinella, and another the Piazza di Spagna, stands the Palazza Borghese, one of the largest and finest mansions in Rome, belonging to the illustrious family whose name it bears: one of its members, in the person of the Cardinal Camille Borghese, was elected to fill the papal chair in 1605, under the name of Paul V. He evinced great interest in the Arts, and during his pontificate numerous important structures were erected in the imperial city. The Borghese Palace was commenced by Cardinal Dezzi, in 1590, from designs by Martino Lunghi, and completed by the pope, or, more properly, by his nephew, the Cardinal Scipion, from the designs of Flaminio Ponzio. The building is of an angular form, and rather singular, something of the shape of a harpsichord; hence it is sometimes called the "Harpsichord of Borghese;" yet the grand court is a perfect square. Two galleries of open porticoes and a Corinthian attic give the edifice a magnificent appearance: ninety-six columns of oriental granite support the two galleries; the columns of the lower tier are Doric, those of the upper Corinthian. The entrance to the apartments, twelve in number, in which the pictures hang, is underneath the lower tier; they occupy the entire ground-floor of the palace.

The Borghese collection is the richest private gallery in Rome; it is open daily to the public, catalogues are provided, and every facility for examination, study, and even copying, is afforded. The paintings, about seven hundred in number, are arranged in chronological order, so that the visitor, as he passes from one chamber to another, sees the whole history of the art since its revival, developed before him, from the earliest Florentine artists to the latest Flemish. Of the seventy-one examples in the first room, the most notable are—a 'Madonna and Child, with a Choir of Angels,' by Sandro Botticelli, graceful in design and vivid in expression; a 'Madonna and Child,' by Perugino; a similar subject by Francia, both exhibiting profound religious feeling; a portrait of Savonarola, by Filippo Lippi; a 'Madonna, Child, and Infant St. John,' attributed to Lorenzo di Credi, and a curious little portrait, said to be of Raffaelle, and painted by himself, when young: it certainly bears some resemblance to what he might be supposed to have been in his early years, but its authenticity is altogether doubtful.

The second room contains several specimens of Garofalo's pencil; by far the most important is 'The Taking down from the Cross:' it is a large composition, very carefully executed, and, generally, well coloured. 'Circe,' by Dosso Dossi, his contemporary, is an excellent example of the fanciful compositions which that artist not unfrequently sent forth. A picture of the martyr St. Stephen, by F. Francia, merits especial attention as an excellent example of this early painter: the face is youthful and most expressive of religious feeling, and the colour, generally, is rich and deep. In this room are Raffaelle's celebrated 'Taking down from the Cross,' and his 'Portrait of Cæsar Borgia,' described in a preceding paper on the works of this great painter (Vol. vi., p. 262).

In the third room is Correggio's famous 'Danæ,' a fine picture as regards the highest qualities of Art, but of such questionable taste that one marvels it should have come from the hand of him whose heads of the Saviour, Madonnas, saints, and martyrs, and whose numerous altar-pieces, are impressed with the utmost devotional feeling.

The 'Cumæan Sybil,' by Domenichino, engraved on the next page, is a noble specimen of ideal portraiture with reference to design and expression, but the colouring is indefinite and not pure: the head, arrayed in its oriental turban, is very fine, the upturned eyes are brilliant and inspired, the bust is beautifully modelled, and throughout there is a feminine elegance and refinement surpassed by few painters of any age or time. It is the only picture in the fourth room demanding especial notice.

The fifth room contains Domenichino's 'Diana and her Nymphs,' engraved on this page; both this and the 'Cumæan Sybil' were painted



DIANA AND HER NYMPHS.

for the Cardinal Borghese. Diana is presumed to be on a hunting excursion,—some critics call the picture the 'Chase of Diana,'—several of the goddess's attendant nymphs are shooting at a mark similar to a popinjay used by our ancestors in their sports; others are bathing in the stream in the foreground; others, again, have the dogs in charge; and in the middle distance two nymphs are bearing onwards a dead hart or kid. Diana occupies a prominent position, almost in the centre of the picture, and appears by her attitude to be addressing the *marksmaidens*, to coin a word for the occasion, one of whom has brought down the bird from the top of the pole. This group of figures is very animated, and their actions are natural and definable. The composition throughout is most spirited, but there is an entire absence of grace, and few of the faces have any pretension to refinement, much less to beauty.

The sixth and seventh rooms may be passed over without comment, except to mention a picture of 'Judith Praying before she murders Holofernes,' by Elizabeth Sirani, of whom we shall have to speak presently; the eighth contains two clever battle-pieces by Bourgegnone, a good landscape by Salvator Rosa, and a group of cows in a meadow by Paul Potter.

On the walls of the ninth apartment are the frescoes with which Raffaelle decorated the house traditionally known as the "Casino of Raffaelle," now called the Villa Olziati: we use the word "traditionally," because it seems to be very doubtful whether Raffaelle ever resided in it; and equally doubtful is his execution of these works, which are now supposed to have been copied from his designs and those of other painters. The subjects of the paintings are taken from mythological and Grecian history. Four portrait medallions are said to represent the Fornarina.

The tenth apartment is dedicated to the Venetian school, and contains examples of Titian, Paul Veronese, Giorgione, Bassano, Pordenone, and others.

First in importance is Titian's celebrated picture of 'Love, Sacred and Profane,' a subject akin to Leonardo da Vinci's 'Modesty and Vanity' described in page 101 *ante*. Two females are seated beside a fountain in which Cupid is sporting: one is fully draped in a rich Venetian costume, white, with red sleeves; her hands are gloved, and she holds in the right a bouquet of flowers, the left rests on a vessel deep and covered: her face is sweet but sedate in expression, as if deeply meditating. The other figure is unclothed, a crimson robe falls over her back, and a white girdle encircles the loins: the vessel by her side is shallow and open—free to all comers: a censer is in her left hand. The face of this female is very beautiful and delicate; it is turned towards her companion with an expression of winning loveliness. It has been observed that Titian has made a mistake in giving the palm of beauty to the "strange woman," if he intended to inculcate a moral lesson by his work, for she must become the victor over her modest but less captivating rival. In the distance is a rich, luxurious landscape. It is a glorious picture in design, manner, and colour. 'The Three Graces,' or rather 'Venus with two attendant nymphs arming Cupid,' by the same master, is another fine work, but far less brilliant in colour than the preceding. Giorgione's 'David with the head of Goliath,' is rich in tone and striking in expression. 'St. John preaching in the Wilderness,' by Paul Veronese, is attractive for its fine colouring and the effective arrangement of the grouped figures. A 'Madonna and Child,' by Gian Bellini, or, at least, attributed to him, is very beautiful in the expression of both faces; and the portrait of Pordenone, by himself, is a good example of this pleasing painter.

Of the pictures most deserving of notice in the eleventh room the following may be pointed out:—'St. Anthony preaching to the Fishes;' the composition as a whole is singular, and the figure of the saint undignified, but there is some excellent painting in the work. Pordenone's group of his own family proves that in the softness and pureness of his flesh tints he was scarcely surpassed by



THE CUMÆAN SYBIL.

Titian. Jacopo Palma's (Vecchio) 'Madonna and Saints' has great beauty; the faces are life-like and very sweet. Bonifazio was a mannerist and often very insipid, but he had an agreeable mode of treatment, and the arrangement of his figures is skilful and animated. There are two specimens of his works here, 'Christ answering the Mother of Zebedee's Children,' and 'The Return of the Prodigal,' the former is the better of the two. A small picture of 'The Holy Family,' by Innocenzo da Imola, one of Francia's scholars, and afterwards a follower of Raffaelle, shows the influence of both masters; of the former in its expression, and of the latter in the style of composition.

The twelfth and last room contains about forty pictures of the Dutch and Flemish schools, including a few by the early German painters: the most noticeable are 'The Crucifixion,' and 'The Entombment,' both by Van Dyck, works of great merit, but certainly much inferior to others from the same hand; a noble sea-piece by Backhuysen, and in his best manner; 'Cows in a Meadow,' by Paul Potter, a good picture, but in bad condition; 'The Visitation of St. Elizabeth,' by Rubens, a repetition of one of the siderals in his famous 'Descent from the Cross;' a capital portrait of Mary de Medici, by Van Dyck, three or four portraits by Holbein, and one of Louis VI., of Bavaria, attributed to Albert Durer.

The Borghese collection of pictures has been valued at six millions of francs, equal to £224,000; perhaps the estimate is not too high, if we remember that there are in it not a few of the best works of the greatest painters of past ages. The collection of sculptures was also the finest, perhaps, in any private European gallery; but at the commencement of the present century the first Napoleon bought of his brother-in-law, the then Prince Borghese, for the sum of fourteen million of francs, £56,000, the entire gallery, which contained a large portion of the statues now in the museum of antiquities in the Louvre.

The Palazza Chigi stands on the northern side of the Piazza da Spada: it

derives its name from a Sienese family settled in Rome, of whom the founder was Agostino Chigi, the famous banker, and the friend of Raffaelle: some allusion was made to him in a former paper when writing of the great painter. The edifice was commenced in 1526 by the immediate descendants of Agostino, from the designs of Giacomo della Porta, and completed by Carlo Maderno. The nephews of Fabio Chigi, who was pope under the title of Alexander VII., resided here in the seventeenth century, and added to its splendour; but it is now in so dilapidated a condition as to present only a sad spectacle. The entrance is guarded by a noble antique, a dog, similar to that at the Vatican, but, perhaps, superior in execution; in one of the antechambers are two singular sculptures by Bernini; on a cushion, or pillow of stone, lies a young child, just awaked from sleep, and crying: this figure is intended to symbolise Life: on a similar cushion is a human skull, emblematical of Death. The third chamber contains three antique statues, of Parian marble, a Venus, found in the gardens of Mount Cœlius; an Apollo, presumed to have been executed in the time of Hadrian; and a Mercury, the head of which seems to be of comparatively modern workmanship.

The picture collection numbers about two hundred and fifty paintings, but there are not, probably, more than fifty worthy of being placed in a gallery of Art. Among these may be pointed out — 'St. Pascal, St. Anthony, and St. Cecilie,' by Garofolo, a follower of Raffaelle: it is a large canvas, powerful in colour, but manifesting the absence of expression which most of his larger works exhibit; his easel pictures are by many degrees his best. 'St. Francis,' by Guercino, is spirited in execution. 'John the Baptist drinking at a Fountain,' by Caravaggio, has too little of the feeling of what sacred art should show to be acceptable, yet it is bold in design, and well coloured. 'St. Bruno,' by Francesco Mola, a French artist who studied in the school of Bologna, is another picture excellent in colour, and vigorously painted. A battle-piece, by Salvator Rosa, is, as a whole, as fine a work as any in the collection; the combatants are Greeks and Trojans. Less finished than the great battle-scene



THE VIRGIN AND CHILD, AND INFANT ST. JOHN, IN A GARLAND.

in the Louvre, it is broadly painted, as if intended for a first idea or sketch vigorously carried out: the action of the groups, the distribution and tone of the colours, are most appropriate to the subject, and are, in all respects, admirable.

In the third apartment is the sketch for the large picture of 'St. Romualdo among the Friars of his Order,' in the Vatican, one of the best works of Andrea Sacchi; and the 'Blessed Bernardo Tolomei of Siena,' by the same master. Sacchi, like Mola, studied in the school formed by Albano at Bologna, and also at Rome, and was one of his most successful pupils. In the fourth chamber the most remarkable picture is one sometimes called a 'Pietà,' and sometimes 'The Virgin in a Garland;' it is engraved on this page: it was for a long time, and still is by some critics, attributed to Guido, but the prevailing opinion now assigns it to Elizabeth Sirani, the daughter and pupil of Giovanni Sirani, who studied under Guido. The name and works of this highly-gifted lady are little known in England; she was born at Bologna in 1638, and though she died at the early age of twenty-six, she painted, according to Malvasia, who enumerates them, not fewer than one hundred and fifty pictures and portraits, many of the former of a large size—altar-pieces in fact— and all executed with great care. Her compositions are bold, the drawing is correct, and the colouring tender and very harmonious. The best of her most important works are in the churches of Bologna, but her favourite subjects were Madonnas and Magdalens, to which she gave the most expressive and beautiful character; such, for example, is the picture in the Chigi Gallery: the action of the figures is true to nature, and the face of the Virgin mother is sweet and pensive. The garland of flowers is full of subject, brilliantly painted.

There are, in the Chigi Palace, a few paintings, by early Italian artists, worth looking at: a portrait of Andrea Mantegna, by himself; the 'Infant Christ,' a fresco, by Filippo Lippi, the younger; 'The Adoration of the Magi,' by Mazzalino da Ferrara, finished almost like a miniature. In the upper rooms, those inhabited by the family, and closed against strangers, are some fine sketches by Giulio Romano, Bernini, Andrea Sacchi, and others. The love of letters and the arts is hereditary in the Chigi family; the library and collection of ancient manuscripts are valuable and extensive.

James Dafforne.

THE

WORKS OF JOHN GIBSON, R.A.*

If we were likely to forget the fact, we are but too seldom reminded by the exhibition of his works among us, that there is at Rome a countryman of our own, who, by universal consent, is exalted even to an eminence among the most distinguished sculptors of our time. He has lived in Rome forty years, and we know that he has been during that time unremittingly laborious; yet when the sum of his labours comes before us in the shape of an imperial folio volume, with upwards of one hundred engravings from his works (some, it is true, different views of the same group or statue), we are surprised at the result—surprised that during such a period there should have been so little waste of life—so much is there of gold, so little of dross.

We have always known Mr. Gibson as an enthusiastic student of Greek Art, and before opening this series we knew what we should not find therein. There are no compromises between the veritable severities of the antique and any fashion of modern costume. It was a defiant assumption to present Huskisson to his surviving friends as the Greeks were wont to reproduce their statesmen and philosophers, and with greater breadth and generosity than the well-known orator in the Museo Borbonico at Naples. Then there is the late Sir Robert Peel, Robert Stephenson, Kirkman Finlay, and Dudley North, from any and all of whom the sculptor of the Orator might have taken a lesson in casting draperies. These, with a statue of her Majesty, and another of the Bishop (Van Mildert) of Durham, are all the portrait statues engraved; and no sculptor but Gibson would have ventured to have thus dealt with these men. But he was so well sustained by the heads, that he could have done what he pleased with the rest; their heads were all thought, and their faces full of language. It is all but certain that these are the last essays in portrait statuary in the antique taste that we shall see, for the voice of universal Europe is unanimously raised in favour of having those of whom it would preserve a remembrance commemorated by statues as nearly as possible resembling the living person. In Germany, Rauch's works at Berlin, and in France, the multitude of statues in modern attire have assisted in suppressing in portrait statues deductions from the antique. When we look, however, at Gibson's statue of the Queen, which was executed for the Houses of Parliament, whatever of the classic element that is introduced into that figure purifies the regal properties that must enter into the composition. The left hand grasps the sceptre, resting on its end, and the right holds a chaplet of laurel; both eminently significant, one of the extent, the other of the spirit of our sovereign's sway; and yet more pointed than these are the marine horses on her footstool—no monarch that the world has yet seen has been entitled to such an attribute in so wide an interpretation. In the statues we mention we find the impersonations doing, thinking, and speaking; and in their action there is evident purpose. The difficulty of disposing the hands, directing the thought, and giving appropriate motive to a statue, is immense. Study will do much in drapery composition, but the value of mere labour is overrated: hence it is rare to meet with a thread of sustained melody pervading the whole.

By the fanatic sections of the Greek hierarchy Mr. Gibson, in many of his views of their mythology, would have been set down among the heretics, for in some of his versions he tells us his deities were not all divine, not souls and essences of the purest medium; they had much of the earth about them—that indeed they were of it, and unlike the existences of the Christian theology—but for the earth they had never been, and without it they could not continue to be. We see this in his 'Venus,' who holds the apple that Paris has awarded her; the allusion at once to her gratified vanity and the premium that she promised him. We see it also, and very properly, in his 'Proserpine,' but, in comparison with these, proportionably less in his 'Bacchus;' but again, in his 'Nymph' and his 'Cupid,' the allusion to the living flesh is strongly marked, as it is also in 'Venus kissing Cupid.' This it is that the Greek and Roman poets have insisted on, but the sculptors would not recognise; the latter jealously sifted all the earthy particles from the composition of their deities, but Gibson's verse, as it appears to us in certain instances, is not so much the poetry of the ancient sculptors as that of the ancient poets. On the other hand, his 'Aurora' is a creature of light—in everything the rosy-fingered morn—in the stealthiness of whose approach you forget the marble, so light is her step that you listen in vain for her footfall. The story of 'Sappho' is told in such a manner that we need not to be informed that it is the tenth muse that is presented to us. She holds her lyre in her left hand; her look is downcast and so woebegone, her grief looks so fresh, that she can but now have parted from Phaon, and we look for him as if the exciting cause must be present; but it is a great triumph for the marble, that we should look for the man that slighted Sappho to the death, and do not find him. The statue of 'Hebe' is in the finest Greek taste: it is loosely draped nearly to the knees, she is in the act of presenting the cup, which she does with becoming modesty. She is a severe censure on the sentence of Jupiter; for it is impossible to suppose that such a figure could ever fall before the gods so ungracefully, as to merit dismissal from office. 'Pandora' is even more chaste than the 'Hebe;' it is much to say of such a work, that you know many of the antiques that it surpasses, but few of them that excel it. It meets the student at all points of his study of Greek art, and fulfils his best conceptions of its utmost purity. It may, however, be considered imperfect, because it has not those slight defects that appear necessary to the perfection of some Greek statues. 'The Hunter and his Dog' is a grand example of male beauty: he stoops, holding with his right hand the eager animal by the collar. The distinction here is sufficiently broad between the spirit of this conception and that of the more exalted subjects. The hunter is an athlete, with a show of modelling in his frame that perfectly describes the firmness and tensity of muscle that results from action. The mould of the person is as clean as that of the 'Fighting Gladiator,' and although in an attitude of comparative rest, his agility and strength are as great. The 'Mars and Cupid' affords another and a different character—a form of greater strength, but with less of elastic activity; and 'Paris' presents another type—that of the latter spring-tide of youth merging into the summer of manhood. He wears the Phrygian cap, holds the apple in his right hand, his left hanging by his side, grasping his shepherd's staff. If the head were not there, the youthful roundness, beauty, vigour, and delicate lines of the limbs were enough to bespeak the time of life; but the head is the fitting climax to the beauty of the person; it is such as must move the love of many women.

Mr. Gibson has executed many compositions in sacred, or what is commonly called religious, art; they are bas-reliefs, to the memory of Lady Knightly, Mrs. Robinson, Mrs. Huskisson, Mrs. Pigott, Lady Leicester, William Earle, and Mrs. Byrom, and into them are admitted those traditional conventions which characterised the works of the cinque-centists. Again, in bas-relief we have 'Amaltheia,' 'Love and Idleness,' 'Eros and Anteros,' and many others, and it is in working up to the most exalted tone of classic art that Mr. Gibson's virtue lies; his greatest works are conceived according to the canons of the great Olympiads; while his labours in "religious" sculpture seem to have been conducted in the spirit of exercitative relaxations. Had the lot of our modern sculptors been cast in the heyday of Greek art, and Pericles had to choose friends from among them, he would have selected John Gibson, who is more Achaian than Thorwaldsen, Canova, Rauch, or any of those great men who worked hard and lived long, and even at the last sang themselves to sleep, yet haunted in spirit by dreams of the beautiful.

We cannot but recommend this series of engravings to students of sculpture, as a work of especial utility to them.

* Engravings from Original Compositions, executed in Marble at Rome. By John Gibson, R.A., &c. Drawn by Guglielmi, and engraved under the direction of Lewis Gruner, by Th. Langer, &c. Published by P. and D. Colnaghi, Scott & Co., London.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

DOVER.

G. Chambers, Painter. T. A. Prior, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 2 ft. 3½ in. by 1 ft. 7½ in.

This picture is the companion work to the view of Greenwich Hospital, by the same artist, of which an engraving appeared in a former number of the *Art-Journal*: both paintings were commissions from the late Queen Adelaide, and both subjects are treated in a quiet, unpretentious, and truthful manner. Neither of them can be accepted as examples of what Chambers could do as a marine-painter; we have seen many pictures by him, coast-scenes as well as open sea-views, into which he has thrown far more practical feeling, picturesque effect, and vigorous execution, than these two show: his representation of storms and naval engagements—he painted very few of the latter description—was equal, if not superior, to those of any of his contemporaries, except Stanfield, who, then as now, holds dominion over the sea.

The view of the town and harbour of Dover is, perhaps, one of the least picturesque, considering the size and importance of the place, to be found on the southern coast of England; the town, of which a small portion only is seen here, lies in a deep valley formed by a depression in the chalk hills, which, rising perpendicularly from the sea in the front, and by gentle slopes on each side, present a bare, unclothed appearance: the only good pictorial feature is the old castle, occupying a prominent place in the view, which takes in the line of coast as far as the South Foreland. But, however deficient Dover is in those qualities an artist generally looks for and desires, its historical interest is very great. From the invasion of Julius Cæsar down to our own time, it has been famed in the annals of the country, and has occupied the attention of successive generations of statesmen and warriors, from its contiguity to France, and consequently as offering the most favourable point, with reference to distance, to foreign invasion: its natural defences, however, united with those which military science has drawn around it, leave little apprehension of a hostile attack in that quarter, even though, as the late Sir Robert Peel said, "Steam has bridged the channel" between England and France. To the left of the town, as the latter appears to the spectator looking towards it from the point whence the sketch was taken, rises Shakspere's Cliff, so named from the poet's fine description:—

> "Stand still.—How fearful
> And dizzy 'tis, to cast one's eyes so low!
> The crows and choughs that wing the midnight air,
> Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down
> Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!
> Methinks he seems no bigger than his head:
> The fishermen that walk upon the beach
> Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,
> Diminished to her cock;* her cock, a buoy
> Almost too small for sight; the murmuring surge
> That on the unnumbered idle pebbles chafes,
> Cannot be heard so high:—I'll look no more;
> Lest my brain turn, and the deficient sight
> Topple down headlong."

Dover, as the principal port whence travellers embarked and disembarked on their way to and from the continent, now shares this kind of traffic with Folkstone, the latter place having perhaps the preference: but the old town will always maintain its pre-eminence in historic interest. From its shores men renowned in the annals of the world have gone forth on their missions, and exiled princes have felt themselves in a place of safety beneath the shelter of its white cliffs. The narrow streets of the town have been the first to echo the joyous shouts for victories won by British valour; and the "Men of Kent" who thronged them were the first whose privilege it was to welcome back again the conquering leaders of the British hosts. The archives of the corporation could, it is presumed, show such a catalogue of "addresses" as no other place in the kingdom—the metropolis perhaps excepted—can boast of.

Many important alterations and improvements have been made in the town and harbour since Chambers sketched his picture, so that the view must not be considered as an accurate representation of the place as it now appears.

The picture is at Osborne.

* Cockboat.



AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART VII.—MOSAIC PICTURES.

THE sudden and extraordinary development of the Arts immediately following the conversion of the empire, in the beginning of the fourth century, is one of those historical events that, seemingly conforming to none of the laws by which intellectual progress is governed, would, in the present state of our information, appear to be inexplicable.

For the first three centuries, the position of the church, being directly antagonistic to the most vindictive and powerful government, perhaps, that the world has seen, the ordinances of its worship were necessarily administered in places secluded from public observation. That, in the intervals of persecution, there existed in Italy places set apart for these purposes, would, from the records that have come down to us, appear probable; but the determination and pertinacity with which the pagan Cæsars endeavoured to destroy the worshippers, and to eradicate their faith, must have rendered the public assembling, in a recognised religious building, as a general practice, impossible. Probably such churches or chapels as existed other than those in the subterranean cemeteries, were merely portions of private houses set apart for the purpose; consequently, it would appear that, excepting on the confined and limited scale that we see in the pictures of the catacombs, or in such small ornamentation as might have been used in the chamber of a private dwelling, any exercise of the art of church decoration must have been impracticable; and anything like the formation of a school of Art, that might, by the acquisition of artistic knowledge through successive generations, have led to the extraordinary display of artistic power exhibited in the age of Constantine, was simply impossible. But while scarcely the germ of this power is to be traced in the earlier works, the mode, and, perhaps, the excellence, of the mechanical execution is common to the productions of each period. The church of the first ages, in admitting the Arts into its service, was careful to use them under forms distinctly separate from those in which they had ministered to the idolatrous worship or to the luxury of paganism. Painting, previously confined to mere architectural decoration, as the medium of the church's teaching rose and developed itself to the occasion, and appropriated to itself the forms of composition and beauty that have ever since distinguished it. Sculpture, being more identified with idolatry than painting, was, for some centuries at least, utterly discarded by the church; and, from the few remains that exist, it would appear that the architecture of the first Christian buildings, rejecting the style of the pagan temples, was entirely distinctive and *sui generis*. So, in adopting Mosaic decoration into its service, the church impressed it with new and peculiar characteristics; previously, its practice had been confined to the coarse and rude delineation, afforded by embedding small pieces of naturally-coloured stones in cement, and its application would appear to have extended no further than the ornamentation of pavements, or occasionally of a piece of furniture —the limited range of colour, and the impracticability of the material, directing its use solely to the lowest style of architectural decoration—but the substitution of coloured glass in the place of the naturally-coloured stone effected an entire change both in its character, and the uses to which it was applied.

From the peculiarity of the glass ornaments and vessels of the first ages of the church, there is reason to believe that certain secrets in glass manufacture were confined to the guilds or confraternities of Christian workmen. Anything of the nature of the gilt pateræ found in the catacombs (in which we see the gold leaf embedded in the very heart of the glass) is unknown amongst the pagan productions of the period, and the application of stained glass to Mosaic and enamelled metal work is certainly to be found only during the first three centuries in the productions of the Christian workshops. The new, and it might be termed the Christian, character thus imparted to the hitherto pagan art, endowed it with new capacities. That which was before applied only to the lowest style of decoration, was now to be the choicest adornment of the holiest of holies of the Christian temple—humble this temple was, certainly, generally a mean and obscure apartment in a secluded part of the pagan city, often nothing better than a hole in the ground; but the church of that day, though it had not yet learnt to pride itself on the gorgeousness of its habitations, yet deemed it necessary, when practicable, that the portion of the chamber set apart for the dispensing of the religious ordi-

No 1.



nances, should be distinguished by appropriate symbolic decoration.

In the pictures of the earliest catacomb chapels, we have seen that the subjects of the illustrations had exclusive reference either to the consolations of the church, or to its distinctive teaching. As generations passed away, and as the Christian flock became better versed in the tenets of its faith, this pictorial instruction was, in a great measure, dispensed with, and, in its stead, we find the decorations which previously had been applied indiscriminately over the whole body of the edifice, now confined principally to the chancel, and having direct reference to the authority of the priestly office, and the nature of the religious ordinances dispensed therefrom, so that the priest engaged in the holy offices at the altar might refer, for the sacred character of his mission, directly to the pictured semblance of our Lord with the book in his hand, as the great teacher, or for the sanctity of the sacrament he was administering, to the story of the origin of that sacrament delineated on the wall above.

The more perfect adaptability of the new material to purposes of architectural decoration, its greater durability, and brilliance, so peculiarly fitting it for the adornment of dark recesses, were, probably, the reasons that caused Mosaic work, when practicable, to be used in preference to the earlier mode of painting in fresco; consequently, as the third century approached its completion, the practice of what may be termed Christian, as distinctive from pagan, Mosaic had become general—though the disadvantageous circumstances under which such works were produced necessitated their being small in size, and somewhat ruder and less artistic than the fresco pictures in their execution. Only the few works in this manner that existed in the catacombs have come down to us; probably the oldest, and certainly the best authenticated, of these, are two taken from the catacombs of St. Agnese, and now in the Christian Museum of the Lateran. Copies of these works are given in cuts 1 and 2.

As undoubted specimens of the earliest Mosaic work, a greater interest attaches to them than their excellence as works of Art would otherwise command. The likeness in the portrait of our Lord, though the expression is negatived by the rudeness of the delineation, conforms, in every respect, to the received tradition, even to the minute characteristic of the two pieces of stray hair in the middle of the forehead: there is also the peculiar drooping brow, and the form of the beard growing away from the chin. The third century is assigned as the date of these works; from the place where they were taken, they must certainly have been executed before the age of Constantine, and the character of the symbolism, the Alpha and the Omega on the robe, the book in the hand, the form and the colour of the nimbus, and the mode of spelling the name within the circle, would all point to the beginning of the third century as the time of their production. While in artistic execution and correctness of delineation both of these works are of the lowest order—in these respects much below the works of contemporary art in fresco—the colouring and design is in both most excellent. Of course no idea of the former of these qualities can be given in a woodcut; but it will suffice to say, that the use of glass, or some vitrified substance, has added to the effect a transparency and richness unknown in the works of previous periods. In the dress of our Lord, the deep blue of the cloak harmonizes to perfection with the transparent red of the under robe; and the gold of the "Alpha and the Omega" on the draperies, with the gorgeous gilding of the background, unite with the blue and the carmine of the dress in one rich and harmonious whole. In the second picture of the infant Saviour and the Virgin mother, the colours are less brilliant, but equally harmonious: the draperies of the figures are white, the background of deep blue, and in the two corners are the exact counterparts of the conventional crimson curtain seen so continually in pictures by Lawrence and his imitators. While the execution of this picture is at least as rude as that of the preceding, the action and grouping of the figures are so excellent, that, were it not for the errors in drawing, it would be difficult to say in what respect they fail of being perfect. When the higher qualities of design are found united with rude and ignorant execution, there is strong presumptive evidence of the work being a copy, by an inferior hand, of a more perfect original; and various other circumstances connected with these two Mosaics would lead to the conclusion that they are transcripts from some older work, that, from its excellence, was taken as a type by the Mosaic workers of the succeeding centuries—one of such circumstances being the introduction of a string of beads round the neck of our Lord: in the earlier Mosaic pictures this necklace is universal; what was its origin or signification has never yet been satisfactorily

explained. (No. 2.) The other works referrible to the same period differ in little or nothing from those just instanced: rude in execution, but, at the same time, possessing qualities of excellence, pointing directly to the existence of others of a superior order. Probably, the works that have remained to the present age being exclusively those taken from the catacombs, we see only the inferior copies from those that, being designed for the churches above ground, were executed in a more careful style.

If the persecuted Christian church of the first three centuries possessed buildings appropriated exclusively to religious worship, the only remains of such edifices are to be seen in the churches of St. Stefano Rotundo, on the Cœlian Hill, at Rome, and the chapel, or baptistry, of St. Constanza, outside the Porta Pia. The form of both these buildings is circular, or polygonal, with a peculiarly implex internal structure, affording additional evidence (assuming the tradition to be correct that they were ancient Christian chapels) that the church, in its architecture as in its painting, was studious to impress a distinctive Christian character on the Arts it admitted to its service.

No. 2.



It is also said, and apparently on reliable authority, that the baptistry of Constantine, a building similar in architecture to the above, was merely the renovation of an older church; if it were not so, it is certain that it was amongst the first buildings erected after the conversion of the empire, and, under such circumstances, it could hardly be otherwise than that it should conform in general design, and in its internal decorations, to the style that had been previously followed. Consequently, we see the octagonal form, and the complex internal structure, that is still remaining perfect in St. Stefano, and partially so in St. Constanza. Its Mosaic pictures, executed immediately after the erection of the building, have every distinctive feature in common with the works of the preceding centuries, but exhibiting a decidedly higher order of execution. The same type of likeness will be seen in the portraits of our Lord, partaking rather of the Byzantine than the Italian characteristics, and again repeating the introduction of the string of beads round the neck. The illustration given in cut 3 is from the chancel of the principal chapel attached to the baptistry, and is indisputably to be ascribed to the first years of the reign of Constantine. In this work we see, while the ancient tradition was rigidly adhered to, a decided advance in many parts of the execution on anything that had gone before—this may, however, be owing to its having undergone extensive restorations immediately after the Gothic occupation of the fifth century. But in partaking of the character of the earlier pictures, the works of this time lost their appropriateness to the altered position of the church. The Arts, to be the expression of the popular mind, must respond to the predominating sentiments of the community, or they will be but the lifeless, shreddy husks of a worn-out idea. To the condition of the liberated church, the types and symbolism of the period of its captivity were no longer applicable. In treating of the catacomb frescoes, we have seen the preponderating influence exercised by the writings of the Apostle John over the ideas and forms of thought of the primitive church; and there cannot be a doubt but that in the day we are now treating of, the spiritual eye of Christianity saw, in the three hundred and twenty years of the church's persecution, the realization of the apocalyptic vision of the "*woman from heaven*," "*clothed with the sun*," "*the moon under her feet*," and "*crowned with the twelve stars*," "*pursued into the wilderness*" by the destroying dragon "*for a time, times, and a portion of a time.*" The church, it was held, had, in fulfilment of her destiny, followed her Divine spouse into the desert, there to be proved by "conflict with the powers of darkness in high places;" the fiery baptism of persecution and martyrdom was the path through which she must pass to the glorious destiny that the appointed time was to inaugurate for her. Nor necessary only to the church, in its collective signification, was this fiery probation; to the individual member martyrdom came to be regarded, not merely as an undoubted, but rather an indispensable title to admission at the heavenly portals. To minds attuned to this one idea, the continual contemplation of patterns of those heavenly things that were so soon and so surely to become visible realities, was nothing less than a mental necessity; and not only in the specially designed symbols were these heavenly patterns recognisable, but also in the common adjuncts and surroundings of their religious life. The cavern, the hole in the ground, to which the proscribed worshipper resorted, was but the type, the visible representation, of his Divine Master's condition while here on earth. The table at which he knelt, the tomb, with the dust of the martyrs beneath, was to him "*the very altar of God*," "*from within which the souls of those slain for the testimony which they held*" *cried out*, "*How long, O Lord, holy and true, dost thou not avenge our blood on them that dwell on the earth?*" The lamp on that table, necessary on account of the darkness of the subterranean chamber, was none other than the golden candlestick that—conditionally on the faith of the church—was never to be removed out of its place; and in the decorative symbolism, the pictured attributes and functions of the Saviour were, in all instances, those that would more particularly address themselves to the ideas and aspirations of a suffering community. In our Lord, as the shepherd carrying the wounded lamb, the Christian flock beheld the protector; as recalling Lazarus to life, the regenerator; and, with the eternal Gospel in his hand, the originator of their creed. These forms of symbolism were but the natural expression of the mind of the church in its adversity; but this condition had passed away. The church was liberated, the dawn of the glorious morning so long looked for had broke, and the types and patterns of the captivity, speaking no longer to the heart of the people, became shorn of their significance; and though still continued as adjuncts to religious worship, and still regarded with a devout though formal reverence, they exercised no higher function than that of mere ecclesiastical decoration.

The new phase that had opened upon Christianity required another phase of symbolism. Continuing the imagery of the apocalypse, the Divine founder of the faith was no longer to be depicted as the life-giver, the protector of the persecuted church, but as the heavenly conqueror of the revelation, descending to the new Jerusalem to receive the bride, prepared and purified by her suffering for the mystic marriage. "*The blasphemer of God and of his tabernacle*," "*to whom was given to make war with the saints, was overcome*," "*was cast down into the bottomless pit.*" The thousand years' reign of the Lord had been inaugurated, and "*the angel was already flying through the midst of heaven, bearing the everlasting Gospel to preach to all that dwell upon the earth.*" I would wish to be understood, in referring in this manner to the prophecies of the apocalypse, as merely recording the ideas and forms of thought of the church of that period, and not myself making any attempt to penetrate the mysteries of the sacred writing. Modern expounders, it is well known, place the fulfilment of these prophecies at a period yet to come; but we can hardly be surprised that, in the exuberance of feeling and of hope consequent upon such a revolution, the church should see in the appositeness of the inspired vision a direct reference to the events then in the course of consummation.

The houses of God were now no longer secluded chambers or holes in the ground; chapels, churches, and basilicas rose in all quarters of the city, which, from being the spiritual "Babylon," was now, for the first time, recognised as the "eternal;" but the patterns of the heavenly things that had so identified themselves with the hopes and feelings of the community in times of persecution, were not to be laid aside like worn-out rags in the day of triumph. The table of the new basilica, gilt and jewelled though it was, seemed empty and meaningless in comparison with that table in the cavern some 60 feet below, under which were the remains of those Christian warriors, men and women, who had shed their blood for the testimony, and who (in the theological ideas then obtaining) actually united, by virtue of their physical presence, in church communion with the assembly congregated round their sepulchres, and participated with them in the same mystic sacraments. Accordingly, the new temple, with its architectural splendour and gorgeous decorations, must be, not the rival nor the imitation of the pagan edifices around, but the development, the apotheosis of the humble cavern in the ground. The bones of the martyrs must be transferred to it; the candlestick that had before been a necessity, must still shed its light on the assembled worshippers. Even the anagram of our Lord (the ☧), that had before been the distinguishing mark of the martyr's grave, must still, in the form of the cross, be seen over the table of the new covenant, and the chancel, the holiest of holies, must still have the same vaulted form that was adopted as a necessity in the subterranean excavations; and furthermore, the nooks and holes in the more intricate recesses of the catacombs, that had been the secret receptacles of the relics of the departed in the faith, were now represented by the sacristy of the new temple, and crowds of people were to be seen flocking from them, bearing their relics, the clothes of departed relatives, their amulets,

their sacred pictures, preserved, perhaps, from the apostolic age itself, to place them in the newly-consecrated receptacle.

An extraordinary sight must the inauguration of the first Christian temples have been, and one the like of which is scarcely to be seen again. On the hill now called the Lateran was a small church (still remaining, under the name of the Baptistry of Constantine); scarcely fifty paces distant was the first and—with the exception of St. Peter's—most magnificent of Christian basilicas, that of St. John, rapidly approaching completion. Stretching far away into the Campagna, along the different roads radiating from the adjacent gate of the city, might be seen long lines of people chanting litanies, and with solemn ceremonies bringing their long-treasured relics, their holy pictures, and the bodies of their martyred and canonized relations, from the secret chambers of the catacombs to the newly consecrated sacristy in the rising cathedral, while within the small Christian chapel was the imperial convert, stepping naked into the baptismal font, humbly to receive the initiatory rite from the hands of those who, but a few short months before, had been proscribed and persecuted outcasts; and, by the side of their master, crowds of stern, grim soldiery and haughty nobles, now, like him, fain to cringe to and adulate those whom, until then, they had hunted, trodden down, and crushed as the vilest of humanity; and in the surrounding crowd, nay, even amongst the officiating priesthood, might be seen many with wounds yet actually fresh from the terrible persecution that had raged with such violence but a few years previously. Some might be seen with the marks of wild animals, of the fire, of the knife, still upon them, some maimed of a limb, some without eyes; while within sight of that multitude was the column but scarcely finished, commemorating this the most bloody persecution the church had seen, and bearing inscribed on it the vain boast of the extermination of the Christian sect. And he, the builder, the inscriber of that column, the author of that persecution, the abdicated emperor, but a few miles across the narrow sea—at his luxurious retirement in Dalmatia—calmly contemplating from his solitude that tremendous moral revolution which had already sapped the empire to its base, and which, before another century, was to level it in the dust.

No. 3.



From the spot where the above scene was enacted might be seen, some two miles across the Campagna, another basilica in course of construction, dedicated to St. Paul, and second only in magnificence to its sister edifice on the Lateran. These new basilicas were decorated with all the lavish profusion that might be expected from new converts amongst the governing powers, who possessed in the inexhaustible treasures of the heathen temples a convenient and an inexpensive means of exhibiting their zeal for their new faith; gold, silver, and precious stones, poured in profusion from the shrines of idolatry to decorate the house of the one true God. The chancels of the new churches glittered with the candlesticks and the sacred vessels formed out of the re-cast metal; the communion table, the steps leading to it, the episcopal chair, the columns, and even the pavement itself, were covered with the precious stones stripped from the adjacent heathen temples, while the whole vault of the chancel, and in many instances the entire building itself, from the roof to the flooring, walls, roof, screens, and columns, even the darkest recesses, the pavement itself, and often a great portion of the exterior of the building, was one mass of the most gorgeous Mosaic painting. The subjects of the pictures, no longer limited to those that the church had regarded with such affection in its adversity—the protecting shepherd, the life-giver, the teacher; but, still repeating the symbolism of the apocalypse, it was our Lord descending in clouds of glory from heaven to take possession of his kingdom, and to inaugurate the prophesied thousand years of his reign on earth. In all the churches built during the age of Constantine, and indeed till the Gothic invasion of the next century, did this one subject form the governing idea in the decoration of the churches. The writings of St. John, in all cases, supplied the texts to the pictures, and in particular was the fourth chapter of the Revelation, with its transcendantly gorgeous imagery, adopted for representation.

[This series of papers will be concluded in the succeeding part of the *Art-Journal*.]

THE ARUNDEL SOCIETY,

FOR PROMOTING THE KNOWLEDGE OF ART.

The last annual Report of the Arundel Society, now before us, is a record of almost unexampled success. After twelve years devoted to a noble mission, the council may look back with some gratification to past difficulties overcome, and can now fairly anticipate a career of increased prosperity and usefulness for the future. Twelve years ago this society had almost to create among the public a taste for those early Italian frescoes which, through its efforts, have now become so widely known and so warmly appreciated. During that period the current of events, both in this country and in Italy, has fortunately tended in its favour. In England, on the one hand, has grown up an ardent love for mediæval works, a profounder study of the olden times, a fuller and a finer appreciation of those ancient pictures which once repelled by their rudeness, but now win through their simple, unsophisticated beauty. In Italy, likewise, many things have conspired to advance the prosperity of this enterprising association of connoisseurs. Public attention has been directed in an unwonted degree to Italy, the cradle of the Arts; general interest has been aroused for those works which were coeval with the revival of learning and the dawn of freedom, and pictures which through long neglect had been ready to perish, have found zealous protectors. The Arundel Society, at first a pioneer, is now in full command of a strong position; its reproductions of Italian frescoes have obtained a wide popularity, its subscribers now reach to upwards of twelve hundred, and its accounts, we are glad to add, show a commercial success seldom found compatible with bold artistic enterprise.

Our readers are probably aware that the most important publications of the society for the last few years have consisted in chromolith copies from Italian frescoes. The present issue comprises 'The Death of St. Francis,' a master work by Domenico Ghirlandaio, in the Church of the Trinita, at Florence. It is truly surprising to mark the perfection to which the chromo-lithographic process has here been carried. Ghirlandaio, among other things, was famed for the character and the expression which he threw into individual heads; and in this copy, produced by the somewhat mechanical arrangements of block-printing, it is remarkable to see with what precision the lines of the features have been preserved, and with what force and detail each head stands out as an actual portrait. The harmony of the colour has likewise been maintained with more than wonted success. It is always no small difficulty faithfully to render the tender transitions of delicate tints, to blend colours in their brightness, and yet secure soft concord; to give brilliancy without crudity, and force without loaded opacity. It is in surmounting such defects, usually incident to printing in colours, that Mr. Gruner specially shows his skill. The copies published by the Arundel Society, though large in scale, are necessarily greatly reduced from the size of the original frescoes. In the present year, however, two heads, taken from 'The Death of St. Francis,' are executed precisely on the scale of the figures in the fresco itself: this we deem a great advantage. These life-sized heads are fac-similes of the original, and as much as may be, touch for touch has been copied. The mode of the artist's handling is thus seen, and the fresco process, in its breadth and facile power, can be fairly judged of.

These chromo-lithographs are elucidated by a memoir of Ghirlandaio, from the pen of Mr. Layard. Italy and Italian Art have long been with Mr. Layard subjects of warm sympathy and devoted study; year after year he has traversed the Italian peninsula in search of frescoes which had long fallen into neglect and ruin. From time to time he has rescued from destruction pictures which the people of the country had ceased to care for. In successive autumn travels he has with research, accumulated literary materials which the Italians could furnish, but did not use; and these valuable stores have been devoted to the service of the Arundel Society. The memoir of Ghirlandaio now before us is one of a series; it is written with knowledge and discriminative judgment. It informs the subscribers to the chromo-lithographs of

all they require to know of the works and the times of Ghirlandaio, of the revival of Italian learning, of the progress of Italian Art, of the relations which the great masters of the middle ages held to the industry, the wealth, and the civilization of the country in which they lived and laboured. It tells us, moreover, as in the following passage, of the connection or the contrast subsisting between these early masters of the Italian Pre-Raphaelite epoch and the painters of our own British school; and it points out, in clear and forcible language, the defects and errors of English artists who have assumed the prestige of an Italian origin.

"In the works of the painters of this period," says Mr. Layard, "and especially in those of Massaccio, Ghirlandaio, and the two Lippi, we have the source from which Raphael, and the greatest masters of the golden age of painting, drew some of their noblest inspirations, when they combined with the strictest imitation of nature the most poetical and elevated treatment of it, and before they felt the influence of the new and evil taste gathering around them. Yet how essentially do they differ in spirit and conception, and indeed in every particular and detail, from those modern works to which it has been the fashion to apply the epithet 'Pre-Raphaelite!' In them, that which should be the principal object and end of the painter is never made secondary and subservient to insignificant and meaningless details. Whilst nothing that may add to the interest or effect of the whole is neglected, everything holds its relative place. To every object is given just the importance which may be due to it, and no more. The first aim of the painter is to place before the spectator, in the most intelligible and simple form, yet with the highest degree of dignity and grace, compatible with a strict adherence to nature and truth, the story which he has to tell, the sentiments and emotions he has to express. He then adds such details and accessories, and only such, as are absolutely necessary to make the story complete, and to give to it the impress of reality."

The preceding quotation may be taken as one example of the many important lessons that may be derived from the study of the great master-works, by the publication of which the Arundel Society, in pursuance of its mission, seeks to "promote a knowledge of Art." The high character of the copies given to subscribers during the present year is the best guarantee that, in the operations still in contemplation for the future, the utmost possible excellence will be striven after and attained. The society has already accomplished much, but it has yet more in prospect. We wish to call special attention to the formation of "the Copying Fund." It is well known that frescoes of the utmost value in the history of Art, works which are among the choicest that Italy has produced, ranking as the best examples of renowned painters, are fast falling to decay. It has rightly been thought that, with the agencies at the command of the Arundel Society, considering, moreover, the special objects for which it labours, the present opportunity should not be lost of obtaining accurate copies of most important works, before absolute destruction takes them from our reach. With this view a "Copying Fund" has been formed, and a few warm supporters of the society have come forward during the last two years, and subscribed nearly three hundred pounds. Further aid is now solicited. With the assistance already obtained, Signor Mariannecci, the Italian artist employed by the council, has secured accurate and, in every respect, admirable copies of leading frescoes by Francia, in Bologna, by Benozzo Gozzoli, at S. Geminiano, also of the entire series, twelve in number, by Masolino Masaccio and Filippino Lippi, in the Brancacci chapel at Florence, with other scarcely less valuable works, all of which, in coming years, will be presented as chromo-lithographs to subscribers. With the further aid which the council hope to obtain from all interested in so good a cause, it is proposed forthwith to secure the great historic frescoes at Padua, Assisi, and Arezzo, one and all of which are, year by year, rapidly perishing through injury and neglect.

It is a great and a good work which the Arundel Society is endeavouring to accomplish. Those of our readers who may desire to obtain further information, will do well to visit the rooms of the society, in Old Bond Street, where the original drawings, taken from the frescoes, are on view.

DRINKING FOUNTAINS.

THE sultry summer weather which, as we write, has come so suddenly upon us after the long winter and cold, ungenial spring, seems naturally to attract the thoughts of the wayfarer, as he paces the hot streets of the metropolis, to those public and gratuitous places of refreshment known as "drinking fountains," still too few and far between in our highways, to judge by the groups of thirsty passengers we see waiting, each for his turn, to handle the cup or ladle. We engrave on this page one designed and executed at the factory of Mr. W. Hood, in Upper Thames Street; it is of bronzed iron, the basin being lined with white enamel: its height is eight feet, the extreme width, at base, three feet three inches, and is intended to be fixed upon a stone platform, slightly raised, in which is cut a trough for the use of dogs—a necessity that seems to have been altogether lost sight of in too many of the fountains already erected, as if the wants of the poor quadrupeds were not worth the notice of bipeds. The water issues from it, if erected according to the plan just spoken of, from the outlets at a height of somewhat less than four feet from the ground. The supply cistern and filter may either be fixed in the vase, the top of which is made to take off, or in the pedestal; in the latter case one of the sides is so constructed as to be removable. The ineffectual method of drainage, that makes many of the metropolitan fountains almost a nuisance, is obviated by carrying a drain all round the base. One of these fountains has been erected at Brighton, and another at Folkestone; their cheapness induces us to hope they will become more general; the price, we understand, varies from £35 to £50, according to the number of basins required.



THE NEWLY-FOUND PORTRAIT OF SHAKSPERE.

At intervals, the literary and artistic world is aroused by the *Eureka* of some lucky individual, who has at last obtained that great desideratum—a portrait of Shakspere, painted from the life. Of such pictures it may be said, "their name is legion," as there are very many more in existence than the world in general knows of. Some private individuals rejoice in the possession of portraits of the great bard, in the truth of which they religiously believe, and concerning which they occasionally "bore" their friends. Sometimes the "lucky possessor" cannot be content to "hide his candle under a bushel," but comes forth before the world demanding worshippers for his treasure; and he generally gets partizans, for all persons would wish such a discovery to be made, and many have more zeal than judgment. The worst feature of the case is this very partizanship, for the question of the genuine character of the portrait submitted soon becomes a personal matter; and advocates take either side of the question from any motive rather than a cool love of truth.

How many are the portraits which have been thus brought forth, lauded to the skies, condemned to oblivion, and new favourites submitted to the capricious gaze of the world! All have their advocates, none have entirely satisfactory pedigrees. The Chandos portrait, now in our National Portrait Gallery, has the best claim to attention, and its history can be traced back to Dryden the poet, but there it stops; this is particularly unfortunate, as it is precisely that period when criticism was lax, and what we want now to know—the authority from which it was painted—we cannot discover. It does not bear the character of the work of an earlier period than Dryden's own time, and must at best be received as the likeness of the great poet accepted by him and others of his era; but we shall find no other portrait whose pedigree can be carried so far back. The most pleasant portrait of the bard is the one advocated by Boaden, and supposed to have been painted by Cornelius Jansen, in 1610; but putting aside the uncertainty of the painting being by that artist, or that he was in England at so early a date, there is no authority for calling it a Shakspere; and the words *ut magus* over the head, which have led Boaden into some false reasoning, are not on the picture, but were placed by Earlom, the engraver, upon his plate, when he executed it for Mr. Jennens, in 1770. Next comes the Felton portrait, first brought into notice in 1792, at the sale of the European Museum, in King Street, St. James's Square. It obtains its name from having been purchased for five guineas by Mr. Felton, of Drayton, Shropshire. No history of the picture, in any degree satisfactory, was ever given; the only one offered was an absurd story of its purchase at a broker's shop in the Minories, "by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed," and that it once hung in the Boar's Head, Eastcheap, where only a miracle could have preserved it, when the inn was totally burnt, in the great fire of London. Yet Steevens, from the spirit of perverse opposition that was in him, patronized this picture, and nick-named the Chandos portrait (in allusion to the persons whose hands it had passed through) "the Davenantico-Bettertono-Barryan-Keckian-Nicolsian-Chandosian *canvas*." It is impossible that a man of his penetration could have been deceived by a portrait of such doubtful authenticity, and his conduct is a specimen of the sort of behaviour which too frequently characterises Shaksperian critics. This picture has been cut down, so that little more than the head remains, and the forehead has evidently been heightened by another hand, in accordance with the Stratford bust. It is scarcely worth while to enter into the history of other portraits which have, from time to time, asserted their claims to notice. They are now forgotten, except by a few students of the history of Shakspere portraits, yet it is curious to note a man like Wivell, so honest and scrupulous a critic on the subject, inclined to believe in Sir Bland Burges', and Auriol's miniatures, both being conjectural, unlike each other, and unlike any authoritative likeness. Dunford's portrait was made into a Shakspere by one Holder, a picture-restorer, who ingeniously cut the head out of a large painting, and added parts to accord with the popular idea of the bard. Holder ingenuously owned his trick, but declared it was so good a thing, as to be "worth a score" of other Shaksperes he had made up! The Cooper, Simon, Gilliland, and Cosway portraits, all unlike each other, and all without a shadow of real claim to attention, may be dismissed with the remark, that they may suit the uncritical, and give a choice of features which such persons may adopt, in accordance with their idea of what the poet ought to be like.

The portrait which now claims public attention, and which has already received a large amount of it, comes before the world with an honesty which allows of no suspicion, and has been subjected to public criticism with an openness, and a fair desire that the truth should be elicited by that means, which is extremely honourable to all parties concerned. It is a genuine discovery, but, like other portraits, its real history goes but a little way back. W. O. Hunt, Esq., the town-clerk of Stratford-on-Avon, found it among neglected lumber in the house he inhabits, and which was purchased by his grandfather of the Clopton family, in 1758. Over it had been rudely painted a head, with beard and flowing locks, something in the fashion of the Cavalier period; and in this condition, dirty and grimed, it fell into the hands of Mr. Collins, the picture-restorer, who, on removing part of the surface, discovered the portrait in question. The picture bears a remarkable resemblance to the bust of the poet, upon his tomb, in the church at Stratford, as that bust appeared before 1793, when the officious absurdity of Malone induced the vicar to allow him to paint it white, and so obliterate the colours of the features and dress, which were of course a copy of those of the poet. This is the only picture so delineating Shakspere, and it is hence inferred that this may be the portrait, painted from life, from which the monumental bust was executed. Unfortunately, this theory is perfectly untenable—we say "unfortunately," because we, in common with the large majority, would be only too glad to possess such a portrait. But, putting aside altogether for the moment the question of likeness, it is clearly not a work of Art of so remote a time. It possesses all the characteristics of a picture of the early part of the last century, and none of those which belong to the era of Elizabeth or James I. The picture is solidly painted; the flesh tints have the unfortunate "salmon-colour" we so often see about Hudson's work; the slashes in the doublet are indicated rather than drawn—represented, in fact, by crude twisted lines, as if copied without being understood. Now an artist of the Shaksperian era invariably painted the dress clearly and conscientiously, most frequently with as much care as he bestowed on the features. The features, too, were generally delicately, if not thinly, painted; the heavy solidity of this picture, and its crude boldness of touch, are not characteristics of that age, but are abundantly so of the works of the early part of the last century. The common trick of bringing a dark shadow to relieve the light side of a head, and then allowing the background to become suddenly light against the dark side of the face, is also a common, unmeaning, and tradesman-like practice, adopted generally by ordinary portrait-painters of a comparatively modern time.

The opinion we have formed of this picture, after careful thought, is simply this: we believe it to be a portrait of Shakspere, painted from the bust, while that bust retained its original colours, at some time in the last century. It is, so far, valuable; but we cannot receive it as an older work, or for one moment think of it as a picture painted from life.

This, then, brings us back to the previous state of things, and however much the admirers of our greatest bard might wish for a better-executed or more finished bust of him than that upon his tomb, or for a more intellectual or agreeable face than Droeshout engraved for his works, we must take them as the portraits sanctioned by his family and friends; and that they were so received some time after, is apparent from the fact that, when Marshall prefixed his small one to the edition of Shakspere's poems in 1640, he reproduced the same features—they may not be what we wish for, but they are all we can rely on.

VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 16.—NEW DISCOVERIES AND IMPROVEMENTS IN DYEING.

In the April number of the *Art-Journal*, we gave some notice of the new Murexide dye, or Tyrian purple. We are induced to return again to the subject of colours. So much attention has of late been given by chemists to the production of tinctorial bodies, that they are really crowding new, and, many of them, beautiful dyes upon us.

It has been objected to the colours of the *Mauve* and *Magenta* class, that they do not retain their brilliancy in artificial light. Many of them are certainly not good "night-colours"—they lose, and in a manner which is not easily explained, the tint which gives lustre, and, at the same time, depth to the colour. Every one who has observed—and who has not—the new colours in silks, must have been struck with the peculiar power, or intensity, of the colours. It appears as if one colour shone through the other—not a *chatoyant* play of colour, but as a persistent penetrating set of rays. This effect, so beautiful in sunshine, is lost under the influences of all ordinary artificial light. It would appear that the radiations from gas or oil light wanted the rays to which this lustre was due.

M. Du Motay has been endeavouring to produce a colour which should equal the mauve, and yet possess the property of retaining the same tint in solar and in artificial light. The chemist named states that soluble Prussian blue and the carmine of indigo, when mixed in the proportion of their equivalents, dissolve each other, and combine to form a new blue colour of definite chemical composition. The blue is of great beauty, and, as we have stated, it undergoes no change upon being removed from sunshine into gas-light. It is not easy to assign a cause for this; but M. Du Motay says the cause of it lies in the circumstance that the red tint of the indigo is corrected by the supplementary green contained in the Prussian blue: the result being a pure and neutral blue. A very fine green may be formed by an admixture of this colour with yellow, which also preserves the same tone in natural and artificial light. A patent has been obtained in this country for the preparation of this colour, and its use as a dyeing agent: we must, therefore, refer those of our readers who desire to know the method of preparing it, to the published specification.

With the madder dyes we are familiar; but we find some improvements introduced in the preparation of these. Mr. Mucklow, of Bury, conceives that the impurity of many of the madder reds arises from substances which are dissolved in the juices of the madder root; consequently he proposes to remove those by subjecting them to hydraulic pressure. The roots, if already dry, are first soaked in water; after pressure, the advantages are said to be that the Turkey red is purer, requiring less soap and alkali in cleansing, and, where whites are retained in the cloth, that they are very much purer than they usually are.

Economy in manufacture never received more attention than it is doing at the present time. We shall probably be induced, on some occasion, to devote a paper or two to the consideration of the ingenious processes which have been introduced to recover what has commonly been regarded as waste material; to one only we shall refer at present. M. J. A. Hartmann proposes to recover the *Alizarine* (the colouring matter of the madder), "from rags and other waste vegetable textile fabrics containing the same;" so that the colour may again be employed for dyeing and printing. We have yet to be made acquainted with the results, when trial of the process has been made on the large scale.

The Lentisc, or mastic tree, grows abundantly in the northern parts of the African continent. M. Muratore, of Algiers, has been directing his attention to it. He finds that the leaves and the berries will produce, with iron, a very fine black, after boiling. Beyond this, we are informed that, with some salts of iron, a yellow colour is produced, and that this is also the case with mercury; the salts of copper producing a brown, and those of lead a white. M. Muratore tells us that the branches and stems of this tree yield colouring matter, but not so extensively as the leaves and berries; that "the

whole of the tree—which is very plentiful, almost inexhaustible, in Africa, and very cheap—may be made to supersede Campeachy wood, gall nuts, and other expensive colouring matters."

From the bark of the buck-thorn (*Rhamnus frangula*) a new colouring matter has been extracted by Dr. T. L. Phipson, of Paris; and the same substance appears to have been discovered in the root of that plant by M. Buchner, of Munich. The name of *Rhamnoxanthine* has been given to this colouring matter by its discoverers. M. Buchner extracted the colouring matter from the root by means of ether: Dr. Phipson's process is very different. We translate his own words:—

"The branches of the *Rhamnus frangula*, and also of the *R. catharticus*, were plunged into sulphide of carbon, and allowed to remain for three or four days. The liquid, at the end of that time, had acquired a golden yellow colour; it was evaporated to dryness at the temperature of the atmosphere, and the residue treated with alcohol, which dissolved the colouring matter, leaving behind a peculiar greasy substance, of a brown colour. The alcoholic solution being evaporated to dryness, and the residue dissolved in ether, crystals of rhamnoxanthine were obtained by spontaneous evaporation."

Ammonia dissolves this salt, giving a magnificent purple solution. Potash and soda have a similar action, but they do not produce quite so delicate a colour. The carbonates of these alkalies yield a reddish brown solution. The crystals of this peculiar colouring matter are of a golden yellow, but when concentrated sulphuric acid is poured upon them a remarkable change takes place—they immediately lose their golden yellow, and become a bright emerald green. "I have observed," says Dr. Phipson, "the same striking phenomenon to take place with the yellow colour of leaves in autumn, and with the yellow colouring matter of the orange." If the action of the concentrated sulphuric acid be allowed to continue, the fine green colour disappears, passing into a purple hue, which dissolves in the acid. The discoverer remarks that, "on attempting to dye stuffs with rhamnoxanthine, I found that the colouring matter has a greater affinity for silk and wool than for cotton. But *fine golden yellow and purple dyes* can be obtained by the use of mordants, and, in the hands of an experienced dyer, rhamnoxanthine may one day become a useful product."

This substance possessed the peculiar property of forming fine lakes, with metallic oxides, which may be very useful to the artist in water colours. If the branches of the buck-thorn be plunged into a weak solution of ammonia, the colouring matter is dissolved, giving a red-purple liquid; if, then, the ammonia be saturated with citric acid, and magnesia added, a beautiful violet-coloured lake is obtained. If the yellow decoction obtained by macerating the branches in water, be precipitated with carbonate of ammonia, and an earth or metallic oxide added, a brown yellow lake is obtained. This is converted, by the action of sulphuric acid, into a chocolate lake. Other brown, red, and yellow lakes may be obtained by treating the buck-thorn bark in different ways.

This colouring matter, rhamnoxanthine, has not yet become, either to the dyer or the colour manufacturer, practically useful. It is, however, the province of the *Art-Journal* to direct attention to those sources from which Art, or Art-manufacture may derive new aids; hence have we devoted a column to the description of a colouring matter which promises to be exceedingly useful.

Mr. Crace Calvert, of Manchester, has associated himself, with two other gentlemen, in a patent for the production of an entirely new colour from *Aniline* and its homologues. We have hitherto obtained only blues and reds, or combinations and modifications of those colours, from this remarkable base. Mr. Crace Calvert has now obtained a very fine green colour, which he calls *Emeraldine*. This they can convert again into a pure blue, for which the name of *Azurine* is proposed.

This green is produced directly, in the fabric, by impregnating the goods with an oxidizing agent, such as chlorate of potash. After steeping, the goods are to be dried, and then padded or printed with an acid salt of aniline. The patentees prefer a solution of the tartrate, or hydrochlorate of aniline. After padding or printing, the goods are "aged" for twelve hours, during which time the colour is completely developed.

The green colour thus produced may be changed into a blue, or purple, by boiling in a weak solution of soap or alkali.

There is yet another claimant for chromatic honours. Naphthaline, a solid crystalline body, which is produced in great quantities in our gas-works, has not hitherto been of any use in the Arts or manufactures. Mons. L. Roussin has for some time been engaged in examining the reactions of naphthaline, and, having made out a theoretical relation between it and alizarine—the colouring matter of madder—he advanced in his inquiry until he succeeded in producing a variety of reds, from a pink to a deep maroon, including a brilliant scarlet. Already our manufacturers are at work on this matter; and the result of the discoveries we have briefly stated is, that England will probably become the colour makers for the world.

It is not a little remarkable that chemistry has shown us how to obtain, from one source, nearly all the colours of the prismatic bow. Red, in all its varieties, an approach to orange, green, blue, indigo, and violet, are colours which aniline has yielded. Yellow alone is wanting. We know of no other base possessing a similar chameleon power. When we reflect that this aniline is obtained from the oil of coal tar, and that not merely colours of the greatest beauty, but fruit and flower essences of the utmost fragrance, are obtainable from it, we cannot but admit that chemistry has a creative power of a very remarkable kind. The changes which our chemists have made by varying the proportions of oxygen, carbon, and hydrogen, prove, as Van Helmont very strangely, but beautifully, said—

"The wonder is, not that God, out of a few elements, has made so many things, but that, in his infinite wisdom, he has not made many more."

ROBERT HUNT.

NOTES
ON THE
MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. III.

ACCORDING to the promise given in my last letter, I proceed to glance over the works of Art contained in another remarkable studio of Via Chiara, occupying, as I said before, the interior of a small ancient church, whose ornamented doorway now bears the name of Professor Fedi, one of the *sommites* of modern Florentine sculpture.

Among the most graceful and latest finished works it contains, is that which bears the name of 'Love in Ambush' (*amore in agguato*), a favourite subject often reproduced. Signor Fedi embodies it as a baby Cupid with one dimpled knee on the ground, his head slanted watchfully forwards, and his right hand holding the poisoned arrow cautiously behind him as with intent eyes he marks out his chosen victim. The pendant to his chubby godship, a baby Psyche gathering lilies, the type of unconscious maiden purity, although pretty and attractive in its rounded outline and the skilful *morbidezza* of its silken curls, is less full of movement and character than its companion figure.

Near these is the plaster cast of the 'Cleopatra,' now in the possession of M. Benoit, of New York. The Egyptian queen lies on a couch, beside which is placed a low open basket of fruit. The upper part of her figure is entirely undraped, and she raises herself upon one arm, gathering up her resolve in one last stern effort, as with the other hand she places the asp upon her bosom. The expression of intense will contending with physical pain is admirably rendered, and the story it tells is, so to speak, cleverly localised by the formal Egyptian head-dress of the Circe of the East.

A monumental group, now in course of execution for St. Petersburg, represents an angel with uplifted arm pointing the way to heaven to the spirit of a beautiful young wife, who seems preparing for her flight, with head thrown back and wistfully earnest gaze, as if longing to pierce the blue depths above her. The face is one of peculiar loveliness, and the whole figure is full of tender and trustful simplicity.

A small group of Pia de' Tolomei and her husband is being twice repeated on commission for London, the one for Mr. Overend, the other for Mr. N. Clayton. The sad story of the innocent, but calumniated and suspected wife, left by her jealous husband to die of malaria in the poisonous solitudes of the Maremma, is preserved for all time by Dante in the fifth canto of his "Purgatorio," where the poet meets her gentle spirit among the souls of those violently and suddenly removed by death, yet saved for heaven by repentance, and is addressed by her in the few touching words:—

> "Ricorditi di me, che son la Pia
> Siena mi fe'; disfecemi Maremma;
> Salsi colui che' nnanellata pria,
> Disposando, m'avea con la sua gemma."

The group represents the ill-fated lady, at the moment when her husband prepares to leave her all alone in the dreary old tower of the Maremma, which is yet pointed out as the scene of her piteous ending. Laying one arm around his shoulder, she bends forward and looks into his averted face with anxious foreboding, as though inquiring how soon he will return. He meantime gazes gloomily on the ground, wrapping himself in the blackness of his evil thought, and shrinking from the pleading eyes of his victim. He seems rather to be waiting for the sound of his horse's hoofs on the stones without, and chafing at its delay, than listening to her timid words of inquiry. The execution of this group is very finished and careful, and the picturesque costume of the time is given with a faithful minuteness which adds greatly to the characteristic effect of the figures. So great indeed is the charm which invests this poetical little group, that there are not wanting distinguished Art-judges who rank it, despite its small size, on a level with Signor Fedi's colossal 'Pyrrhus and Polyxena,' of which I shall presently have to speak. Another group of similar size, illustrative of the old and little known Florentine legend of Ippolito Buondelmonte, who sought to save the honour of his mistress, Dianora de' Bardi, by giving himself up to a felon's death, is in course of execution on commission for Naples; but it is inferior to the other, both in conception and detail.

Among the reminiscences of former works which Signor Fedi's studio contains, is the plaster cast of his admirable statue of Niccola Pisano, the first, perhaps, among the *shining lights* of Italian thirteenth century sculpture. The statue has for several years taken its place in one of the niches of the façade of the Uffizi Gallery of Florence, where stand enshrined the mightiest among the sons of her youth. The statue of this great master, whose grand tomb of St. Dominic at Bologna may well assert the honour of marking an era in Art, and worthily leads up to the triumph of that wonderful Pisan pulpit which crowns the apex of his fame, is full of simple dignity and imaginative power. Only one or two of the other statues on the façade of the Uffizi equal, and none certainly surpasses it.

But the work which has deservedly won Signor Fedi the widest celebrity, even while it was yet only a plaster model, is his colossal group, 'The Rape of Polyxena,' which is now being executed in marble, and which, as many an Art-connoisseur beyond the Alps will doubtless remember, was purchased some four years back, with the proceeds of a national subscription, for eleven thousand *scudi*. When finished, it will doubtless occupy a place of honour among the marble glories of Florence: possibly in the beautiful Loggia d'Orgagna, where a space well suited to it is yet unfilled.

The subject drawn from the Æneid is embodied with masterly skill and a power of effective combination, rare in any country, and at any time. The proportions of the group are strikingly grandiose, being about a third larger than those of the plaster model. The height of the finished work, without the pedestal, will be seven *braccia* (between thirteen and fourteen English feet). The group is composed of four figures. Pyrrhus, the mighty warrior, bearing away his girlish victim, Polyxena, to sacrifice her at the tomb of his father, Achilles; Polites, her stripling brother, stretched wounded and dying on the ground, in the vain effort to save her; and Hecuba, half kneeling, half spurned backwards by the fierce ravisher, hopelessly beseeching and pleading for her child, as she grasps his cloak in agonized entreaty. The attitude of Pyrrhus, the movement and life of the limbs, the muscular gripe with which he holds the delicate figure of the still struggling maiden

pressed against his brawny shoulder, are wonderfully thrown out by the subdued action of the dying brother, yet looking the hate he has no longer strength to prove by blows; and the utter heart-sickness of the mother's despair, the loosening hold of her *fainting* fingers, and the wan, hopeless dying-out of energy from her features. The muscular, uplifted arm, and threatening sword, of Pyrrhus are powerless in the presence of such a grief, and the sweeping action of over-mastering force becomes almost coarse and common by comparison with the expression of its intense suffering. A repetition of this noble group is to be executed in the purest Carrara marble for the Duke of Manchester, and is indeed worthy to take its place among the choicest gems of any gallery of modern sculpture.

Almost at the other extremity of Florence, in that same huge old *ci-devant* convent, now called the *Liceo Candeli*, which I mentioned in a former letter as containing, among many others, the studio of the sculptor Dupré, is that of another artist, Signor Cambi, whose name is well known to patrons of the Fine Arts, not in Florence only, but in England and America as well. The plaster model for his statue of Francesco Burlamacchi, is just now one of the chief attractions of the studio. The first sketch of it, on a very small scale, was selected for execution in 1859 by the examining committee who presided over the competitive exhibition of works of Art to be presented, at the expense of the government, to all the principal cities of Tuscany, in honour of the heroic fathers of Italian liberty, who had first drawn breath within their walls. Of these martyrs for freedom the noble Lucchese, Burlamacchi, was one of the worthiest for loftiness of aim and zeal in working out a righteous purpose. Born at Lucca, at the close of the thirteenth century, he saw the Tuscan republics fallen or falling into slavery and degradation, their every germ of liberty gradually lopped away, and their morals artfully corrupted by the tyrants who swayed them. Pondering earnestly and sorrowfully upon the grievous condition of his country, he conceived a bold, yet skilful, plan of simultaneous attack upon her despotic rulers, and of a subsequent league, offensive and defensive, of the Tuscan cities which should resist the efforts of the expelled foe to return and subject them once more to the iron yoke. One of the sons of the celebrated Florentine banker and statesman, Filippo Strozzi, who had recently perished, immured by Duke Cosmo dei Medici, in a dungeon at Florence, was deeply implicated in the plot, as well as many other men of note of the period. When the enterprise was all but ripe, a treacherous confederate revealed the whole to the Medicean tyrant: Burlamacchi was arrested by the authorities of his native city, trembling in dastardly fear lest Cosmo's ally and fellow-tyrant, Charles V., should avenge on them the offence of their townsman. They imprisoned their high-hearted countryman, loaded him with chains, and repeatedly tortured him with the most refined barbarity, to extort confession from him, but to no purpose. At length, after refusing to deliver him into the hands of the Medici, they gave him up to the emperor's government at Milan, by whom, after more months of durance, he was publicly beheaded, and thus wrote with his life-blood his name first on the roll of those who made a stand against the shameful and intolerable load which, for more than three centuries, burdened the fairest portion of the beautiful peninsula.

The attitude and costume of the statue are extremely simple, and the heavy folds of the wide mantle have a becoming and dignified grace, as the figure, in its colossal proportions of nearly ten feet high, stands thoughtfully, leaning with one hand on its long cross-handled sword, and with the other meditatively raised, and lightly laid against the breast. The head, with its highly characteristic portrait-face, deep eyes, massively cut brow, and slender compressed lips, bends slightly forwards and downwards, looking out dreamily sad, as if the future martyr's mind were darkened by a shadow of that terrible torture and death—to which, as he declared in his replies to the interrogating judges, he had "long accustomed himself to look, as to the too probable consequence of his efforts in a holy cause." Executed in marble, this statue will assuredly become one of the chief ornaments of the dainty little city in which took place all but the last scene of the tragedy.

Another work of much merit, not yet put into marble, is a group of 'Eve and her two infant sons.' The conception embodied in it is very new, and no less poetical. The mother of mankind reclines upon the ground, on the fell of some wild beast, her left arm passed round the shoulder of Cain, who sits crouched beside her knee, while the little Abel, still almost a baby, leans laughing against her bosom, and tries to hide his face under the wavy folds of his mother's hair. Cain, meanwhile, jealous of the fuller measure of love which he supposes to be his brother's share, glances up at him with a face darkened by jealous anger, and tries to draw his shoulder away from the loving clasp of his mother's hand, while all his little body seems to shrink and quiver with spiteful envy, at the favour bestowed on the younger born. The antagonism of feeling in the two children is exceedingly effective, and cleverly contrasted with the smiling repose of the mother. Indeed, Signor Cambi is especially happy in his portraiture of childish life: witness the two charming companion statues of the little 'Masaniello,' and 'Cupid gone a-begging.' The former is, every inch of him, the bold, robust, fun-loving, quick-witted Lazzarone urchin, his scanty drawers scarce covering his sturdy limbs to mid-thigh, and the Phrygian bonnet set impudently aslant on his clustering curls. One hand holds his little coil of net, all dripping from the sunny sea, as, standing barefoot on the warm, smooth sand, he gripes with the other round the gills, a luckless little fish, panting with outspread fins, and gazes into its distended eyes with a comical expression of mixed curiosity and delight on his dimpled face, which is so vivid, as almost to convey to the eye the feeling of colour.

'Love gone a-begging' (*Amore mendico*) is nearly as irresistible as its pendant, in the hypocritical humility and coaxing smirk with which the roguish little deity holds out his hand for an alms, keeping his wings the while artfully folded close to his shoulders, and his fateful dart concealed from the eye of his charitable dupe. The figures are of life-size.

Another pair of statues, on a similar scale, but with somewhat less of attraction, are the tipsy 'Boy-Bacchus,' and 'Chloe listening to the song of the sea-shell.' The former is in the possession of Count Alberti, of Florence; the latter was purchased by Prince Demidoff for the fountain in the conservatory of his Villa of San Donato, near Florence.

Signor Cambi is at present engaged on a statue of the Magdalen, for one of the niches in the new façade of the church of Santa Croce. The figure, which is as yet hardly sketched in the clay, will be entirely draped, with clasped hands, and hair falling over the shoulders; but as yet it would be hardly fair to criticise its artistic merit. There is also another small clay model, recently executed, of a group representing Italy uniting the Genius of Art to that of Arms. It embodies the idea of that auspicious fusion between the more warlike north and the more polished and refined central provinces of the new kingdom of Italy, which is the hope and aim of all true Italian patriots.

An ideal bust of 'Fiammetta, the Lady of Boccaccio's love,' the fair daughter of the king of Naples, at whose gay and dissipated court the great Tuscan *novellista* long resided, demands a word of notice. The beautiful princess holds, softly pressed against her bosom, the volume in which her lover has handed her perfections down to succeeding generations under the graceful *nom de carésse* of Fiammetta. The half-closed eyes are dreamily musing, and the whole face is more expressive of languid sweetness than of marked character or power. She is evidently thinking more of her love than of her lover. This bust has already been four times repeated.

In the great mass of building which forms the Accademia delle belle Arti, and which runs back from the Piazza San Marco nearly to the Piazza dell'Annunziata, is the studio of Professor Costoli, long a leading member of the Academy, and recently appointed one of its *Free Masters* under the changed *régime* which has followed the Tuscan revolution. Signor Costoli is at present engaged in the execution of a part of the splendid monument to Columbus, which is about to be erected in the great discoverer's native city of Genoa. The statue of Prudence and one of the four *bassi relievi* which are to adorn the tomb have been allotted to his share. The *basso relievo* represents Columbus planting the cross on the soil of America, while his companions, kindling with contagious enthusiasm at the sight, and touched with remorse for their previous lack of faith and grudgingly-given aid in the great enterprise, earnestly entreat his pardon while kneeling before the holy symbol. Signor Costoli's model for the entire monument was not accepted by the Committee of Selection, but it has since been executed on a small scale in marble, on commission for an American gentleman. It consists of five figures pyramidally grouped. In the centre is Columbus, in executing whose face and figure Signor Costoli has faithfully adhered to an authentic portrait procured by Prince Demidoff from Spain, unveiling America to the other three quarters of the globe. Fronting the shy, half-crouching figure of her new-found sister, sits queenly Europe, tower-crowned and mantled, scanning her with thoughtful dignity as the lavish riches of a virgin soil roll bounteously out of a cornucopia at the savage maiden's feet. At the back of Europe (for the respective geographical positions of the four quarters of the world are quaintly and cleverly preserved) stands Asia, majestic in stature, with costly jewelled robes and cassolets of perfume beside her; and, lightly holding by one hand, Africa, a turbaned figure, replete with grace and character, reclines upon the ground in *nonchalant* languor, thus completing the circle.

Signor Costoli's statue of Menœceus, the noble Theban who died by his own hand to fulfil the oracle which demanded such a sacrifice at the hands of the Theban youth, for the saving of the city from the destruction wherewith she was threatened by the fury of her besiegers—is now nearly finished, but hardly tells its story as clearly and feelingly as could be wished. It might be supposed to represent any dying warrior on the battle-field or gladiator in the circus, as well as the Theban hero. The modelling and unaffected *pose* of the figure, however, are worthy of praise.

Here, too, all but complete, is a large and handsome monument to the memory of Count Guido della Gherardesca, a large-hearted philanthropist, and enlightened inaugurator of important agricultural improvements in his great estates in the Maremma. The subject of the figures, which are in *allissimo rilievo*, is Charity bidding a group of orphans strew crowns of flowers upon the grave beneath, while Agriculture, with sheaf and sickle laid sadly by, kneels beside them in sorrowful musing. This monument will be erected almost immediately in a small convent church, to which the late count was a benefactor, not far from the Porta San Gallo, at Florence.

But the chief attraction in Signor Costoli's studio is, perhaps, his monument to Madame de Vallabrèque Catalani, the wonderful singer of European fame, whose powers, as opera-goers of forty years ago relate, have been equalled by not one among the queens of the stage who have succeeded her. This amiable lady resided for many years previously to her almost sudden death from cholera at Paris, in her beautiful villa in the neighbourhood of Florence, where her warm benevolence and kindness of disposition won her a full measure of love and esteem.

The design for her tomb, on which Signor Costoli is now engaged, consists of a central standing figure of St. Cecilia, "with eyes upraised, as one inspired," and on either hand a female figure seated. That on the right represents a recording angel clothed in long, sweeping drapery, who chronicles on the scroll which rests upon her knee the virtues of the dead; the one on the left hand is an eloquent embodiment of Trust in God (*Fiducia in Dio*), far more intense in feeling than the well-known statue bearing the same name, which was the work of the late sculptor Bartolini. In this beautiful figure of Signor Costoli's, the attitude is of the most simple, and the full expression of childlike and entire self-abandonment is thrown with rare power into the upturned face. The three figures will be nearly of life-size, but a small copy in marble of this very lovely *Fiducia in Dio* is being executed for Prince Cariguan, the cousin of King Victor Emanuel, and for many months of the past year resident in Florence as Prince Lieutenant of Tuscany. A bust of Madame Catalani, copied from one which strikingly renders her handsome and dignified features, will complete the monument, which is still in great part only in the clay, and is, I believe, intended to be placed in a church at Paris.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

OBITUARY.

MR. SAMUEL COOK.

MISSING this season from the walls of the gallery of the New Society of Painters in Water Colours the works of an artist, Mr. S. Cook, with which we had long been pleasantly familiar, and finding his name absent from the catalogue, we ascertained, on inquiry, that he had been dead nearly two years, though some pictures from his pencil were exhibited last year, with the announcement that they were by *the late* S. Cook; this had escaped our observation at the time, or at least our recollection when we entered the gallery again a month or two ago.

Though so long time has elapsed since his decease—he died June 7, 1859—Mr. Cook was an artist of too high a mark to deserve exclusion from our columns: we therefore gladly avail ourselves of some memoranda courteously sent us by a gentleman of Plymouth, the place where Cook resided, who knew him well, and was always interested in his doings and success.

His career furnishes another instance of the struggle of natural talent with adverse circumstances, and of its final triumph. He was born in 1806, in the village, or rather small town,—for prior to the Reform Bill it sent burgesses to parliament,—of Camelford, where his mother conducted a bakehouse. Under the same roof a person kept a little day school, which, at an early age, he attended, and was taught reading and writing, the only education he ever received; yet as he grew up in life he cultivated his mind, and stored it with a large amount of information and knowledge. At the early age of nine he was apprenticed to a firm of woollen manufacturers at Camelford: part of his duty was to feed a machine, called "a scribbler," with wool; during the intervals of this labour he would amuse himself with making drawings in chalk on the floor of the factory, to the annoyance of the foreman, and causing one of the owners to prophecy, "*that boy will never be fit for anything but a limner*"—and a "limner" he ultimately became, though through much difficulty and strange progressive labour, such as painting signs for publicans, scenes for itinerant peep-showmen, and graining wood: after his apprenticeship expired he went to Plymouth, and there engaged himself as assistant to a painter and glazier, whom he afterwards left to commence business on his own account.

Every hour he could spare from his mechanical labour was now devoted to sketching from nature, especially about the quays of Plymouth, and by the sea-side; and though these early examples of his pencil manifested timidity as to colour, they exhibited also great truth, and as his knowledge and experience increased his power advanced with them. Among those who interested themselves at this time in his progress, and helped in various ways to lead him on, were Colonel Hamilton Smith, Mr. Wightwick, the architect, the late Lady Morley, the late Duke of Devonshire, and the family of Earl Mount Edgcumbe.

About the year 1850 he sent some probationary drawings to the New Water Colour Society, of which he was desirous of becoming a member; they at once procured him admission, and from that period till the time of his death he was a regular contributor to the gallery in Pall Mall, though the number of his works, in the aggregate, is not large, as his business, which, we believe, was never entirely relinquished, occupied much of his time and thoughts.

Mr. Cook's drawings are chiefly coast scenes, but he executed also several inland views. Always weak as a colourist, and especially so when his pictures hung in juxtaposition with some of the deep-toned works of his cotemporaries, where, as a consequence, they were little likely to attract general observation, there was yet in them such quiet, simple truth, and so much real artistic feeling united with skilful manipulation, that it was impossible to study them and not be convinced they were the productions of one possessing refined taste, poetical conception, knowledge of natural effects, and sound judgment in the management of subject-matter. The men best qualified to give an opinion are the men who have recorded the highest eulogium on his labours.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE GODDESS OF DISCORD.

Engraved by T. A. Prior.

THIS picture exhibits the artist's practice in the phase with which the public is least familiar. In his earlier time Turner occasionally displayed his powers in competition, as it were, with some of the great ancient painters, of whom Claude was the chief; here, he seems to have made Nicolo Poussin his rival, and certainly the work would not have caused a single leaf to fall from the wreath of honour that decks the brow of that fine old landscape-painter, if he had been its author. There are, however, portions of it which remind us of the other Poussin—Gaspar; those huge massive rocks in the distance, and the forms of the heavy rolling clouds, belong rather to him, when in his stormy moods, than to his brother-in-law, Nicolo. The foliage of the trees, the shrubs, and herbage, have all the conventional touch we see in the works of these elder painters. But what would summarily attract notice in this picture, with those who are acquainted only with Turner's later paintings, are the figures, so unlike his in general, true in drawing, classical in conception, pointedly expressive in action, and picturesquely distributed.

As a composition, the subject is more poetically treated than any Turner's great prototypes have left us; it shows a grand combination of landscape material; a clear, deep, and tranquil stream in the foreground, skirted by broken banks, rocky, yet clothed with shrubs and green verdure, and partially shadowed by noble forest-trees; beyond, a valley of great beauty, flanked by gigantic mountains of rock, through which a gloomy pass appears to lead to some dreary locality of mysterious significance. Stretching his scaly length on the barren height overlooking the pass, is the huge dragon Ladon, which, according to the fable, was the dread guardian of the valley wherein grew the golden fruit.

The mythological story that has given a name to this picture,—it was called in the Catalogue of the British Institution, when exhibited there in 1806, 'The Goddess of Discord choosing the Apple of Contention in the Garden of Hesperides,'—is thus related by writers:—The goddess, to resent the slight she had received by not being invited to the marriage-feast of Peleus and Thetis, procured one of the apples from the garden, and writing upon it, *Detur pulchriori*—"Let it be given to the most beautiful"—threw it among the guests assembled at the banquet. Juno, Minerva, and Venus, each claimed it as her right respectively, and a dispute arose between them. Jupiter, to settle the difference, and restore tranquillity, decided that Paris, son of Priam, and a shepherd of Mount Ida, should be judge. The three claimants went to him, and he awarded the coveted prize to Venus, who had promised him for his wife the most beautiful of terrestrial women, Helen, Queen of Sparta—a marriage from which resulted the Trojan war, the destruction of Troy, and all the numberless calamities that befel the contending nations, as sung by Homer and Virgil. In the foreground of Turner's picture, Discordia is seen receiving from the hand of one of the Hesperides the fruit which occasioned so much disaster.

It requires no great exercise of imagination oftentimes to associate many of these fabulous narratives with the early history of the world as we read it in the sacred writings; it seems as if some vague traditions of Jewish record had come down to the place and time of the old Greek poets and historians, and that upon them they had formed their own theories, facts, or narratives. Numerous examples might be brought forward in support of such an opinion, and among them the story of the garden of the Hesperides and the golden fruit growing therein is certainly one. We seem to recognise in it a shadowy resemblance to the history of the Fall, as given in the Mosaic account, the Garden of Eden being symbolised by the beautiful garden of the Hesperides—

> "There eternal summer dwells,
> And inert winds with murky wing
> About the cedarn alleys fling
> Nard and Cassia's balmy smells;"

the tree bearing the golden fruit by the "tree of knowledge of good and evil;" the dragon-warder of the garden by the "cherubim with the flaming sword;" and the results which followed the possession of the apple by Discordia may be compared, relatively, with those that succeeded to the disobedience of our first parents.

The picture is in the National Gallery.

ART-UNION SOCIETIES.

As a matter which it is within our province to notice, rather than as one of any especial interest or of any real benefit to Art, we report the proceedings of two societies of recent formation,—the "Art-Union of England," and the "National Art-Union."

The former of these is the elder; it has now reached its second year of existence, but appears to be in a far less healthy and promising condition than it was at the end of its first year, when it was enabled to distribute prizes to the amount of £415, which reached £651, from the additional sums paid by prizeholders out of their pockets for the works they selected. At the second annual meeting of subscribers, held the last week in May, at the Gallery of Illustration, Regent Street, the secretary, Mr. Bell Smith, announced that the subscriptions of the year had reached only £665 3*s.* 6*d.*, which, after deducting for expenses of management, and 5 per cent. for the reserve fund, left but £260 available for the purchase of pictures; of this sum, it was proposed to allot £30 for one prize, £25 for another, and £20 to each of two prizes, the balance to be distributed in prizes of £10, £7, and £5.

The other society, the "National Art-Union," was founded this year; the subscribers held their first annual meeting in the large room of the Whittington Club, Arundel Street, in the last week of May also. The report presented a more cheering aspect than that of the preceding, for the amount subscribed was stated to be £1,460, of which about one-half was available for distribution in prizes, consisting of one at £50, two at £25, four at £15, ten at £10, and the rest of drawings purchased by the Council, of Parian figures, inkstands, vases, tazzas, photographs, &c.; these last numbered about 467, exclusive of 100 sets of tickets for next year; so that, taking the entire list of subscribers at 5,840—the number stated—one out of each ten was entitled to a prize. The report added that Mr. Faed, A.R.A. had promised to produce a picture for next season's distribution, and other artists of high standing had volunteered to place their talents at the disposal of the society.

Now, with every desire to aid, to the utmost of our power, whatever will encourage Art or benefit artists, we are utterly at a loss to conceive what advantage is held out to either by the operations of the institutions just spoken of, which jointly are the purchasers of thirty-eight paintings, of the assumed aggregate value of £520, but averaging little more than £13 each, while the highest does not rise beyond £50. Granted that price is no true test of quality, still it must be obvious that such encouragement as is here held out is of a very questionable character, and would be recognised as such by almost every artist. Painters whose names staud well before the public are out of the reach of the subscribers, who, as a class, are incapable of judging between good Art and bad, and therefore choose just what pleases their fancy, and, generally, the works of men who would have done better in any other business of life than that they follow. Objections are not unfrequently made against long-established and more wealthy societies of this kind, that they do little or nothing to advance Art; and if the arguments used against them are at all valid, how much more so in the case of these young and attenuated institutions? which, with all the care and fostering of their projectors, have only a lifeless and profitless state of being, and which cost as much to keep alive as is spent on what is designed to be their especial object. If the Art-patronage of the public by means of Art-Unions is to be made really serviceable to Art, it can only be by a well-directed effort through one channel; if this is diverted by numerous small cuttings, the result must inevitably be, that the main river becomes low and barren, and profitless to all.



DR. DRESSER'S PROCESS OF NATURE-PRINTING.

At this particular season of the year we are made deeply sensible of the beauty of nature, for ten thousand forms present themselves in the new-born herbage, which are of surpassing loveliness. While we rest beneath the outspread arms of the towering tree we have above us a tissue of the rarest beauty, formed of the living foliage; and when we wander across the moor we tread down beauty more abundant than Art ever produced; the garden is full of exquisite forms, and the conservatory stores up the most graceful shapes; but, alas!—

> "All things are changing; look at the flowers,
> The radiant children of summer hours,
> In matchless splendour they bud and bloom,
> And the air is filled with their rich perfume;
> Then to the influence of decay
> They yield their splendours and pass away."

When impressed with the loveliness of surrounding nature we have all regretted that its forms are so fleeting, and have many times wished that even the aspect of nature's beauties could be registered with fidelity, in order that we might renew our delight by the repeated observation of the beautiful forms that surround us.

Thousands of scenes of the most delightful character have been registered by photography before they had for ever passed; and by this agency Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have brought to our homes some of the rarest treasures, by which we have become familiar with the tropical Paradise of our earth. Yet we need not wander abroad in order to find lovely forms, for the leaf of the most familiar tree is replete with beauty; and if we but learn fully to appreciate the loveliness of those natural forms which we may daily see, our life might become a perpetuity of happiness. The time has not long passed in which a plant was regarded as unworthy of notice if it had not a beautiful flower; but now things are altered; for ferns adorn our drawing-rooms, and their feathery forms are nursed with the tenderest care. And just and right it is that these most lovely objects should be cherished by those whose attention is a manifestation of affection and love, for their forms are indescribably beautiful. The neglect which ferns once experienced arose from the want of power to appreciate form; but, happily, the feeling that enables us to admire form as well as colour has shared in the genial advancement which has of late years been made, and now the mind can discover the presence of meritorious features in objects once passed unnoticed, and thus we become, by education, susceptible of a new delight.

The process to which we now call attention is one by which images of our beautiful foliage may be taken by any who have leisure, and choose to devote an hour or two to the registration of the beautiful forms of our leaves. It commends itself by its simplicity, and the results gained are of the most charming character; so much so, that could the reader look through the vast collection of leaves which Dr. Dresser possesses, produced by the process now about to be unfolded, we think that the beauty of the representation, and the loveliness of the forms of the leaf, would lead all to make some effort to possess such objects of interest.

The Vienna process of "nature-printing," worked in England by Mr. Bradbury, has achieved much, and has produced results of the most admirable character; but the process necessitates the use of dried vegetable specimens in order to the production of the image. While this is, at least, no drawback in the case of ferns, and is, perhaps, even an advantage, yet it strongly militates against the process in the case of many other plants. In order to meet this difficulty, Dr. Dresser suggested an "Improved Nature-Printing" process, which he patented, in conjunction with Dr. Lyon Playfair, in which impressions are taken from the living plant, which, in conjunction with the former process, it is hoped, will yet be of considerable value to the world; but, owing to the number of Dr. Dresser's engagements, he has not been enabled to bring his process before the world in the manner we hope he will shortly do.

The simple process we are now about to describe is that which leads to the conception of the "improved nature-printing" process, but its results must not be underrated on account of its simplicity. A sheet of foolscap writing-paper should be provided, a handful of fine cotton wool, a piece of nainsook or mull muslin, one or more tubes of common oil-paint (according to the colour required), a little sweet-oil, and a quantity of smooth, soft, cartridge paper, or, better, plate-paper. Having placed the sheet of foolscap paper, while doubled (the two thicknesses making it a little softer), on a smooth table, squeeze from the tube about as much oil-colour as would cover a shilling, and place this on one corner of the sheet of foolscap; now form a "dabber," by enclosing a quantity of the cotton-wool in two thicknesses of the muslin, and tying it up so as to give it roundness of form. Take up a portion of the oil paint from the corner of the paper with the dabber, and by dabbing give the central portion of the sheet of foolscap a coat of colour. This dabbing may be continued for half an hour or more with advantage, taking a small quantity more colour when the paper becomes dry; *two* or *three* drops of sweet oil may now be added to the paper, and distributed by the aid of the dabber, if the colour is thick, when the paper will be fully prepared for use.

The paper may be left for an hour or two after being first coated with colour without injury, and, indeed, this delay is favourable, for until the paper becomes impregnated with oil, the results derived are not so favourable as they become after the paper is more fully enriched with this material. While the colour is soaking into the paper, a number of leaves should be gathered which are perfect in form and free from dust; and these can be kept fresh by placing them in an earthenware pan, the bottom of which is covered with a damp cloth, but it will be well to place a damp cloth over the orifice of the pan also. Selecting a woolly or hairy leaf, place it on the painted portion of the sheet of foolscap, and dab it with the dabber till it acquires the colour of the paint used; this being done, turn the leaf over, and dab the other side; now lift it from the paint paper by the stalk, and place it with care between a folded portion of the "plate" or "cartridge" paper, and if the stalk of the leaf appears to be in the way, cut it off with a pair of scissors; now bring down the upper portion of the folded piece of paper upon the leaf, and rub the paper externally with the finger or a soft rag, bringing the paper thus in contact with every portion of the leaf. If the paper is now opened, and the leaf removed, a beautiful impression of both sides of the leaf will be found remaining. In like manner impressions of any tolerably flat leaves can be taken, but harsh leaves will be found most difficult, and should hence be avoided by the beginner. While the paper is yet rich in colour, downy leaves should be chosen; but colour may at any moment be added, care being always taken to distribute the paint evenly over the paper, with the dabber, before the latter is applied to the leaf; and the dabber is always renewed from the painted paper till the colour is exhausted, when the paper is again replenished from the reserve in the corner.

As the colour on the paper becomes less and less in quantity, smoother leaves may be employed; and when the paper seems to be almost wholly without paint, the smoothest leaves will prove successful, for these require extremely little colour. The dabber should be firm, neither very hard nor soft, and rather larger than a five shilling piece, and we find the colours prepared by Mr. Roberson, of Long Acre, better for this purpose than any others we have tried. Should the natural colour of the leaf be desired, it can be got by using paint of the colour required; but, in many cases, purely artificial tints produce the most pleasing and artistic results; thus burnt sienna gives a very pleasing red tint, and of all colours this will be found to work with the greatest ease.

By the process now described the most beautiful results can be gained; but the effect will be better if, when the impression is being rubbed off, the leaf, together with the paper in which it is enclosed, is placed on something soft, as half a quire of blotting paper, or one of De la Rue's writing-pads. Should the first attempt not prove very satisfactory, a little experience will be found to be all that is required, and now the most common leaf will be seen to have a form of the most lovely character.

Collections of leaves of forest trees will prove of the deepest interest, or of all the species which we have of any kind of plant; thus, if the leaves of the black, red, American, and golden currant, be printed, together with that of the gooseberry, all of which belong to one botanical genus or group, the variation or modification of the form will be seen to be of the deepest interest. In no way with which we are acquainted can the eye be more readily cultivated in relation to form: in a very short time the most minute delicacies and differences can be perceived, and the power of perception will become gradually refined and extended.

We recommend this art especially to our lady readers, for Dr. Dresser has initiated several ladies of the court into the mysteries of this simple art; he also brings it before the students of his numerous class at the Crystal Palace and elsewhere in a practical manner, where he invariably finds that the deepest interest is taken in the process.

Mr. Searle, of the Stationery Court, in the Crystal Palace, has prepared a very neat little portable case containing the requisite apparatus. With the assistance of this, leaves can be printed in the wood, or by the hedge-side.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Antwerp.—*The Approaching Art-Congress.*—Great exertions are being made to give unusual interest and importance to the exhibition which will be opened in this city in the month of August. Artists of all nations, and especially those of our own country, are invited to contribute their works and to be present at the Art-festival or congress that is to held on the 19th and 20th of the month, in the council-room of the *Cercle Artistique, Littéraire, et Scientifique*. The questions proposed for general discussion have reference to the material, artistic, and philosophical interests of Art generally. From a programme of the proposed meeting which has been forwarded to us by the committee, we learn that "the foreign artists, arriving in a body, will be received at the station by commissaries," on the 17th, when they will afterwards meet at the *Cercle*, to proceed to the Town-house, where they will have an official reception. On the following day—which, by the way, happens to be Sunday, and, therefore, may be a bar to the presence of many British artists—there will be a general meeting at the *Cercle*, whence the visitors and members proceed in a body to the exhibition; in the afternoon a banquet is to be given to the foreigners by the inhabitants of the city; and in the evening a grand *fete champêtre*, in which the Royal Harmonic Society is to assist. Monday is to open with a "solemn and public sitting held by the members of the Royal Academy of Antwerp, to be followed by a visit to the Museum, and in the afternoon the congress takes place; in the evening a concert will be given. On Tuesday, the 20th, the congress again assembles in the morning; at noon a meeting takes place at the *Cercle*, in order to visit the monuments and curiosities of Antwerp; in the evening a concert is to be given at the Royal Zoological Gardens; at a later hour the "Festivities of the Town" take place, and the whole festival is brought to a conclusion on the same evening by a "Farewell Meeting" at the *Cercle*. There are certainly strong inducements here held out to tempt our artists over to the noble old city, and there is little doubt that many will avail themselves of it; at any rate, we hope the British school of Art will be adequately represented at the exhibition. The circular forwarded to us from Antwerp states that Sir C. L. Eastlake, P.R.A., Sir E. Landseer, R.A., Messrs. D. Roberts, R.A., and T. L. Donaldson, constitute the committee in London, and that Messrs. O. Delepierre and Louis Haghe are the secretaries, for carrying out the object of the "Artistic Congress."

Paris.—An order has been presented to the Corps Legislatif, authorizing a credit of 4,800,000 fr. for the purchase of the "Musée Campana." It is said that this museum is to be placed by itself in the Louvre, under the title of "Musée Napoleon III." The Comte de Nieuwerkerque went to Rome to conclude this important purchase. Part of the collection was ceded to England, and part to Russia. —The English Universal Exhibition of next year is the great talk among our artists, who wait impatiently for the programme which is to direct their choice, and the installation of the jury.—A dyptich of ivory was purchased for the Louvre from the Soltikoff collection, for the sum of 32,000 fr. This object was offered to the commissioners about five or six years ago for 4,600 fr.

THE ROYAL HORTICULTURAL SOCIETY'S GARDENS, SOUTH KENSINGTON.

On the fifth of last month the Council of the Royal Horticultural Society opened their new gardens at South Kensington with a grand *fête*, which was honoured with the presence of the Prince Consort and a numerous party of members of the royal family, and at which a very large assemblage of visitors was brought together. The whole affair proved a great success, and was rendered the more decidedly satisfactory by the circumstance that the very incomplete condition of the gardens was altogether overcome by the excellence of the arrangements. These new gardens are situated immediately to the west of South Kensington Museum, and immediately to the south of them the new buildings for the Great Exhibition of next year are in course of erection; thus they constitute an important component of a group of institutions of peculiar interest. The ground occupied by the gardens is oblong in form, its extent being twenty-two acres, and the whole is enclosed by arcades connected with the great conservatory, which afford a walk, sheltered at all times from wind and rain, of three-quarters of a mile in extent, overlooking the gardens. It is intended to form a second walk upon the roof of these arcades, having raised pavilions at intervals; and by this means, accordingly, there will be promenades at two levels, encircling the gardens, and offering the alternative of walking either under cover or in the open air.

The nature of the ground which the council of the society found at their disposal, rendered it necessary for them to adopt such a system of plans as would imply the adoption of the Italian style of garden arrangement and decoration, and thus they were naturally led to adopt the same style for their architectural works. The artistic treatment of both gardens and buildings, therefore, is Italian; and certainly the style has been treated with considerable skill, so that the society may legitimately boast of having constructed at South Kensington precisely such arcades as might have arisen, with characteristic propriety, at Rome itself. The works are chiefly of brick, with stone dressings, the columnar portions having been executed in terra-cotta by Mr. Blanchard, after the designs of Mr. Godfrey Sykes, by whom also the capitals have been designed and modelled in the same most effective material. The arcades themselves are the productions in part of Mr. Sydney Smirke, R.A., and in part of Captain Fowke, R.E., the south arcades being by the engineer-architect, who has based his designs upon the Cloisters of St. John Laterau, at Rome; the Villa Albani, also in the eternal city, has served as a model for these highly interesting arcades. The brickwork and the terra-cottas alike claim from us a warm expression of commendation; and we noticed with especial satisfaction that, in addition to the parts of the works that have been already completed, or are now rapidly advancing towards completion, there are abundant opportunities for the future addition of further decorative accessories, which will appear to be the consistent and becoming developments of the existing decorations. Mosaic inlays have been introduced into the brickwork with good effect—and, indeed, so effective is what has already been done in this department of decoration, that we should be glad to see much additional mosaic work.

The conservatory and the water-displays, with the band-houses, will not fail to reward the attentive study of visitors. The water-displays will possess this most excellent feature—that they will be in constant action, and thus will take their proper place in the permanent attractions of the gardens. The conservatory has been planned with great care, and in all the most minute details it has been most successfully constructed. It is a beautiful object in itself, and provides with equal efficiency for the culture and for the display of its contents. The awnings affording shade from the sun are worthy of particular notice: they are in stripes of brown and red of peculiar tints, which produce a happy effect. Similar awnings are placed in some of the arches of the arcades; and, we may add, some of these arches are (and many others will eventually be) glazed. The only point connected with the conservatory that appears to us to be doubtful, is the colour with which it has been painted. It is a very pale green; and certainly the effect is not such as to convince the eye that this is the right hue for it; at any rate, we are of opinion that the pale green requires relief by the free introduction of a rich subdued red. This noble conservatory is 270 feet long, 75 feet high, and 100 feet in width. Terra-cotta cloisters are connected with the conservatory, which greatly enhance its effectiveness. They are the works of Mr. Sykes and Mr. Blanchard.

Captain Fowke has designed and superintended the erection of the various buildings that are required by the council of the society for their own use, as well as the conservatory, the arcades, &c., and these buildings, which include a noble hall, claim their own share of that general commendation we have pleasure in awarding to the entire establishment. Nor may the garden arrangements be overlooked by us, since they have a just title to be included in the Art-aspect of the works. They have been produced by Mr. Nesfield—the able superintendent of the actual gardening being Mr. Eyles, formerly head gardener at the Crystal Palace.

Such is the institution that has grown up so rapidly in western London, and which promises to contribute in so happy a manner to the most healthful enjoyment of the residents in those favoured regions, and, in a subordinate degree, to the gratification of the public at large. These new gardens enjoy the most eminent patronage, and possess rare advantages; they may, and we believe they will, fully realize the highest expectations of their friends and supporters, and we shall always watch with cordial satisfaction their increasing attractiveness and their growing popularity.

CRYSTAL PALACE PICTURE GALLERY.

On our occasional visits to the Crystal Palace we are not surprised to find the picture gallery forming a principal attraction to the numerous frequenters of that favourite place of resort, for there is always much in the gallery to interest the public generally, though little, perhaps, to satisfy the connoisseur and critic. Pictures of first-rate quality must not be expected there—other and more eligible means of sale, as it is thought, are open for works of such a class: still, out of the thousand paintings and drawings hung at Sydenham, are many which are far from contemptible. Then, too, the aspect of the gallery is continually changing, for as soon as a picture is sold,—and this is a daily occurrence,—it is taken away and another placed in its room.

This season has produced numerous novelties, both from the easels of British and foreign painters, especially of the latter. Glancing down the roll of the catalogue, we find, among the former, works by names more or less favourably known in our metropolitan exhibition rooms,—Lucy, J. F. Herring, Niemann, Collins, De Fleury, Hulme, Underhill, Williams, Cary, Collins, Haghe, Perigal, Miss E. Osborn, Percy, Cole, Wingfield, Horsley, A.R.A., Vickers, Moore, Carmichael, Grönland, Shayer, G. D. Leslie, Etty, C. J. Lewis, Lance, Hopley, Pyne, Callow, Holland, A. Cooper, R.A., J. J. Hill, Mrs. E. M. Ward, Montague, T. Creswick, R.A., Selous, Lucas, Fisk, Houston, Duval, and numerous others. The foreign schools are, perhaps, better represented than our own; and the exhibition of water-colour drawings is, comparatively, meretorious. The activity and judgment of Mr. Wass, the superintendent of the gallery, have been of infinite service in securing so favourable a collection, and in arranging the pictures on the walls. In addition to the paintings, numerous examples of sculpture are placed in the gallery; these are by Baily, R.A., Bell, Durham, Earle, W. Geefs, of Brussels, Wichmann, of Berlin, Physick, Wills Brothers, Fontana, Munro, and others.

The council of the Manchester Shilling Art-Union has, we are informed, selected twenty pictures from the gallery to be distributed as prizes to their subscribers of the current year.

PICTURE SALES.

The sale, by Messrs. Christie & Co., of the well-known gallery of ancient and modern pictures, the property of the late Mr. Charles Scarisbrick, of Scarisbrick Hall, and Wrightington Hall, Lancashire, commenced on the 13th of May. The sale, including the objects of *vertu*, occupied six days, with an interval of nearly a week between each two days. We select from the pictures the most prominent examples:—'Landscape,' Hobbema, an admirable specimen of the master, from Mr. Dawson Turner's Collection, 440 gs.—we could not ascertain the name of the purchaser; 'Landscape,' with two female peasants, one of whom is milking a goat, cattle and goats on the banks of a stream, N. Berghem, 300 gs. (Earl Dudley); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants, cattle, and mules crossing a ford, Jan Both, 164 gs. (Pearce); 'Portrait of a Lady,' in a green velvet jacket trimmed with fur, and red petticoat, from Mr. Theobald's collection, Metzu, 260 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Woody Landscape,' with a stag-hunt, from the Vertolck collection, Van der Heyden and A. Van der Velde, 100 gs. (Eckford); 'Landscape,' cavaliers and ladies, with attendants, on a road, Wynants, the figures by Lingelbach, 122 gs. (Mainwaring); 'Italian Landscape,' banditti attacking a waggon, De Heusch, the figures by Lingelbach, 106 gs. (Anthony); 'A Garden Scene,' with numerous domestic birds, Hondekoeter, 140 gs. (Coleman); 'Sea-piece,' W. Van der Velde, 232 gs. (Haines); 'A Terrace,' with a gentleman in a black dress, seated, conversing with a lady, who holds a child in her arms, Gonzales Coques, 245 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Lady,' in a red dress, drawing from a bust, Van der Neer, from the Saltmarshe collection, 155 gs. (Coleman); 'Italian River Scene,' with buildings on a height, from which a cascade is falling, N. Berghem, figures by Wouvermans, 195 gs. (Pearce); 'Landscape,' small,—a peasant woman, seated, nursing her child, a man playing a hurdy-gurdy, cows, sheep, and goats, from Sir T. Baring's collection, N. Berghem, 230 gs.; 'Italian Landscape,' a woman milking a cow, a man holding its horns; a woman milking a goat, cattle and sheep reposing around, N. Berghem, 165 gs. (Smart); 'An Interior,' a lady in a red dress holding some drapery near a fireplace, a child at an open door, through which the sunshine streams, a beautiful example of De Hooghe's pencil, 420 gs. (Nieuwenhuys); 'A Woody Scene,' with a ruined building of red brick on the bank of a stream, a woman spreading linen to dry, Ruysdael, 215 gs. (Graham); 'The Manège,' a cavalier on a white horse, before a stable, at the door of which a gentleman and a boy are standing, a groom with a bay horse on the right, from Lord Townsend's collection, A. Van der Velde, 202 gs. (Pearce); 'The Fête of the Open Fisheries,' A. Cuyp, 102 gs. (Smart). The first day's sale reached £7,250.

The pictures offered on the second day included:—'A Calm off the Dutch Coast,' W. Van der Velde, from the Redleaf Collection, at the sale of which it realized 215 gs., it was now sold for 620 gs. (Birch); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants keeping cows and sheep, near a Roman monument, N. Berghem, 145 gs. (Mainwaring); 'The Pedlar,' Victor, or, as he is sometimes called, Victoor, 120 gs. (Smart); 'View near Dort,' A. Cuyp, 270 gs. (Smart); this picture was sold, at the dispersion of the Saltmarshe Collection, for 101 gs.; 'An Italian Landscape,' with a woman on horseback, a peasant, and mules on a road near a wooden bridge, Jan Both, 170 gs. (Van Cuycke); 'An Italian Landscape,' with a female peasant nursing her child, N. Berghem, from Mr. Annesley's Collection, 250 gs. (Haines); 'Landscape,' with groups of soldiers resting on the ground, P. Wouvermans, 260 gs. (Pearce); 'The Church and Statue of Venice,' Canaletti, 220 gs. (Mainwaring); 'Landscape,' with groups of trees on each bank of a clear stream, Ruysdael, 195 gs. (Woodin); 'Landscape,' with figures descending a hilly road, cattle crossing a ford, Wynants, from Mr. Harman's Collection, 350 gs. (Birch); 'Skirmish between Banditti and Travellers,' Pynaker, 150 gs. (Birch); 'The Pasture,' with a woman in a red jacket milking a cow on the banks of a river, A. Cuyp, 400 gs. (Ripp); 'The Water-Mill,' among a group of oak trees, Ruysdael, 200 gs. (Tayleure); 'Italian Landscape,' with peasants, cattle, and mules,

Jan Both, 300 gs. (Birch); 'Portrait of a Man in an Oriental Dress,' Rembrandt, 145 gs. (Durlacher); 'Landscape,' with a chatean on the bank of a river, which falls in a cascade between rocks in the foreground, Ruysdael, 340 gs. (Tayleure); 'Garden Scene,' with a dead doe and heron, a monkey eating grapes, and a dog looking on, Weeninx, 150 gs. (Woodin); 'A Landscape,' upright, a rapid river falling among rocks, Ruysdael, 270 gs. (Woodin); 'Noli me tangere,' Baroccio, 720 gs. (Beaumont); 'Village Group at a Cottage Door,' a peasant in a brown cloak playing the hurdy-gurdy, Ostade, 470 gs. (Earl Dudley); 'Portrait of Count Olivarez,' in a black silk dress, Velasquez, from the Altamira Gallery, and subsequently in that of Colonel Hugh Baillie, 250 gs. (King); 'The Grand Canal, Venice,' with a gondola race in the Carnival, Canaletti, 310 gs. (purchaser's name not announced); 'St. James,' in the attitude of prayer, Guido, 1,250 gs. (Graves); 'Landscape,' with a stream falling in two rills between rocks, Ruysdael, 1,250 gs. (Birch); 'The Daughter of Herodias,' Leonardo da Vinci, from the Barbarini palace, Rome, 370 gs. (Bromley). The amount of this day's sale reached £13,126.

The third day's sale of pictures presented few features worth especial notice; the most remarkable, perhaps, is the low price at which some of John Martin's grand and poetical compositions were knocked down: for example, 'Joshua commanding the Sun to stand still,' 450 gs. (Durlacher); 'The Deluge,' 150 gs. (Durlacher); 'Fall of Nineveh,' 205 gs. (Durlacher); all of these are engraved: there were several other works of the same painter, including the noble pastoral scene, suggested by the first verse of Gray's "Elegy,"—

"The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,"

but not one reached the sum of a hundred guineas, and the majority sold for considerably less than that; so low is the estimate formed by modern collectors of the genius of one of the most original and poetical painters of any age or country. The only other pictures demanding notice were—'View of a Town on the Rhine,' with figures and cattle in the foreground—a passing storm, Koekkoeck, 135 gs. (Flatou); 'The Mouth of the Thames,' a hay-barge under sail in a fresh breeze, E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Flatou). The day's sale amounted to nearly £3,500.

An unusually fine collection of works by the old painters,—gathered from different sources, some of them from Saltram House,—was disposed of by Messrs. Christie and Co., on the 1st of June. The pictures which attracted the especial notice of buyers were—'Portrait of Leo X.,' painted on slate by Sebastian del Piombo, from the Earl of Pembroke's gallery, 295 gs. (Tayleure); 'Fête Champêtre,' Watteau, 160 gs. (Gritten); 'Sea View,' with a yacht in front, and a man-of-war in the distance, W. Van der Velde, 380 gs. (Willis); 'Diana and Calisto,' N. Berghem, the figures, life-size, are said to be portraits of the painter's wife and sister, 140 gs. (Flower); 'Sea View,' a fine picture by Van der Capella, 250 gs. (Tayleure); 'Dædalus and Icarus,' Van Dyck, engraved, and formerly in the collection of Mr. E. W. Lake, 140 gs. (Watts); 'Flowers,' Rachel Ruzch, from the Redleaf collection, 140 gs. (Parker); 'A Fresh Breeze,' W. Van der Velde, 250 gs. (Gritten); 'Sea View, Amsterdam in the distance,' Backhuyseo, from the collection of Colonel Hugh Baillie, 200 gs. (Baillie); 'Italian Scene,' Karel du Jardin, from the Montcalm gallery, 225 gs. (Tayleure); this small picture, by a master whose works are rare, may be identified by its having, among numerous other figures, a man, with a drum on his back, conversing with a person dressed in white; 'The Immaculate Conception,' an important work by Murillo, formerly in the possession of the fraternity of Carmelite monks in Mexico, to whom it was presented, in the seventeenth century, by the then Bishop of Mexico, Don Juan de Palafox y Mendoza, and subsequently in that of the Archbishop, Don Antonio J. P. Martinez, ambassador of the Cortes in 1812, 590 gs. (Holloway); 'The Gate of the Arsenal, Venice,' Canaletti, a fine example, 300 gs. (Johnson); 'View of the Place of St. Mark,' the companion picture, and equally excellent, Canaletti, 300 gs. (Hardy); 'The Bolingbroke Family,' a composition of seven figures, half-length, in a garden, with a terminal statue of Mercury in the centre, a grand and notable work by Van Dyck, in admirable preservation: it was put up at the price of 1,000 gs., and, after much competition, was knocked down to Mr. Wallis for the sum of 1,850 gs. The next picture offered for sale was one by Paul Veronese, but without a title; it represents a group of six figures, life-size, supposed to be portraits, and has always been hung as the companion of the 'Bolingbroke' picture: Mr. Wallis was also the purchaser, at the price of 200 gs.; 'The Jew Bride,' Gerard Douw, 160 gs. (Wadmore); the five last-mentioned works came from Saltram House. 'St. Roch kneeling to the Virgin and Infant Jesus,' A. Carracci, formerly in the Church of St. Eustache, Paris, and afterwards in the Orleans gallery, 145 gs.; 'Portrait of Julius de Medici (afterwards Clement VIII.), Prior of Rhodes, in the robes of his order, Raffaelle, 230 gs.; 'Landscape,' with figures, Jan Both, 170 gs. (Radclyffe); 'A Hermit,' Rembrandt, 95 gs.; 'View in Venice, with the Church of St. Giorgio Maggiore,' and its companion, 'Venice, with the Rialto,' Canaletti, 187 gs. (Bourne); 'Adoration of the Magi,' Rubens, painted at Madrid for Philip IV., in 1629, by whom it was presented to his friend, Count d'Altare y Alva-Real, in whose family it has remained to the present time, the last owner being Count d'Altare, of Cordova, 240 gs. (M. Gase). The whole collection, which enumerated more than one hundred pictures, realized a total amount of £9,767. Some of those here pointed out are referred to in Smith's *Catalogue Raisonné*. Where the names of the purchasers are not mentioned, they were not announced in the sale-room.

It is very seldom that so fine a collection of English pictures is submitted to public auction as that which Messrs. Christie and Co. dispersed on the 15th of last month. A large portion of the paintings were from the gallery of the late Sir John Swinburne, some from that of the late Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A., and the remainder from various sources. Of course a very large attendance of amateurs and collectors resulted from the attraction of so many pictures of a high character, and especially of some beautiful examples of Sir Joshua Reynolds's pencil. The principal lots were:—'The Bookseller refusing De Foe's manuscript of Robinson Crusoe,' E. M. Ward, R.A., £101 (Agnew); 'The Farmyard,' J. Linnell, £102 (Morley); 'A Roughish Road,' T. Creswick, R.A., with figures by F. Goodall, A.R.A., 160 gs. (Flatou); 'Kate Nickleby,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 120 gs. (Eckford); 'A Riverside,' with cattle in the foreground, J. Linnell, 145 gs. (Jones); 'A Salmon Leap, Maclwd, North Wales,' T. Creswick, R.A., 140 gs. (Agnew); 'Dutch Fishing Boats,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., exhibited in 1858, £356 (Anthony); 'The Love of James I., of Scotland,' J. E. Millais, A.R.A., exhibited in 1859, 245 gs. (Bourne); 'Card Players,' T. Webster, painted in 1837, 125 gs. (Jones); 'View near Reigate,' J. Linnell, 130 gs. (Jones); 'Marie Antoinette in the Tuileries, with her children,' A. Elmore, R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture exhibited last year at the Academy, £222 (Flatou); 'Homeward Bound,' a Dutch boat going into harbour, C. Stanfield, R.A., painted in 1835, £528 (Flatou); 'Winter Time,' W. Müller, engraved, £112 (Agnew); 'The Charity of Dorcas,' W. T. L. Dobson, A.R.A., £420 (Jones); 'Claude Duval,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the finished sketch for the large picture exhibited last year, 294 gs. (Bentley); 'The First Pair of Shoes,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 130 gs. (Bourne); 'The Beauty of Seville,' J. Phillip, R.A., 380 gs. (Agnew); 'Harbledown Park, East Kent,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., exhibited last year, 215 gs. (Bourne); 'The Spae Wife,' J. Phillip, R.A., exhibited in 1851, 290 gs. (Eckford); 'A Spanish Lady dancing,' J. Phillip, R.A., painted in 1859, 190 gs. (Clint); 'The Hireling Shepherd,' W. Holman Hunt, £605 (Gambart); 'Ariel, Cupid, and Hypermnestra,' Etty, £101 (Wilson); 'Court Scene,' C. Stanfield, R.A., £504 (Eckford); 'Landscape,' P. Nasmyth, £152 (Flatou); 'Portrait of Canova,' painted at Rome, by J. Jackson, R.A., for Sir F. Chantrey, 105 gs. (Clint); 'What you will,' a landscape with many figures, by J. M. W. Turner, described as "the first picture in the artist's last manner," 245 gs. (Agnew); 'Landscape,' with a wooden bridge, and a village church in the distance, cabinet size, Sir. A. W. Calleott, 105 gs. (Agnew); 'A Woody Landscape,' T. Creswick, R.A., 105 gs. (White): the four last-mentioned pictures belonged to the Chantrey collection: 'Loch Katrine,' J. M. W. Turner, painted in his middle period, and a splendid picture, 750 gs. (White); 'Italian Landscape,' the Roman Campagna in the distance, R. Wilson, a large and important example, 180 gs. (Morris); 'Portrait of Lady Hamilton, as Cassandra,' G. Romney, 180 gs. (Hardy); 'The First Leap,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A., the engraved picture, signed E. L., 1829, from the collection of the late dowager Duchess of Bedford, 730 gs. (Lewis); 'Portrait of Miss Carnac,' a whole-length figure, in a landscape, Sir J. Reynolds, 1,710 gs. (Mawson), purchased, it was understood, for the Marquis of Hertford; 'Portraits of Mr. and Mrs. Garrick,' seated, and in conversation, Sir J. Reynolds, 850 gs. (J. W. Foster); 'Portrait of Dr. Hawkesworth,' Sir J. Reynolds, 162 gs. (Munro). The following pictures formed a part of the Swinburne collection:—'A Woody Landscape,' with figures on a road, a river beyond, and open distance, P. Nasmyth, 220 gs. (Rought); 'Nature Blowing Bubbles for her Children,' W. Hilton, 170 gs. (Grundy); 'The Errand Boy,' Wilkie, purchased direct from the artist by Sir John Swinburne, engraved, 435 gs. (Agnew); 'Southampton Water,' painted by Calleott, in 1812, for the late owner, and beyond question one of the artist's greatest works, 1,205 gs. (Flatou); 'Punch,' the celebrated picture by W. Mulready, exhibited in 1813, and purchased from the artist by Sir John, £1,002 15*s.* (Pennell). The amount of the sale of the whole collection reached the large sum of £17,000.

THE SECOND EXHIBITION
OF DECORATIVE WORKS
IN
THE PAINTERS' HALL.

Throughout the month of June the Hall of the Painters' Company, in Little Trinity Lane, has been open for the free admission of the public to the exhibition of decorative works, that for the second time has been formed under the liberal and judicious direction of Mr. Sewell and the other officers of his guild. The excellence of this project for exhibiting specimens of decorative painting, and for elevating the artistic character of such productions has already received from us repeated expressions of our decided approval, so that now it is only necessary for us to declare that more careful reflection on this subject entirely corroborates our previously formed opinion. The exhibition has proved not only that precisely such a stimulant was urgently needed by the producers of decorative painting and staining, but also that artist-workmen of this class require to be led to understand and to feel what is calculated to advance their best interests. We were surprised, as well as disappointed, at finding that thirty-eight persons only had availed themselves of the means afforded by the Painters' Company for becoming exhibitors in their hall, and that the entire collection of specimens exhibited did not exceed 160 in number. We certainly had expected that the exhibitors would have numbered more than 160, and that a proportionately increased interest in this most admirable project would have been felt by those for whose benefit it had been formed.

Medals, the freedom of the company, and certificates of merit, were offered for the best works, and further arrangements were made for securing places for the prize works at next year's Great Exhibition. Seven medals have been awarded, with three certificates, and the freedom of the company in four instances has accompanied the silver medal. The works thus rewarded are decidedly meritorious, though the greater number of them are by no means of the highest order in their several departments of graining, marbling, writing, and arabesque painting. The eight examples of "practical graining and marbling," by John Taylor, of Compton Street, Bermondsey, stand well to the front of the whole collection; the next in the succession of merit being similar productions by W. Betteridge, in the employ of Messrs. Morant and Boyd. The other prize-holders are B. Edmett, William Simpson, Donatti, C. Kitzerow, J. H. Trotter, D. O. Haswell, C. Hibble, and W. J. Cloake.

The practical lesson which this collection very significantly teaches is the great need of sound in-

struction in the art-qualities of their vocation, that is still experienced by the decorative painters of London. There were many examples of dexterity in the handling of the work, while in them all true Art-feeling was altogether wanting. And then in more than one instance a sad ignorance of even elementary principles was evinced by "decorators," who exhibited what they evidently considered to be both characteristic and meritorious productions. The presence of such works as Nos. 23 and 32 in this catalogue are even more valuable than Mr. John Taylor's clever "marbling" and the "stained woods" (No. 38), which did not receive any premium, since they indicate some of those weak points which claim particular attention from Mr. Sewell and his coadjutors. It must be evident to these gentlemen that they must establish for the working decorative painters a system of sound instruction if they would realize their own excellent plan in their behalf, and would render their Company again an effectual agency for good in the production of decorative painting and staining of the highest order. Some means must also be devised for engaging the sympathies of the working decorators, for leading them to look up to the Company's exhibitions with anxious interest, and for impressing them with a due sense of the importance and value of the encouragement thus afforded to them, and of the distinction placed within their reach. We have reason to know that artist workmen are not at all easy to influence, and that they require much of persuasion and inducement to attract their attention, and to awaken their interest. It is much to be regretted that such should be the fact; but as it is, energetic measures require to be brought into action for convincing these men that the project that is submitted to them possesses the strongest claims to their earnest and grateful attention. We sincerely trust this will be done, and that the decorative painters may thus be led to understand and to appreciate the value of the yearly exhibitions, in connection with the *School of Decorative Art* that will have been established for their benefit by the Painters' Company of London.

ART IN THE PROVINCES.

CAMBRIDGE.—The annual distribution of prizes to the students of the Cambridge School of Art took place, on the evening of May 23rd, in the hall of Sidney Sussex College, the distribution being preceded by a lecture from Professor Willis—the same he delivered a short time previously, at the Senate House, before the Prince Consort and the Prince of Wales—and followed by an address from Professor Kingsley. This school, the origin of which is due to the Rev. Gerald Vesey, was established in 1858; the present honorary secretary is the Rev. W. J. Beamont, to whom must be ascribed much of its success. The Rev. W. Emery, chairman of the managing committee, stated that the central school now numbered 100 pupils, and the national schools between 500 and 600. The School of Art had also been the means of resuscitating, and, in a great measure, effectual in carrying out, a scheme for erecting a new Town Hall in Cambridge, which was intended to include thoroughly convenient rooms for its own especial purposes. The list of prizes this year included ten local medals, against four of last year, and three drawings had been sent to London for the national competition, whereas last year only one was selected, which, however, gained a medal.

DURHAM.—The seventh annual report—that for the last year—of the Durham School of Art, which is under the superintendence of Mr. George Newton, reached us only during the past month. Like many other documents of a similar nature which come before us, this speaks of the school progressively increasing in efficiency, of the attention of the pupils, and of their success; but it also laments the inadequacy of funds for its support, the balance due to the treasurer at the end of the year being rather above £31, or nearly one-fourth of the whole revenue; and an appeal is consequently made to the inhabitants of the city and its neighbourhood for pecuniary aid, for it is a significant fact, according to the report, and one showing the general indifference to the interests of the institution, that the number of subscribers has fallen off. This partly accounts for the deficit balance, which is increased by the augmentation of the master's salary, and by the expenditure of nearly nine guineas for painting the entrance door-way in polychrome decorations—an unwise proceeding in the financial condition of the school, and useless if it were not intended to be instructive more than ornamental. The scarcity of funds was a bar to the distribution of local prizes, a matter which the committee much regret, inasmuch as these gifts operate as a healthy incitement to the pupils.

BIRMINGHAM.—Mr. W. H. Sonnes, modelling master of the Birmingham School of Art, has recently received a most substantial and gratifying mark of the esteem in which he is held by the pupils of his classes, who have presented him with a richly-ornamented cup and salver, manufactured by the well-known firm of Messrs. Elkington and Mason. The salver, designed by Mr. C. Grant, exhibits in the centre "Thetis as a Suppliant before Jove," around this are several bas-reliefs, the subjects of which are taken from the "Iliad." The cup, fashioned after an antique model, represents the "Elevation of Homer among the Gods." In the address delivered by Mr. F. S. Potter on presenting the testimonial, he passed a high eulogium on the manner in which Mr. Sonnes had secured the respect and affection of all who came under his instruction, and testified to the zeal and ability shown in the discharge of his onerous duties.

SHEFFIELD.—The project for erecting a Crimean monument here is now taking a definite form, in consequence of the success which has attended the collecting of funds. The committee has adopted a design by Mr. G. Goldie, said to be similar in character to the Raglan monument at Westminster.

LEEDS.—The School of Art in this town had last month its usual annual exhibition of the works of the students. During the three days it remained open, upwards of two thousand persons visited the rooms. The account of the last yearly examination and its results appeared in the *Art-Journal* for March.

STATUE OF PALISSY.

AT his establishment in New Bond Street, in the midst of varied triumphs of the modern fictile art of England, Mr. Daniell now invites attention to a work, the importance of which it is difficult to estimate, while in interest it stands without a rival in its own department of Art. This work is a statue in Parian, full six feet in height, and representing with admirably truthful effectiveness the great French potter, Palissy. It was a happy thought to select Palissy to be the subject of the first effort to produce a statue in the beautiful material that had become so honourably identified with statuettes. And as the first Parian statue is felicitous in conception, so it has been executed in a manner that commands unqualified admiration. Palissy stands by one of his memorable furnaces, from which he has just taken, for minute examination, a "rustic piece," enriched with fishes, and shells, and other objects in relief. There is much to please him in the result of his thought and his care; and yet there are in it also certain palpable imperfections, which demand from him a still further exercise of his noblest quality—perseverance. Such is the idea the artist has conveyed in his statue. Palissy has still more to do, before he may rest content with what he has done; and the expression of his countenance most emphatically declares this: you see in his face how disappointment, and confidence, and resolution combine; and, while conscious that the Palissy before you has not yet become completely triumphant, you are certain of his complete ultimate success. It will be remembered that the famous artist who did so much for ceramic art, and whose career is pre-eminently a biographical romance, succeeded in discovering the enamels which enabled him to execute his remarkable works about the year 1550, and that he fell a victim to the Huguenot persecution in 1589. The Parian statue of Palissy, which we strongly advise our readers to go and study in Bond Street, has been modelled by a French artist, M. Gille, of Paris, and the work has also been produced under his personal direction and superintendence. To Mr. Daniell himself is due the sole and entire honour of having judiciously and liberally enabled M. Gille to produce a work, the influence of which cannot fail to be most powerfully felt. No longer restricted to works of small dimensions, the most beautiful of plastic materials is now proved to be available for sculpture of life and heroic size, and we may be sure that it will be largely used in this new capacity. Works of the very highest order may thus be produced in unexpectedly great numbers, and at very considerably less cost than by any other means. Mr. Daniell has very appropriately placed near the Palissy statue some characteristic specimens of the reproductions of his *fayence*, with some of Minton's clever and effective majolica. Near at hand there are several exquisite suites of vases and other works, executed for Mr. Daniell after the Sèvres manner, and in every respect equal to the finest productions of the renowned French establishment. The portrait medallions on some of these vases, which have been executed for various noble patrons of the producer, are perfect gems of Art. The same may be said of the enamels, executed in the Limoges manner, but upon porcelain instead of copper, which, like the painted vases, have been produced for Mr. Daniell. It is unnecessary for us to add any commendation of the miscellaneous ceramic collections which abound in Mr. Daniell's establishment, and which constitute a museum of the fictile arts of England at the present day.

THE FOUNTAIN NYMPH.

FROM THE STATUE BY J. S. WESTMACOTT.

THE name of Westmacott holds an honourable position in the catalogue of British sculptors; three generations of the same family having distinguished themselves in the practice of the art: the late Sir Richard Westmacott, R.A., his son, still living, Richard Westmacott, R.A., and J. S. Westmacott, the author of the work here engraved.

It is only within the last few years that Mr. J. S. Westmacott has come prominently before the public; in 1846 he exhibited at the Academy a figure of 'Victory,' to which, in the preceding year, a gold medal was awarded by the Royal Academy of Dresden. In 1849 he was in Rome, but exhibited in London a marble statuette of Mr. Joseph Baxendale; and in 1850 contributed three separate figures, entitled respectively 'Morning,' 'Evening,' and a 'Magdelene.' A bas-relief, called 'Sleep,' exhibited in the following year, is characterised by much of the feeling and style of Thorwaldsen. 'Samson and the Lion,' a small group, shows considerable power of composition, and anatomical knowledge so far as the human figure is concerned, but the animal—which, however, was not Mr. Westmacott's, but modelled by M. Jules Hacknel—appears to be awkwardly arranged; both these works were in the sculpture-room of the Academy in 1853. A group in plaster, suggested by the words of St. Luke, "Mary sat at Jesus' feet, and heard his word," was his principal contribution in the year following. In 1855 and 1856, he sent each year a single figure embodying the lines of Moore—

> "One morn a Peri at the gate
> Of Eden stood disconsolate."

The conceptions are not identical, though somewhat similar, and the same expression, or sentiment, appears in both: the figures are life-size, winged and semi-draped; their attitude is one of deep dejection; the arms hang gracefully down in front, while the clasped fingers rest lightly on one of the knees, which is slightly raised. Both statues are life-size, and of considerable elegance.

The only other works exhibited by this sculptor which need be alluded to are a statuette in marble, entitled 'Autumn,' 'The Triumph of Judith,' and 'The Fountain Nymph,' the subject of the annexed engraving, and exhibited at the Academy last year. It is unpretending in design, and, in compliance with the prevailing taste in sculpture, is more decorative than antique; but the ornament is not obtrusive, it forms an integral part of the composition necessary to a clear and satisfactory expression of the subject. There seems to have been no attempt to render the figure anything more than a correct and natural representation of a simple and pleasing theme, which, in fact, would scarcely admit of more elevated treatment, inasmuch as action, not passion, is its sentiment.



THE HUDSON,

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

Part XVIII.



N the afternoon André solicited Smith to take him back to the *Vulture*. Smith refused, with the false plea of illness—but he offered to travel half the night with the adjutant-general if he would take a land route. There was no alternative, and André was compelled to yield to the force of circumstances. He consented to cross the King's Ferry (from Stony to Verplanck's Point), and make his way back to New York by land. He exchanged his military coat for a citizen's dress, placed the papers received from Arnold in his stockings under his feet, and at a little before sunset on the evening of the 22nd of September, accompanied by Smith and a negro servant, all mounted, made his way towards King's Ferry, bearing the following pass, in the event of his being challenged within the American lines:—

"*Head-quarters, Robinson's House, Sept.* 22, 1780.

"Permit Mr. John Anderson to pass the Guards to the White Plains, or below, if he chooses, he being on public business by my direction.

"B. Arnold, *Major-General*."

At twilight they passed through the works at Verplanck's Point, unsuspected, and then turned their faces towards the White Plains, the interior route to New York. André was moody and silent. He had disobeyed the orders of his



WASHINGTON'S HEAD-QUARTERS AT TAPPAN.

commander by receiving papers, and was involuntarily a spy, in every sense of the word, within the enemy's lines. Eight miles from Verplanck's they were hailed by a sentinel. Arnold's pass was presented, and the travellers were about to pass on, when the officer on duty advised them to remain until morning, because of dangers on the road. After much persuasion, André consented to remain, but passed a sleepless night. At an early hour the party were in the saddle, and at Pine's Bridge over the Croton, André, with a lighter heart, parted company with Smith and his servant, having been assured that he was then upon the neutral ground, beyond the reach of the American patrolling parties.

André had been warned to avoid the Cow Boys, bands of tory marauders who infested the neutral ground. He was told that they were more numerous upon the Tarrytown road than that which led to the White Plains. As these were friends of the British, he resolved to travel the Tarrytown or river road. He felt assured that if he should fall into the hands of the Cow Boys, he would be taken by them to New York, his destination. This change of route was his fatal mistake.

On the morning when André crossed Pine's Bridge, a little band of seven volunteers went out near Tarrytown to prevent the Cow Boys driving cattle to New York, and to arrest any suspicious travellers upon the highway. Three of these—Paulding, Van Wart, and Williams—were under the shade of a clump of trees, near a spring on the borders of a stream now known as André's Brook, playing cards, when a stranger appeared on horseback, a short distance up the road. His dress and manner were different from ordinary travellers seen in that vicinity, and they determined to step out and question him. Paulding had lately escaped from captivity in New York, in the dress of a German Yager, the mercenaries in the employment of the British; and on seeing him, André, thereby deceived, exclaimed, "Thank God! I am once more among friends." But Paulding presented his musket, and ordered him to stop. "Gentlemen," said André, "I hope you belong to our party?" "What party?" asked Paulding. "The Lower Party" (meaning the British), André replied. "I do," said Paulding; when André said, "I am a British officer, out in the country on particular business, and I hope you will not detain me a minute." Paulding told him to dismount, when André, conscious of his mistake, exclaimed, "My God! I must do anything to get along;" and with a forced good-humour, pulled out General Arnold's pass. Still they insisted upon his dismounting, when he warned them not to detain him, as he was on public business for the General. They were inflexible. They said there were many bad people on the road, and they did not know but he might be one of them. He dismounted, when they took him into a thicket, and searched him. They found nothing to confirm their suspicions that he was not what he represented himself to be. They then ordered him to pull off his boots, which he did without hesitation, and they were about to allow him to dress himself, when they observed something in his stockings under his feet. When these were removed they discovered the papers which Arnold had put in his possession. Finding himself detected, he offered them bribes to let him go. They refused; and he was conducted to



ANDRÉ'S PEN AND INK SKETCH.

the nearest American post, and delivered to a commanding officer. That officer, with strange obtuseness of perception, was about to send the prisoner to General Arnold with a letter detailing the circumstances of his arrest, when Major Tallmadge, a bright and vigilant officer, protested against the measure, and expressed his suspicions of Arnold's fidelity. But Jamieson, the commander, only half yielded. He detained the *prisoner* but sent the *letter* to Arnold. That was the one which the traitor received while at breakfast at Beverly (Robinson's House), and which caused his precipitate flight to the *Vulture*. The circumstances of that flight have already been narrated.

André wrote a letter to Washington, briefly but frankly detailing the events of his mission, and concluded, after relating how he was conducted to Smith's



ANDRÉ'S MONUMENT.

House, and changed his clothes, by saying, "Thus, as I have had the honour to relate, was I betrayed (being adjutant-general of the British army) into the vile condition of an enemy in disguise within your posts."

Washington ordered André to be sent first to West Point, and then to Tappan, an inland hamlet on the west side of the Hudson opposite Tarrytown, then the head-quarters of the American army. There, at his own quarters, he summoned a board of general officers on the 29th of September, and ordered

them to examine into the case of Major André, and report the result. He also directed them to give their opinion as to the light in which the prisoner ought to be regarded, and the punishment that should be inflicted. André was arraigned before them, on the same day, in the church not far from Washington's quarters. He made to them the same truthful statement of facts which he gave in his letter to Washington, and remarked, "I leave them to operate with the board, persuaded that you will do me justice." He was remanded to prison; and after long and careful deliberation, the board reported "That Major André, adjutant-general of the British army, ought to be considered as a spy from the enemy, and that agreeably to the law and usage of nations, it is their opinion he ought to suffer death."

Washington approved the sentence on the 30th, and ordered his execution the next day at five o'clock in the afternoon. The youth, candour, gentleness,



PAULDING MANOR.

and honourable bearing of the prisoner made a deep impression on the court and the commander-in-chief. Had their decision been in consonance with their feelings instead of their judgments and the stern necessities of war, he would never have suffered death. There was a general desire on the part of the Americans to save him. The only mode was to exchange him for Arnold, and hold the traitor responsible for all the acts of his victim. Sir Henry Clinton was a man of nice honour, and would not be likely to exhibit such bad faith towards Arnold, even to save his beloved adjutant-general. Nor would Washington make such a proposition. He however respited the prisoner for a day, and gave others an opportunity to lay an informal proposition of that kind before Clinton. A subaltern went to the nearest British outpost with a letter from Washington to Clinton, containing the official proceedings of the court-martial, and André's letter to the American commander. That subaltern, as instructed, informed the messenger who was to bear the packet to Sir Henry, that he believed André might be exchanged for Arnold. This was communicated to Sir Henry. He refused compliance, but sent a general officer up to the borders of the neutral ground, to confer with one from the American camp on the subject of the innocence of Major André. General Greene, the president of the court, met General Robertson, the commissioner from Clinton, at Dobbs' Ferry. The conference was fruitless of results favourable to André. The unfortunate young man was not disturbed by the fear of death, but the *manner* was a subject of great solicitude to him. He wrote a touching letter to Washington, asking to die the death of a *soldier*, and not that of a *spy*. Again the stern rules of war interposed. The manner of death must be according to the character given him by the sentence. All hearts were powerfully stirred by sympathy for him. The *equity* of that sentence was not questioned by military men; and yet, only inexorable expediency at that hour when the republican cause seemed in the greatest peril, caused the execution of the sentence in his case. The sacrifice had to be made for the public good, and the prisoner was hung as a spy at Tappan at noon on the 2nd of October, 1780.*

Major André was an accomplished young man, and a clever amateur artist. He was perfectly composed from the time that his fate was made known to him. On the day fixed for his execution, he sketched with pen and ink a likeness of himself sitting at a table, and gave it to the officer of his guard, who had been kind to him. It is preserved in the Trumbull Gallery of pictures, at Yale College, in Connecticut.

Major André was buried at the place of his execution. In 1832, his remains were removed, under instructions of his Royal Highness the Duke of York, by James Buchanan, Britannic consul at New York, and deposited in a grave near a monument in Westminster Abbey, erected by his king not long after his death.† Such is the sad story, in brief outline, of the closing days of the accomplished André's life. Arnold, the traitor, was despised even by those who accepted his treason for purposes of state; and his hand never afterwards touched the palm of an honourable Englishman. In his own country, he has ever occupied the "bad eminence" of arch traitor, until the beginning of the year 1861; others now bear the palm.

Upon a high and fertile promontory below Tarrytown, may be seen one of the finest and purest specimens of the Pointed Tudor style of domestic architecture in the United States, the residence of Philip R. Paulding Esq., and called Paulding Manor. It was built in 1840. Its walls are of the Mount Pleasant or Sing Sing marble. The whole outline, ground and sky, is exceedingly picturesque, there being gables, towers, turrets and pinnacles. There is also a great variety of windows decorated with mullions and tracery; and at one wing is a *Port Cochere*, or covered entrance for carriages. It has a broad arcaded piazza, affording shade and shelter for promenading. The interior is admirably arranged for convenience and artistic effect. The drawing-room is a spacious apartment, occupying the whole of the south wing. It has a high ceiling, richly groin-arched, with fan tracery or diverging ribs, springing from and supported by columnar shafts. The ceilings of all the apartments of the first story are highly elegant in decoration. "That of the dining-room," says Mr. Downing, "is concavo-convex in shape, with diverging ribs and ramified tracery springing from corbels in the angles, the centre being occupied by a pendant. In the saloon the ribbed ceiling forms two inclined planes. The floor of the second story has a much larger area than that of the first, as the rooms in the former project over the open portals of the latter. The spacious library, over the western portal, lighted by a lofty window, is the finest apartment of this story, with its carved foliated timber roof rising in the centre to twenty-five feet." The dimensions of this room are thirty-seven by eighteen feet, including an organ-gallery. Ever since its erection, "Paulding Manor" has been the most conspicuous dwelling to be seen by the eye of the voyager on the Lower Hudson.

About three miles below Tarrytown is Sunnyside, the residence of the late Washington Irving. It is reached from the public road by a winding carriage-way that passes here through rich pastures and pleasant woodlands, and there along the margin of a dell through which runs a pleasant brook, reminding one of the merry laughter of children as it dances away riverward, and leaps, in beautiful cascades and rapids, into a little bay a few yards from the cottage of Sunnyside. There, more than a dozen years ago, I visited the dear old man whom the world loved so well, and who so lately was laid beneath the greensward on the margin of Sleepy Hollow, made classic by his genius. Then I made the sketch of Sunnyside here presented to the reader. It was a soft, delicious day in June, when the trees were in full leaf and the birds in full song. I had left the railway-cars a fourth of a mile below where the germ of a village had just appeared, and strolled along the iron road to a stile, over which I climbed, and ascended the bank by a pleasant path to



SUNNYSIDE.

the shadow of a fine old cedar, not far from the entrance gate. There I rested, and sketched the quaint cottage half shrouded in English ivy. Its master soon

* It is said that Washington never saw Major André, having avoided a personal interview with him from the beginning. Unwilling to give him unnecessary pain, Washington did not reply to his letter asking for the death of a soldier, and the unhappy prisoner was not certain what was to be the manner of his execution, until he was led to the gallows. The lines of Miss Anne Seward, André's friend, commencing,

"O Washington! I thought thee great and good,
Nor knew thy Nero-thirst for guiltless blood,"

were unjust, for he sincerely commiserated the fate of his prisoner, and would have made every proper sacrifice to save him.

† This is a mural monument, in the form of a sarcophagus, standing on a pedestal. It is surmounted by Britannia and her lion. On the front of the sarcophagus is a basso-relievo, in which is represented General Washington and his officers in a tent at the moment when he received the report of the court of inquiry. At the same time a messenger is seen with a flag, bearing a letter from André to Washington. On the opposite side is a guard of Continental soldiers, and the tree on which André was hung. Two men are preparing the prisoner for execution, in the centre of this design. At the foot of the tree sit Mercy and Innocence bewailing his fate. Upon a panel of the pedestal, is the following inscription:—"Sacred to the memory of Major JOHN ANDRÉ, who, raised by his merit at an early period of his life to the rank of Adjutant-General of the British forces in America, and employed in an important but hazardous enterprise, fell a sacrifice to his zeal for his king and country, on the 2nd of October, A.D. 1780, universally beloved and esteemed by the army in which he served, and lamented even by his foes. His gracious sovereign, KING GEORGE THE THIRD, has caused this monument to be erected." On the base is a record of the removal of his remains from the banks of the Hudson to their final resting-place near the banks of the Thames.

appeared in the porch, with a little fair-haired boy whom he led to the river bank in search of daisies and buttercups. It was a pleasant picture; and yet there was a cloud-shadow resting upon it. His best earthly affections had been buried, long years before, in the grave with a sweet young lady who had promised to become his bride. Death interposed between the betrothal and the appointed nuptials. He remained faithful to that first love. Throughout all the vicissitudes of a long life, in society and in solitude, in his native land and in foreign countries, on the stormy ocean and in the repose of quiet homes, he had borne her miniature in his bosom in a plain golden case; and upon his table, for daily use, always lay a small Bible, with the name of his lost one, in the delicate handwriting of a female, upon the title-page. As I looked upon that good man of gentle, loving nature, a bachelor of sixty-five, I thought of his exquisite picture of a true woman, in his charming little story of "The Wife;" and wondered whether his own experience had not been in accordance with the following beautiful passage in his "Newstead Abbey," in which he says:—"An early, innocent, and unfortunate passion, however fruitful of pain it may be to the man, is a lasting advantage to the poet. It is a well of sweet and bitter fancies, of refined and gentle sentiments, of elevated and ennobling thoughts, shut up in the deep recesses of the heart, keeping it green amidst the withering blights of the world, and by its casual gushings and overflowings, recalling at times all the freshness, and innocence, and enthusiasm of youthful days."

I visited Sunnyside again only a fortnight before the death of Mr. Irving. I found him in his study, a small, quiet room, lighted by two delicately curtained windows, one of which is seen near the porch, in our little sketch. From that window he could see far down the river; from the other, overhung with ivy, he looked out upon the lawn and the carriage-way from the lane. In a curtained recess was a lounge with cushions, and books on every side. A large easy-chair, and two or three others, a writing-table with many drawers, shelves filled with books, three small pictures, and two neat bronze candelabra, completed the furniture of the room. It was warmed by an open grate of coals in a black variegated marble chimney-piece. Over this were the three small pictures. The larger represents 'A literary party at Sir Joshua Reynolds's.' The other two were spirited little pen and ink sketches, with a little colour—illustrative of scenes in one of the earlier of Mr. Irving's works, "Knickerbocker's History of New York"—which he picked up in London many years ago. One represented Stuyvesant confronting Risingh, the Swedish governor; the other, Stuyvesant's wrath in council.

Mr. Irving was in feeble health, but hopeful of speedy convalescence. He expressed his gratitude because his strength and life had been spared until he completed the greatest of all his works, his "Life of Washington." "I have laid aside my pen for ever," he said; "my work is finished, and now I intend to rest." He was then seven years past the allotted age of man; yet his mental energy seemed unimpaired, and his genial good-humour was continually apparent. I took the first course of dinner with him, when I was compelled to leave to be in time for the next train of cars that would convey me home. He arose from the table, and passed into the little drawing-room with me. At the door he took my hand in both of his, and with a pleasant smile said, "I wish you success in all your undertakings. God bless you."

It was the last day of the "Indian summer," in 1859, a soft, balmy, glorious day in the middle of November. The setting sun was sending a blaze of red



IRVING'S STUDY.

light across the bosom of Tappan Bay, when I left the porch and followed the winding path down the bank to the railway. There was peacefulness in the aspect of all nature at that hour; and I left Sunnyside, feeling sensibly the influence of a good man's blessing. Only a fortnight afterwards, on a dark, stormy evening, I took up a newspaper at an inn in a small village of the Valley of the Upper Hudson, and read the startling announcement, "*Death of Washington Irving.*" I felt as if a near and dear friend had been snatched away for ever. I was too far from home to be at the funeral, but one of my family, very dear to me, was in the crowd of sincere mourners at his grave, on the borders of Sleepy Hollow. The day was a lovely one on the verge of winter; and thousands stood reverently around, on that sunny slope, while the earth was cast upon the coffin and the preacher uttered the solemn words, "Earth to earth, ashes to ashes,



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dust to dust." Few men ever went to the tomb lamented by more sincere friends. From many a pulpit his name was spoken with reverence. Literary and other societies throughout the land expressed their sorrow and respect. A thousand pens wrote eulogies for the press; and Bryant, the poet, his life-long friend, pronounced an impressive funeral oration not long afterwards, at the request of the New York Historical Society, of which Mr. Irving was a member.

I visited Sunnyside again only a few weeks ago, and after drinking at the mysterious spring,* strolled along the brook at the mouth of the glen, where it comes down in cascades before entering the once beautiful little bay, now cut off from free union with the river by the railway. It was spring-time, and the channel was full of crystal water. The tender foliage was casting delicate shadows where, at this time, there is half twilight under the umbrageous branches, and the trees are full of warblers. It is a charming spot, and is consecrated by many memories of Irving and his friends who frequented this romantic little dell when the summer sun was at meridian.

After sketching the brook at the cascades, I climbed its banks, crossed the lane, and wandered along a shaded path by the gardener's cottage to a hollow in the hills, filled with water, in which a bevy of ducks were sporting. This pond is made by damming the stream, and thus a pretty cascade at its outlet is formed. It is in the shape of the "palm leaf" that comes from the loom. On one side a wooded hill stretches down to it abruptly, leaving only space enough for a path, and on others it washes the feet of gentle grassy slopes. This is one of the many charming pictures to be found in the landscape of Sunnyside. After strolling along the pathways in various directions, sometimes finding myself upon the domains of the neighbours of Sunnyside (for no fence or hedge barriers exist between them), I made my way back to the cottage, where the eldest and only surviving brother of Mr. Irving, and his daughters, reside. These daughters were always as children to the late occupant, and by their affection and domestic skill they made his home a delightful one to himself and friends. But the chief light of that dwelling is removed, and there are shadows at Sunnyside that fall darkly upon the visitor who remembers the sunshine of its former days, for, as his friend Tuckerman wrote on the day after the funeral:—

> "He whose fancy wove a spell
> As lasting as the scene is fair,
> And made the mountain, stream, and dell,
> His own dream-life for ever share;

* This spring is at the foot of the bank on the very brink of the river. "Tradition declares," says Mr. Irving in his admirable story of "Wolfert's Roost," "that it was smuggled over from Holland in a churn by Femmetie Van Blarcom, wife of Goosen Garrett Van Blarcom, one of the first settlers, and that she took it up by night, unknown to her husband from beside their farm-house near Rotterdam; being sure she should find no water equal to it in the new country—and she was right."

"He who with England's household's grace,
And with the brave romance of Spain,
Tradition's lore and Nature's face,
Imbued his visionary brain:

"Mused in Granada's old arcade
As gush'd the Moorish fount at noon,
With the last minstrel thoughtful stray'd,
To ruin'd shrines beneath the moon;

"And breath'd the tenderness and wit
Thus garner'd, in expression pure,
As now his thoughts with humour flit,
And now to pathos wisely lure;

"Who traced with sympathetic hand
Our peerless chieftain's high career,
His life that gladden'd all the land,
And blest a home—is ended here!"

There was a fascination about Mr. Irving that drew every living creature towards him. His personal character, like his writings, was distinguished by extreme modesty, sweetness, and simplicity. "He was never willing to set



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forth his own pretensions," wrote a friend, after his death; "he was willing to leave to the public the care of his literary reputation. He had no taste for controversy of any sort; his manners were mild, and his conversation, in the society of those with whom he was intimate, was most genial and playful." Lowell has given the following admirable outline of his character:—

"But allow me to speak what I humbly feel,—
To a true poet-heart add the fun of Dick Steele;
Throw in all of Addison, *minus* the chill;
With the whole of that partnership's stock and good-will,
Mix well, and while stirring, hum o'er as a spell,
The fine *old* English Gentleman; simmer it well.
Sweeten just to your own private liking, then strain,
That only the finest and purest remain;
Let it stand out of doors till a soul it receives
From the warm, lazy sun loitering down through green leaves,
And you'll find a choice nature, not wholly deserving
A name either English or Yankee—just IRVING."

I must remember that I am not writing an eulogy of Mr. Irving, but only giving a few outlines with pen and pencil of his late home on the banks of the Hudson. Around that home sweetest memories will ever cluster, and the pilgrim to Sunnyside will rejoice to honour those who made that home so delightful to their idol, and who justly find a place in the sunny recollections of the departed.

Around that cottage, and the adjacent lands and waters, Irving's genius has cast an atmosphere of romance. The old Dutch house—one of the oldest in all that region—out of which grew that quaint cottage, was a part of the veritable Wolfert's Roost—the very dwelling wherein occurred Katrina Van Tassel's memorable quilting frolic, that terminated so disastrously to Ichabod Crane, in his midnight race with the Headless Horseman of Sleepy Hollow. There, too, the veracious Dutch historian, Diedrich Knickerbocker, domiciled while he was deciphering the precious documents found there, "which, like the lost books of Livy, had baffled the research of former historians." But its appearance had sadly changed when it was purchased by Mr. Irving, almost thirty years ago, and was by him restored to the original form of the Roost, which he describes as "a little, old-fashioned stone mansion, all made up of gable ends, and as full of angles and corners as an old cocked hat. It is said, in fact," continues Mr. Irving, "to have been modelled after the cocked hat of Peter the Headstrong, as the Escurial was modelled after the gridiron of the blessed St. Lawrence." It was built, the chronicler tells us, by Wolfert Acker, a privy councillor of Peter Stuyvesant, "a worthy, but ill-starred man, whose aim through life had been to live in peace and quiet." He sadly failed. "It was his doom, in fact, to meet a head wind at every turn, and be kept in a constant fume and fret by the perverseness of mankind. Had he served on a modern jury, he would have been sure to have eleven unreasonable men opposed to him." He retired in disgust to this then wilderness, built the gabled house, and "inscribed over the door (his teeth clenched at the time) his favourite Dutch motto, 'Lust in Rust' (pleasure in quiet). The mansion was thence called Wolfert's Rust (Wolfert's Rest), but by the uneducated, who did not understand Dutch, Wolfert's Roost." It passed into the hands of Jacob Van Tassel, a valiant Dutchman, who espoused the cause of the republicans. The hostile ships of the British were often seen in Tappan Bay, in front of the Roost, and Cow Boys infested the land thereabout. Van Tassel had much trouble: his house was finally plundered and burnt, and he was carried a prisoner to New York. When the war was over, he rebuilt the Roost, but in more modest style, as seen in our sketch. "The Indian spring"—the one brought from Rotterdam—"still welled up at the bottom of the green bank; and the wild brook, wild as ever, came babbling down the ravine, and threw itself into the little cove where of yore the water-guard harboured their whale-boats."

The "water-guard" was an aquatic corps, in the pay of the revolutionary government, organized to range the waters of the Hudson, and keep watch upon the movements of the British. The Roost, according to the chronicler, was one of the lurking-places of this band, and Van Tassel was one of their best friends. He was, moreover, fond of warring upon his "own hook." He possessed a famous "goose-gun," that would send its shot half-way across Tappan Bay. "When the belligerent feeling was strong upon Jacob," says the chronicler of the Roost, "he would take down his gun, sally forth alone, and prowl along shore, dodging behind rocks and trees, watching for hours together any ship or galley at anchor or becalmed. So sure as a boat approached the shore, bang! went the great goose-gun, sending on board a shower of slugs and buck shot."

On one occasion, Jacob and some fellow bush-fighters peppered a British transport that had run aground. "This," says the chronicler, "was the last of Jacob's triumphs; he fared like some heroic spider that has unwittingly ensnared a hornet, to the utter ruin of its web. It was not long after the above exploit that he fell into the hands of the enemy, in the course of one of his forays, and was carried away prisoner to New York. The Roost itself, as a pestilent rebel nest, was marked out for signal punishment. The cock of the Roost being captive, there was none to garrison it but his stout-hearted spouse, his redoubtable sister, Notchie Van Wurmer, and Dinah, a strapping negro wench. An armed vessel came to anchor in front; a boat full of men pulled to shore. The garrison flew to arms, that is to say, to mops, broomsticks, shovels, tongs, and all kinds of domestic weapons, for, unluckily, the great piece of ordnance, the goose-gun, was absent with its owner. Above all, a vigorous defence was made with that most potent of female weapons, the tongue; never did invaded hen-roost make a more vociferous outcry. It was all in vain! The house was sacked and plundered, fire was set to each room,



WOLFERT'S ROOST WHEN IRVING PURCHASED IT.

and in a few moments its blaze shed a baleful light over the Tappan Sea. The invaders then pounced upon the blooming Laney Van Tassel, the beauty of the Roost, and endeavoured to bear her off to the boat. But here was the real tug of war. The mother, the aunt, and the strapping negro wench, all flew to the rescue. The struggle continued down to the very water's edge, when a voice from the armed vessel at anchor ordered the spoilers to desist; they relinquished their prize, jumped into their boats, and pulled off, and the heroine of the Roost escaped with a mere rumpling of the feathers."

AN EXPERIMENTAL SUNDAY AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

EXPERIMENTS are among the best and most useful things in the ordinary course of daily life; yet they are often dangerous. In but too many instances, that is, men are tempted to experimentalise in matters and under circumstances, in which the results are almost certain to prove, in a greater or a lesser degree, perilous and disastrous. An experiment of this kind has recently been made at the Crystal Palace, which was designed to try the public feeling upon the point of opening that institution on the Sunday as well as on the week days. It appears that certain clubs have been formed for the purpose of disposing (*by raffles*) of shares of the Crystal Palace Company. The conductors of these clubs and their friends recently formed a project for making a Sunday visit to the Crystal Palace. The plan was approved, the necessary tickets were prepared and issued, and on Trinity Sunday the visit was paid. The great object evidently was to induce as many persons as possible to go to the Palace. Accordingly, tickets were freely given to every customer at the public houses in Sydenham, Norwood, and throughout that neighbourhood; and they were as freely issued to every person who travelled in the Crystal Palace direction by railway, on the day in question. What other means may have been put into requisition for obtaining the desired numbers we do not care to inquire. The Palace was to be opened at 1.30 P.M., and the trains were to run chiefly before 11 A.M. Upwards of forty thousand persons availed themselves of this strange chance for spending a Sunday at the Crystal Palace. They were grouped in swarms in every direction around the Palace, awaiting the hour for its opening. The trains ran thick and fast; the roads were filled with noisy vehicles conveying their still more noisy occupants; all the well-worked officials of both Palace and railway were deprived of their one day of weekly rest; the Palace and gardens everywhere abounded with refreshments,—and the whole affair was one which might have been held to be a success by its projectors and advocates, but which certainly must be denounced in the strongest language by every lover of order and propriety, and indeed of common decency. What could have influenced the authorities of the Crystal Palace to have permitted this outrageous proceeding, it is not for us to surmise. It is certain that, without their sanction, the disgraceful affair could not have been accomplished; and it is equally certain that a scheme more suicidal at once to their own dignity and to their best interests could not possibly have received from the directors such a measure of their approval, as would allow of its being enacted. If Sunday is to be made a mob-day at the Crystal Palace by raffle-clubs contriving to evade the law, the shareholders may prepare for a speedy and a decided reduction in their at present tolerably depreciated shares; and the owners of land, on which houses on all sides are rising around the Crystal Palace, may form some fresh plans for realizing enormous interest: they certainly will soon have to accommodate themselves to a very different style of rent from that which now they so complacently ask and so readily receive.

Happily, at present, the experimental Sunday has not been repeated, though rumours of an intended repetition of it have reached us. But one opinion exists on the subject in the minds of the true friends of the Crystal Palace, and of all who desire to sustain the present reputation of its neighbourhood,—and this opinion is condemnatory of the shameless attempt that was made to degrade the Palace, and to evade the law. The directors must take upon themselves the responsibility of putting a stop to this sort of thing, and of doing so with a strong hand—unless, indeed, they desire to reduce the Crystal Palace to a level which lies at the opposite extreme from that to which, in the first instance, their noble institution aspired. The Palace has already sunk but too low in more respects than one, and now this Sunday experiment has shown that it is possible to descend still lower. Such a decline, as we know full well, is easy enough in its accomplishment—*facilis descensus*, &c.—and the rate of downward motion accelerates, unless it be promptly and resolutely checked, at a fearfully increasing ratio. The Crystal Palace has already taken another long stride in the wrong direction, in the matter of tight-rope performances—exhibitions utterly disgraceful to the institution, and, however remunerative in the first instance through the miserable degradation of public taste, certain very prejudicially to affect its future success. Let the authorities take warning from this wretched rope-display, as well as from their experimental Sunday, and let them strive to turn the tide of the reputation of the Crystal Palace, while it is in their power so to do. A little more hesitation, and a retrograde movement may become no longer possible. In such a case, the final catastrophe may easily be predicted. Bull-baiting and dog-fighting, *et id genus omne* in the class of "public amusements" (!) are not permitted by law, and so they would necessarily have to be excluded from next year's programme; but a little skilful management might enable Mr. Heenan to succeed M. Blondin—prize-fighter *vice* acrobat—in a little exhibition after his own peculiar fashion, should the present system continue to prevail in the direction of the Crystal Palace.

ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE following paintings and drawings are announced to have been purchased by the prizeholders of this year, up to the time of our going to press.

From the *Royal Academy*:—

The Hero of the Day, F. B. Barwell, 16*l*; The Skylark, J. A. Houston, 105*l*.; Harvesting in the Vale of Conway, W. F. Witherington, R.A., 84*l*.; The Fair Persian, Robert Baker, 84*l*.; A Herring-boat off Scarborough, J. Meadows, 84*l*.; Building a Rick, F. W. Hulme, 40*l*.; The Stirrup Cup, A. Cooper, R.A., 31*l*. 10*s*.; The Trysting Place, F. Chester, 30*l*.; Fishing Vessels off the South Foreland, J. J. Wilson, 25*l*.; Duck Shooting, Abraham Cooper, R.A., 26*l*. 5*s*.; 'Mang the Braes of Balquhither, W. H. Paton, 21*l*.; Preparing for Dinner, J. M. Bowkett, 20*l*.; Fishing Smack, J. Meadows, Sen., 18*l*. 18*s*.; A Windy Day on the Thames, E. C. Williams, 10*l*.; The Stream from Newlands, E. A Pettitt, 10*l*.

From the *Royal Scottish Academy*:—

Ruined Temples and Convent of La Madonna, George Pettitt, 100*l*.; A Quiet Pool, John Curdle, 25*l*.; On the Crawfurdland Water, John Curdle, 21*l*.

From the *British Institution*:—

The Anxious Hour, William Underhill, 100*l*.; Near Portmadoc, H. B. Willis, 40*l*.; The Stream from the Lake, H. J. Boddington, 30*l*.; An Arm of the Scheldt, A. Montague, 20*l*.; On the River Lleder, J. B. Smith, 20*l*.; Boarding a Trawler, W. H. Doust, 15*l*.; The Thames at Wargrave, H. B. Gray, 15*l*.; Lane Scene near Dover, J. Godet, 15*l*.; French Fishing-boat at Anchor, J. J. Wilson, 15*l*.; Left in Charge, A. Morris, 15*l*.; Drifting from Shore, H. Shirley, 15*l*. 15*s*.

From the *Society of British Artists*:—

Market Day, E. J. Cobbett, 200*l*.; Evening on the Greta, H. J. Boddington, 75*l*.; Merchants encamping on the Desert, W. Luker, 60*l*.; St. Ives Pier and Harbour, G. Wolfe, 40*l*.; Happy Waltonians, G. A. Williams, 30*l*.; A Torrent near Dolgelly, H. J. Boddington, 30*l*.; The Muleteer, H. Weeks, Jun., 30*l*.; Gipsy Group, W. Shayer, 30*l*.; Children and Rabbits, A. Provis, 30*l*.; On the River Lleder, J. B. Smith, 26*l*. 5*s*.; Park Entrance on a Misty Morning, J. B. Ladbrooke, 25*l*.; Mending the Net, W. Shayer, 25*l*.; Marazion Beach, G. Wolfe, 25*l*.; Salmon and Trout, H. L. Rolfe, 20*l*.; Evening View in North Wales, J. B. Smith, 20*l*.; On the River Clifton, E. Taylor, 20*l*.; A Blowing Day, A. Clint, 20*l*.; View of the Village of Callender, W. W. Gill, 18*l*.

From the *Institution of Fine Arts*:—

The Harvest Field, S. Percy, 31*l*. 10*s*.; "Sometimes I let a sunbeam slip," &c., C. J. Lewis, 30*l*.; Harvest Scene near Clifton, B. Shipham, 25*l*.; Italian Peasant Girl, C. Nicholls, 25*l*.; Stepping Stones, F. W. Hulme, 25*l*.; Repose, J. C. Morris, 21*l*.; Rydal Water, Geo. Pettitt, 20*l*.; Shipping off the Coast of Jersey, H. H. Taylor, 20*l*.; A Gipsy Summer Haunt, A. F. Rolfe, 22*l* 10*s*.; A Mountain Tarn, S. R. Percy, 20*l*.; The Pass of Pont-Aber-Glaslyn, B. Rudge, 15*l*.; Scene on the Avon, H. B. Gray, 15*l*.

From the *Old Water-Colour Society*:—

In Harvest Time, O. Oakley, 52*l*. 10*s*.; Martigny, W. Callow, 20*l*.

From the *New Water-Colour Society*:—

Cape de la Heve, T. S. Robins, 30*l*.; Near Castel-a-Mare, J. L. Rowbotham, 30*l*.; Bouvignes, on the Meuse, Mrs. W. Oliver, 21*l*.; View of Goodrich Castle, James Fahey, 15*l*.

THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

THE FRESCOES.

By order of the House of Commons there has been printed (May 31, 1861) a statement of the progress of the paintings in fresco undertaken by different artists for the decoration of the Houses of Parliament, specifying the terms of the contracts, the present condition of the different commissions, the sums voted for each of the works respectively, and the money that has been received by the artists.

The last report, the twelfth, published a few months since, complains of the non-fulfilment of the terms of the contract on the part of Mr. Dyce. In noticing from time to time the progress of these works, we have observed the suspension of that portion confided to Mr. Dyce, that is the Queen's Robing Room, which was to be painted in fresco, the subjects being derived from the legend of King Arthur. The report goes on to state that Mr. Dyce agreed to complete the works stipulated, in six years from the 1st of July, 1848, and if required to execute an additional compartment the term would be extended to seven years. The sum agreed for the entire decoration as specified, "including the centre compartment on the west side, should Mr. Dyce be required to paint it, was £4,800. It was agreed that Mr. Dyce should receive that sum in instalments of £800 a year, payable quarterly and consequently for six years:" hence it is to be supposed that Mr. Dyce is paid for one compartment whether he executes it or not. It is provided, that in the event of delays from any reasonable causes, it shall be at the discretion of the commissioners to award such further sum, and to allow such extension of time as shall appear to them just and proper.

Referring to the correspondence which has taken place between Mr. Dyce and the commissioners, it is stated that Mr. Dyce, in July, 1851, applied for an extension of time in consequence of his having to act as juror in the Great Exhibition of 1851. This was granted. In 1854, Mr. Dyce applied for further remuneration, in consequence of additional work caused by errors in the measurements. The reply to this was an additional allowance of £800, which makes the money paid for the decoration of the Queen's Robing Room amount to £5,600, the whole of which was paid in July, 1855. As a result of further correspondence, the period for the completion of the works was extended to three years beyond June, 1854. In February, 1856, Mr. Dyce applied for further remuneration, in consequence of time given to the duties of juror in 1851, but the reply of the commissioners was to the effect that any additional salary could only be given on entire approval of the works after completion.

The condition of the works is stated as this:—On the west wall the three pictures are completed; they are entitled 'Religion, or the Vision of Sir Percival and his Companions,' 'Generosity, King Arthur unhorsed is spared by his adversary,' and 'Courtesy, or Sir Tristram.' On the north wall one of the two frescoes, 'Mercy,' is completed, and Mr. Dyce is now employed on 'The Court of King Arthur,' the largest in the room.

There are therefore of works yet to be commenced and unfinished in the Queen's Robing Room, two pictures on the east side, a portion of one on the north side, and the friezes on the four sides.

The contract with Mr. Herbert mentions nine pictures, for which £9,000 were to be paid, that is to say six at £566 13*s*. 4*d*. each, one at £2,000, and two at £1,800 each. The largest picture, 'Moses bringing down the Tables of the Law,' was commenced, but Mr. Herbert having subsequently preferred the water-glass method of painting, all that he had done was cancelled. Not one picture is yet finished, but the designs for three have been submitted and approved. Mr. Herbert has received £2,500 on account of the designs.

The decoration of the Peers' corridor was given to Mr. Cope, who has painted 'The Embarcation of the Pilgrim Fathers for New England,' completed in August, 1856; 'The Burial of Charles I.,' completed in November, 1857; 'The Parting of Lord and Lady Russell,' completed in November, 1859; and the fourth, on which Mr. Cope is at present employed, is 'Charles I. erecting his Standard at Nottingham.' The sum voted for the Peers' corridor is £3,600, of which Mr. Cope has received £2,100.

The eight pictures in the Commons' corridor will be painted by Mr. E. M. Ward. Three are finished and in their places; these are—'Alice Lisle concealing the Fugitives after the Battle of Sedgemoor;' 'The Executioner tying Wishart's Book round the neck of Montrose;' and 'The Last Sleep of Argyle,' the last finished in 1858. The sum voted for the Commons' corridor is £4,200, of which Mr. Ward has received £1,800, the price of the three finished frescoes.

Mr. Maclise is occupied in the Royal Gallery with his great work 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo.' On the opposite side of the room, and corresponding in size with that picture, will be painted 'Trafalgar, the Death of Nelson;' and besides these it is proposed, in sixteen other smaller frescoes, to illustrate the military history and glory of the country. Mr. Maclise has as yet received no portion of the money voted for the Royal Gallery.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The International Exhibition, 1862.—The work prospers, not only in London, but in the provinces; and in several capitals of the continent the utmost activity prevails to second the efforts of the Commission. The event of the month, however, has been a meeting at the Society of Arts, at which H.R.H. the Prince Consort presided. Mr. Hawes read a paper on the subject, containing much that was useful, though nothing that was new; Lord Granville addressed the meeting "with much ability," and Mr. Dillon made "a very effective speech." The Prince spoke as he always does, briefly, emphatically, and to the purpose. The following sentences are of great importance, as bearing on the future of the scheme:—"Gentlemen, whatever I have done to start you in the right road I have done with great willingness and pleasure. I assure you it is a true privation to me to be prevented, by the avocations and duties of my position, from giving the same amount of time and labour to the forthcoming exhibition that I was privileged to give to the one that preceded it. Gentlemen, you will succeed. You are in earnest, and being in earnest you will succeed. I can congratulate you on the steps you have taken; you have an able body of managers, with all of whom I am well acquainted, and from my acquaintance I can say that they are thoroughly conversant with all the work you have imposed on them. You have also an able architect—a young officer of engineers—who, as alluded to by Lord Granville, has to-day shown by the work which has been opened in the Horticultural Gardens that he is capable of vast designs, novel contrivances, and is possessed of great taste. Gentlemen, I know that foreign nations look with favour upon this exhibition, and are prepared to come to measure their strength with yours. I need not repeat the warning and encouragement that Lord Granville has thrown out to the trades of this country, that they should endeavour to maintain the position they so gloriously took on the last occasion."

The Art Copyright Bill.—No further move has been made in this matter, so far as the House of Commons is concerned. It is more than probable that the Attorney-General has seen that what he was led to believe would benefit Art is in reality ruinous to it, and that, at all events, a postponement till next session is advisable. Meanwhile the secretary of the committee is not idle; he has addressed a circular to various persons, entreating them to "interest as many members of Parliament as they can to ask the reason of the delay," and suggests a "deputation to Lord Palmerston"—*after a bill has been read a first time!* The gist of the circular is, however, contained in the following passage:—"We must, above all, get aid from the Commissioners of the 1862 Exhibition, and make out a case through them that the passing of the bill is material to *the interests of that exhibition.*"

The Robbery at the Royal Academy.—On the conclusion of the hanging of the pictures at the Academy, this year, when application began to be made for the rejected works, it was discovered that seven cameos, with their mountings, which had been valued at £84, and seven pictures, had been stolen. Property of this kind abstracted under such circumstances is not likely to remain long undiscovered, and it is matter of surprise that the pictures have not yet been found. The cameos have been traced to the possession of Leopold Baldocci, an Italian modeller in the employment of another Italian, well known to sculptors, named Brucciani. On notice of the robbery being given to the pawnbrokers in the usual printed form, the assistant of a pawnbroker in the Minories, named Annis, came forward and produced one of the cameos, which led to the recovery of the others, which had all been pledged at different places. The man is committed for trial; and the Royal Academy, although "irresponsible," prosecute. The cameos were the property of Mr. Fowke, a medallist and sculptor.

The Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—On the evening of the 23rd of May, by the kind permission of the Lord Mayor, the Mansion House was thrown open to the members of this society and their friends—upwards of twelve hundred in number; on which occasion there was exhibited a collection of works of Art, containing many memorable productions that have passed the ordeal of public opinion. The Lord Mayor, who is one of the Vice-Presidents, opened the proceedings by stating that, when application was made to him, for permission to hold a *conversazione* in the Mansion House, he hesitated, and thought it his duty to weigh the matter well before acceding to the request; and, having considered the objects of the society, he concluded that he could, with great propriety, comply with the requisition. But, independently of all considerations, had he been disposed to return an unfavourable answer to the deputation, such a noble collection of works as he saw before him must have influenced him most favourably to the wish of the society. The speech of the Lord Mayor was most favourably received; after which Mr. Ottley, the indefatigable secretary, read a paper, in which was given a history of the society, its objects, and the proceedings whereby it proposes to carry them out.

Statues of Brunel and Stephenson.—It has been determined by the committee for carrying out these memorials of the distinguished engineers, which are to be executed in bronze by Baron Marochetti, that they shall be erected in the gardens of St. Margaret's, Westminster, near the statue of Canning.

The Conversazione of the Society of Arts at South Kensington, on the 1st of June, was attended by nearly five thousand ladies and gentlemen. Of course, in such a crowd, little was to be seen and less to be done; but it was a pleasant and profitable gathering, which gave rational enjoyment to many.

South London Museum.—We understand that a conversazione will be held early in the month of July, at the South Kensington Museum, on behalf of the funds of the society for the formation of the South London Museum, the first of the proposed suburban museums mooted by the late committee of the House of Commons on "public institutions." The society has been in operation for nearly a year, and has for its object to establish a museum in the midst of the thickly inhabited district of the metropolis south of the Thames, arranged upon the popular manner of that at South Kensington, with objects illustrative of all the great branches of the Fine Arts, archæology, industrial Art, and applied science. Popular lectures, delivered in the evening, when the building is proposed to be well lighted, are to hold a prominent place in the contemplated arrangements, and every feature is proposed to be studied to render the institution a great instructor of Art to the metropolis and to the immediate neighbourhood, which contains an enormous number of intelligent artizans who have at present no institution in the locality open to impart popular instruction.

The Female School of Art Bazaar.—The Bazaar at the Museum, South Kensington, in aid of the Building Fund of the Female School of Art, was sufficiently successful to render certain the object in view of sustaining the school, as one of the Art institutions of the metropolis. During the present year, bazaars have been very numerous; this, the latest, had therefore a struggle for success. It was, however, liberally supplied with gifts; several generous manufacturers sending contributions, and, as usual, there was an ample supply of "ladies' work." We trust that Miss Gann will be satisfied with the result; for to her indefatigable zeal and industry we shall be entirely indebted for averting the extinction of a most useful institution—one that essentially promotes Art, and provides remunerative employment for many young women of good positions in society. We have so often and earnestly advocated the school, that our readers will now require no more than this brief report of its progress.

Ecclesiastical Bronze Medals.—Messrs. Elkington and Co., whose efforts to give to every class of their manufactures an elevated Art-character, entitle them to unqualified praise, have recently produced a series of bronze medals illustrating five of our principal cathedrals, namely, Westminster Abbey, St. Paul's, York, Winchester, and Lincoln. They are of large size, about two inches in diameter; the reverse side presents an exterior view, the obverse the interior of the nave, except in the Westminster Abbey medal, where the choir is seen. The dies were engraved by Weiner of Brussels, and, to judge from the sharpness, clearness, and relief of the castings, are very beautifully executed. An inscription upon each notifies the date of the erection of the cathedral, and the various important alterations it has undergone since its foundation. Enclosed in a case lined with crimson velvet, no prettier gift could be offered to any one who takes an interest in numismatic works bearing the devices of our noble ecclesiastical edifices.

Gems and Illuminations have been brought from all sources for the exhibitions of the closing session of the Society of Antiquaries and the Archæological Institute. The illuminated manuscripts at the rooms of the Antiquaries were among the most valuable known, and included the Julio Clovio belonging to the Queen, and the still finer specimen, the "Last Judgment," mentioned in such glowing terms by Vasari, and which is certainly unequalled in size and beauty; it is the property of the Rev. C. Towneley, and was originally executed for the Cardinal Farnese. The Dean and Chapter of Westminster sent the Litlington service books, the Tenison Library contributed the famous Saxon Prudentius, and a host of private collectors their most valued works. In a similarly liberal spirit gems of all kinds were sent to the Institute, chief among them the far-famed Devonshire collection, including the magnificent *parure* encrusted with antique gems, made for the Countess Granville, to wear at the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas at the time when her husband the earl was ambassador to Russia. This collection, originally formed by the famous Thomas Howard, Earl of Arundel, in 1610, is, with the Bessborough Collection, the most remarkable known; both are the property of the Duke of Devonshire, and both were sent for exhibition. The busts of Manlius Scantilla and Didius Julianus are among the largest antique cameï in existence, so is the bust of the Empress Domitia on a peacock—an apotheosis of rarity and beauty. The Duke of Hamilton sent the remarkable jewel enclosing a portrait of James I.; and Mrs. Barker the jewel presented by Queen Elizabeth to Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury. These few notes may serve to show the variety and richness of both collections, which deserve a detailed catalogue.

Messrs. Benham, of Wigmore Street, have just completed a highly important addition to their establishment, for the reception of their productions in architectural and ecclesiastical metal work. A spacious new gallery has been constructed and fitted up from the designs, and under the direction, of Mr. R. Norman Shaw; it is altogether satisfactory both in its artistic treatment and in its happy adaptation to its destined uses. The collections of Art-manufactures that the Messrs. Benham have placed in their new gallery are of the highest order of excellence, and many of them are particularly remarkable for originality and ability of design, as well as for excellence of execution. We believe that in these designs the hand of the architect of the gallery may be detected. If so, we congratulate the Messrs. Benham on the sound judgment which has led them to secure the co-operation of an artist of no ordinary ability. Mr. Norman Shaw, who is practising with Mr. Street, is a young Gothic architect, who promises to attain to the highest honours of his profession; and it is gratifying to find him thus connected with practical men, who are producers of

architectural accessories. Such an alliance is honourable alike to both parties, and promises well for the future of the Art-manufactures of our country.

Messrs. Hart, of Wych Street, the well-known artist-manufacturers in the hard and also in the precious metals, have just fitted up in the Crystal Palace a truly splendid depository of their various works, chiefly of an architectural character, and for the most part executed in either brass or iron. This collection of choice examples of works of universal utility and interest, is a new feature in the Sydenham establishment which we have observed with the utmost satisfaction. Our only regret is that the authorities should not have found a more advantageous position for the Messrs. Hart's works. They now stand very near Searle's Fine Art Court, but they are too much obscured by other less worthy occupants of the adjoining space. We congratulate Mr. Bousfield, the able superintending officer of the Crystal Palace Company, on this most important addition to the collections under his care; and we trust that the enterprising exhibitors will be amply remunerated for both the thought and the money that have been so freely expended in producing this illustrative exhibition of their works.

The Marquis of Downshire has given commissions to the young Irish sculptor, O'Doherty, now settled in London, to execute for him in marble a statue of 'Alethe,' already modelled in the artist's studio, and a full-length of himself. Mr. O'Doherty's statue of 'Erin,' from which we are preparing an engraving, was also a commission from the marquis.

British Sculpture.—There is a prospect that British sculpture will, at length, obtain the consideration and the position to which it is undoubtedly entitled. His Royal Highness the Prince Consort recently received a number of the leading members of the profession, with a view to ascertain the requirements of the art in England: the immediate purpose being, we believe, the placing a series of statues in the grounds of the Horticultural Gardens: but having for its object a means of properly exhibiting the works that are annually produced in Great Britain, but which are rarely seen except by those by whom they are commissioned. We are not as yet in a position to make a more minute report; but it will be our duty to watch future proceedings—with anxiety, but also with confidence in the issue.

Hospital for Consumption, Brompton.—This valuable, useful, and well-managed institution has occasionally, as most of our readers know, been brought before their notice in our columns. We are again desirous of appealing to them on its behalf, and to ask their aid towards its support. Since the opening of the new building in 1846, the number of in-patients who have received treatment is 8,462, and the number of out-patients 55,821, each of these patients having been under medical care for a period varying from a few weeks to several months, and, in many instances, with most successful result. The annual expenditure at the present time is, even with the most careful management, upwards of £8,000, of which only about one half is derived from reliable resources, that is, from annual subscriptions; the balance must be gathered in from extraneous channels, so to speak, which channels have lately fallen short of the usual supply, while the expenses, owing to the increased price of provisions, &c., have been considerably augmented. Additional annual subscriptions, as well as voluntary contributions, are therefore greatly needed to meet the necessities of the Hospital, and to maintain its efficient working. It has a strong and urgent claim on the public, which, we trust, will not be made in vain.

Art in Australia.—An advertisement in the *Sydney Morning Herald*, recently forwarded to us by a correspondent, announces the sale by public auction, "without reserve, of one of the most elegant and chaste assortments of Water-Colour drawings!!! (*sic*) ornaments, and statuettes, &c. &c., ever seen in Sydney." To direct special attention to the sale, it is stated that—"The auctioneer feels much pleasure in having the opportunity of introducing pictures of a very rare class in Sydney, and when it is so well known that water-coloured drawings and paintings by Modern Artists (*vide* Ruskin's report) are purchased fresh from the easel at prices ranging from £100 to £1,700 each, it is to be hoped that the Australian connoisseurs will not allow this sale to escape their notice." Our correspondent writes word, that not a single *drawing* or *painting* was in the collection, which consisted of chromo-lithographic prints and Baxter's oil-prints. We do not, for an instant, suppose the knowledge of Art to be so limited in the country, as to think the "Australian connoisseurs" are to be thus imposed upon; still we recommend them to be on their guard when they enter an auction-room, where "elegant and chaste assortments," &c., are to be sold, even with the authority of "Mr. Ruskin's report," if such a document could be found.

A Statue of Sir James Outram, K.C.B., is, it is said, to be erected in Trafalgar Square, near that of Havelock; we only hope it will be better worthy its destination. The subscriptions for the work, as well as for a memorial, of a similar or another kind, of the gallant officer for erection in India, have now reached £5,000.

Mediæval Embroidery and Bookbinding.—At their rooms, in Suffolk Street, the Archæological Institute of Great Britain have formed a curious and interesting exhibition, composed, chiefly, of rare objects of mediæval embroidery and needlework, and of specimens of comparatively early bookbinding. Every such collection, in addition to its inherent value as an illustrator of the history of the past, possesses a present interest in the beneficial influence which it ought to exercise upon the productions of our own day. Happily, archæology has learned to admit its own utility in the capacity of a teacher of living students and workers; and, accordingly, in the mediæval collections to which we now refer, the Institute must be considered to have provided much of useful and valuable information for our own bookbinders, and all who are interested in texile fabrics of the highest order. There is an Art-character in early works which it is always desirable to study; and such is signally the case in the instance of the present collections. Amongst the most important specimens are a numerous series of the sacerdotal vestments of the church of Rome, including the Henry VII. cope, from Stonyhurst, the Sion cope of the 13th century, other copes, and some remarkable chasubles, with the celebrated embroidered mitre and amice of Thomas à Becket, made in 1164, which were long preserved in the cathedral of Sens, and are now exhibited by Cardinal Wiseman. (The mitre is figured in "Labarte's Handbook," p. 89.) In addition to the interesting character of their binding, many of the books exhibited are, in themselves, well worthy of examination as examples of the typographic art at an early period of its history.

The Raffaelle Picture in the Louvre, absurdly called *La Belle Jardinière*, has a rival in the possession of Mr. Kellogg, an American artist, in Cunningham Place, St. John's Wood. It is painted on a panel composed of four upright pieces of Italian poplar, which it has been ascertained was strengthened by a parquetage by M. Haquin, *rentoileur* to the royal museums in the time of Louis XV. Our knowledge of 'La Belle Jardinière' extends over a period of thirty years, but even this old acquaintance with the picture has never inspired any veneration for it. The history of the picture is not more known than that in the possession of Mr. Kellogg, which is clearly a very ancient picture, with much better claims to be considered a Raffaelle than scores of pictures attributed to him. In very much, except composition, it differs from the Louvre, and coincides in material points with the sketch at Holkham, an authentic drawing by Raffaelle, and the *première idée* of the "Jardinière." The history of Mr. Kellogg's picture is simply this—that fifty years ago it formed a principal attraction in the collection of Count Benzel Shernau, at Mariahalden, near Zurich. When M. Shernau's collection was sold, the picture realized 47,480 francs, and came into the possession of a collector, from whose heirs it was purchased by Mr. Kellogg. It has been slightly retouched here and there in reparation of injuries, but it is a brilliant picture, with quite as good a claim to be considered original as any other that cannot be traced year by year to the easel of the painter.

The Photographic Society has a grievance—its president, the Lord Chief Baron, writes strongly on the subject to the Secretary of her Majesty's Commissioners for the International Exhibition, 1862. The Commissioners have placed photography amongst carpenters' tools and agricultural implements, and naturally enough the photographers are offended. The following quotation from Sir F. Pollock's letter places this grievance in its proper light:—"The Photographic Society has been founded chiefly with a view to promote photography in connection with *science* and the *Fine Arts*, and the members interest themselves about photographic apparatus in the same manner only as a Raphael or a Reynolds might select and use the most convenient easel, the best brushes, or the most appropriate and enduring colours—the instrument is comparatively nothing. Photography consists in the artistic use of any apparatus upon a subject properly selected, and occasionally arranged and prepared. They are quite willing to contribute as much as lies in their power to illustrate what photography has done, and is daily doing—In producing the most accurate copies of the finest works of Art, ancient or modern; in multiplying representations of the fairest or the wildest scenes of nature, and whatever Art has done to adorn or improve nature in the building cities and constructing magnificent works and buildings of all sorts, from the cathedral or palace to the humblest cottage—from the bridge that spans a mighty river to the plank that crosses a brook; or in giving enduring pictures of private and domestic life. They do not complain that the apparatus they use is put among all the other apparatus, but they do complain that results such as have been exhibited for many years by the society, and have been honoured by the presence and encouragement of her Majesty and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, are deemed worthy of no better place than among tools and mechanical devices of whatever merit; and they would appeal to the royal and illustrious patrons of their body to be rescued from the comparative degradation of being mixed up with the last improvement in ploughs or cart-wheels, or ships' tackle."—We learn that the Architects are also angry with the Commissioners—that Manufacturers complain of being left without any idea of a plan—and that the Metallurgists have memorialised, desirous to know if any design exists, or if all things are to be left to the chapter of accidents.

Mr. Holman Hunt's Picture of 'Our Saviour in the Temple' is still on view at the German Gallery, with his picture of 'Claudio and Isabella,' and five water-colour drawings, the subjects of which are:—'The Plain of Rephaim from Zion,' 'Nazareth,' 'The Dead Sea from Siloam,' 'Cairo—Sunset on the Gebel Mokattum,' and 'Jerusalem during Ramazan,' all of which it is presumed have been accurately studied from the realities.

Jarrett's Marking Press.—This most ingenious and effective invention has been introduced for the purpose of marking linen, &c., by means of a press, somewhat similar in its general action to the press used for stamping envelopes, &c. Nothing can be more complete and effectual than the new press, which works with the ordinary marking-inks in the most satisfactory manner. A single press will admit the use of any number of dies, so that the linen of the various members of a family may all be marked with their appropriate names, ciphers, or heraldic insignia. The inventor and pateutee is Mr. Jarrett, of the Poultry and of Regent's Quadrant; and the presses are also to be obtained at his depôt in Searle's "Stationery Court," at the Crystal Palace. We may add, that the cost of this eminently useful invention is comparatively trifling, and that it is not by any means likely to get out of order.

Musical Notes.—M. F. Fessel has made some curious discoveries on the sensitiveness of the human ear to musical notes. The result of his experiments is that the same note is heard differently by the right and by the left ear of every individual. M. Fessel was engaged in examining the new Parisian tuning-fork, and he says,—"I observed that a fork which I had tuned by holding it to my *right* ear, while the standard was held to my *left*, when compared with the fork used for the exact pitch, made one vibration too many in the course of several seconds; which a fork tuned by being held to my *left* ear, while the standard was held to my *right*, vibrated less than the other. The fork, in accurate pitch, gave the lower note, consequently I hear all notes somewhat higher with my right ear than with my left." This experiment has been tried by M. Fessel on a great number of his musical friends, and the result is, in all cases, a difference between the two ears in their appreciation of sounds.

REVIEWS.

THE COMPLETE ANGLER; or, The Contemplative Man's Recreation. Being a Discourse of Rivers, Fish-ponds, Fish, and Fishing, written by IZAAK WALTON; and Instructions how to angle for a Trout or Grayling in a Clear Stream, by CHARLES COTTON. With original Memoirs and Notes, by Sir HARRIS NICOLAS, K.C.M.G. Second Edition. Published by NATTALI and BOND, London.

Of all the editions of Walton's and Cotton's well-known treatises on angling, this is by far the most full and comprehensive: it is not one the angler can put into the pocket of his coat to wile away the hot midday hours, when the trout are off their feed, and lie basking near the surface of the water in the bright sunshine, but consists of two large octavo volumes—originally contained in one—printed in bold type, which an octogenarian might almost read without the aid of glasses; it is, in fact, the second edition of the library copy undertaken, a quarter of a century ago, by the late Sir Harris Nicolas, for Mr. Pickering, the publisher, in Piccadilly, who employed Stothard to make drawings of the scenery described, and Inskipp of the fishes, Pickering himself selecting the notes which relate to the art. "It has been," says Sir Harris, in the preface, "to his friend, Mr. Pickering, a labour of love. Neither time nor expense was spared to produce an edition of the 'Complete Angler' worthy of the state of the Arts at the present day, and of the importance which was, in his opinion, due to the subject; and during the seven years in which the work has been in progress, his ardour never for a moment abated."

This edition of one of the most "beautiful pastorals" ever written has been too highly prized by bibliopolists, and lovers of the angle, who could afford to indulge in the luxury of possessing such a copy of their favourite author, to render any encomium of ours necessary; but it has long been out of print, and we are glad that the appearance of a second edition, after the lapse of so many years, affords us the opportunity of commending it to notice. It may be as well to observe that the text of the "Complete Angler" is that of Walton's own fifth edition, published in 1676, which was the last revised by the author, the variations between it and the four previous editions being carefully indicated at the foot of each page. These variations are often curious, as Walton very considerably enlarged the second and the fifth editions of his work.

Stothard's illustrations look quaint to eyes accustomed to more recent works of this kind; but the peculiarity is rather a recommendation than otherwise, as it seems to be more in harmony with the period in which the book was written.

ICE BOUND. By WALTER THORNBURY, Author of "British Artists from Hogarth to Turner," "Every Man His Own Trumpeter," &c. &c. Published by HURST & BLACKETT, London.

Recollecting how constantly Mr. Thornbury appears in print before the public, he must be allowed to be a very prolific author, with a vast amount of literary material at command: to expect him to be at the same time a profound writer, would be to argue against reason; weight is an impediment to velocity, and deep streams flow more slowly than shallow. There must be a class of writers to suit readers who require amusement, as well as a class for those thirsting after knowledge and instruction. Mr. Thornbury's works will find ready acceptance with the former.

But it must not, therefore, be inferred that his writings are only the spontaneous growth of a fertile imagination, and that they cost neither labour nor thought; the simple historical incidents on which his stories are generally based, with all the correlative descriptions woven into them, show that no small amount of research, and no insignificant degree of information have been expended in the collecting and working up of his materials. His strength lies in description rather than in character, dealing more with scenes and situations than with motives, and feelings, and ingeniously-constructed plots; he sustains the interest of a sententious dialogue, without a too close analysis of the promptings which call forth the words. "Ice Bound" is a work precisely of this nature: its title affords no clue to the contents, but appears to have been adopted as a kind of literary peg whereon to hang a series of tales. The officers of a ship frozen up in the Arctic regions, after adopting various projects for wiling away the long dreary winter, and pursuing them till everybody was wearied *ad nauseam*, agree at last to attempt something not yet tried. An officer suggests "that any one of us, from the first lieutenant to the surgeon's assistant, who had any taste for writing, should at once set to and write by turns a short novel or story, to be read aloud three times a week, so many chapters an evening, after the tantalizing system adopted by the delightful lady in the 'Arabian Nights.' A Charles the Second story, an Egyptian romance, some Welsh tales, and a novel of the time of the Roman Emperor Tiberius, were instantly promised." These, then, are the ingredients of Mr. Thornbury's three volumes, and he has worked up his materials, with his usual dextrous and ready pen, into most amusing and striking stories, sketchy, but yet lively and vigorous; the variety of subjects, time, place, and characters, is, perhaps, more attractive than one continuous tale would have proved.

We must, however, take exception to the first chapter of "The Madman's Novel," a tale of the time of Tiberius, the idea of which is partly borrowed from the late Dr. Croly's "Salathiel;" but Mr. Thornbury speaks with far less reverence than did that eloquent divine and writer of the great mysterious events which took place at Jerusalem during the reign of the Roman emperor. The men whom Christ raised from the dead, or restored to sight, are not the characters to be introduced into a novel in a light and somewhat flippant way, in company with African snake-charmers and the worshippers of Venus and Bacchus. Least of all, should the agonizing journey from the Hall of Judgment to the summit of Calvary be associated with the jests of the Hebrew scorner and the young Roman voluptuary. All this is evidence of bad taste, to say nothing more, and we regret to see it in a book which otherwise has our commendation.

A WEEK AT THE LAND'S END. By J. T. BLIGHT. Published by LONGMAN, GREEN, LONGMAN & CO., London.

Cornwall—or, at least, its westernmost point—appears to offer but little attraction to the tourist. Ask the father of a family, or even a bachelor friend, where the former is going to take "the girls," or the latter himself, this summer, and the chances are a thousand to one against the reply being "Cornwall." Distance cannot, in the present day, be always an obstacle, for it is as accessible as many other places which find abundance of visitors; it is ignorance of the beauties of the county, and of its interesting local and historical associations, that deters travellers from going there. But if such are looking out for new ground, now that summer has at length broken in upon us warmly and cheerily, let them consult Mr. Blight's little volume, carefully compiled and neatly illustrated, and then consider whether it would not be worth while to penetrate beyond the verdant slopes and wooded hills of Devonshire into the rocky yet picturesque and not unfertile region of the extreme west of England, whither the Phœnicians came for its metallic riches, and over which the Roman legions marched. We can scarcely doubt of a verdict in its favour.

The coast scenery of this district is very magnificent, scarcely surpassed by any in the British dominions; a few weeks may be spent here, not only pleasantly but profitably: here is a mine of wealth for the antiquarian, the botanist, and the geologist, such as scarcely any other locality can supply, all of which Mr. Blight talks about and shows in a most agreeable and inviting manner, without losing sight of the historical events—many of them highly interesting—which, as he introduces them, seem as *reliefs* to the scientific descriptions. We are perfectly ready to endorse his opinion that—"Those who wish to behold nature in her grandest aspect, those who love the sea-breezes, and the flowers which grow by the cliffs, the cairns and monumental rocks, all hoary and bearded with moss, those who are fond of the legends and traditions of old, and desire to tread on ground sacred to the peculiar rites and warlike deeds of remote ages, should visit the land of old Cornwall, of which it will be found that the district of Bolerium" (that is, the Land's End) "is not the least interesting portion."

THE MAY QUEEN. By ALFRED TENNYSON. Illuminated by Mrs. W. H. HARTLEY. Chromo-lithographed by W. R. TYMMS. Published by DAY & SON, London.

The poet-laureate's touching lyric of "The May Queen" is an excellent subject for floral illustration, and Mrs. Hartley has employed it in an exceedingly graceful and appropriate manner. Each verse is surrounded with a border of wild or garden flowers and plants alluded to in, or suggested by, the lines of the writer, some printed on a gold ground, some on white, and others on tints, producing an agreeable variety combined with harmony of design. Two or three of the pages are particularly entitled to notice for their pretty ornamentation; as, what we shall call the "honeysuckle" page, the "cowslip and crowfoot," the "holly-berry," the "snowdrop," the "field grass," the "mignionette," and the "forget-me-not." The title-page, with its sprigs of pink and white hawthorn, is among the best of the series. Here is an elegant volume that deserves a welcome in any home; it goes forth to the world with our hearty "*Bon Voyage*."

H.R.H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE, K.G. Engraved by T. O. BARLOW, from the Picture by J. LUCAS. Published by FORES & CO., London.

A full-length portrait of the popular commander-in-chief, standing, in undress uniform, and holding his plumed hat in hand, under the shadow of a noble oak-tree. Like Hotspur, he leans on his sword, but unlike the bold Northumbrian, the duke is not "breathless and faint," though there is a charge of cavalry in his rear; however, the towers in the distance are those of Windsor, and the noise and smoke of battle are probably nothing more than what proceed from a review in the Great Park adjacent to the royal castle. The figure stands well, in a manly, yet easy, attitude; the head, with its high, bald forepart, comes out clear and distinct from a background of dark sky, showing to great advantage a countenance whose likeness to the father of the duke is recognised by all who knew both. Those estimable traits of characters which made the latter so great a favourite are inherited by the son, and have not been lost sight of by the artist in the picture which Mr. Barlow has transferred into black and white with very considerable power and artistic effect.

PUCK ON PEGASUS. By H. CHOLMONDELEY PENNELL. Illustrated by LEECH, PHIZ, PORTCH, and TENNIEL; with a Frontispiece by G. CRUIKSHANK. Engraved by DALZIEL BROTHERS, JOSEPH SWAIN, JOHN SWAIN, and E. EVANS. Published by J. C. HOTTEN, London.

Every attempt that has been made to rival Hood's humorous writings has failed; they do, and ever will, stand alone: still this is no reason why other authors should not ride their own hobbies over the same course; and Mr. Pennell has placed Puck on the winged Pegasus, and given the rein to his imagination in a series of droll poems fashioned after the similitude of Longfellow, Tennyson, Martin Tupper, Macaulay, Southey, and others. They are clever imitations of the styles of these respective writers, and are not without considerable humour; but the comedy is generally rather of the "low" than the "genteel" kind, and the book, notwithstanding its gay exterior, is certainly not one to grace a lady's boudoir. "The Night Mail North" shows Mr. Pennell to have power of thought and expression, which, if judiciously directed, might be turned to a good and profitable account. The illustrations are worthy of *Punch*, which is the highest compliment we can pay them.

"ECCE FILIUS TUUS"—"ECCE MATER." Engraved by R. STANG, from the Picture by G. GUFFENS. Published by J. PHILP, London.

This is a small engraving from one of the numerous scriptural subjects emanating from the modern school of German painters; the subject is exquisite in the expression of feeling, and graceful in the arrangement of the group at the foot of the cross. The Virgin mother and the beloved disciple have joined hands, to ratify, as it were, the last injunction of Christ; and Mary Magdalen bows herself down by their side, hiding her face to conceal the grief occasioned by her irreparable loss. The whole composition is full of deep, sorrowful sentiment, and is very delicately engraved; the sky, however, is thin, hard, and unpicturesque in its cloud-forms.

WHERE SHALL WE GO? A Guide to the Watering Places of England, Scotland, and Ireland. Published by A. and C. BLACK, Edinburgh.

The second edition of a cheap and very useful guide-book which came under our notice last summer, and which we then recommended to health and pleasure-seekers preparing for a journey into the country. We speak of it again to remark that this new edition seems to have been very carefully revised, and that the matter is rather more ample than in the preceding. The only objection one who desires to "go" somewhere would urge against it is, the difficulty it presents to making a selection; the temptations to travel east, west, north, or south of the metropolis, seem equally great.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, AUGUST 1, 1861.

THE HERMITS AND RECLUSES OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

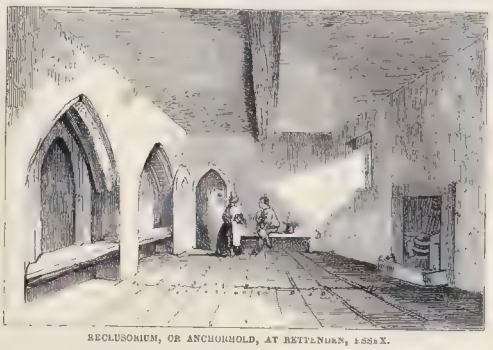
PART II.

To come to a more particular description of the anchorhold. Just as a monastery might be large or small in magnitude, simple or gorgeous in style, with more or fewer of offices and appendages, according to the number and wealth of the establishment, yet there was always a certain suite of conventual buildings, church, chapter, refectory, dormitory, &c., arranged in a certain order, which formed the cloister; and this cloister was the nucleus of all the rest of the buildings of the establishment; so, in a reclusorium, or anchorhold, there was always a "cell" of a certain construction, to which all things else, parlours or chapels, apartments for servants or guests, yards and gardens, were accidental appendages. Bader's rule for recluses in Bavaria * describes the dimensions and plan of the cell minutely; the *domus inclusi* was to be 12 feet long by as many broad, and was to have three windows—one towards the choir (of the church to which it was attached), through which he might receive the Holy Sacrament; another on the opposite side, through which he might receive his victuals; and a third to give light, which last ought always to be closed with glass or horn.

The reader will have already gathered from the preceding extracts that the reclusorium was sometimes a house of timber or stone within the churchyard, and most usually adjoining the church itself. At the west end of Laindon Church, Essex, there is a unique erection of timber, of which we here give a representation. It has been modernized in appearance by the insertion of windows and doors; and there are no architectural details of a character to reveal with certainty its date, but in its mode of construction—the massive timbers being placed close together—and in its general appearance, there is an air of considerable antiquity. It is improbable that a house would be erected in such a situation after the Reformation, and it accords generally with the descriptions of a recluse house. Probably, however, many of the anchorholds attached to churches were of smaller dimensions; sometimes, perhaps, only a single little timber apartment on the ground floor, or sometimes probably raised upon an under croft, according to a common custom in mediæval domestic buildings. Very probably some of those little windows which occur in many of our churches, in various situations, at various heights, and which, under the name of "low side windows," have formed the subject of so much discussion among ecclesiologists, may have been the windows of such anchorholds. The peculiarity of these windows is that they are sometimes merely a square opening, which originally was not glazed, but closed with a shutter; sometimes a small glazed window, in a position where it was clearly not intended to light the church generally; sometimes a window has a stone transom across, and the upper part is glazed, while the lower part is closed only by a shutter. It is clear that some of these may have served to enable the anchorite, living in a cell *outside* the church, to see the altar. It seems to have been such a window which is alluded to in the following incident from Mallory's "Prince Arthur" (iii., lxiii.):—"Then Sir Launcelot armed him and took his horse, and as he rode that way he saw a chapel where was a recluse, which had a window that she might see up to the altar; and all aloud she called Sir Launcelot, because he seemed a knight arraut. . . . . And (after a long conversation) she commanded Launcelot to dinner." Others of these low side windows may have been for the use of wooden anchorholds built *within* the church, combining two of the usual three windows of the cell, viz., the one to give light, and the one through which to receive food and communicate with the outer world. There is one anchorhold still remaining in a tolerably unmutilated state at Retteuden, Essex. It is a stone building of the fifteenth century date, of two stories, adjoining the north side of the chancel. It is entered by a rather elaborately moulded doorway from the chancel. The lower story is now used as a vestry, and is lighted by a modern window broken through its east wall; but it is described as having been a dark room, and there is no trace of any original window. In the north wall, and towards the east, is a bracket, such as would hold a small statue or a lamp. In the west side of this room, on the left immediately on entering it from the chancel, is the door of a stone winding stair (built up in the nave aisle, but now screened towards the aisle by a very large monument), which gives access to the upper story. This is a room which very exactly agrees with the description of a recluse's cell, and we here give a representation of it. On the south side are two arched niches, in which are stone benches, and the back of the easternmost of these niches is pierced by a small arched window, now blocked up, which looked down upon the altar. On the north side is a chimney, now filled with a modern fireplace, but the chimney is a part of the original building; and on the west side of the chimney is a small square opening, now filled with modern glazing, but the hook upon which the original shutter hung still remains. This window is not splayed in the usual mediæval manner, but is recessed in such a way as to allow the head of a person to look out, and especially down, with facility. On the exterior this window is about 10 feet from the ground. In this respect it resembles the situation of a low side window in Prior Crawden's Chapel, Ely Cathedral,* which is on the first floor, having a room, lighted only by narrow slits, beneath it; and at the Sainte Chapelle, in Paris, there is a similar example, at a still greater height from the ground, which is the more remarkable from the fact of there being a second chapel below. The east side of the Rettenden reclusorium has now a modern window, probably occupying the place of the original window which gave light to the cell. The stair-turret at the top of the winding staircase, seems to have been intended to serve for a little closet: it obtained some light through a small loop which looked out into the north aisle of the church; the wall on the north side of it is recessed so as to form a shelf, and a square slab of stone, which looks like a portion of a thirteenth century coffin-stone, is laid upon the top of the newel, and fitted into the wall, so as to form another shelf or little table.



LAINDON CHURCH, ESSEX.



RECLUSORIUM, OR ANCHORHOLD, AT RETTENDEN, ESSEX.

At East Horndon Church, Essex, there are two transept-like projections from the nave. In the one on the south there is a monumental niche in the south wall, upon the back of which are the indents of the brasses of a man and wife and several children; and there is a tradition, with which these indents are altogether inconsistent, that the heart of the unfortunate Queen Anne Bullen is interred

* Fosbroke's "British Monachism," p. 372.

* Engraved in the "Archæological Journal," iv., p. 320.

therein. Over this is a chamber, open to the nave, and now used as a gallery, approached by a modern wooden stair; and there is a projection outside which looks like a chimney, carried out from this floor upwards. The transeptal projection on the north side is very similar in plan. On the ground floor there is a wide, shallow, cinque-foil headed niche (partly blocked) in the east wall; and there is a wainscot ceiling, very neatly divided into rectangular panels by moulded ribs of the date of about Henry VIII. The existence of the chamber above was unknown until the present rector discovered a doorway in the east wall of the ground floor, which, on being opened, gave access to a stone staircase behind the east wall, which led up into a first-floor chamber, about 12 feet from east to west, and 8 feet from north to south: the birds had had access to it through an unglazed window in the north wall for an unknown period, and it was half filled with their nests; the floor planks were quite decayed. There is no trace of a chimney here. It is now opened out to the nave to form a gallery. Though we do not find in these two first-floor chambers the arrangements which could satisfy us that they were recluse cells, yet it is very probable that they were habitable chambers, inhabited, if not by recluses, perhaps by chantry priests, serving chantry chapels of the Tyrrells.

Mr. M. H. Bloxman, in an interesting paper in the Transactions of the Lincoln Diocesan Architectural Society, mentions several other anchorholds:—"Adjoining the little mountain church of S. Patricio, about five miles from Crickhowel, South Wales, is an attached building or cell. It contains on the east side a stone altar, above which is a small window, now blocked up, which looked towards the altar; but there was no other internal communication between this cell and the church, to the west end of which it is annexed; it appears as if destined for a recluse who was also a priest." Mr. Bloxam mentions some other examples, very much resembling the one described at Rettenden. The north transept of Clifton Campville Church, Staffordshire, a structure of the fourteenth century, is vaulted and groined with stone; it measures 17 feet from north to south, and 12 feet from east to west. Over this is a loft or chamber, apparently an anchorhold or *domus inclusi*, access to which is obtained by means of a newell staircase in the south-east angle, from a doorway at the north-east angle of the chancel. A small window on the south side of this chamber, now blocked up, afforded a view into the interior of the church. The roof of this chamber has been lowered, and all the windows blocked up.

"On the north side of the chancel of Chipping Norton Church, Oxfordshire, is a revestry which still contains an ancient stone altar, with its appurtenances, viz., a piscina in the wall on the north side, and a bracket for an image projecting from the east wall, north of the altar. Over this revestry is a loft or chamber, to which access is obtained by means of a staircase in the north-west angle. Apertures in the wall enabled the recluse, probably a priest, here dwelling, to overlook the chancel and north aisle of the church.

"Adjoining the north side of the chancel of Warmington Church, Warwickshire, is a revestry, entered through an ogee-headed doorway in the north wall of the chancel, down a descent of three steps. This revestry contains an ancient stone altar, projecting from a square-headed window in the east wall, and near the altar, in the same wall, is a piscina. In the south-west angle of this revestry is a flight of stone steps, leading up to a chamber or loft. This chamber contains, in the west wall, a fireplace, in the north-west angle a retiring-closet, or jakes, and in the south wall a small pointed window, of decorated character, through which the high altar in the chancel might be viewed. In the north wall there appears to have been a pointed window, filled with decorated tracery, and in the east wall is another decorated window. This is one of the most interesting and complete specimens of the *domus inclusi* I have met with."*

The chamber which is so frequently found over the porch of our churches, often with a fireplace, and sometimes with a closet within it, may probably have sometimes been inhabited by a recluse. Chambers are also sometimes found in the towers of churches.* Mr. Bloxam mentions a room, with a fireplace, in the tower of Upton Church, Nottinghamshire. Again, at Boyton Church, Wiltshire, the tower is on the north side of the church, "and adjoining the tower on the west side, and communicating with it, is a room which appears to have been once permanently inhabited, and in the north-east angle of this room is a fireplace."

We have already hinted that it is not improbable that timber anchorholds were sometimes erected inside our churches. Or perhaps the recluse lived in the church itself, or, more definitely, in a par-closed chantry chapel, without any chamber being purposely built for him. The indications which lead us to this supposition are these: there is sometimes an ordinary domestic fireplace to be found inside the church. For instance, in the north aisle of Layer Marney Church, Essex, the western part of the aisle is screened off for the chantry of Lord Marney, whose tomb has the chantry altar still remaining, set crosswise at the west end of the tomb; in the eastern division of the aisle there is an ordinary domestic fireplace in the north wall. There is a similar fireplace, of about the same date, in Sir Thomas Bullen's church of Hever, in Kent.

Again, we sometimes find beside one of the low side-windows already spoken of, an arrangement which shows that it was intended for some one habitually to sit there. Thus, at Somerton, Oxfordshire, on the north side of the chancel, is a long and narrow window, with decorated tracery in the head; the lower part is divided by a thick transom, and does not appear to have been glazed. In the interior the wall is recessed beside the window, with a sort of shoulder, exactly adapted to give room for a seat, in such a position that its occupant would get the full benefit of the light through the glazed upper part of the little window, and would be in a convenient position for conversing through the unglazed lower portion of it.

At Elsfield Church, Oxfordshire, there is an early English lancet window, similarly divided by a transom, the lower part, now blocked up, having been originally unglazed, and the sill of the window in the interior has been formed into a stone seat and desk. We reproduce here a view of the latter from



LANCET WINDOW, ELSFIELD CHURCH.

the "Oxford Architectural Society's Guide to the neighbourhood of Oxford." Perhaps in such instances as these, the recluse may have been a priest serving a chantry altar, and licensed, perhaps, to hear confessions,† for which the seat beside the little open window would be a convenient arrangement. Lord Scrope's will has already told us of a chaplain dwelling continually (*commoranti continuo*) in the church of St. Nicholas, Gloucester, and of the anchorite living in the parish church of Stamford. Knighton gives us some particulars of one who lived at Leicester. "There was," he says, "in those days at Leicester, a certain priest, hight William of Swynderby, whom they commonly called William the Hermit, because, for a long time, he had lived the heremitical life there; they received him into a certain chamber within the church, because of the holiness they believed to be in him, and they procured for him victuals, and a pension, after the manner of other priests."*

In the "Test. Ebor.," p. 244, we find a testator leaving "to the chantry chapel of Kenby my red vestment, . . . also the great missal and the great portifer, which I bought of Dominus Thomas Cope, priest and anchorite in that chapel." Blomfield also (ii. 75) tells us of a hermit, who lived in St. Cuthbert's Church, Thetford, and performed divine service therein.

Who has not, at some time, been deeply impressed by the solemn stillness, the holy calm, of an empty church? Earthly passions, and cares, and ambitions, seemed to have died within us; one's soul was filled with a spiritual peace, a pleasing melancholy. One stood and listened to the wind surging against the walls outside, as the waves of the sea may beat against the walls of an engulphed temple, and one felt as effectually secluded from the surge and roar of the worldly life outside the sacred walls, as if in such a temple at the bottom of the sea. One gazed upon the monumental effigies, with their hands clasped in an endless prayer, and their passionless marble faces turned for ages heavenward, and read their mouldering epitaphs, and moralized on the royal preacher's text—"All is vanity and vexation of spirit." And then one felt the disposition—and, perhaps, indulged it—to kneel before the altar, all alone with God, in that still and solemn church, and pour out one's high-wrought thoughts before Him. I suppose at such times one has tasted something of the transcendental charm of the life of a recluse priest. One could not sustain the tension long. Perhaps the old recluse, with his experience and his aids, could maintain it for a longer period. But to him, too, the natural reaction must have come in time; and then he had his mechanical occupations to fall back upon—trimming the lamps before the shrines, copying his manuscript, or illuminating its initial letters; perhaps, for health's sake, he took a daily walk up and down the aisle of the church, whose roof re-echoed his measured footsfall; then he had his oft-recurring "hours" to sing, and his books to read; and, to prevent the long hours which were still left him in that little parclosed chapel from growing too wearily monotonous, there came, now and then, a tap at the shutter of his "parlour" window, which heralded the visit of some poor soul, seeking counsel or comfort in his difficulties of this world or the next, or some pilgrim bringing news of distant lands, or some errant knight seeking news of adventures, or some parishioner, come honestly to have a dish of gossip with the holy man, about the good and evil doings of his neighbours.

There is a pathetic anecdote in Blomfield's "Norfolk," which will show that the spirit and the tradition of the old recluse priests survived the Reformation. The Rev. Mr. John Gibbs, formerly rector of Gessing, in that county, was ejected from his rectory in 1690 as a non-juror. "He was an odd but harmless man, both in life and conversation. After his ejection he dwelt in the north porch chamber, and laid on the stairs that led up to the rood-loft, between the church and chancel, having a window at his head, so that he could lie in his narrow couch, and see the altar. He lived to be very old, and was buried at Frenze."

Let us turn again to the female recluse, in her anchor-house outside the church. How was her cell furnished? It had always a little altar at the east end, before which the recluse paid her frequent devotions, hearing, besides, the daily mass in church through her window, and receiving the Holy Sacrament at stated times. Bishop Poore advises his recluses to receive it only fifteen times a year. The little square unglazed window was closed with a

* Reports of the Lincoln Diocesan Archæological Society for 1853, pp. 359-60.

* Peter, abbot of Clugny, tells us of a monk and priest of that abbey who had for a cell an oratory in a very high and remote steeple-tower, consecrated to the honour of St. Michael the archangel. Here, devoting himself to divine meditation night and day, he mounted high above mortal things, and seemed with the angels to be present at the nearer vision of his Maker.

† In the Lichfield Registers we find that, on February 10, 1409, the bishop granted to Brother Richard Goldestone, late canon of Wombrugge, now recluse at Prior's Lee, near Shiffenale, license to hear confessions.—*History of Whalley*, p. 55.

* "Twysden's "Henry de Knighton," vol. ii. p. 2665.

shutter, and a black curtain with a white cross upon it also hung before the opening, through which the recluse could converse without being seen. The walls appear to have been sometimes painted—of course with devotional subjects. If we add a comfortable carved oak chair, and a little table, an embroidery frame, and such like appliances for needlework, a book of prayers, and another of saintly legends, not forgetting Bishop Poore's "Ancren Riewle," a fire on the hearth in cold weather, and the cat, which Bishop Poore expressly allows, purring beside it, we have our scene, and we need only paint in our recluse, in her black habit and veil, seated in her chair, or prostrate before her little altar, or on her knees beside her church window, listening to the chanted mass, or receiving her basket of food from her servant, through the open parlour window, or standing before its black curtain, conversing with a stray knight-errant, or putting her white hand through it, to give an alms to some village crone or wandering beggar, to complete our picture of the interior of a reclusorium.

A few extracts from Bishop Poore's "Ancren Riewle," already several times alluded to, will give life to the picture we have painted. Though intended for the general use of recluses, it seems to have been specially addressed, in the first instance, to three sisters, who, in the bloom of youth, forsook the world, and became the tenants of a reclusorium. It would seem that in such cases each recluse had a separate cell, and did not communicate, except on rare occasions, with her fellow inmates; and each had her own separate servant to wait upon her. Here are some particulars as to their communication with the outer world. "Hold no conversation with any man out of a church window, but respect it for the sake of the Holy Sacrament which ye see there through;* and at other times (other whiles) take your women to the window of the house (huses thurle), other men and women to the parlour-window to speak when necessary; nor ought ye (to converse) but at these two windows." Here we have three windows; we have no difficulty in understanding which was the church-window, and the parlour-window—the window *pour parler;* but what was the house-window, through which the recluse might speak to her servant? Was it merely the third glazed window through which she might, if it were convenient, talk with her maid, but not with strangers, because she would be seen through it? or was it a window in the larger anchorholds, between the recluse cell, and the other apartment in which her maid lived, and in which, perhaps, guests were entertained? The latter seems the more probable explanation, and will receive further confirmation when we come to the directions about the entertainment of guests. The recluse was not to give way to the very natural temptation to put her head out of the open window, to get sometimes a wider view of the world about her. "A peering anchoress, who is always thrusting her head outward," he compares to "an untamed bird in a cage"—poor human bird! In another place he gives a more serious exhortation on the same subject. "Is not she too forward and foolhardy who holds her head boldly forth on the open battlements while men with crossbow bolts without assail the castle? Surely our foe, the warrior of hell, shoots, as I ween, more bolts at one anchoress than at seventy and seven secular ladies. The battlements of the castle are the windows of their houses; let her not look out at them, lest she have the devil's bolts between her eyes before she even thinks of it." Here are directions how to carry on her parlements:—"First of all, when you have to go to your parlour-window, learn from your maid who it is that is come; . . . . and when you must needs go forth, go forth in the fear of God to a priest, ... and sit and listen, and not cackle." They were to be on their guard even with religious men, and not even confess, except in presence of a witness. "If any man requests to see you (*i.e.* to have the black curtain drawn aside), ask him what good might come of it. . . . If any one become so mad and unreasonable that he puts forth his hand toward the window-cloth (curtain), shut the window (*i.e.* close the shutter) quickly, and leave him; . . . . and as soon as any man falls into evil discourse, close the window, and go away with this verse, that he may hear it, 'The wicked have told me foolish tales, but not according to thy law;' and go forth before your altar, and say the 'Miserere.'" Again, "Keep your hands within your windows, for handling or touching between a man and an anchoress is a thing unnatural, shameful, wicked," &c.

The bishop adds a characteristic touch of colour to our picture when he speaks of the fair complexions of the recluses because not sunburnt, and their white hands through not working, both set in strong relief by the black colour of the habit and veil. He says, indeed, that "since no man seeth you, nor ye see any man, ye may be content with your clothes white or black." But in practice they seem usually to have worn black habits, unless, when attached to the church of any monastery, they may have worn the habit of the order. They were not to wear rings, brooches, ornamented girdles, or gloves. "An anchoress," he says, "ought to take sparingly (of alms), only that which is necessary (*i.e.* she ought not to take alms to give away again). If she can spare any fragments of her food, let her send them away (to some poor person) privately out of her dwelling. For the devil," he says elsewhere, "tempts anchoresses, through their charity, to collect to give to the poor, then to a friend, then to make a feast." "There are anchoresses," he says, "who make their meals with their friends without; that is too much friendship." The editor thinks this to mean that some anchoresses left their cells, and went to dine at the houses of their friends; but the word is *gistes* (guests), and, more probably, it only means that the recluse ate her dinner in her cell while a guest ate his in the guest-room of the reclusorium, with an open window between, so that they could see and converse with one another. For we find in another place that she was to maintain "silence always at meals; . . . . and if any one hath a guest whom she holds dear, she may cause her maid, as in her stead, to entertain her friend with glad cheer, and she shall have leave to open her window once or twice, and make signs to her of gladness." But "let no *man* eat in your presence, except he be in great need;" and, as we have already seen, in the case of Sir Percival, a man might even sleep in the reclusorium. "Let no man sleep within your walls (as a general rule). If, however, great necessity should cause your house to be used (by travellers), see that ye have a woman of unspotted life with you day and night."

As to their occupations, he advises them to make "no purses and blodbendes of silk, but shape and sew and mend church vestmeuts, and poor peoples' clothes, and help to clothe yourselves and your domestics." "An anchoress must not become a school-mistress, nor turn her house into a school for children. Her maiden may, however, teach any little girl concerning whom it might be doubtful whether she should learn among the boys."*

Doubtless, we are right in inferring from the bishop's advice not to do certain things, that anchoresses were in the habit of doing them. From this kind of evidence we glean still further traits. He suggests to them that in confession they will perhaps have to mention such faults as these, "I played or spoke thus in the church; went to the play in the churchyard;† looked on at this, or at the wrestling, or other foolish sports; spoke thus, or played in the presence of secular men, or of religious men, in a house of anchorites, and at a different window than I ought; or, being alone in the church, I thought thus." Again he mentions, "Sitting too long at the parlour-window, spilling ale, dropping crumbs." Again we find, "Make no banquetings, nor encourage any strange vagabonds about the gate." But of all their failings, gossiping seems to have been the besetting sin of anchoresses. "People say of anchoresses that almost every one hath an old woman to feed her ears, a prating gossip, who tells her all the tales of the land, a magpie that chatters to her of everything that she sees or hears; so that it is a common saying, from mill and from market, from smithy and from anchor-house, men bring tidings."

Let us add the sketch drawn of them by the unfavourable hand of Bilney the Reformer, in his "Reliques of Rome," published in 1563, and we have done:—"As touching the monastical sect of recluses, and such as be shutte up within walls, there unto death continuall to remayne, giving themselves to the mortification of carnal effectes, to the contemplation of heavenly and spirituall thinges, to abstinence, to prayer, and to such other ghostly exercises as men dead to the world, and havyng their lyfe hidden with Christ, I have not to write. Forasmuch as I cannot fynde probably in any author whence the profession of anckers and anckresses had the beginning and foundation, although in this behalf I have talked with men of that profession which could very little or nothing say of the matter. Notwithstanding, as the Whyte Fryers father that order on Helias the prophet (but falsely), so likewise do the ankers and ankresses make that holy and virtuous matrone Judith their patroness and foundress; but how unaptly who seeth not? Their profession and religion differeth as far from the manners of Judith as light from darknesse, or God from the devill, as it shall manifestly appere to them that will diligentlye conferre the history of Judith with their life and conversation. Judith made herself a privy chamber where she dwelt (sayth the scripture), being closed in with her maydens. Our recluses also close themselves within the walls, but they suffer no man to be there with them. Judith ware a smoche of heare, but our recluses are both softly and finely apparalled. Judith fasted all the days of her lyfe, few excepted. Our recluses eate and drinke at all tymes of the beste, being of the number of them *qui curios simulant et Bacchanalia vivunt.* Judith was a woman of a very good report. Our recluses are reported to be superstitious and idolatrous persons, and such as all good men flye their company. Judith feared the Lord greatly, and lyved according to His holy word. Our recluses fear the pope, and glady doe what his pleasure is to command them. Judith lyved of her own substance and goods, putting no man to charge. Our recluses, as persons only borne to consume the good fruits of the erth, lyve idely of the labour of other men's handes. Judith, when tyme required, came out of her closet, to do good unto other. Our recluses never come out of their lobbies, sincke or swimme the people. Judith put herself in jeopardy for to do good to the common countrye. Our recluses are unprofitable clods of the earth, doing good to no man. Who seeth not now how farre our ankers and ankresses differe from the manners and life of this vertuous and godly woman Judith, so that they cannot justly claime her to be their patronesse? Of some idle and superstitious heremite borrowed they their idle and superstitious religion. For who knoweth not that our recluses have grates of yron in theyr speluncke, and dennes out of the which they looke, as owles out of an yvye todde, when they will vouchsafe to speake with any man at whose hand they hope for advantage? So reade we in 'Vitis Patrum,' that John the Heremite so enclosed himself in his hermitage that no person came in unto him; to them that came to visite him he spoke through a window onely. Our ankers and ankresses professe nothing but a solitary lyfe in their hallowed house, wherein they are inclosed wyth the vowe of obedience to the pope, and to their ordinary bishop. Their apparel is indifferent, so it be dissonant from the laity. No kind of meates they are forbidden to eat. At midnight they are bound to say certain prayers. Their profession is counted to be among other professions so hardye and so streight that they may by no means be suffered to come out of their houses except it be to take on them an harder and streighter, which is to be made a bishop."

It is not to be expected that mediæval paintings should give illustrations of persons who were thus never visible in the world. In the pictures of the hermits of the Egyptian desert, on the walls of the Campo Santo at Pisa, we see a representation of St. Anthony holding a conversation with St. John the Hermit, who is just visible through his grated window, "like an owl in an ivy tod," as Bilney says; and we have already given a picture of Sir Percival knocking at the door of a female recluse. Bilney says, that they wore any costume, "so it were dis-

* The translator of this book for the Camden Society's edition of it, says "therein," but the word in the original Saxon English is "ther thurgh." It refers to the window looking into the church, through which the recluse looked down daily upon the celebration of the mass.

* Who then taught the boys?—the parish priest?

† These two expressions seem to imply that the recluse sometimes went out of her cell, not only into the church, but also into the churchyard. We have already noticed that the technical word "cell" seems to have included everything within the enclosure wall of the whole establishment. Is it possible that in the case of these cells adjoining churches, the churchyard wall represented this enclosure, and the "cell" included both church and churchyard?

sonant from the laity;" but in all probability they commonly wore a costume similar in colour to that of the male hermits. The picture which we here give of an anchoress, is taken from a figure of St Paula, one of the anchorite saints of the desert, in the same picture of St. Jerome, which has already



ST. PAULA.

supplied us, in the figure of St. Damasus, with our best picture of the hermit's costume.

The service for enclosing a recluse may be found in some of the old Service Books. We derive the following account of it from an old black-letter *Manuale ad usum percelebris ecclesie Sarisburiensis* (London, 1554), in the British Museum. The rubric before the service orders that no one shall be enclosed without the bishop's leave; that the candidate shall be closely questioned as to his motives; that he shall be taught not to entertain proud thoughts, as if he merited to be set apart from intercourse with common men, but rather that, on account of his own infirmity, it was good that he should be removed from contact with others, that he might be kept out of sin himself, and not contaminate others. So that the recluse should esteem himself to be condemned for his sins, and shut up in his solitary cell as in a prison, and unworthy, for his sins, of the society of men. There is a note, that this rule shall serve for both sexes. On the day before the ceremony of inclusion, the includendus—the person about to be inclosed—was to confess, and to fast that day on bread and water; and all that night he was to watch and pray, having his wax taper burning, in the monastery,* near his inclusorium. On the morrow, all being assembled in church, the bishop, or priest appointed by him, first addressed an exhortation to the people who had come to see the ceremony, and to the includendus himself, and then began the service with a response, and several appropriate psalms and collects. After that, the priest put on his chasuble, and began mass, a special prayer being introduced for the includendus. After the reading of the gospel, the includendus stood before the altar, and offered his taper, which was to remain burning on the altar throughout the mass; and then, standing before the altar-step, he read his profession, or if he were a layman (and unable to read), one of the chorister boys read it for him. And this was the form of his profession:—"I, brother (or sister) N, offer and present myself to serve the Divine Goodness in the order of Anchorites, and I promise to remain, according to the rule of that order, in the service of God, from henceforth, by the grace of God, and the counsel of the Church." Then he signed the document in which his profession was written with the sign of the cross, and laid it upon the altar on bended knees. Then the bishop or priest said a prayer, and asperged with holy water the habit of the includendus, and he put on the habit, and prostrated himself before the altar, and so remained, while the priest and choir sang over him the hymn *Veni Creator Spiritus*, and then proceeded with the mass. First the priest communicated, then the includendus, and then the rest of the congregation, and the mass was concluded. Next his wax taper, which had all this time been burning on the altar, was given to the includendus, and a procession was formed, the choir, and the includendus, clad in his proper habit, and carrying his lighted taper, and then the bishop or priest, in his mass robes, and the people following, they proceeded, singing a solemn litany, to the cell. And first the priest entered alone into the cell, and asperged it with holy water, saying appropriate sentences; then he consecrated and blessed the cell, with prayers offered before the altar of its chapel. The third of these short prayers may be transcribed: "Benedic domine domum istam et locum istum, ut sit in sanitas, sanctitas, castitas, virtus, victoria, sanctimonia, humilitas, lenitas, mansuetudo, plenitudo legis et obedientæ Deo Patre et Filio et Spiritui Sancto et sit super locum istam et super omnes habitantes in ea tua larga benedictio, ut in his manufactis habitaculis cum solemtate manentes ipsi tuum sint semper habitaculum. Per dominum," &c. Then the bishop or priest came out, and led in the includendus, still carrying his lighted taper, and solemnly blessed him. And then—a mere change in the tense of the rubric has an effect which is quite pathetic; it is no longer the includendus, the person to be enclosed—but the inclusus, the enclosed one, he or she upon whom the doors of the cell have closed for ever in this life; then the enclosed is to maintain total and solemn silence throughout, while the doors are securely closed, the choir chanting appropriate psalms. Then the celebrant causes all the people to pray for the inclusus privately, in solemn silence to God, for whose love he has left the world, and caused himself to be enclosed in that strait prison. And after some concluding prayers, the procession left the inclusus to his solitary life, and returned, chanting, to the church, finishing at the step of the choir.

One cannot read this solemn—albeit superstitious—service, in the quaint old mediæval character, out of the very book which has, perhaps, been used in the actual enclosing of some recluse, without being moved. Was it some frail woman, with all the affections of her heart, and the hopes of her earthly life shattered, who sought the refuge of this living tomb? was it some man of strong passions, wild and fierce in his crimes, as wild and fierce in his penitence? or was it some enthusiast, with the over-



COSTUMES OF THE FOUR ORDERS OF FRIARS.

excited religious sensibility, of which we have instances enough in these days? We can see them still, in imagination, prostrate, "in total and solemn silence," before the wax taper placed upon the altar of the little chapel, and listening while the chant of the returning procession grows faint and fainter in the distance. Ah! we may smile at it all as a wild superstition, or treat it coldly as a question of mere antiquarian interest; but what broken hearts, what burning passions, have been shrouded under that recluse's robe, and what wild cry of human agony has been stifled under that "total and solemn silence!" When that processional chant had died away in the distance, and the recluse's taper had burnt out in his little altar, was that the end of the tragedy, or only the end of the first act? Did the broken heart find repose? did the wild spirit grow tame? Or did the one pine away and die like a flower in a dungeon, and the other beat itself to death against the bars of its self-made cage?

* *In monasterio inclusorio suo vicino*; it seems as if the writer of the rubric were specially thinking of the inclusoria within monasteries.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE COTTAGE HOME.

J. V. Gibson, Painter. S. Smith, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 13⅜ in. by 10¼ in.

THE painter of this clever little picture is almost, if not quite, unknown to the frequenters of our metropolitan exhibition galleries; he is resident in, if not a native of, Manchester, or its neighbourhood. When, in 1857, the Prince Consort went to Salford to inaugurate Noble's statue of the Queen, erected in Peel Park to commemorate Her Majesty's visit to the town in 1851, his Royal Highness inspected the local Art-exhibition, held, at the time, in a wing of the new museum. Among several pictures that attracted his notice, four or five of which he desired to possess, was 'The Cottage Home;' indeed, so pleased was the Prince with it, that he directed General Grey, who was in attendance, to ascertain whether the artist was then in the gallery, and, if so, to present him. It happened rather unfortunately for the young painter, that though he had been in the room shortly before, he was then absent, and could not readily be found; and thus he lost the honour intended for him. In itself this may appear a trifling matter to many; but it shows a kindly recognition on the part of the Prince, an appreciation of the merits of the artist over and beyond the purchase of his work, and a desire to testify it in the most marked and complimentary manner.

But the picture was not in Gibson's hands to sell; it had already been disposed of to Messrs. Agnew and Sons, the well-known print-publishers in Manchester, who, when informed of the Prince's wish, relinquished their possession of the work, and thus 'The Cottage Home' found a home in one of England's royal palaces, no doubt much to the astonishment of the artist, who, when painting it, could never have anticipated its ultimate destination; and we recognise in the selection by his Royal Highness, not only his appreciation of it as a work of Art, but also a certain amount of sympathy with the humbler classes of his adopted country. No one ever, or but very rarely, buys a picture the subject of which is distasteful to him; it is this which first draws his attention to the canvas, and then he examines it to ascertain its artistic merits. Such a subject as this, hung where the youthful members of the royal family can inspect it, will teach them a lesson scarcely to be learned, in their station, by any other method—a lesson of the performance of domestic duties in the cottages of the poor.

There is much of genuine nature in this agreeable little composition, for the artist has very wisely refrained from elevating the young matron into an aristocratic beauty, a fault too frequently found among painters who essay cottage-life. Still her face is most pleasing—far more, we are bound to confess, in the original than in the engraving, where it has lost some of its sweetness of expression. She is busy preparing vegetables for dinner; at the back of her chair is a child's dress, waiting, in all probability, for some repairs after she has finished what she is at present occupied with. The woman is a tidy, careful person, as her neatly-banded hair, and plain but well-fitting dress testify; and, there is no doubt, if we could see into the little parlour or sitting-room beyond the doorway on the right, it would be found clean and comfortable in all its appointments, how poor soever they may be. The picture, moreover, is very carefully painted, and is bright in colour, with an effective distribution of light and shade. The principles on which the artist has worked are those seen in the paintings of a similar character by the old Dutch masters, which have served as models for this: but the picture does not show the minute elaboration manifest in the works of Mieris, Gerard Douw, and Terburg, whose example seems to have been followed by some of the modern French painters—Meissonier, Plassan, and perhaps Ruiperez. We confess to have little sympathy with that style of Art wherein patient labour and delicate manipulation are often made to stand in the place of character and expression—where the hand seems to have worked harder than the mind.

The picture is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.



ARTISTS AND THEIR MODELS.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

No. 3.—HOGARTH AND THE LITTLE DRUMMER.*

It is 1746,—the year of the great battle of Culloden, and the final defeat of the Pretender and his brawny Highland adherents; a little drummer-boy stands at a door on the north-east side of Leicester Square, waiting for admittance.

It is ten o'clock on an August morning, and the square brass plate, on which is engraved the name of

William Hogarth,

shines in the already hot sun, for all the world as if it were pure gold. And very lustrous and splendid, too, is the gilt cork head over the door, which, devised by Hogarth himself, gives the house (to the milkman, the sweep, the butcher, &c.) the name of "The Golden Head." A lean Jew—an excruciating performer on the clarionet—is scaring the sparrows on the west end of the square. On the north side there is a man with a telescope, who, for a halfpenny a-piece, allows any curious person to have a peep at the shrivelled heads of the rebels on Temple Bar, for the houses are thin and scattered, and there is here and there a clear view of that gate of London.

A second knock-and-ring, and soon the smart, fresh-coloured little drummer—in his looped and laced scarlet uniform, and his conical grenadier hat, is let in by Mrs. Lewis, Hogarth's manager and printseller. She is talking to a man in a battered cocked hat, and with a great bar of sticking-plaister on his forehead, who is going to Mr. Luke Sullivan, the engraver, with some of the painter's touched proofs.

There is a rap at a side-door to the left of the hall, and the next moment a hearty and slightly pompous voice cries, "Come in, Tom!"

As the drummer enters, a fair, well-featured man—one Mr. Richardson, the printer of Salisbury Court—rises and takes his leave. Hogarth would detain him here. "No," says the composed man of business, "friend Hogarth; I value my own time, as I regard that of others; besides, I have promised to meet a Mr. Samuel Johnson at the Mitre Tavern, at about eleven, and I know it to be not far from that now. Be a good lad," says he, as he pats Tom's head in going out, "and thou cannot fail to be a good soldier of King George."

The door slams behind him, and then the measured sound of Mr. Richardson's feet dies away along the pavement in the direction of the King's Mews.

Now I have time to look round the room. There, on a peg near the door, hangs the scarlet roquelaure, cocked-hat, and cane, which accompany the painter every evening when he walks round the garden of the Fields.

The painter, a little, thickset man, with an ugly merry face, and a scar on the left temple, partly hidden by the fur-edged cap he now wears, is sitting at his easel, which stands near the window. Near him is his dog "Trump," a great object of admiration with Tom, at whom, however, he grunts and shows a dangerous duplex movement of white teeth. The painter wears a blue coat, and his trim, sturdy little legs, with their silver buckled shoes, are stretched out on either side of the easel.

The picture on the easel is the celebrated "March to Finchley," now in the Foundling—it represents the humorous and disorderly march of King George's guards through Tottenham Court turnpike, on their road to Scotland, *via* Highgate.

"Tom," says Hogarth, beckoning the boy to his side, who instantly unslings his drum, and dropping it with a rattle on the floor, thrusts the sticks into his belt, and approaches the easel with a certain sort of saucy shyness not peculiar to drummer-boys.

"Did you ever see any one painting before, Tom?" says Hogarth, selecting two or three favourite brushes from an armful on the table.

"No, sir; never but once, when our drum-major, at Inverness, repainted the lion and unicorn on my drum, that had got a little burnt with powder—but he only used three colours, sir, blue, yellow, and vermilion."

"Come a little nearer then, Tom, and look on my picture; do you know what regiment these men belong to?"

"Ah! well, I should think so, sir; they're our guards, of course—the second company—Captain Dawson's company, that fought so well at Culloden, and got almost cut to pieces. There's drunken Clarke, the corporal, with a woman on each arm, and there's our sergeant without his spontoon. Why, there in the baggage waggon is Moll Fisher and Kitty Rooney, all the babies, the camp kettle, and the knapsacks; and there's little Bob Wildduck, the fifer, who the Duke of Cumberland has promised a pair of colours to. Oh, my! isn't it like?"

"And who is the boy as yet without a head, Tom?"

"I don't know—it can't be Piping Jemmy, because he was killed at Preston, fighting over Colonel Gardiner's body; is it Charley Coram, of the second battalion?—he wasn't with us, sir."

"No; it is little Tom, the drummer, whom I found fighting the other day with Tiddy Doll, the pieman, at Southwark fair."

"Oh, my! Mr. Hogarth, won't mother be pleased; let me bring mother to see the soldier picture."

"And so you shall, Tom; if it will give her any pleasure. Do you know what public-house this is, here to the left?"

"Of course I do, sir; why it's the Adam and Eve, where we all stopped to take our last draught of good London beer. Some of them, too, who we left behind in Scotland. There is Jockey James and the three noblemen looking at the boxer—and there is—and how we are marching, Muster Hogarth!"

"Rather a scramble, Tom; but so it was, for I drew you all directly I got home that day."

"Oh! we got steadier when we got past Highgate, sir. Then the baggage fell in the rear, and the officers took their places."

(Hogarth arranges Tom in a proper attitude.)

"Now, Tom, be perfectly steady; but talk as much as you like, and in half-an-hour I shall ring the bell for some bread and cheese for you. Did you take long learning the drum, Tom? Tighten the braces and give us the devil's tattoo—or the dinner call."

"Well, sir, I was kept a year at the long roll, 'daddy mammy' we call it; then I learnt the ten stroke rolls, the close flams, the drag, and the paradiddle."

"The what?"

"The paradiddle. Then by degrees I went on to the 'retreat,' that is played at gun-fire, when we shut the barrack gates, or form pickets. The 'tap-too,' that is when the suttlers close their taps, and the men retire to quarters. The 'general,' that is for the men to commence marching. The 'reveille,' that is for getting up; and the 'three camps,' that is the salute for receiving and delivering the colours."

"Why it is quite a business, Tom. Pass me that oil-bottle; thank you."

"Yes, sir, it takes time learning."

"You must make a dreadful noise at first."

"Oh! we learn in the drum-major's room, sir. He don't care, he is too much broken in. He sits down at a table with a pair of sticks, and I sit opposite to him with another pair, sir. Then he begins with a five-stroke roll; two right hand, two left, even and true, and so it comes, sir. But the flam and paradiddle are cruel hard, sir, and so is the double tap-too."

"And where's your place in fighting, Tom? in the rear?"

"No; on the flank, sir. We have to beat the charge or the cease firing. We're not afraid of that, sir, more than the other men, though we are only drummers; and, besides, my father, sir, was a soldier. I was bred up to it like, sir, d'ye see?"

"Far be it from me, Tom, to dispute your courage; you gave that pieman a tremendous thrashing."

"Yes, sir; I'll tell you how it was, sir. I and Jack Reeves, of the Coldstreams, had been to Southwark fair to see Broughton and Figg wrestle. Presently, at the door of a puppet-show, who should come up to us but Tiddy Doll, the pieman, looking as sly as two."

"A little more round to the right, Tom; that's right, go on."

"And says he, 'Here, my lad, I'll toss you for a mutton pie.' 'Done,' says I. I was two out of three, and then he would not pay, you know. 'You a soldier,' says he; 'why you aint weaned; a spoonful of shot would send you to Jones's locker.' 'Let him have it,' says Jack to me. 'Do you want it?' says I to Tiddy. 'Yes; as hot as you can let me have it, my tulip,' says Tiddy. So at it we went, just as you came up and found us hammer and tongs."

"It was 'pull baker, pull devil,' to a certainty; why Tiddy's own mother would not have known him."

"'That's how I learnt to fight at Culloden,' said I to Tiddy; 'let this teach you, my young man, how to cheat a soldier of King George,' and off he went, sir, looking as sheepish as you like."

"Now tell us something about Culloden, Tom, and how the duke and you routed the rebels, and drove the Pretender into France. I hope your courage in that slaughter of the Highlanders, Tom, was as marked as in your celebrated encounter with Tiddy Doll, the London pieman."

"Well, sir, I hope you're not poking fun at me. I tried to do my duty. Sergeant Whittaker said I stood fire as well as any of 'em, and that was just before a Cameron man cut him nearly in two with his broadsword; but I caught up a dead man's firelock, and clapped a bullet into the rebel rascal just as he was leaping a low stone wall. I am a Gloucestershire gamekeeper's son, I thought to myself, and I could kill a man as easily as a rabbit if I tried. It was there we lost our good old Captain Hall, as brave a man as ever served King George."

Hogarth here rings the bell, and orders a pot of ale for Tom to drink King George's health in, which, on its arriving, he does frankly and devoutly.

"Not, sir, talking too much for you, Muster Hogarth?"

"Not a bit, Tom, I like it; it cheers me over my work; and now tell us what you saw of the great battle in Scotland."

"Well now, there, sir, I don't know as I saw much but powder, smoke, sword-cuts, great, bare, hairy legs striding down on us, a fight round the colours, and bayonets digging in the plaids, and a good deal of blood; drums beating all the time, and horns blowing, and the great guns blazing away."

"'Pon my word, Tom, a very striking, unconscious picture of the terrors and impressions of a battle. And how did the rebels fight? I

* This drummer-boy is said to have been almost the only model Hogarth ever painted from.

suppose like men trying to save their heads from Temple Bar spikes, Tom, eh?"

"Like devils, save your honour, like drunken devils. I saw one great Athol man hew down six of our dragoons. He'd got his back up to a wall, and they could do nothing till they got behind the wall and blew his head off: an old man, too, sir."

"Did these Highlanders break through the bayonets, Tom?—Turn your face just a trifle to the left."

"Oh! yes, sir; I could see them sometimes pull down their bonnets and throw down their targets, all over silver nails—just like a trunk—then come leaping at our men with their broadswords, their pipers playing all the time like madmen, and the wind puffing out their plaids, so that they looked as if they were flying."

"And how did the duke take it?"

"Oh! he was as cool as a cucumber, as they say; but you should have seen our sergeant, Mr. Hogarth, Sergeant Davis. 'Steady!' he kept crying, 'with that file-firing; steady as on parade—let every shot tell, boys—give the dogs the lead hot and fast—but still steady;' and he went along the line, keeping the gun-barrels down even with his cane."

"Brave fellow, indeed, Tom; is he to be promoted?"

"The duke wanted to promote him, sir, but Sergeant Davis said 'Thank your grace; but I'm a plain man, and I don't want to push up among my betters. I'd rather, an' it please you, go on and take my luck with the men, for they know my ways now, and I know theirs;' so they gave him ten guineas, and a sword, and he's with us still."

"Were you frightened, Tom, when the Highlanders came down on your line? Did the drum shake a little, eh? now confess. The Macdonalds are rather more terrible than Tiddy Doll, the pieman."

"Not I, sir; not I. I beat the charge as correct as if I had been on the village green down at Cirencester, showing the boys the flam and the paradiddle; yet I tell you, sir, that they did look fierce with their tartans flying, plaids waving, white ribbons rustling, broadswords whistling, and targets shining, as they ran on barking out their highland gibberish, and the pipes screaming like mad pigs. Some of the Hessian regiment got frightfully slashed in the face with the broadswords and the scythes. But all Sergeant Davis said, was—'Bayonets breast high, boys—drive at their puddings—give them pepper, boys!'"

"But I thought, Tom, the sword was sometimes too much for the bayonet?"

"Well, sir, I tell you, they had one nasty trick—when we gave them No. 1 with the bayonet, some of them caught it in the target, then gave it a wrench to the left that broke the steel, and they came down on your head with a swish."

"But you beat them at last?"

"Well, we pushed them two at once at last, so that when the first man's bayonet got entangled, No. 2 came at him, one pace to the front, and one to the left, and caught him just under the ribs. My! didn't they scream out their Gaelic oaths then, and d—— King George and the red soldiers."

"I should think they did, Tom, and very naturally, too. Did the duke fight at all?"

"Well, he charged, sir, once or twice—but, lord, sir, it was as good as a pint of beer round to all the men, only to see him through the smoke, riding as cool down the line, as if he was on parade in the park. Sometimes, too, he would stop and say, 'My men, we must thrash these Scotch rascals,' and then we would all call out 'Ay, ay, sir!' and 'Hurrah'—you might have heard us a mile off."

"But I thought the duke was no great friend with the soldiers—he's rather a Tartar, eh, Tom?"

"Well, sir, he is rather hard on us sometimes; he gives us a little too much of the triangles—but there are queer boys amongst us. He certainly had a good many of the rebels shot, sir; but you see, they'd been all taken in arms against King George, and Captain Jones told us it was necessary, and Captain Jones is always right, our chaplain says."

"Do you like a soldier's life, Tom?"

"That I do, sir; who'd be a ploughboy at Farmer Granger's, when he could wear a lace ruff, be in the King's Guards, and walk about like a gentleman in the parks?"

"And what would you like to be in the army, Tom—if you had your choice, eh?"

"What I never shall be."

"What—general?"

"General, sir—no, sir! drum-major—like Drum-Major Johnson. To see him twirling his gold cane with a gilt ball at the end of it, as big as a codling—and to walk before the big drum, and near the black with the cymbals."

"It is getting near twelve, Tom, and I'm expecting a visitor to see my picture; so I must let you go now, here's your eighteen-pence. Be a good lad, and you'll be drum-major as sure as eggs are eggs."

"My respects to you, sir, and long life to you."

As Tom takes up his drum to go, there is a knock at the outer door, and the next moment the servant announces—

"Mr. Henry Fielding."

ROYAL MANCHESTER INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF WATER-COLOUR DRAWINGS.

That Manchester should have quietly and rapidly got within one building the finest collection of water-colour drawings ever yet brought together, is a significant fact, worthy of more than ordinary consideration. That we in nowise exaggerate will be abundantly admitted when we state that the number of drawings amounts to eight hundred and sixty, and that among them we find thirty-four by W. Hunt, fourteen by Pyne, twelve by Stanfield, the same number by Duncan, twenty-two by Cattermole, ten by Varley, eleven by Roberts, *thirty-one by Turner*, ten by Copley Fielding, twenty-seven by Prout, and comparatively like numbers by every man who has left his genius-mark as a water-colour artist for the last eighty years.

This is truly wonderful; but we suppose that to Manchester we may always look for wonders,—sometimes, nay oftentimes, in the direction of what is good, worthy, even noble, and sometimes for what is ignoble. We find both, and often, very often, each, in the least likely quarter. Rough, outspoken men, without delicacy of thought (perchance), certainly without delicacy of speech, surrounded with evidences of the most pure and correct taste, and with the largest sympathy with all that the world contains that is beautiful in nature or Art—notwithstanding their roughness, good men also; honest and truthful as light; fearless of speech, because of honest and direct intent. We find also, as where do we not find, rogues under graceful, suave manners, and accompanied by a practical profession of quite spiritual fervour; a very recent instance showing this in its blackest aspects of forgery and theft.

The exhibition to which we are about to call our readers' attention by more distinct reference to individual works, must have the common censure attaching to nearly all other collections, but shown in this with peculiar force and intensity of evil. The hanging of the drawings is simply execrable. We were about to say, that if the hanging had been left to the carpenters it could not have been worse; this, however, would have been unjust to a worthy and hardworking set of artizans. The pictures, as a whole, being so good, the science of placing them—and hanging pictures is a science—should have been given to an artist, or to a body of artists, to whom the laws of colour, and of light and shade, were well known, and who would have been governed entirely by a knowledge of laws of effect, of which the hanging committee in the case before us has been altogether ignorant. This is a great pity, because in this case, the collection being so fine, a proper mode of exhibition would have induced us to implore the council to keep it open much longer, and further to have made a special point of urging our numerous readers and their friends to visit Manchester again, to behold another "Art-Treasures Exhibition." As it is, we can only make such a request to those who, with much patience, can make every proper and good-natured allowance for a very unfortunate circumstance; perhaps a pure accident of choice, which makes one of the best exhibitions as to material, one of the very worst as to result. Our surprise is all the more excited, and our disappointment increased, when we consider that the late Honorary Secretary of the Institution now is on the council, and the gentleman who occupies the same post is, by profession, a water-colour artist. Surely these gentlemen, either singly or unitedly, could have influenced the hanging committee in the direction of common sense.

Since we were last in these galleries, they have received most judicious changes in lighting, and may now be said to equal any exhibition rooms in the kingdom. Most exhibitions, as our readers are aware, are the result of contributions direct from artists, who, anxious either to increase their fame or the account with their bankers, send works. Such is not the case in the present instance, most of the pictures being lent by the wealthy collectors of Manchester and its neighbourhood; others being contributed by well-known, and for the most part reliable, dealers; and some few, but quite unimportant works, sent by artists themselves. Considering the immense number of drawings purchased by the wealthy in Manchester, it may at first seem strange that so few have been sent direct from artists, but when it is considered that there are not more than fifty water-colour artists of distinction, or even moderate distinction, it will be at once perceived that the council of the Institution was right in trusting to other resources for their exhibition.

Of the private contributors it appears only fair, nay, something more than fair, an act of justice and gratitude, that we should at least name some of the more conspicuous. Among these we find R. H. Grey, J. Heugh, F. Craven (whose works are the finest in the collection), T. H. McConnel, J. Pender, J. Platt, R. Barnes, Miss Ashton, A. W. Lyon, James McConnel, James Holdsworth, J. Fallows, A. Meyer, and a number of others, all generously despoiling themselves of household treasures for the good of a public, appreciative, we trust, of the good so generously placed within their reach. The dealers who have mainly aided in the formation of this exhibition, are Mr. E. F. White, Messrs. Lomax, Mr. Grundy, Messrs. Agnew, Mr. Bolongaro, and others. It is scarcely possible to overrate the kindness of these individuals in locking up their property so long, with but a meagre chance of sale, as compared with the facility with which, in daily intercourse with men of wealth, they could secure purchasers.

Private holders of drawings lent here will be gainers by the exhibition, because public criticism will take away mere fashionable whims about pictures, and give to each its own proper place in their estimation. Nothing can exceed

the nonsense of cant about pictures indulged in by some dealers—cant utterly misapplied and misleading. A collection like this, properly examined and honestly explained, may induce rich men to pause when they hear dealers indulging in vulgar technicalities.

Anything like an extended notice of the pictures in this exhibition is neither needful nor possible here. Space, on the one hand, is not at command; and again, our many notices of the London exhibitions from 1839 to 1860, will have included a large majority of the drawings now collected together. We shall only, therefore, direct attention to the more prominent works, as suggestions for those who may for the first time see them.

No. 8, 'Gulf of Spezzia,' J. B. Pyne, is a truly noble drawing, evidencing in a marked degree the artist's appreciation of the tenderest gradations of colour and treatment.

No. 13, 'Interior of St .Peter's,' L. Haghe. This is of more than the painter's usual pitch of colour; we doubt if the work gains by it: still there is much skill in the drawing, and in the composition also.

No. 17, 'The Last Man from the Wreck,' E. Duncan. This is, doubtless, one of the most superb drawings in the whole collection. There is perfect unity between the terrible catastrophe, and the feeling of colour and form on all the scene. It may be truly said to be a grey drawing, but what a subtle variety in this grey, and how pitiless the whole looks! So fine a work stamps with high honour both painter and possessor.

No. 22, 'Pine Apple and Grapes,' W. Hunt. It is very difficult to say anything of drawings by this artist that has not been said in their favour before. They are simply in their way perfect, and if there be any one aspect of the question that admits of the work being better than the best, we must at once accord it to this drawing. There are many charming works in the collection of the same class of subjects, but this fairly challenges them all for brilliancy, tone, and feeling for nature.

In No. 23, J. Gilbert gives us a very masterly, powerful, and deeply suggestive 'Richard III.' The drawing is very badly placed, but, in spite of this misfortune, it asserts its powerful character, and secures attention and approval.

Pyne has several very glorious pictures, besides that already mentioned; one of the most powerful and learned of them being No. 27, 'Moonlight on the Lagunes, Venice.' The hazy but genial tones of the distance are singularly happy and varied, and contrasted in a manner which give to all this artist's works such unmistakable assurance of a keen and constant study of the phenomena of nature.

No. 45, 'Como,' T. M. Richardson. One of the painter's largest and, in some respects, one of his best works. Though it is less showy in execution than usual, less of it still would have left the work better.

No. 75, 'The Harvesters' Mid-day Meal,' Vicat Cole. Unless we greatly miscalculate, the works of this painter will some day reach a high position in public favour. There is that look of independent thought about them, and of quick and penetrating observation, which secures a rare and captivating sense of natural presence. The work before us has indications of all these, both in form, light, and colour.

No. 83, 'Ballad Singer,' W. Hunt. A very admirable impersonation, with considerable amount of directness and individuality. Hunt is at all times so faithful in local observation that we never have a feeling that a model, but a character, has been the subject of his observation—a peculiarity very present in the beautiful drawing under notice.

No. 86, 'Ruins of Salona,' Carl Haag. A very impressive work of considerable magnitude. Like all productions by this artist, the drawing is bold, vigorous, and unflinching. Every line tells with forceful emphasis. For the most part, expression is a little remote—nay, sometimes doubtful; and of the colour we cannot but think more tenderness in the remoter portions, with a more refined choice of hue, would be advantageous to the picture as a whole.

No. 87, 'An Interior,' W. Hunt, has portions of unusual power of colour.

No. 107, 'Devotion,' W. Hunt. Among the many single figure-drawings by this artist this is, without doubt, the noblest. To say that it is admirably conceived and drawn, and that the colour is as noble as the colour of Titian, will be to touch the merest fringe of the subject. It is all this, with an expression of an ardent, but humble and sincere, soul, filled with the deep solicitude, yet faith, of a pure and true devotion. It is quite impossible to conceive anything higher or holier in real, earnest, sacred expression. This is so high and true that those other truths of a technical character—all here to perfection—become entirely subordinated.

Nos. 111 and 112, 'Free Trade' and 'Protection,' Sir E. Landseer, R.A. Wonderful executive power, with some humour of a political character. We should have liked to have seen something of a higher reach from the distinguished academician.

No. 119, 'Canna ye let 'em aloon?' F. Tayler. A most vigorous and brilliant drawing, wrought with singular luminous force, and with decisive (for the artist) drawing. It is a most pleasing subject, and one well calculated to light up any collection which may have the good fortune to secure it.

No. 120, 'Rotterdam,' G. Chambers. We could have wished to have seen a better specimen of the artist. There is much breadth and simplicity of arrangement, but the whole has a bilious look; the colour is very unsatisfactory.

In the second room we have, No. 138, 'The King's Trumpets and Kettle-drums,' J. Gilbert. A drawing with but slight intellectual purpose, but with great force and individuality of character, coupled with astounding charms and magic of execution.

No. 147, 'The Spanish Letter-Writer,' F. W. Topham. The principal figure—for, without any want of gallantry, we must give this position to the old scribe—is a most individual and unique characterization, drawn with great felicity, and in good colour.

No. 156, 'Hide and Seek,' T. Mogford. A drawing that should be examined with attention. There is a world of subtle execution in the head, and the whole design and colour is singularly happy and original, yet quite free from either eccentricity or caricature.

No. 162, 'Crickeith Castle,' J. B. Pyne. A very glorious burst of light, tone, and colour

No. 165, 'Sunset, near Kirkalsie,' T. Bough, is a very dashing drawing, full of force and rough truth; it has, however, what so many of this artist's works want—a look of reverent observation of the more tender and emotional qualities of nature. We think also that he paints the class of sky we have here too frequently.

No. 166, 'Corner of a Rustic Pound in Hampshire,' W. Hunt. A very marvellous delineation of the old bole of a decaying tree, treated with an insight little short of inspiration. We have but small sympathy with the subject, but as a piece of insight and labour it is priceless.

No. 172, 'Interior of St. Paul's, Antwerp,' S. Read. One of the most exquisite interiors we ever beheld, in which the difficulty of treating huge white surfaces, is grappled with and overcome in a most masterly manner. The whole of the lower portion—the marvellous and multitudinous carvings, the general decorations, and the large crowds of figures, are designed and painted in the most magical manner, and with consummate success.

No. 173, 'The Forest,' J. D. Harding. A drawing of great "go." Eccentric in many of its lines, it is still picturesquely possible. The execution shouts out to the spectator, saying, "See what can be done in a couple of hours."

Nos. 175 and 188, F. Tayler. The first 'The Morning of the Chase,' the second 'Hunting in the Olden Time,' are works that can be fitly classed together. They are large productions, and of the very highest character in the style of thought and execution adopted by the artist. The latter drawing is a most wonderful expression of light, diversity of line, motion, and general excitement, yet all subordinated, or rather under the government of the laws of propriety in arrangement and composition.

No. 205, 'The Vale of Somerset,' J. B. Pyne. One of the artist's broad and very grand effects. As a drawing of much magnitude, and for the most part sombre, it is wonderfully luminous and cheerful.

From 207 to 223 the drawings are out of sight, but there are works among them by men of distinction. As we cannot see them, we shall make no pretence of critical judgment.

No. 227, 'Winter Landscape,' D. Cox. This is a small drawing, but one in which the story of hoar winter is told with extraordinary felicity and fidelity. No. 245, also by D. Cox, 'Rhyl,' is another wonder of enlarged expression, with the most magic shorthand of execution.

No. 248, 'Oberwesel,' S. Prout. A very glorious drawing, differing in some particulars in the class of subject usually chosen by the painter.

No. 252, 'Arundel Castle,' J. M. W. Turner. This is perhaps one of the finest drawings in the collection—perhaps that ever was executed. For tone, quality of hot, dry air, light, and fulness of tone, it is as complete as man's work may hope to be.

No. 255, 'Bridge on the Rhone,' J. Holland. A very masterly sketch of a subject of exceeding difficulty of management. The artist has been very successful in overcoming the difficulty, and of giving the bridge quite an illusive perspective.

No. 258, 'Donnybrook Fair,' D. Maclise, R.A. To look at this drawing provokes a sense of humour in the dull even. It is a wonderful expression of human jollity.

No. 261, 'Dido and Æneas,' C. Fielding. A very curious drawing this—full of grand and mystic suggestiveness. The forms are conventional to a great degree—partaking of the character of the classical landscape of two hundred years ago, with a goodly amount, in colour especially, of observation into the tones and hues of nature.

No. 293, 'A Welsh Funeral,' D. Cox. Here we have Cox at his very best. This is not only nature, but grand nature, and nature befitting the solemnity of the human incident. It is quite impossible to imagine any picture at once so simple yet so full, so solemn yet so faithful—a scene in which, taking the lowest ground, "lines, lights, and tints" hang so well together, and yet over which, and in which, the glorious old painter has thrown and interfused such a network of appropriate sentiment and treatment.

No. 298, 'Falls of the Clyde,' J. M. W. Turner. Another of the great man's works. A comparatively early drawing, but full of indications of the mighty power which ultimately shone forth.

No. 299, 'Llanberis Lake,' J. Varley. Perhaps the most glorious of the large works of the old astrologer-painter. It is nobly

broad and simple, but with no vacancy or space "to let."

No. 305, 'Interior of a Cathedral,' S. Prout. A simple but truly noble bit of Art-work; charming drawing, and absolutely faultless in the gradations of its simple tints.

No. 319, 'Interior,' Rouen, S. Prout. Another by the same, and demanding similar observations.

No. 327, 'Snowden—a Sunny Day,' C. Fielding. Truly a sunny day, in which Snowden is resting in a sea of warm palpitating light and warmth.

No. 340, 'The Great Horloge at Rouen.' One of the highest class Prouts in the collection. There is wonderful accuracy of drawing with every observance of local truth.

No. 359, 'Sherwood Forest,' E. Hull. A very careful and very beautiful drawing; for the characteristics of woodland scenery, it is as refreshing and successful a work as any in the whole collection.

On the screens in the several rooms there are some lovely drawings, only a few of which we have space for.

No. 370, 'Boy with Candle,' W. Hunt. As will be well remembered, a brilliant and surprising work.

No. 387, 'Thames near Streatley,' G. Dodgson. A bright, refreshing drawing, with a marvellous sky.

No. 391, 'The Bass Rock,' J. W. Whymper. A startling drawing, expressing so much, as it were, by intuition.

No. 392, 'Benvenuto Cellini,' G. Cattermole. The best of the drawings by this painter here; there is more colour, and more concentration, and better composition of line than usual.

No. 406, 'Collecting Sea-weeds,' E. Duncan, is a very perfect work; the sea is gloriously wrought, and the near sands inimitable.

No. 415, 'A Quiet English Home,' B. Foster, is wrought to a marvel; some portions are given with a certainty, variety, and grace truly amazing.

No. 116, 'Interior,' Lewis. We lament that our space only admits of our saying that this is very lovely—the dogs are as happily drawn and introduced as it is possible to conceive such incidents to be expressed. Still, on the screens may be examined and re-examined with increasing pleasure, the following numbers: 423, 429—a very fine drawing by F. Tayler—431, 441, 445, 458.

With the screens in the third room we could not, however much space was at our command, venture to have anything to do. When the reader knows that they are covered with choicest works by such men as Turner, Prout, Cox, Fielding, and Varley, and that they are hung so as to defy examination, we are sure we shall be excused. There are no less than twenty high-class Turners thus sacrificed.

In the corridor and hall are many excellent works which we cannot even indicate.

Of course it will be understood that we give the merest critical hint of the wealth of this collection—we have merely intimated the nature of the exhibition, and how brought together. We would very willingly have satisfied ourselves with commendation only; and should have done, but too many grave interests are at stake: and so much heart-burning will follow such wretched unscientific placing of the pictures, that we have, quite against our will and feeling, felt it necessary to give utterance to a strong remonstrance against this feature of the exhibition. We join the public voice in thanking those who have lent such beautiful works for the education of the eyes and the hearts of those who avail themselves of the opportunity of visiting so noble a collection.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE ARCH OF TITUS—ROME.
Engraved by E. Challis.

The traveller whose recollections of the Roman Forum scarcely extend beyond the last thirty or forty years, will find some difficulty in connecting his reminiscences of the locality with the view in Turner's picture; and especially the principal object in it, the Arch of Titus. If such of our readers as have not visited Rome desire to know what this beautiful and elegantly-proportioned structure really looks like, let them turn to the volume of the *Art-Journal* for the year 1859, where, on page 304, is an accurate representation of it in all its details, seen, however, from the opposite side to that which appears in Turner's painting. Like all his Italian scenes, he has here given little more than a glimpse of the truth, though it must be admitted that when he made the sketch of this, in 1819, the Arch of Titus actually presented a very different aspect from what it now does; Pius VII. had it repaired and restored to a very considerable extent from ancient drawings and authorities, to which his architect, Valladier, had access. But Turner has given to the upper section, or attic, an elevation which it never could have had, and, thereby, has destroyed its symmetry of form, while, for the sake, it is presumed, of including in the view the picturesque ruins and buildings by its side, and in the distance, he has selected that frontage which offers the fewest architectural ornaments, and which had suffered most deterioration from time and neglect.

Yet more, the surrounding space on the right is too contracted; the two or three arches of the ruined Basilica of Constantine should stand further back; they have been brought forward, doubtless, because, as here seen, they have an important character, and "compose" well in the picture; indeed, their grand span and their elevation seem to limit those of the Arch of Titus to comparative dwarfish dimensions. At the extremity of these arches is the Temple of Antoninus and Faustina, now the Church of San Lorenzo in Miranda, celebrated for its noble portico: and in the distance is the Capitol, distinguished by its lofty tower, immediately below which are the two remaining columns of Jupiter Tonans, or the Temple of Saturn. Under and beyond the Arch of Titus are the three columns of the Temple of Minerva, or, as it is generally now called, of Jupiter Stator. All these objects may be more intelligibly seen and understood by referring to the illustrations in the two papers on "Rome, and her Works of Art," in the volume of our Journal for 1859, on pages 137—40, and 301—4.

Notwithstanding the topographical errors we have pointed out, there is much grandeur in the composition of the picture; and it must be confessed that this quality is produced, in a great measure, by departing from the truth. If the painter had limited his work to the mere representation of the actual locality, there would have been little else to interest the spectator than the dilapidated Arch of Titus, with which those fine arches on the right now challenge attention, combined with the vast fragments of architectural beauty scattered in undefinable heaps over the foreground, gigantic in size, rich in sculptured ornament, and tinted with the colours of hoary age and supervening vegetation. All this part of the picture, however, is weakly carried out; in fact, the whole work has the appearance of never having been finished; and as there is no record of its exhibition, we may fairly presume Turner did not consider it as such: perhaps as at that time he was not accustomed to indulge in the licenses which in after years he manifested towards the works of nature and of man, he did not care to complete a subject that must have brought upon him the charge of untruthfulness.

Crossing the Forum, in the middle distance of the composition, is a long procession of monks, making their way towards the Church of San Lorenzo—an episode of modern Roman life in the midst of the few tattered pages which speak of the vanished greatness of the ancient city, a relic of an almost worn-out Christianity rearing its head among the decayed temples of Paganism.

The picture is in the National Gallery at Kensington: the original sketch is among those also preserved in the national collection.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

Paris.—The "Museum Campana," purchased by France, is one of the richest collections ever formed, in the number and variety of interesting relics of Art it contains. It is composed of 10,345 objects, and is divided into twelve classes, as follows:—1. Etruscan and Italian-Greco painted vases. 2. Roman and Etruscan objects, in bronze, iron, and lead. 3. Gold and silver antiquities, engraved stones, a series of medals in gold of the Roman empire, from Augustus to the Byzantine emperors, and consular coins in gold. 4. Italian, Greek, and Roman ceramic works. 5. Etruscan, Roman, and Phœnician glass. 6. Ancient Etruscan paintings, and Greek and Roman frescoes. 7. Greek and Roman sculptures in marble. 8. Paintings from the Byzantine epoch to the period of Raffaelle (1200 to 1500). 9. Paintings by the best masters and their pupils from 1500 to the eighteenth century. 10. Painted majolicas of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries (potteries of the mediæval ages). 11. Sculptured majolicas, with vitrified varnish, by Lucca della Robbia and his contemporaries; also basso relievos in marble by Donatello, Sansovino, and Michael Angelo. 12. Various objects, Etruscan and Roman; also curious specimens of works in ivory and bone. Each class is also divided into numerous series, for the use of amateurs; the first class alone contains fourteen series.—The ceremony of the distribution of the awards or decorations at the close of the *Salon* has passed off with great *éclat*, under the presidency of Count Walewski, supported by Count de Nieuwerkerke, the members of the Institute, and other authorities. Count Walewski spoke at considerable length, and endeavoured to make it manifest to his auditors, who seemed not unwilling to believe him, that the present exhibition showed the constant progress of the Fine Arts in France, which was the only nation possessing the throne of the Fine Arts. "It seemed," he said, "as if France were destined to be the inheritor of the great classic races; and after having, in a certain measure, succeeded Greece in the glory of the drama, and ancient Rome in the splendour of her victories, the grandeur of her monuments, and the authority of her language—so universally spoken—it was, moreover, the destiny of France to succeed the Italian Renaissance in her schools of painting and sculpture. Yes, France is now the nation which encourages and gives to others theory and example." Does the worthy count, who knows something of English history, and of English Art too, from his residence among us, really believe himself what he tried to impress on the minds of others? We think not, and must attribute this national laudation to the natural *amour propre* of Frenchmen.—The decoration of officer of the Legion of Honour was awarded respectively to J. L. H. Bellangé, painter, and P. J. Cavelier, sculptor; of Chevaliers of the Legion of Honour to A. De Knyff, for landscape; H. Rodakowski, history; F. Heilbuth, genre; J. Stevens, animals (these four painters are foreigners); and to eight native artists—T. Vauchelet, history; P. J. A. Baudry, history; P. A. Pichon, history; J. Breton, landscape; A. M. Guillemin, genre; J. P. A. Antigna, genre; C. Fortin, genre; P. J. Mène, J. L. Maillet, sculptor; E. Lasalle, lithograph. The gold medal of honour was given to M. Pils for his 'Battle of Alma.' Thus, out of eleven painters who received honours, were four foreign—a fact that scarcely confirms Count Walewski's remarks; indeed, it is universally admitted by all the press and amateurs of Art, that so poor an exhibition has rarely been seen in Paris, and that at no period have the Fine Arts been so neglected or so little patronised. The complaints respecting the locality are almost universal; M. Jeanron, formerly Director of Fine Arts in Paris, has published a pamphlet on the subject; he proposes,—"That the exhibition be annual; that the number of paintings sent by each artist be limited; that the jury of admission be chosen by the suffrages of the artists," &c.

Munich.—The Munich correspondent of the *Literary Gazette* in a letter, dated July 6, says,—"In addition to the statues placed in the niches of the Glyptothek,—Canova, Thorwaldsen, Rauch, Gibson, Tenerani, Schwanthaler, Ghiberti, Donatello,—two more have been added within the last week by his Majesty King Lewis. The first, Peter Vischer, executed by Brugger, and the second, Michael Angelo Buonarotti, by the sculptor Widmann."

Berlin.—Felix Schadow, an historical painter of some eminence, died here, after a long illness, on the 25th of June. He was the younger of the two children of Godfrey Schadow, the eminent sculptor; and, at his death, had passed his forty-third year.

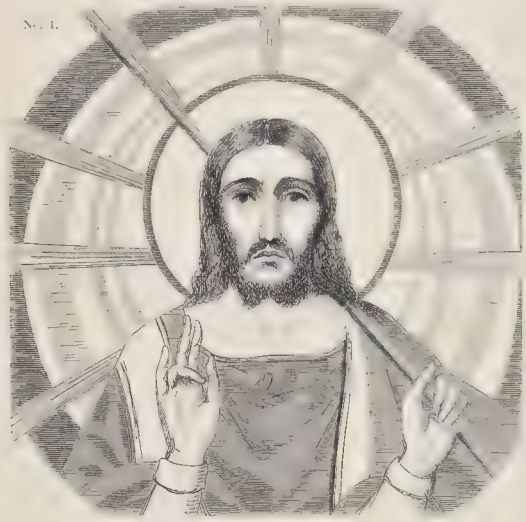

SENATVS
POPVLVS QVE ROMANVS
DIVO TITO DIVI VESPASIANI
VESPASIANO AVGVSTO

AN EXAMINATION
INTO THE
ANTIQUITY OF THE LIKENESS OF OUR BLESSED LORD.
BY THOMAS HEAPHY.

PART VIII.—MOSAIC PICTURES.—CONCLUSION.

MENTION was made in the last number of the *Art-Journal* of the universal adoption of subjects from the Revelation for the pictorial adornment of the churches erected immediately on the conversion of the empire. The difficulties of rendering the imagery of the Apocalypse in a pictorial form, considering that there existed no established conventionalisms on the subject to aid the painter, must have been immense. Yet it is precisely in the appropriate and expressive translation of the inspired allegories exhibited by the Mosaic works of the fourth and fifth centuries, that one of the chief sources of their power exists.

Certain forms and modes of representing such celestial objects as cannot be included in our experience have so established themselves, that any material departure therefrom would not be likely to meet with other than the most limited acceptance; but the artist of the present day is probably not aware that in adopting those recognised patterns of the heavenly things, he is indebted to the inventive genius of the nameless and untaught painters of the age of Constantine. With reference to the chapter usually adopted for illustration (the fourth of Revelations), "the door in heaven" of the first verse is represented as a blaze of golden light, in the upper part of the picture, in which the indistinct forms of the cherubim are seen, almost lost in the glory emanating from the Divine presence; below and around is a mass of dark, transparent blue, representing the crystalline heavens of the text, and sometimes managed so that small projections in the Mosaic shall catch the oblique light, and give the effect of innumerable stars (this will be seen introduced with exceeding skill in the Mosaic of the church of SS. Cosimo and Damian, in the Roman Forum). In the centre of the picture, our Lord is seated on the heavenly throne; and so minutely is the descriptive colouring of the original text adhered to, that the crimson robe of the Saviour will be seen (as in the picture in the Baptistry of Constantine) with an occasional stripe of white, to make it conform to the similitude of a "*jasper and sardine stone;*" the "*rainbow round the throne, in sight like unto an emerald,*" is rendered by a graduated green nimbus, in addition to the golden one immediately behind the principal figure, surrounding whom will be seen the four effigies of the evangelists, each bearing "*the everlasting gospel to preach to all that dwell upon the earth,*" accompanied by the "*seven spirits that stand before the throne of God,*" and the four-and-twenty elders clothed in white, all doing homage to Him who had now descended to the holy city, the eternal New Jerusalem, to commence his promised reign. Neither was this spirit of symbolic allegory confined to the limits of the picture; the whole congregation on the pavement beneath were included in it. The Lord is depicted, not so much with reference to those by whom he is surrounded, as directly in communion with, and addressing himself to, the assembled church below.



No. 1.

The universality of the representation of this subject at the period mentioned, is one among many other facts which indicate that in the eyes of the Christian community of the fourth century the existing crisis of the church was regarded as the accomplishment of the apocalyptic prophecy of the second advent of our Lord. However the details of the various pictures might be varied to suit the circumstances for which they were executed, the one idea of the commencement of the reign of CHRIST upon earth was invariably predominant. Of the decorations of the two first basilicas that were erected by Constantine, those of only one have been preserved. The earliest Mosaics of the Lateran were destroyed by the Goths; but those in St. Paul's, though the church has been twice destroyed by fire, escaped on each occasion. The pictures in the apse suffered considerably during the barbaric invasion, and were repaired and partially replaced in the eighth century; but the most ancient and magnificent Mosaic, on the arc of triumph between the nave and the chancel, not only passed unharmed through the two fires, but, on account of its height, it is said, defied all attempts of the barbarians to reach it. In this picture we see our Lord as the regal shepherd in the centre, encircled by a golden nimbus, behind which is another nimbus of graduated tints of green; around the principal figure are the celestial companies, introduced so as to apparently mix with and form one congregation with the worshippers on the floor beneath. The mechanical execution of this work is scarcely better than is seen in the earliest Mosaics of the catacombs; but for the power of its conception, and the deep spiritual tone of thought with which it is worked out, it has rarely, if ever, been excelled: and considering that the circumstances of the period precluded anything like the formation of a progressive school of Art, the skill displayed in those qualities not immediately depending on the original intuition of the subject—such as the arrangement of the groups, and the general rendering of the scene—in this as well as in most of the works of the same century, is quite astonishing. Hitherto the painter had had no opportunity of exercising his hand upon works above a very few square feet in size; but immediately the occasion came for works on the grandest scale, we see the largest perhaps that have ever been executed by the hand of man produced, not merely by that mechanical power of repetition that would render the largest space equally easy to cover as the smallest, but with a power and an efficiency that proved the artist to have his space as well as his subject perfectly within his grasp; and often so far from being scared by the size of his work, the painter actually felt the space at his disposal too small, as his picture will be seen overflowing its boundaries into all the recesses and crevices wherever a flat surface could be found to operate upon.

Experience would indicate that the Arts, in common with literature and all pursuits resulting from the higher manifestations of the intellect, can only be developed in any degree of excellence by a long succession of consecutive and separate individual efforts; one generation of artists must succeed to another, each continuing the labours of the preceding, and bequeathing what may remain to be accomplished to the next to follow. A school is thus formed, that proceeds in regular course through its phases of infancy, culmination, and decline. This transmission of intellectual acquirement from one generation to another, would appear from the history of all other times and peoples to be absolutely essential to intellectual progress; but these conditions being entirely absent in the case referred to, we are compelled to look for an explanation of the sudden and spontaneous development of the Arts at this period in the stimulative effect on the general intellect of the people, consequent on the vast revolution that had taken place in the social fabric of society, as well as in the destinies of the church. In the general enthusiasm the great spirit of the people seems to have asserted itself suddenly, and left proofs of its momentary but unexampled power. Therefore it is that we see the works of this period, though executed on the most gigantic scale, possessing every artistic quality, excepting those that are only to be acquired by a long and diligent course of study. The drawing is always faulty, the arrangement of the groups formal and too exactly balanced, and the attitudes stiff and often repeated; but for grandeur of the original conception, for harmony and gorgeousness of colour, and often for intense power of expression, many of these productions have never been surpassed. From a certain dry Gothicism of manner, I am aware that a superficial observer will feel them to be rugged and repulsive; but, like all the greater natural or human productions, they require to be approached in a fitting spirit. To instance the principal figure in the above-mentioned picture in St. Paul's,—while copying it, I was continually exposed to the depreciatory remarks

of my sight-seeing country people, who would devote, perhaps, ten minutes to one of the first buildings in Christendom, and then adjourn for three hours to the gardens of the Osteria opposite. The basilica, standing at the end of a fine drive two miles away from the city, along the banks of the Tiber, is, towards the end of the day, a favourite place of holiday resort. An open carriage, a two-mile gallop, with a merry—perhaps a rather uproarious—party, including a full complement of ladies, and with a house of entertainment at the end of the road, are excellent things in their way, and not, on any account, to be depreciated; but they are scarcely conducive to the tone of mind in which a sacred and spiritual work, such as the one I now allude to, can be comprehended. But sit down beneath that arch; think nothing of how Raphael, Titian, or Correggio would have painted that head, still less of the feminine inanities of Carlo Dolce, and the later Italian school with which you have probably just been nauseated at the Roman galleries; chase from your mind every thought of to-day, and surrounding things, and fix it on the one idea of the relation in which

No. 2



you stand to Him who is there depicted—a wretched, lost atom of humanity, doomed to what words cannot express—that infinite Being, descending to this earth, undergoing pain, wretchedness, and every conceivable form of degradation and misery, to drag you from that perdition on the one only condition implied in the words (written on the picture) "Lovest thou Me?" Then open your eyes, turn them on the face above, and say whether the suffering, emaciated, loving countenance was ever so perfectly, so spiritually rendered.

In this picture (cut 1) we perceive an elevation of character not to be found in any work from the catacombs—in these respects closely approaching the Greek cloth pictures in St. Peter's and St. Bartolomeo's. The broad, full, intellectual forehead, the finely-arched brow, the full eye, and rather Greek-cut nose, distinctly evidence the Eastern tradition of the likeness. From what have come down to us, this picture would appear to be the first, for above two centuries, that was represented without the book in the hand, notwithstanding that the letter of the text almost demanded it. But what were the circumstances under which it was painted? The Christian flock had just been conducted by their heavenly Shepherd to a secure pasturage. The idea of the Divine teacher was not directly involved; but we see instead the Lord with the shepherd's staff (the only instance I can call to mind of its introduction) descending amidst the celestial powers to the succour of the church, represented in the congregation below.

At the period in which this work was executed, we see the commencement of a distinct and progressive school of Art in Italy, characterised by powers of conception and colouring of the highest order, having developed itself spontaneously, without any previous school to found its style upon, or from which to derive its canons of taste, entirely rejecting every form and expression of Art included in the practice of sculpture, and, in process of time, making such advances in artistic skill and power of correct delineation, that, had not its progress been arrested by the Gothic invasion of the next century, there is no telling how far it might have attained to excellence, or in what degree it might have affected all future Art.

The position attained by the Italian school of the fifth and sixth centuries is, perhaps, best indicated by the fine Mosaic in the Church of SS. Cosimo and Damian, in the Roman forum. The wall on which the work is executed is vaulted and semicircular, presenting difficulties in the delineation of groups of large figures of no ordinary nature. Yet we here see the figures, though twelve feet in height, not only grouped with skill, but, notwithstanding the curvature of the wall, presenting the effect of being well posed and correctly drawn. The subject represented is from a portion of the second chapter of the Revelations:—"*These things saith the Son of God, who hath his eyes like to a flame of fire, and his feet like fine brass.*" "*He that overcometh, and keepeth my words till the end, to him will I give power over the nations.*" "*And I will give him the morning star.*" Our Lord is seen descending from the deep blue sky, with the book or scroll in his hand, and addressing the saints and apostles assembled in the lower part of the picture. The entire conception, the action, and the expression of this figure, are rendered with a majesty and sublimity, to my thinking, exceeding anything to be seen in any other production of Art. I am not now giving my own impressions alone; the work in question is celebrated throughout Europe, and the accomplished president of our Royal Academy, Sir C. L. Eastlake, in his edition of Kügler, mentions it in terms of unqualified praise. The action of the principal figure is noble, simple, and natural, and the dress, being entirely of gold, to represent the "flame of fire" of the text, is in perfect harmony with the deep, transparent ultramarine of the background. A transcript of this figure is given in cut 2, but it is one of the few works in which the expression of the countenance is so subtle, that it defies all attempts to reproduce it in a copy. This picture, having suffered during the Gothic occupation of the city, was restored in the seventh century, by direction of Pope Urban, whose portrait will be seen introduced in the right corner. If it be urged that the excellence of this figure is to be ascribed rather to the restorer than to the first painter, the fact would only be the more surprising, as it is less difficult to conceive of the production of a work of such power, after a century and a half of uninterrupted practice of the Arts, than immediately following the long period of their utter neglect and obscuration.

The deep vein of allegorical thought pervading the whole of the Mosaic pictures of this

period, is suggestive to a degree that can hardly be excelled. In those instances where any addition to the strict title of the text was admissible, the Lord, accompanied by the celestial host, will be seen descending to a green

No. 3.



field covered with blooming flowers—typical of Paradise—in the midst of which are walking the saints and martyrs of past ages; in front of these runs across the picture the mystic Jordan—typical of death—through which the fish, denoting the dead in the faith, are seen passing; on

No. 4.



the nearer river side, not amid flowers, but thorns, and, sometimes, serpents and snares, are bishops and other persons then living; whilst the Christian church generally is represented under the form of a flock of sheep, occupying the extreme foreground of the picture, and drinking, not of Jordan, but of the river of the water of life, flowing in four streams from beneath the throne of God.

Neither did the excellence of this school portray itself alone in an occasional majestic figure, or appropriate expression: forms of beauty began to develop themselves, such as, if priority of date may establish a claim to originality, have formed patterns for the Art of all succeeding ages. In the two exquisite figures of angels, from the great Mosaic in the Church of St. Maria Maggiore (given in cuts 3 and 4), who will not at once recognise the originals of the angels of all succeeding Christian art, whether in painting or in sculpture? The simplicity, purity, and graceful flow of line in the attitudes, have scarcely been surpassed in the best period of the best schools. Again, the terminal angel from the chapel in St. Prassede, called the *orto paradiso* (given in cut 5), for chaste severity of style, is surely worthy of a place amongst the worthiest. The early Italian school, doubtless, attained its position by entire and undisturbed unity of purpose; numberless as are the productions of the first five centuries, scarcely one of them is to be found wherein the portrait of our Lord is not either the sole or the principal object represented; the whole intention and effort of the painter was directed to the delineation of this one figure; consequently we see it, in the vast majority of instances, far exceeding in every artistic quality the other portions of the same composition. Popes, saints, martyrs, and apostles, were introduced plentifully in many of these pictures; but, with the exception of two, or perhaps three, of the fishermen, no consentaneous type became established of their features, and comparatively but little study or attention was bestowed on their delineation. The whole thought of the painter, and seemingly the whole attention of the beholder, was concentrated on the representation of that one Divine form. So much was this the case, that it is not going too far to say that all Christian art, whether of that, or of succeeding ages, took its origin in the depicting of this one countenance; it formed the point round which all artistic effort revolved, on which all artistic thought concentrated itself. In the Veronica pictures of the first and second centuries, we see the most earnest devotedness, the most absolute singleness of purpose of the artists applied to the depicting of this one object. In the dark subterranean chambers of the catacombs, at the graves of the martyrs, at the altar of the suffering church, as "the way, the life, and the truth," the yearnings, the aspirations, the consolations of the Christian flock were centred on the representations of this one form; here, in these dark chambers, it may be truly said that all succeeding pictorial art had its origin, planted like a seed in the ground, germinating and throwing out its roots in the darkness. Reared in humility, as the handmaid to a proscribed and persecuted church, chastened by self-denial, elevated by faith, cradled into poetic eloquence by suffering—it became vitalised, inspired by that Divine energy that gave it so potent an influence over the destiny of future generations. The Art taught in that school was born of no academy, imparted by no professors; it was the simple, childlike language of the deep heart of the people, the expression of those spiritual yearnings, of the imperfect after the perfect, that cannot be uttered. As the minister to pagan luxury, Art had become enslaved; but it had entered in at "the straight gate," and therefore it was given to it ever after to be the coadjutor of the holy faith in the mission of civilization. But it was not destined that its progress should be continuous and uninterrupted; whatever may have been the cause of its decline after the sixth century, whether it was owing to the iconoclastic fury of the barbarian hordes, or to the uses to which it was applied, is open to question, but that decline was certainly contemporaneous with a new direction given to its exercise. In the innumerable works of the six first centuries are two remarkable omissions, remarkable on account of the degree in which the subjects so omitted absorbed the attention of both the artists and the community in after ages. Till the sixth or seventh century no representation of the Blessed Virgin, as a Divine person, was known in the church, neither had there been any consentaneous type of the character of her countenance;* and, till the middle of the sixth century, no trace of any representation of the last consummating act of human salvation—the crucifixion of our Lord—is to be found in any of the multitudinous productions of Christian art. Soon after peace had been restored to the church by the accession of the barbarians to the faith, we see the introduction of the type of countenance in the portraits of the Blessed Virgin, the fair sanguineous complexion, the gentle, devout ex-



No. 5.

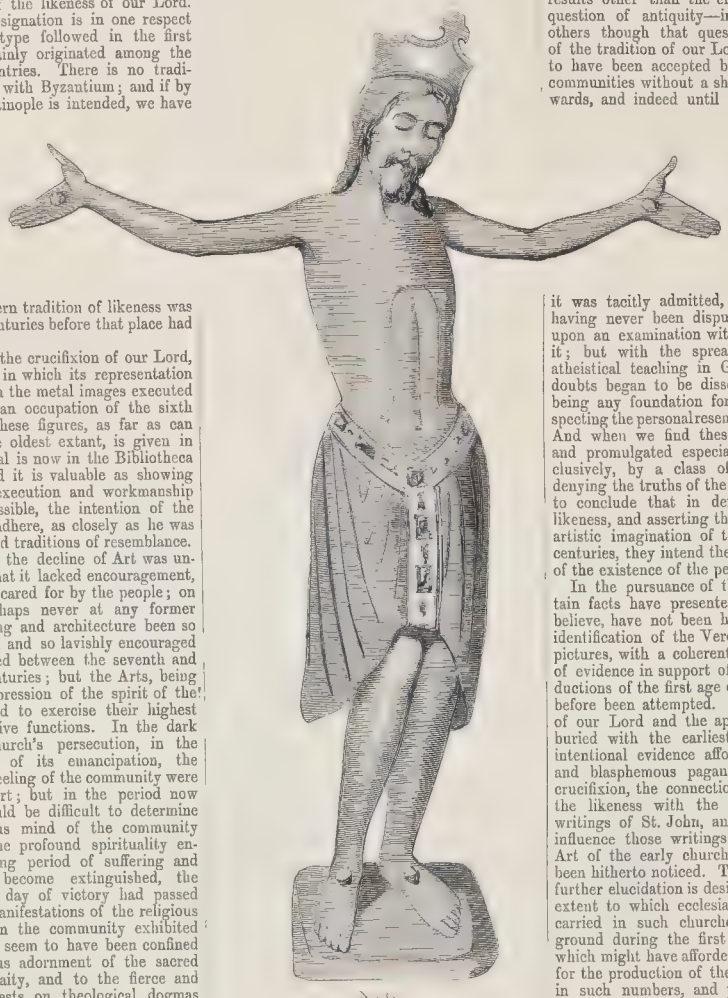
pression we have since been accustomed to. At this period her representation in the Art of the church began to assume a position of equal importance to that of our Lord himself, who, having laid aside the book which, as the Divine teacher, he had for four centuries been constantly represented with, is now always depicted bestowing the insignia of royalty on his earthly parent. Considering the period at which this idea took possession of the Christian artists, and the universality it afterwards obtained, it would appear that it was intended thereby to symbolize the regal or independent authority conferred on the Roman bishop by gift of the Eastern emperor. After the introduction of this fashion of representation, the likeness of our Lord suffered a marked depreciation. The dark brown hair and complexion, the emaciated, sorrowful, loving coun-

* In the illustrations of the last number of the *Art-Journal* will be seen a Mosaic of the Virgin and Infant Saviour, but one significant omission will be noticed; while the Divine nature of the Child is indicated by a nimbus, no such distinctive symbol is added to his earthly parent.

tenance that had till then formed the distinct and unvarying tradition, gave place to a likeness much more resembling that of his earthly parent. The hair became lighter, and often quite flaxen; the eyes, instead of black, were rendered of a light blue; and a soft, smooth, feminine countenance, instead of that infinitely more impressive one that the early painters had handed down with such minute and unvarying fidelity. The divergence so established was the origin of what has been termed the Italian and the Byzantine types of the likeness of our Lord. But surely this designation is in one respect erroneous, as the type followed in the first six centuries certainly originated among the Asiatic Greek countries. There is no tradition to connect it with Byzantium; and if by that name Constantinople is intended, we have seen that the Eastern tradition of likeness was brought to Italy centuries before that place had an existence.

With respect to the crucifixion of our Lord, the first instances in which its representation can be traced are in the metal images executed during the barbarian occupation of the sixth century; one of these figures, as far as can be ascertained, the oldest extant, is given in cut 6. The original is now in the Bibliotheca of the Vatican, and it is valuable as showing that though the execution and workmanship are the rudest possible, the intention of the workman was to adhere, as closely as he was able, to the received traditions of resemblance.

From this time the decline of Art was unmistakable—not that it lacked encouragement, or that it was less cared for by the people; on the contrary, perhaps never at any former period had painting and architecture been so generally practised and so lavishly encouraged as in that included between the seventh and the thirteenth centuries; but the Arts, being no longer the expression of the spirit of the people, had ceased to exercise their highest and most distinctive functions. In the dark period of the church's persecution, in the glorious morning of its emancipation, the spiritual life and feeling of the community were reflected in its Art; but in the period now treated of, it would be difficult to determine what the religious mind of the community actually was. The profound spirituality engendered by a long period of suffering and persecution had become extinguished, the exultation of the day of victory had passed away, and what manifestations of the religious vitality existing in the community exhibited themselves, would seem to have been confined to the ostentatious adornment of the sacred edifices by the laity, and to the fierce and interminable contests on theological dogmas on the part of the clergy. Under such circumstances, it is not surprising that the arts of representation became shorn of their highest significance. Architecture grew and flourished, certainly, as might have been expected from the prevailing taste for ostentatious ecclesiastical adornment; but painting sunk from the position it had previously occupied, as the coadjutor of the church in its teaching, to that of a mere instrument of decoration. Nobly and gloriously, in an artistic point of view, it executed its new task, it is true, as is evidenced by the unrivalled and matchless examples of its skill that have formed the wonder and the admiration of all succeeding ages; but in descending to the functions of the upholsterer, it had lost the spirituality that attached to its higher calling, and a work of Art, from being an exponent and illustration of the faith, had now become a mere picture—an item in the adornment of the walls of the building; or if, in any instances, it partook of its higher character, it was but as a medium of asserting some new point of doctrine that, for the time being, occupied more especially



the attention of the church; and the object of the painter seems to have been either the greatest amount of gorgeous decoration, or the most attractive rendering of the Blessed Virgin, who had just been elevated to a place in the holiest of holies of the Christian temple only second to the highest.

It was impossible but that the depreciation in the purposes of Art observable during this period should extend itself also to its productions; consequently we see that the likeness of our Lord, though reproduced more frequently than at any former period, was delineated with that absence of feeling and spiritual vitality that might be expected from want of enthusiasm, and from diverted energy on the part of the painter.

It is no part of my purpose to follow the tradition of the Divine likeness further through this period, my task being accomplished in having traced it back from the time when it is incontestable that it was in general acceptance, to the first age of the church.

An inquiry of this nature is not without results other than the elucidation of a mere question of antiquity—interesting above all others though that question be. The truth of the tradition of our Lord's likeness appears to have been accepted by the first Christian communities without a shade of doubt; afterwards, and indeed until the present century, it was tacitly admitted, and its authenticity having never been disputed, no one entered upon an examination with a view to support it; but with the spread of neological and atheistical teaching in Germany and France, doubts began to be disseminated as to there being any foundation for our conceptions respecting the personal resemblance of the Saviour. And when we find these doubts entertained and promulgated especially, and, indeed, exclusively, by a class of writers professedly denying the truths of the Gospel, we are forced to conclude that in denying the traditional likeness, and asserting that it originated in the artistic imagination of the sixth and seventh centuries, they intend thereby to infer a doubt of the existence of the person represented.

In the pursuance of this investigation, certain facts have presented themselves that, I believe, have not been hitherto noticed. The identification of the Veronica, or early Greek, pictures, with a coherent and unbroken chain of evidence in support of their being the productions of the first age of the church, has not before been attempted. The enamel pictures of our Lord and the apostles on the *paterœ* buried with the earliest Christians, the unintentional evidence afforded by the profane and blasphemous pagan caricatures of the crucifixion, the connection of the tradition of the likeness with the introduction of the writings of St. John, and the preponderating influence those writings exercised upon the Art of the early church, have none of them been hitherto noticed. The questions on which further elucidation is desirable, are—firstly, the extent to which ecclesiastical decoration was carried in such churches as existed above-ground during the first three centuries, and which might have afforded a preparatory school for the production of the works of Art we see in such numbers, and possessing such high artistic power, in the age of Constantine; and, secondly, whether it is possible to obtain clear and satisfactory evidence in support of the authenticity of other of the early Greek pictures, besides those now preserved in Genoa and at St. Peter's, and thus add to the testimony that these ancient productions, worn by the first members of the church, and buried with them in their graves, were, in repeated instances, executed at a time when they would have been brought under the direct notice of many who had seen our Lord.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

"THE BATTLE OF THE STYLES."

After a prolonged period of doubt and hesitation, after much of annoyance to many persons, and not a little that is worse than annoyance to a few, the House of Commons at length has had a debate upon the style of architecture that is to be adopted for the new Foreign Office, and has come to a decision, and, so far, has settled this vexed question. The question itself was sufficiently simple. The last government appointed the architect, who is regarded throughout Europe as the head of his profession in this country. This architect prepared a design, which was approved by the then government, and has since secured the approval of the most competent and impartial judges. But, before the matter could be brought before parliament, a change took place in the administration; and the new government, while confirming the appointment of the architect, have declared themselves determined opponents of the style in which he had prepared his design. The result of this hostility on the part of the present government, and especially on the part of its head, Viscount Palmerston, is the vote of the House of Commons on the 8th of July, which affirmed the mandate of the premier, and determined that the style of the new Foreign Office should be the Classic of Lord Palmerston, and not the Gothic of Mr. G. G. Scott.

The decision of the House was such as might have been expected, though certainly it is very far from being either satisfactory in itself or creditable to parliament. A satisfactory decision, indeed, implies the expression of a sound opinion by competent judges. By accident, or when actuated by an auspicious impulse, or through the agency of overruling influences for good, the most incompetent of judges may sometimes decide wisely and well. Their judgment, however, when deliberate, when left to themselves, and particularly when powerfully affected by influential prejudice, can scarcely fail to prove the very reverse of satisfactory. The vote of the House of Commons upon the style of the new Foreign Office has been taken under precisely such circumstances as we have supposed. The majority of the honourable gentlemen, by whom the subject was discussed and decided, knew nothing whatever about architecture; and, in addition to their own ignorance, they were subjected to the partial misrepresentations of more than one of their own order, together with the full force of the highest official influence brought forward in support of the personal prejudices of individuals now in office.

Without attempting to criticise minutely the debate which called forth an appropriate *pæan* from the *Times*, we desire to record our decided protest against both the manner in which it was conducted and the conclusion at which it arrived. It is notorious that the government determined to oppose Mr. Scott's masterly and most appropriate Gothic design, solely because it was Gothic, without attempting or even pretending to understand either the style itself, or Mr. Scott's particular example of its application. Nor is it less certain that Lord Palmerston and his subordinates, in what they were pleased should do duty for arguments in support of their architectural policy, made use of a series of exploded fallacies and often-refuted misrepresentations; while, on the other hand, they failed to advance (because, indeed, it was impossible that they should advance) a single genuine argument to sustain their views and to justify their conduct. The Gothic, as a style, these equally eminent and candid Art-critics declared to be all very well for ecclesiastical buildings, but for civil and domestic edifices they pronounced it to be altogether unfitted—in fact, it was essentially an ecclesiastical style; as such it was used by the men of the middle ages, who introduced it, and in that capacity we may perhaps be right in using it ourselves. Not that the objectors had much to say for the Gothic even for churches, since, in their estimation, it is in appearance inevitably "conventual," and "jesuitical," and "dark," and "gloomy," and "inconvenient," and it abounds in "eccentricities," and it is "mediæval," and, if English at all, it is the English of the Plantagenets and Tudors, and not of the era of Queen Victoria. We can understand that Lord Palmerston might not know how all this nonsense had long ago been disposed of. We can suppose him never to have heard of Mr. Parker's excellent volumes on the early civil and domestic Gothic of England, or to have made himself master of a single fact connected with either the history or the revival of Gothic Art. But delusions and omissions of this kind ought not to be distorted into authorities for the perpetration of serious practical mischief. A lively veteran in politics, the noble and "laughter-loving" viscount may very naturally imagine that his worn-out Art-notions still retain their pristine freshness. Lord Palmerston must be reminded that whatever ideas he may entertain upon architecture were formed before the second half of the present century began,—they were formed, consequently, before the grandest movement in the art of architecture that modern times has known had had its commencement. Not a single step has he advanced in his knowledge of architecture, while around him the onward movement has been rapid and strongly sustained. Lord Palmerston forgets, perhaps, that he is an old man, and other people may successfully persuade him to forget that he is an old statesman; and so he may fancy that his antiquated George IV. reminiscences about the Arts are still in accordance with the spirit of the present day, and he may conclude that the *fashion* in architecture is the same in 1861 as it was when he was actually young in both years and statesmanship. In reply to Lord Palmerston's anti-Gothic allegations, it is sufficient to assert that the noble viscount was speaking in painful ignorance, every objection to that grand style which he enunciated being exactly the converse of the fact. The Gothic is in every respect as great (and as great, in every respect, it always has been while it was great at all) as well for civil as for ecclesiastical buildings; and it has always been as habitually used for civil buildings as for ecclesiastical, so long as it produced any noble buildings whatever. The Gothic is not a "conventual" style, neither can it fairly be stigmatised as "jesuitical," seeing that the Jesuits have always done their best to exterminate it, and that convents are almost universally designed after the Italian classic manner. Neither is the Gothic "dark," or "gloomy," or "inconvenient," or "eccentric," or "mediæval," as essential qualities or conditions of the style; on the contrary, Gothic buildings, as such, are better lighted, and more commodious than any others, and they are by far more cheerful than their competitors, and less monotonous; and their comparative convenience or inconvenience depends upon the architect (*or upon those who fetter and control his free action*), the Gothic style simply placing at his disposal far greater facilities for convenience than any other. Nor are Gothic edifices (if they really are Gothic, pure and simple, and not illustrations of the style travestied) eccentric—unless it be in the eyes of those who affect to believe that tiers of square-headed windows, all of them exactly alike, are worthy of admiration, and that they have their powers of admitting light increased by the erection of a row of useless columns (all exactly alike also) in front of them—persons who pretend to delight in stucco imitations of unmeaning classic ornaments, and whose ideas of consistent and honourable *English* architecture find types in Corinthian capitals executed to order wholesale, and in pediments that do not terminate roofs, and in balustrades without any possible use or significance, and in *solid* urns, and in figures which are mythological in character and Roman in costume. And as to the mediævalism of Gothic architecture, why certainly in the middle ages the Gothic grew up in England, as elsewhere throughout Europe, to be a noble and a glorious style, and it harmonised well with the period of its first renown, and it adapted itself in happy fitness to the sentiments and the requirements of the men who devised and developed it: much after the same manner that classic architecture is "antique," inasmuch as it was produced and made perfect by the ancients, in accordance with their ideas, and as a material expression of their aspirations. But this Gothic architecture admits—nay, its essential principles demand—that it should *always* conform to *existing* sentiments and requirements, and that it *always* should harmonise with each succeeding age. The men of one age may reproduce or copy earlier Gothic structures: this, however, proceeds from their own choice—their choice determined, perhaps, by their want of ability to think and originate for themselves; for the Gothic style is ever ready to advance with passing time. It would be difficult to show that classic architecture admits of any important modifications, or that it can be made to assimilate to new conditions of society, and to harmonise with the fresh associations of altered circumstances. At any rate, the classic is *not more* facile in its adaptability, it is not more versatile or more comprehensive than the Gothic. We may have covered brick columns with stucco in England until the popular notion of English architecture and columnar architecture has become identical; and an English premier may conclude that what he takes to be classic architecture must be best for London in 1861, because he knows that the classic architecture, borrowed by the Romans from Greece, shed a glory upon Augustan Rome; and the English House of Commons may affirm by their vote the architectural supremacy of such edifices as Buckingham Palace, and the British Museum, and the Royal Exchange: and yet the Gothic may be, as certainly the Gothic is, the one style that alone can produce such a Foreign Office as would be worthy of the English metropolis at the present day.

Let us be rightly understood when we make the assertion we have just made. We cherish no mediæval sympathies whatever. We object altogether to speak either Anglo-Norman or Anglo-Roman; we positively refuse to wear either a toga or a hauberk; nor have we the slightest inclination to display on our *cartes de visite* figures that are either cross-legged or half human and half scroll-work. We believe the Gothic, however, to be the style of architecture which is the noblest in itself, the best adapted for every important English building, and pre-eminently qualified in able hands to express the sentiments, and to provide for the requirements, of our own times. It may now be useless to struggle in behalf of an edifice that might be honourable to ourselves, and such as foreign visitors to London might look upon with admiring approval. And it may also be too late to plead for an able and experienced architect, that he has a right to feel secure alike from ministerial tyranny and parliamentary injustice. Whether too late or not to obtain fair and worthy treatment for Mr. Scott, and to advocate effectually for our London a new national edifice that might rank with the Hotels de Ville of continental cities, we are so far in earnest in holding our opinions that we cannot refrain from giving to them a full and free expression. To our able architectural contemporaries (if they are disposed to such a task) we prefer to leave it, both to specify the individual details of such a Gothic Foreign Office as would be satisfactory to ourselves, and to dispose systematically of the fallacies and blunders of Lord Palmerston and his confederates in the House of Commons. It is enough for us to touch in general terms, though in a definite manner and a decided tone, upon the style of the new Foreign Office, as it was dealt with in the recent debate, and as at present it has been determined by parliament. Were it required of us, however, to vindicate the Gothic in the present particular instance, by demonstrating its superior fitness and its worthiness for the production of the required new Foreign Office, we should not feel that any severe or trying task had been imposed upon us.

Whatever the final decision of the legislature, the voice of the intelligent and educated public is powerfully and significantly raised in advocacy of the Gothic style—the Gothic, be it remembered, not of the middle ages revived and reproduced, but that same great style inspired with fresh life, and animated with renewed vigour, and at the same time modified and expressed in conformity with the spirit of our own era. On every side, as well amongst the most practical and thoroughly "business" men as with the learned and the scientific, at home and in the colonies, the Gothic is in the ascendant as the rising style of the day. Lord Palmerston, a septuagenarian, consistently adheres to an old-fashioned and almost obsolete style, and he fondly hopes by such means to crush the aspiring growth of the more recent Art. He greatly miscalculates his own powers, as he fails altogether to form a just conception of the energy of the revived Gothic. At the most, he will not do more than add another comparatively poor public building to the architectural mediocrity of London. We say "comparatively poor" because Mr. Scott will save the Foreign Office, whatever its style, from absolute

poverty. He is too able an architect not to leave the impress of his ability upon every work that bears his name, however adverse the conditions under which he may have been constrained to act. At Hamburg, the Gothic points with either hand to two new public edifices, the one ecclesiastical and the other civil, that declare with equal impressiveness the estimation in which the English architect is held by foreigners. In London the prime minister and parliament of England treat their distinguished countryman with arbitrary indifference, and compel him to construct at home a contrast to his own works abroad. Thus does Lord Palmerston win his triumphs in, or rather over, Art. There is one circumstance connected with his present triumph over the Gothic that the premier possibly may have failed to take into his consideration. It is a circumstance that we are not disposed to overlook. This is certain to prove one of the most evanescent of triumphs. "The battle of the styles" Lord Palmerston evidently considers to have been fought out, and the victory he believes to have been won by his classic *protégé*—by "Greek" architecture, "or Roman, or Renaissance," as he himself so clearly and so felicitously defined his own classic ideal. Battles have often been sustained long after apparent victories have been won; and many a specious triumph has proved the prelude to a complete ultimate catastrophe. In "the battle of the styles" the combatants in the front rank of the Gothic array are conscious of no exhaustion of either strength or spirit. Some hostile demonstration of unusual gravity they might need to induce them to consolidate their power, to act with more cordial unanimity, and to bring their reserves into action. And this Lord Palmerston may be congratulated on having unconsciously accomplished. His Foreign Office *coup* he must expect to recoil upon his own classic confederates. The Gothic is not beaten yet, nor do we assign to any remote period the hour of its acknowledged triumph.

PHOTOGRAPHIC PICTURES ON GLASS.

THE discovery of photography gave rise to the hope that the process might be employed extensively as a valuable auxiliary in certain of the manufactures that are indebted to Art for enrichment, and that the facility of its utilization would materially reduce the cost of products which are nothing without embellishment, but of which the embellishment enhances the cost beyond moderate means. The hope so long and so confidently entertained, is about to be realized in one direction, by an invention of M. Joubert, long known to the world of Art as an engraver of the highest rank. Photography has so effectually superseded miniature painting, that those artists who continue to profess portraiture have either gone to oil or yielded to the pressure and become photographers. Painters, generally, do not acknowledge any obligation to photography; but architects ought to be grateful for that it has filled their portfolios with the most beautiful instances of their art. Setting aside the earnestness with which photography has been practised as a means of producing likenesses, it has been regarded principally as a source of amusement, a limitation whence nothing could be expected of a kind at all available as "industrial art."

The invention of M. Joubert consists in throwing photographic pictures on the glass, and burning them in in the kiln in the manner in which painting on glass is fired. We have been favoured with a sight of M. Joubert's works, which consist of the reproduction of landscapes, figures, portraits, architecture, in short, every subject of which photographic pictures are made; and the invention is not limited to photographs, but comprehends every kind of print, all seeming with equal facility to be transferred to the glass and burnt into it. One striking example of the latter kind of transfer, is Raffaelle's 'Belle Jardinière,' an engraving of which every line and every gradation of shade are as faithfully repeated on the glass as on the paper. M. Joubert has as yet produced nothing larger than 24 inches by 17½, but he says that the dimensions of the plate are limited only by the size of the kiln. If this be the case, and the photograph can be successfully enlarged, there does not, that we can see, exist any obstacle to this photographic transfer superseding legitimate glass painting. The tracing or drawing of the subject on the coloured glass and afterwards the hatching and working in of the forms with the necessary care, is a labour of much nicety, which would be entirely obviated could the forms be thrown on to the coloured glass as enlarged from a small study, with the option of producing any number of replicas.

M. Joubert thus explains his process:—The glass used may be crown or flatted, but it must be perfectly free from blemish, and carefully cleaned and wiped to prepare it for the liquid compound with which it is to be coated. The liquid consists of a saturated solution of bichromate of ammonia, in the proportion of five parts; honey and albumen three parts of each, well mixed together and thinned with from twenty to thirty parts of distilled water, the whole carefully filtered before use. As this mixture is necessarily sensitive to light, it must be prepared in a room from which the light is partially excluded; or under a yellow light, as in photographic operating rooms.

The glass, having been coated with the solution, and exposed for a few minutes to the heat of a gas stove in order to dry it, is placed face downwards on the subject to be copied in an ordinary frame, such as is used for printing photographs. It is understood that the picture to be copied on the glass must be what is called in photographic phrase a positive, and if on paper it must be rendered transparent by waxing or some other method. Exposure to the light during a few seconds will, according to the state of the weather, show on removing the glass from the pressure frame, a faintly indicated negative picture, which is brought out by rubbing over the surface gently with a soft brush an enamel colour in a very finely divided powder, until the whole composition appears in a perfect positive form. It is then fixed by pouring over the surface alcohol, to which has been added a small proportion of acid, either nitric or acetic. The alcohol, having been floated over the entire surface, is drained off at one corner. In a short time the alcohol will be evaporated, the glass is then to be gently immersed in a large pan of clear water, and left until the chromic solution has dissolved off, and nothing remains but the enamel colour on the glass; it is then allowed to dry near a heated stove, and when dry is ready to be placed in the kiln for firing. Enamel of any colour can be used, and, by careful registering, a variety of colours can be printed one after the other, so as to obtain a perfect imitation of a picture.

The largest pictures that M. Joubert has as yet produced, are, as we have observed, 24 by 17½ inches, but he thinks there would be no difficulty in producing pictures three or four feet square, but in proportion to the increased size of the glass, so is the difficulty of firing it augmented. With respect to the colouring, that is a process requiring much care, and a combination of tints can only be effected by the employment of colours that can be fired at the same time. M. Joubert can fix four colours in one burning, and he has no doubt of being able to produce at one firing a great variety as the art becomes developed by experience. We have made a few observations on glass painting—it is not the object of the inventor to enter into competition with glass painters, but it must be that in the end this method of producing pictures on glass will supersede all the common products of what is called glass painting. With respect to the cost of these plates in comparison with glass painting, the price of the former must be very much less, when it is remembered that the works of the glass painter are accomplished only with great labour, and all that labour may be frustrated by the fracture of the glass in the kiln. The pictures according to M. Joubert's invention, are liable to the like accident, but for their production the same time and labour are not necessary. The estimated cost of these pictures will be eight shillings per square foot. The price is determined according to measurement, in order to facilitate the formation of estimates by architects and builders, as an invention of such utility must come at once into extensive requisition, in which case it is supposed that the cost may be materially reduced. M. Joubert has been experimenting for two years and more, and of course the failures, as in all cases of mere experiment, were very numerous, but now his success is such that the failures in the process do not amount to more than one per cent. The invention is patented, and the patent includes its application to ceramic productions, of the success of which the patentee possesses some examples; but as he found it impossible to carry on to ultimate perfection the application to both glass and china at the same time, he chose the former, and devoted himself to it with such happy results as we describe. A difficulty might be anticipated in dealing photographically with convex surfaces; but M. Joubert is sanguine of transferring to such surfaces pictures with a certainty of preserving them from destruction, according to a new method of printing on the round about to be introduced by an eminent photographer. The excise upon glass was in force upwards of a century, operating most perniciously in respect of its common application in improved forms to domestic purposes; and had the impost still existed, M. Joubert says that he should have hesitated about devoting himself to the perfecting of his invention. Even as it is, and without the improvements in prospect, it must be regarded as one of the most beautiful and valuable inventions of our time—as superseding at once all the bad art that we see in windows available for decoration.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

SIR,—Thanks for your protest, in the last number of the *Art-Journal*, against the errors of the Crystal Palace management. In the way of condemnation your strictures leave nothing to be said; but the considerations they involve seem to me to open up the prior question—is not the state of things which we deplore rather the inevitable result of a radical fault in the original conception of the Palace, than a sudden divergence from propriety on the part of the directors?

The original design of the Crystal Palace, as I understand it, was to combine the appliances for instruction and study, with the attractions of a resort for pleasure. The combination was impossible, the alliance unnatural, and the failure to be expected. Being in no way personally interested in the concern, I write in ignorance of its financial details, and therefore under correction; but my acquaintance with kindred matters justifies me in saying that the enormous cost of creating and maintaining the works required for the first purpose, is what no mere holiday revenue can bear; while, as regards congruity, the contact of sight-seeing crowds is as fatal to the comfort and profit of the student, as are some of the objects of his studies preposterous as ornaments in a public lounge.

It is time that the vain attempt to mix up study, or real education, with amusement, were discountenanced by those who know in their own experience its utter impossibility. The charity school will derive as little benefit from the casts of Angelo, as will he who has been communing with the eloquent memorials of the Assyrian court find pleasure in the band and fountains. Study is one thing, and "*pleasaunce*" is another; each has its own season, and each should have its own place. The Sydenham institution was free to choose between them, but it cannot secure both. To vie for educational purposes with the British and Kensington Museums, must have engulfed a capital, and involve expenses so far beyond the income realized thereby, as to become a ruinous charge upon the revenue from other sources. Hence the amusement department must be kept at fever heat. The holiday-makers must be attracted by a succession of novelties more and more highly seasoned for their not too fastidious palate; and when we remember that all is controlled by a joint-stock proprietary of hungry and disappointed shareholders, whose single end and aim, rule of right, and test of success, is—dividends, the picture of failure and retrogression is complete.

We may regret, but we can no longer wonder, that an undertaking, originally hailed as a national glory, should be found resorting to Sunday desecration, and exhibitions of criminal foolhardiness, for a precarious subsistence.

E. J. J.

London, July 11.

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.

Not less remarkable than the collections it contains have been the rise and progress of this now important and curious museum: a gathering made from all Europe in a comparatively short space of time, it presents a most striking contrast to the insignificant groups in the half-empty cases of the British Museum; where purchases are few, and when made, are months, or we might almost say years, before they are publicly exhibited. The effete system of trusteeship, and the doubts and difficulties which beset "boards" of gentlemen little conversant with the matters they are called to decide upon, clog and hamper our great national institution, and obstruct its most efficient officers; while South Kensington, more happily ruled, knows nought of this: the one is the type of the old school, formal and prosy; the other of the new, active, intelligent, and useful.

The important purchases from the Soltykoff collection, recently dispersed in Paris, are already placed in a post of honour for public approbation at Kensington. They deserve it; the three objects in one case could not be rivalled in importance and beauty by any other museum. The first in point of date, and infinitely so in its interest, is the Paschal Candlestick, of gilt bronze, made by order of Peter, Abbot of the Monastery of St. Peter at Gloucester (now the cathedral), *circa* 1115; and which was afterwards given to one of the churches of Mans, in Normandy; the gift probably took place in the twelfth or thirteenth century, and there it remained until the great revolution scattered this and other important church antiques. As an example of the peculiar Art of the era, it is unrivalled: it is a mass of sculpture in high relief, or *appliqué*, saints, angels, birds, and animals are grouped with foliage and inscribed scrolls, with all that barbaric richness of detail in which the Byzantine school delighted to disport itself. It has been most properly secured for this country in opposition to spirited biddings on the part of the Louvre; but it is really a national monument we should have been disgraced in losing. Next let us pause over the *Châsse* or Reliquary in gilt bronze, a Rhenish-Byzantine work of the twelfth century, originally brought from Cologne. It takes the form of a domed cathedral, whose ground plan is a Maltese cross; the roof, pillars, and sides are enriched by enamels, and the intervening spaces filled by sculptures in walrus ivory. As a piece of Art-workmanship, it has extraordinary claims to attention, while its state of preservation is so perfect that it might be mistaken for a modern copy. The third specimen in this case is a toilet mirror with a metal *speculum*, a Milanese work of the early part of the sixteenth century: it is of grand proportions, the mirror, covered by a sliding panel, richly embossed; the frame, a mass of architectural enrichment and shrined figures, exhibiting the fanciful elongated pseudo-delicacy of the minor Art-workmen of that epoch; the entire surface is damascened with silver and gold, and the utmost elaboration of design has been lavished over the whole. For these three works, the competition was eager in Paris; but we think our officers have done well in securing the most important features of the famous Soltykoff museum, though at a price that would have been considered fabulous a few years ago; it is better thus to obtain a few of the finest things, than spend public money over large quantities of minor examples; of the latter the museum has enough, and now wants but a few of the larger and more elaborate works. Not that minor articles are to be refused, and we are pleased to see they are not; for several have been also obtained at the same sale, and we may particularly allude to the door handle of German workmanship (*circa* 1480), and the knocker in chiselled iron, a work in French Renaissance (*circa* 1520), as good in their class, the latter particularly so; it consists of a figure of a cupid holding a tablet inscribed "*salve*," standing beneath a canopy; the figure lifts and forms the knocker; the canopy and the other enrichments are remarkable for brilliancy of execution. In the same case is a group of fine church furniture, a triptych of great elaboration, several croziers, a reliquary with a very curious representation of the 'Descent from the Cross,' and many minor pieces of altar plate, eminently deserving notice.

Among the more recent contributions from private collections exhibited "for public good," we may notice the remarkably fine and large specimens of old Chelsea vases, lent by R. Naylor, Esq.; in taste, colour, and contour, they vie with their continental rivals, but we rarely have the chance of seeing such important examples. Major-General Malcolm sends a good collection of Oriental arms, having all that abundance of enriched detail which the eastern nations delight in; they are useful in an educational point of view, inasmuch as they teach us that the most lavish decoration in the brightest tints, may be "toned down" by the taste of the workman, until gaudiness is lost in enrichment. The groups of arms exhibited by R. T. Pritchett, Esq., display the armourer's claim to his position among Art-workers in metal; the horse-muzzle and burgonet are the best specimens,—the former appears to have come from the prolific *ateliers* of the Low Countries in the sixteenth century. The inscription is made to subserve the ornamental necessities of the general design; the easy way in which the metal is generally wrought deserves attention; in fact, the artizans of the period seem never to have felt a difficulty in manipulation of any kind, and to have had the same facility in delicately and easily sculpturing steel, as a modern cameo-cutter possesses when employed on his shell. There are some matchlocks and pistols that also deserve attention from the extreme elaborateness of their decoration, consisting not only in carving the wooden stock as finely as a lady's workbox might be, but in inlaying metals and ivories, plain or coloured, over their surfaces.

The Italian sculptures recently added to the collection by its indefatigable officers, who were ready at once to secure what the Italians themselves failed to preserve, are not yet properly exhibited, and their value cannot, consequently, be entirely felt; they are heaped, rather than arranged, on the floor of a small room, some large works are laid on their backs that should only be seen upright. The removal of the "Singing Gallery" from Florence has allowed a small space for other objects, and among them some good sculptures of saints and angels, full of the fine feeling of mediæval Italian Art. We were particularly pleased with a recumbent figure of a female, which has evidently formed a monumental slab over some now forgotten grave; it is worthy of much attention from the graceful ease of its design in a somewhat circumscribed field of Art.

All these, and other large works of sculpture, are to be ultimately placed in a grand central hall of iron and glass, now in rapid progress of construction, and which will fill the quadrangle formed by the picture galleries. By this means the rooms will be relieved of such works as the 'David,' which at present crowd and embarrass themselves and others. With the completion of this hall, large, and well lighted from its domed roof, we shall then possess a museum having no phase of Art unrepresented in a worthy manner.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Glasgow.—Three more of the stained glass windows, concerning which there has been of late years so much discussion in parliament, in corporations, and among individuals, have reached their destination, the Cathedral of Glasgow, from Munich. The donors respectively are, we understand from our contemporary the *Builder*, Lady Montague, Mr. Middleton, of Glasgow, and Mr. Graham Sommerville. Mr. Sommerville's window is to be placed in the left side of the church, and the other two in the north aisle of the nave.

Stirling.—The foundation-stone of the monumental memorial of Sir William Wallace was laid upon the Abbey Craig, near Stirling, on the last anniversary of the battle of Bannockburn, June 25. The design of the monument is an imitation of a Scottish baronial tower, 200 feet high, and 36 feet square. The site presents a magnificent view of the rocky castle of Stirling and the surrounding picturesque scenery, which includes the Frith of Forth.

Norwich.—The annual meeting for the distribution of prizes to the pupils of the School of Art in this city, has taken place. In a few preliminary remarks made by the mayor, who acted as chairman, and delivered the prizes to the successful candidates, he observed that as a man who could not play a single note of music derived, nevertheless, very sensible pleasure from musical sounds, so he who could not handle a pencil might yet have a most vivid impression of the beauty of forms, the splendour of colours, and the elegance of taste; and all could understand the value of an institution like this. In a material and utilitarian age, in which the steam-engine threatened to puff away all ideas of beauty, and science languished and was dumb in the presence of the *auri sacri fames*, these schools fostered and kept alive, or, to speak more correctly, enkindled in the mind of youth a love of Art,—drew forth, as it were, the latent spark,—fanning it into a gentle flame, refining the mind and improving the morals by drawing them from sordid pursuits. Their influence on manufactures was, he believed, so beneficial, that our manufacturers might reasonably hope to rival, if not excel, the foreigners in gracefulness of design; and, no doubt, there were some among the pupils who had souls above patterns, and who might become the founders of a school of English Raffaelles, Vandykes, and Claudes. The number of pupils in the central school during the last year has been upwards of 240, including twenty-eight school-masters and mistresses from the national and other charitable schools. The number of children, in the out-door schools during the past year, was 1,088.

Reading.—The first annual meeting of the Reading School of Art was held, on the 5th of July, in the council chamber of the Town Hall, under the presidency of the Mayor, Mr. J. Boorne. The report of the committee states that the amount received in donations for the establishment of the school was £110, including £20 from Mr. R. Benyon, 10 guineas from the president, Mr. Higford Burr, and 10 guineas from Sir F. Goldsmid. The sum thus contributed was expended in furnishing and fitting up the rooms, and in the purchase of suitable examples, casts, &c., for the use of the pupils; the number of whom has been sixty-eight; namely, twenty in the ladies' morning class, twenty in the evening class, and twenty-eight in the artizans' and mechanics' class; the amount received for fees was £94 8*s*. Besides the pupils in the central or principal school, the branch schools receiving instruction were the Blue Coat School, 36 pupils, the British School, 120, and 65 pupils in private schools. The recent government examination was attended by all the pupils, both in the public and private establishments, when twenty-three prizes, five medals, three "honourable mentions," and two prize studentships were awarded. The master, Mr. C. R. Havell, and his scholars seem thus far to have fulfilled their duties to each other; it remains for the inhabitants of the town and district to do theirs, by such support as is needed to render the institution really efficient.

Yarmouth.—The distribution of prizes to the successful candidates of the Yarmouth School of Art took place on the 13th of June. The list of recipients was larger than on any previous occasion, the medals awarded being 15, and the number of other prizes more than 100. The school has been in operation five or six years.

Bristol.—The annual meeting of the subscribers to the Bristol Academy of Arts was held at the Institution, on the 16th of July. The report of the operations of the society during the past year is of a favourable character. The receipts for admission to the exhibition amounted to £150, and for the sale of pictures £960, the commission on which realized the sum of £46 14*s*. 6*d*.—this goes into the academy's funds. The total balance-sheet, showing its present pecuniary condition, gives a balance in hand of £480 15*s*. The various resolutions submitted to the meeting were moved and seconded respectively by Messrs. J. B. Atkinson, Chapman, J. Battersby Harford, T. Hawkins, Walton, Braikenbridge, and others.

Southampton.—The memorial statue of the late Dr. Isaac Watts, the eminent Dissenting divine and sacred poet, was erected and inaugurated here, the place of his birth, on the 17th of July, with much pomp of ceremony. When the figure was uncovered, the Earl of Shaftesbury delivered an appropriate address to the large assembly present on the occasion. The statue is the work of Mr. R. C. Lucas.

Sheffield.—Mr. Bell's statue of James Montgomery, intended for erection here, has been cast at the works of the Coalbrookdale Company. The pedestal is completed and ready for the reception of the figure. It was intended that the inauguration should take place on the 30th of April, the anniversary of the poet's death, but the ceremony has been delayed by unforeseen difficulties.

DRAWINGS
FROM THE
PICTURES OF HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN, AND HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS PRINCE ALBERT,
AT THE CRYSTAL PALACE.

THE almost unlimited space at the disposal of the directors of the Crystal Palace, enables them at any time to add to their series of collections, without any fear of encroaching upon those occupants of the building which had previously established themselves there as permanent residents. The latest addition of this kind that has thus been made is one of unusual interest, and, without doubt, it will prove eminently attractive to all visitors to the Crystal Palace who seek to derive from that institution intellectual enjoyment.

A new enclosure has been associated—in the gallery near the great orchestra—with the picture gallery, and here are placed the water-colour drawings that were executed from those pictures in the royal collections, which for some time have been engraved for the *Art-Journal*. It must be understood that these drawings in themselves constitute an unique collection, while each individual of them possesses valuable qualities distinctively its own. The whole have been painted from the original pictures, the property of Her Majesty and the Prince Consort, by the express permission of the royal proprietors most graciously accorded to Mr. S. C. Hall, with the understanding that from these drawings all the proposed engravings should be made. To Mr. Hall was entrusted the agreeable, but also the responsible, duty, of selecting from the entire collections in the royal palaces the examples that would be most desirable for engraving, and to Mr. Hall the collection of drawings now belongs. In some instances of modern works the drawings have been made by the painters of the original pictures; in other cases they have been touched upon by the painters; and in every case the utmost care has been taken to obtain the best possible drawings, —such drawings, indeed, as would not only be truly valuable in themselves from their own intrinsic merit, but which also would enable the engravers to translate the original pictures with becoming fidelity, and in a manner worthy at once of the royal sanction and the patronage of the public. These drawings, consequently, cannot be considered to be merely first-rate "copies," even of the most famous originals: they are, rather, *original representations* of certain precious works of Art, most of them executed in a different manner, which have their home in some one of the palaces of the Sovereign of England; and from these original representations a popular translation of the Royal Pictures has been made through the agency of the art of engraving.

The drawings now at the Crystal Palace in this one most important circumstance resemble many of the Fine Art Collections that have been assembled under the same lofty roof,—that is, they bring together, within the limits of a single gallery of comparatively small extent, works which in their primary condition of existence cannot be seen in one place and at the same time. They are most happily associated with the other representations of great works of Art, by which, in their present resting-place, they are surrounded. It would have seemed most desirable to have secured such a collection, possessing such qualities, for the Crystal Palace, as an integral component of its department of Fine Art; or, at any rate, it would have apparently been a matter easy of accomplishment to have kept these drawings together, and so to have saved them from any chance of losing that especial attractiveness which they derive from their existence as a collection. It appears, however, to have been decided that such plan should no longer be contemplated; and, accordingly, we may state that they now are exhibited under conditions similar to those that are understood to apply generally to pictures in the exhibitions of the Royal Academy, and elsewhere. Each drawing may be purchased by itself, and thus collectors are enabled to obtain one or more examples of a series of works which differ from all others, and which certainly will never again be reproduced. This being the case, we strongly urge a visit to these drawings, while they are so easy of access, before their final dispersion, and while they yet retain the power of exhibiting at one and the same time those royal pictures which are at the different Royal Residences.

It is a characteristic of this collection of drawings, that it demonstrates the applicability of painting in water-colours to every variety of subject, and to such diversified treatment of similar subjects as would necessarily distinguish different schools of Art. The royal collections contain heirlooms of the crown, many pictures that enjoy a world-wide renown, and which are unsurpassed as examples of the greatest Dutch and Flemish masters, with equally fine, precious, and characteristic works of the painters of Italy: and with these earlier productions the Queen and the Prince have associated numerous groups of the works of British artists of their own era, and also other contemporaneous examples of the modern schools of France, Belgium, and Germany. All are represented in the drawings; and, what is worthy of especial notice, the drawings represent every variety and class of these much-varied originals, with signal success, and the most felicitous truthfulness. They reproduce in water-colours great pictures painted in oils, as happily as in some instances they form "replicas" of original water-colour drawings. In order to convey some idea of the comprehensive nature of the collection, it may be well for us to state that the drawings have been executed after originals by not less than twenty-five of the earlier masters, forty-one English artists, and sixteen modern French, Belgian, and German artists. Intending purchasers, therefore, have a wide range for selection, and they may transfer to their own homes, without any violation of loyal duty, a royal picture of almost every imaginable species and style. Always good in themselves as water-colour drawings, in these delightful works the public have submitted to them characteristic representations of pictures that adorn the most exalted homes in England, from which they may carry off the individuals that please them best.

Amongst the painters, whose works have been introduced into this series, are Rubens, Vandyck, Vander Heyden, Cuyp, Wouvermans, P. Potter, Ruysdael, W. Vandervelde, Berghem, Hobbema, Rembrandt, Teniers, Guido, Guercino, Domenichino, C. Dolci, C. Maratti, Claude, Metzu and Canaletto; with these there are grouped other drawings from pictures by Reynolds, Lawrence, Gainsborough, Wilkie, Eastlake, Mulready, Stanfield, Phillip, Frost, Dyce, Hering, D. Roberts, Danby, Collins, Dobson, Cope, Le Jeune, Uwins, Armitage, Sant, Edward Corbould, Harding, Callow, F. Tayler, and others. And further, the drawings after modern continental artists include, amongst others, examples of Winterhalter, Achenbach, Plassan, P. Delaroche, Van Eycken, Schaeffer, Steinle, and Bouvy. The pictures reckon in their number many that are well-known and established popular favourites, such as Mulready's 'Wolf and Lamb,' Dobson's 'Almsdeeds of Dorcas,' Frost's 'Una,' and the 'Disarming of Cupid,' and Collins' 'Fisher Boys.' One of the most remarkable of the drawings (and it might expect to be styled "most remarkable" in any collection), has been executed with singular ability by Mr. R. H. Woodman, after the life-size fresco by Dyce, representing 'Britannia receiving the homage of Neptune,' which adorns the entrance to the drawing-rooms at Osborne. The fresco is second to none of the works of the artist; and the drawing, which is the only one that has ever been made from it, is altogether worthy of the original. The drawings by Mr. W. V. Patten and Mr. R. H. Mason, from Frost's beautiful pictures, are others that at once command the thoughtful attention of all visitors: both of them are thoroughly true to the original artist, and both are equally excellent originals in water-colours. Plassan's 'Footbath,' one of the first works exhibited in London by this remarkable artist, has also been admirably reproduced by Mr. R. H. Mason; and Mr. W. V. Patten has rendered Phillip's admirable 'Spanish Letter-Writer,' in all the characteristic spirit and deep feeling of the English Murillo. 'The Fount in the Desert,' is another gem of the collection: it is by W. H. Warren, after his own picture at Osborne. Winterhalter's 'Princess Helena,' a beautiful child having her fair and innocent head covered with a warrior's helm, and the 'Lady Constance,' now the Countess of Grosvenor, by the same master, are other examples of the ability of Mr. Mason and Mr. Patten, in their treatment of water-colour after oils. We might with ease considerably enlarge our selection of drawings that will become pre-eminently popular; we prefer, however, to rest content with noticing a few examples only, as specimens of the whole, leaving that whole for the personal examination of our friends, so long as it still may continue to exist as a "collection of drawings of the royal pictures."

It is scarcely necessary for us to add that the engravings which have been executed from these drawings, have both been published in a separate work, entitled the "Royal Gallery,"* and that they have also appeared amongst our own illustrations. The "Royal Gallery" is already completed, and the series of plates in the *Art-Journal* is also rapidly advancing towards completion. These plates have brought the pictures of Windsor and Osborne and the other royal palaces of our Sovereign, into familiar contact with almost all classes of her subjects, and they have also made them widely known in other countries; the drawings now await such a distribution as will enable them to fulfil their final office of taking a part with the engravings that have been produced from them, in popularizing the Queen's pictures without moving one of them, and without even showing one of the pictures themselves. So valuable is water-colour drawing as an agency of Art, that it is able to reproduce a great picture, and yet leave that picture intact in its own place of honour; and so valuable also, as Art-agencies of another order, are the various expressions of the art of the engraver, that they can impart to a water-colour drawing after a great picture a faculty of ubiquity, while they too are altogether independent both of the first original and of its reproduction. These water-colour drawings have enabled thousands of families to possess the engravings of the "Royal Gallery," and the "Royal" plates of the *Art-Journal*; we have to acknowledge our own grateful obligation to them, therefore, and we are assured that our readers and friends share with us the sentiment. We trust also that they will reciprocate our desire that every drawing in this collection may speedily find its way to a home of its own, where it may long be cherished as a good drawing, as a faithful representation of a fine picture, and as the actual original from which an engraving of a royal picture was obtained and published.

* Now finished, and issued in four volumes; reviewed in another part of the *Art-Journal*.

THE HUDSON,

FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XIX.

CLOSE by Sunnyside is one of those marvellous villages with which America abounds: it has sprung up like a mushroom, and bears the name of Irvington, in compliment to the late master of Sunnyside. A dozen years ago not a solitary house was there, except that of Mr. Dearman, the farmer who owned the land. Piermont, directly opposite, was then the sole eastern terminus of the great New York and Erie Railway, and here seemed to be an eligible place for a village, as the Hudson River Railway was then almost completed. Mr. Dearman had one surveyed upon his lands; streets were marked out, village lots were measured and defined; sales at enormous prices, which enriched the owner, were made; and now upon that farm, in pleasant cottages, surrounded by neat gardens, several hundred inhabitants are dwelling. One of the most picturesque of the station-houses upon the Hudson River Railway is there; and a ferry connects the village with Piermont. Morning and evening, when the trains depart for and arrive from New York, many handsome vehicles may be seen there. This all seems like the work of magic. Over this beautiful slope, where so few years ago the voyager upon the Hudson saw only woodlands and cultivated fields, is now a populous town. The owners are chiefly business men of New York, whose counting-rooms and parlours are within less than an hour of each other.

Less than a mile below Irvington, and about half way between that village and Dobbs's Ferry, is the beautiful estate of Nevis, the home and property of



VIEW AT IRVINGTON.*

the Honourable James A. Hamilton, eldest surviving son of the celebrated General Alexander Hamilton, one of the founders of the republic of the United States.† It stands on the brow of the river slope, in the midst of a charming lawn, that extends from the highway to the Hudson, a distance of half a mile, and commands some of the finest and most extensive views of that portion of the river. The mansion is large, and its interior elegant. It presents many attractions to the lover of literature and Art, aside from the delightful social atmosphere with which it is filled. There may be seen the library of General Hamilton, one of the choicest and most extensive in the country at the time of his death. There, too, may be seen a portrait of Washington, by Stuart, painted for General Hamilton, in 1798, when, in expectation of a war with France, the United States organized a provisional government, and appointed him acting commanding general under the ex-president (Washington), who consented to be the chief.

On the river bank of the Nevis estate is a charming little cottage, completely embowered, where Mr. Irving was a frequent and delighted visitor. It is the summer residence of Mr. Schuyler (a grandson of General Schuyler), Mr. Hamilton's son-in-law. Within call of this pleasant retreat is the superb residence of Mr. Cottinet, a wealthy New York merchant, built in French style, of Caen stone. This, in point of complete elegance, externally and internally, is doubtless superior to any other dwelling on the banks of the Hudson. The grounds about it are laid out with much taste, and exhibit many delightful landscape effects.

Dobbs's Ferry, a considerable village, twenty-two miles from New York, was a place of some note a century ago; but the town has been mostly built within a dozen years. The Indian name was *Weec-ques-guck*, signifying the place of the Bark Kettle. Its present name is from Dobbs, a Swede from the Delaware, one of the earliest settlers on Philipse's Manor. The village is seated pleasantly on the river front of the Greenburgh hills, and is the place of summer residence for many New York families. Here active and important military operations occurred during the war for independence. There was no fighting here, but in the movement of armies it was an important point. Upon the high bank, a little south-east from the railway station, a redoubt was built by the Americans at an early period of the war. From near that spot our little sketch was taken, which includes the long pier at Piermont, the village of Nyack, and the range of hills just below Haverstraw, off which the *Vulture* lay, and at the foot of which Arnold and André met. Several other redoubts



NEVIS.

were cast up in this vicinity; these commanded the ferry to Paramus, afterwards Sneden's Landing, and now Rockland.

Near Dobbs's Ferry the British rendezvoued, after the battle at White Plains, in October, 1776; and at Hastings, a mile below, a British force of six thousand men, under Lord Cornwallis, crossed the river to Paramus, marched to the attack at Fort Lee, and then pursued the flying Americans under Washington across New Jersey to the Delaware river. Here, in 1777, a division of the American army, under General Lincoln, was encamped; and here was the spot first appointed as the meeting-place of André and Arnold. Circumstances prevented the meeting, and it was postponed, as we have



VIEW AT DOBBS'S FERRY.

already observed. Here, in the mansion of Van Brugh Livingston, General Greene met the chief of three commissioners from General Sir Henry Clinton, in conference concerning Major André. General Robertson was the chief, and he had strong hopes, by imparting information from General Clinton, to save the life of his young friend. Beverly Robinson accompanied them as a witness. They went up in the *Greyhound* schooner, with a flag of truce, but only General Robertson was permitted to land. Greene met Robertson as a private gentleman, by permission of Washington, and not as an officer. He was willing to listen, but the case of an acknowledged spy admitted of no discussion.

* From this point the traveller southward first obtains a good view of the Palisades on the west side of the river.

† Nevis is the name of one of a group of the Antilles, where General Hamilton was born.

The subject was freely talked over, and Greene bore from Robertson a verbal message to Washington, and a long explanatory and threatening letter from Arnold. No new facts bearing upon the case were presented, and nothing was offered that changed the minds of the court or the commanding general. So the conference was fruitless.

The Livingston mansion, owned by Stephen Archer, a Quaker, is preserved in its original form; under its roof, in past times, many distinguished men have been sheltered. Washington had his head-quarters there towards the close of



VIEW NEAR HASTINGS.

the revolution; and there, in November, 1783, Washington, George Clinton, "the civil governor of the State of New York," and Sir Guy Carleton, the British commander, met to confer on the subject of prisoners, the loyalists, and the evacuation of the city of New York by the British forces. The former came down the river from Newburgh, with their suites, in barges; the latter, with his suite, came up from New York in a frigate. Four companies of American light infantry performed the duties of a guard of honour on that occasion.

Opposite Dobbs's Ferry and Hastings is the most picturesque portion of the "Palisades," to which allusion has several times been made. These are portions of a ridge of trap-rocks extending along the western shore of the Hudson



PLACE OF MEETING-PLACE OF ANDRÉ AND ARNOLD.

from near Haverstraw almost to Hoboken, a distance of about thirty-five miles. Between Piermont and Hoboken, these rocks present, for a considerable distance, an uninterrupted, rude, columnar front, from 300 to 500 feet in height. They form a mural escarpment, columnar in appearance, yet not actually so in form. They have a steep slope of *débris*, which has been crumbling from the cliffs above, during long centuries, by the action of frost and the elements. The ridge is narrow, being in some places not more than three-fourths of a mile in width. It is really an enormous projecting trap-dyke. On the top and among the *débris*, in many places, is a thin growth of trees. On the western and southern sides of the range, the slope is gentle, and composed generally of rich soil covered with trees. Below Tappan it descends to a rich valley, through which a railway now passes.

Viewed from the river this range presents a forbidding aspect; and little does the traveller dream of a fertile, smiling country at the back of this savage front. Several little valleys break through the range, and give glimpses of the hidden landscape beauties behind the great wall. In the bottoms of these the trap-dyke appears; so the valleys are only depressions in the range, not fractures.

Several bluffs in the range exceed 400 feet in height. The most elevated of all is one nearly opposite Sing-Sing, which juts into the river like an enormous buttress, and is a prominent object from every point on the Hudson between New York and the Highlands. It rises 660 feet above tide-water. The Dutch named it *Verdrietigh-Hoeck*—Vexatious Point or Angle—because in navigating the river they were apt to meet suddenly, off this point, adverse and sometimes cross winds, that gave them much vexation. The Palisades present a most remarkable feature in the scenery of the Lower Hudson.

Yonkers is the name of a large and rapidly-growing village about four miles below Hastings, and seventeen from New York. Its recent growth and prosperity are almost wholly due to the Hudson River Railway, which furnishes such travelling facilities and accommodations, that hundreds of business men in the city of New York have chosen it for their summer residences, and many of them for their permanent dwelling-places. Like Sing-Sing, Tarrytown, Irving-



LIVINGSTON MANSION.

ton, and Dobbs's Ferry, it has a hilly and exceedingly picturesque country around; and through it the dashing Neperah, or Saw-Mill River, after flowing many miles among the Greenburgh hills, finds its way into the Hudson in a series of rapids and cascades. It forms a merry feature in the scenery of the village.

Yonkers derives its name from *Yonkheer*, a young gentleman, the common appellation for the heir of a Dutch family. It is an old settlement, lands having been purchased here from the sachems by some of the Dutch West India Company as early as the beginning of Peter Stuyvesant's administration of the affairs of New Netherland.* Here was the Indian village of *Nap-pe-cha-mak*, a name signifying "the rapid water settlement." This was the name of the stream, afterwards corrupted to Neperah, and changed by the Dutch and English to Saw-Mill River. Those utilitarian fathers have much to answer for, because they expelled from our geographical vocabulary so many of the beautiful and significant Indian names.

To the resident, the visitor, and the tourist, the scenery about Yonkers is most attractive; and the delightful roads in all directions invite equestrian and carriage excursionists to real pleasure. Those fond of boating and bathing, fishing and fowling, may here find gratification at proper seasons, within a half-hour's ride, by railway, from the metropolis.

The chief attraction at Yonkers for the antiquary is the Philipse Manor Hall, a spacious stone edifice, that once belonged to the lords of Philipse Manor. The older portion was built in 1682, or 179 years ago. The present front, forming an addition, was erected in 1745, when old "Castle Philipse," at Sleepy Hollow, was abandoned, and the Manor Hall became the favourite dwelling of the family. Its interior construction (preserved by the present owner, the Hon. W. W. Woodworth, with scrupulous care) attests the wealth and taste of the lordly proprietor. The great hall, or passage, is broad, and

* The domain included in the towns of Yonkers, West Farms, and Morrisania was purchased of the Indians by Adriaen Van der Donck, the "first lawyer in New Netherland," and confirmed to him in 1646 by grant from the Dutch West India Company, with the title and privilege of Patroon. It contained 24,000 acres. He called it *Colen Donck*, or Donck's Colony. Van der Donck, who died in 1655, was an active man in New Amsterdam (now New York), and took part with the people against the governor when disputes arose. He wrote an interesting description of the country. After the English conquest of New Netherland, Frederick Philipse and others purchased a greater portion of his estate on the Hudson and Harlem rivers.

the staircase capacious and massive. The rooms are large, and the ceilings are lofty; all the rooms are wainscoted, and the chief apartment has beautiful ornamental work upon the ceiling, in high relief, composed of arabesque forms, the figures of birds, dogs, and men, and two medallion portraits. Two of the rooms have carved chimney-pieces of grey Irish marble. The guest-chamber, over the drawing-room, is handsomely decorated with ornamental architecture, and some of the fire-places are surrounded with borders of ancient Dutch tiles. The well has a subterranean passage leading from it, nobody knows to where; and the present ice-house, seen on the right of the picture, composed of huge walls and massive arch, was a powder-magazine in the "olden time." Altogether, this old hall—one of the antiquities of the Hudson—is an attractive curiosity, which the obliging proprietor is pleased to show to those who visit it because of their reverence for things of the past. It possesses a bit of romance, too; for here was born, and here lived, Mary Philipse, whose charms captivated the heart of young Washington, but whose hand was given to another.

In the river, in front of Yonkers, the *Half-Moon*, Henry Hudson's exploring vessel, made her second anchorage after leaving New York Bay. It was toward the evening of the 12th of September, 1609; the explorer had then been several days in the vicinity of *Man-na-hat-ta*, as the Indians called the island on which New York stands, and had had some intercourse with the natives. "The twelfth," says "Master Ivet (Juet) of the Lime House," who wrote Hudson's journal, "faire and hot. In the afternoon, at two of the clocke, wee weighed, the winde being variable, betweene the north and the north-west.



THE PALISADES.

So we turned into the River two leagues, and anchored. This morning, at ovr first rode in the River, there came eight-and-twentie Canoes full of men, women, and children, to betray vs; but we saw their intent, and suffered none of them to come abord of vs. At twelue of the clocke they departed; they brought with them Oysters and Beanes, whereof wee bought some. They have great tobacco-pipes of Yellow Copper, and Pots of Earth to dresse their meate in." That night a strong tidal current placed the stern of the *Half-Moon* up stream. That event, and the assurance of the natives that the waters northward, upon which he had gazed with wonder and delight, came from far beyond the mountains, inspired Hudson with great hope, for it must be remembered that his errand was the discovery of a northern passage to India. He now doubted not that the great river upon which he was floating flowed from ocean to ocean, and that his search was nearly over, and would be speedily crowned with success.

A mile and a half below Yonkers, on the bank of the Hudson, is Font Hill, formerly the residence of Edwin Forrest, the eminent American tragedian. The mansion is built of blue granite, in the English castellated form, a style not wholly in keeping with the scenery around it. It would have been peculiarly appropriate and imposing among the rugged hills of the Highlands, forty miles above. The building has six towers, from which very extensive views of the Hudson and the surrounding country may be obtained. The flag, or stair tower, is seventy-one feet in height.

To this delightful residence Mr. Forrest brought his bride, Miss Catherine Sinclair, daughter of the celebrated Scotch vocalist, in 1838, and for six years they enjoyed domestic and professional life in an eminent degree. Unfortunately for his future peace, Mr. Forrest was induced to visit England in 1844. He was accompanied by his wife. There he soon became involved in a bitter dispute with the dramatic critic of the London *Examiner*, and Macready, the actor. This quarrel led to the most serious results. Out of it were developed the mob, and the bloodshed of what is known, in the social history of the city of New York, as the "Astor Place Riot," and with it commenced Mr. Forrest's domestic troubles, which ended, as all the world knows, in the permanent separation of himself and wife. Font Hill, where he had enjoyed so much



PHILIPS' MANOR HALL.

happiness, lost its charms, and he sold it to the Roman Catholic Sisters of Charity, of the Convent and Academy of Mount St. Vincent. This institution was founded in 1847, and the academy was in 105th Street, between the Fifth and Sixth Avenues, New York. It is devoted to the instruction of young ladies. The community, now numbering about two hundred sisters, is scattered. Some are at Font Hill, and others at different places in the city and neighbourhood. The whole are under the general direction of Mother Superior Mary Angela Hughes. At Font Hill they have erected an extensive and elegant pile of buildings, of which they took possession, and wherein they



THE HALF-MOON.

opened a school, on the 1st of September, 1859. They have now about one hundred and fifty pupils, all boarders, who have the opportunity of acquiring a thorough education. The chaplain of the institution occupies the "castle."

Two miles and a-half below Font Hill, or Mount St. Vincent, is Spuyten Duyvil Creek, at the head of York or Manhattan Island. This is a narrow stream, winding through a little tortuous valley for a mile or more, and connecting, at Kingsbridge, with the Harlem River, the first formed by the

inflowing of the tide waters of the Hudson, and the last by the waters of the East River. At ebb-tide the currents part at Kingsbridge. The view from the mouth of the Spuyten Duyvil, over which the Hudson River Railway passes, looking either across the river to the Palisades, as given in our sketch, or inland, embracing bold Berrian's Neck on the left, and the wooded head of



FORT HILL.

Manhattan Island on the right, with the winding creek, the cultivated ridge on the borders of Harlem River, and the heights of Fordham beyond, present pleasant scenes for the artist's pencil. To these natural scenes, history and romance lend the charm of their associations. Here, on the 2nd of October, 1608, Henry Hudson had a severe fight with the Indians, who attacked the



MOUNT ST. VINCENT ACADEMY.

Half-Moon with arrows from canoes and the points of land, as she lay at anchor in the sheltering mouth of the creek. Here, too, while Governor Stuyvesant was absent on the Delaware, nine hundred of the river Indians encamped, and menaced the little town of New Amsterdam, at the lower extremity of the island, with destruction. Here a Dutch burgher lost his life, in attempting to swim across the creek during a violent storm. He swore he would cross it "en spuyt den duyvil," but was whelmed in the flood. Since then, says tradition, it has been called *Spuyten Duyvil Kill*. Here, too, during the war for independence, several stirring events occurred. Here batteries were erected, and in this vicinity many skirmishes took place between Cow Boys and Skinners, Whigs and Tories, Americans, British, Hessians and Indians.

A picturesque road passes along the foot of the Westchester hills that skirt the Spuyten Duyvil Valley, to the mouth of Tippett's Creek, which comes flowing down from the north through a delightful valley, at the back of Yonkers and the neighbouring settlements. This creek was called *Mosh-u-la* by the Indians, and the valley was the favourite residence of a warlike Mohegan



SPUYTEN DUYVIL CREEK.

tribe. Its lower portion was the scene of almost continual skirmishing during a portion of the war for independence.

Tippett's Creek is crossed by a low bridge. A few yards beyond it is Kingsbridge, at the head of the Harlem River, which here suddenly expands into lake-like proportions. The shores on both sides are beautiful, and the view that opens towards Long Island, beyond the East River is charming.

Kingsbridge has always been a conspicuous point. Land was granted there, in 1693, to Frederick Philipse, with power to erect a toll-bridge, it being specified that it should be called *King's bridge*. This was the only bridge that connected Manhattan Island with the Main, and hence all travellers and troops were compelled to cross it, unless they had boats for ferrying. Here, during the war for independence, hostile forces were frequently confronted; and from



THE CENTURY HOUSE.

its northern end to the Croton river, was the famous "Neutral Ground" during the struggle, whereon neither Whig nor Tory could live in peace or safety. Upon the heights each side of the bridge redoubts were thrown up; and here, in January, 1777, a bloody conflict occurred between the Americans, under General Heath, and a large body of Hessian mercenaries, under General Knyphausen. The place was held alternately by the Americans and British; and little more than half a mile below the bridge an ancient story-and-a-half house is yet standing, one hundred and twenty years old, which served as headquarters at different times for the officers of the two armies: it is now a house of public entertainment, and known as "Post's Century House."

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

On the 27th of June, in the House of Lords, Lord St. Leonards asked the President of the Council whether any steps had been taken to provide a separate gallery for Turner's pictures, according to the conditions under which they were bequeathed to the nation. "The trustees of the National Gallery took 324 pictures, besides a vast quantity of water-colour drawings, and the Royal Academy £20,000 in money, and both the nation and the Royal Academy believed they held the property as their own, not subject to any conditions." Lord St. Leonards read the codicils to the will of Mr. Turner, to prove that the pictures were left in trust to the National Gallery, on the condition that a separate room should be built for them, to be called the Turner Gallery; he then proceeded to comment on the exhibition of these works by gaslight, observing that if even every precaution were taken to secure them against injury from gas vapour, they were yet exposed to great risk.

The rooms containing the Turner pictures were erected two or three years ago for the reception of the collection on its removal from Marlborough House—the money voted for the building containing these apartments, was £10,000, and the erections were spoken of as "temporary." For the purposes for which they were intended, these rooms are well suited—they are not lighted according to the best principle, yet Turner's pictures were never seen until they were placed there. In Marlborough House, they were—as their lordships described Turner's will—"ambiguous," and it is not, therefore, matter of wonder that 'The Avalanche' should have been criticised hanging upside down. Turner painted for light, and admitted into his works the smallest proportion of dark; a rule of art, which to be apprehended, demands the fullest measure of daylight. As we see 'Crossing the Brook' in that gallery, it is the grandest landscape of this or any other time; but in a lower light its beauties would be obscured. Lord St. Leonards is resolved that its present abiding-place shall not be the permanent home of the collection; for he concluded his speech with the expression of a hope that the Government in moving the Civil Service estimates, would propose a vote of credit for the immediate commencement of a Turner Gallery.

It was a principal condition of the bequest that a room for the reception of the pictures should be completed in ten years from the death of the testator; but Lord Granville's reply does not indicate on the part of the Government any immediate intention of fulfilling the conditions of the bequest. Though many plans have been proposed, they have not yet been considered. Lord Overstone said he could easily understand that the trustees of the National Gallery found themselves in an embarrassing position in consequence of the serious "ambiguities" which attached to the Turner trust. It is a slur upon the memory of the man that the trustees should shrink from dealing with the provisions of the will. He was not unfrequently mysterious with his brush; he seems to be more so with his pen—for his will is even more difficult of interpretation than his "Fallacies of Hope." But yet he must be had in charitable and grateful remembrance, for the history of Art records no similar act of munificence. We must, however, look at things as they present themselves, and in doing so we discover in the gold a large alloy of baser metal than usual. Even the most rabid of the Turnerrimi will not presume to deny that the great painter hampered his presentation of the Carthage, with the condition that it should be placed between the Claudes—they will not deny that he left money to glorify himself in a statue; nor can they deny that the condition of his great bequest is absolute in respect of the separate room to be called the "Turner;" and of his minor bequest to the Royal Academy, with the medal equally to be called the "Turner." These things are public property, they may be separated from an estimate of the worth of the public presentation, but they cannot be sifted out as mere *caput mortuum* in an estimate of the man. While Turner was a living myth in that miserable house in Queen Anne Street—which from its superior dirtiness and preferable dilapidation, was by the population of the neighbouring areas, reputed as the den of a mysterious man, who was seen only in the morning and evening twilight—while he lived in Queen Ann Street he was misunderstood, and universally adored. With the artistic section of society he was great by common acclamation—with the rest of the world he was great by the grace of public benevolence. He was continually before the world in black and white, that is, in engraving; and in clear-obscure Turner was greater than any man that has ever lived. He had his periodical paroxysms of colour, but still his lights and darks were always right, and every engraved subject was a precious lucid interval; then indeed

"Fata canit, foliisque notas et nomina mandat."

And further, like the Sybil, he cared not to revert to multitudes of his inditings, as is shown by the thousands of sketches that are still in the possession of the trustees. At the bidding of the hierarchy of the art, whole populations have bowed before the Napoleon and the Ulysses and Polyphemus, and the gardens of the Hesperides; and because they do not understand them, would canonize the man who painted them, did they consider a niche in the calendar a condition sufficiently respectable for him. It was by no means necessary that Turner should expose himself in his will, by raising his patronymic into an historical institution. But for that, we might have all believed that he was totally pictorial, that all vulgar essences had been driven off in the passage of a longer course of years than falls to the lot of many men—to having lived so long under a veil, it is a bad consummation that he should at last have placed himself under a microscope. The comparisons between the "Liber Studiorum" and the "Liber Veritatis," and between the 'Carthage' and the "Claudes," are in favour of Turner; but the proclaimed challenge of the comparisons is against him; these comparisons would infallibly have been drawn, but in forcing them, Turner was less just to himself than his friends have been. It is ungrateful to look at Turner through himself; through his works he assumes proportions attained, not even by the genii of the Eastern tales—in this view he is more worthy of a pyramid than Cheops, and his pyramid is a more pleasing erection.

Lord St. Leonards and Lord Overstone are unwilling to consider the portion of the Kensington galleries allotted to the Turners, as fulfilling the conditions of the will. The pictures are most perfectly exhibited where they now are, but if the legal authorities on whom Lord Granville relies for the interpretation of the terms of the bequest determine that another room shall be built, it is high time that the money were voted and the work begun.

On the subject of the frescoes but little was said. No inquiry has been instituted, as far as we have heard, as to the causes of the destruction of the first set in the so-called Poets' Hall, but there is somewhere an opinion on the subject, for the more recent works in the corridors are painted on large slabs of slate, and so fixed as to leave a space between the slate and the wall, in order to secure an air passage behind. Many opinions have been propounded as to the decomposition of the frescoed surfaces, and one of the artists for a long time held that the mischief was not decay of the surface, but an injury by accident or design. If there is any meaning at all in the new treatment of the corridor frescoes, the intention seems to be to secure them against damp. As on all subjects of speciality brought forward in the House, there are members ever ready to offer the most idle and inappropriate observations; so in the case of these frescoes it was said that the decay was occasioned, not by the materials employed by the artists, but by the plaster on which they had to paint. This is entirely an error, for each artist directs the preparation of his own mortar, and only so much of the surface is covered with it as can be painted while it is wet. But there are eight (we think) frescoes in this hall, painted by different artists; and even if it be assumed that each surface was prepared according to some favourite receipt different from all the others, the failure is still the same in every case. But fresco was a new art to English painters, and these pictures were worked out with care and timidity; and if the preparation of the several surfaces differed at all, the difference was unimportant. The lime might be too new, but even in such case it is difficult to believe that the decomposition would have shown itself as it has. We submit that the causes of the mischief have yet to be determined.

Mr. C. Bentinck asked whether "any steps had been taken to induce Mr. Dyce to proceed with the frescoes in the House of Lords, the completion of which had so long been delayed." Mr. Dyce's case will turn out a *cause célèbre*, one of the curiosities of the Art-decoration of our Houses: in the meantime, Mr. Dyce is fortunate in having to do with a body so tolerant and long-suffering as Her Majesty's Commissioners. We gave last month a brief statement of the progress made in the Art-decorations, wherein was shown the backward state of the works in the Queen's Robing Room; inquiry into the circumstances of this delay becomes a public duty, but it is not a grateful task. Years ago, when these contracts were formed, the labours of our most eminent painters were compensated at a rate far below the current ratio, but the artists generally who have entered on these contracts are conscientiously fulfilling them. Herbert does not paint so rapidly as the Commissioners could desire, but his heart is in his work, and the study and composition of the cartoons is the essence of the picture, all the rest is mechanism. Portions of his 'Lear' he cut out five times; we know of no other living artist so fastidious. During the progress of the works in the Poets' Hall, we spoke of them only as experimental, and so they have proved. In short, every one must be effaced. Mr. Watts is said to have expressed a willingness to repaint his; but a mere repetition of the present picture would not be desirable. The works in this place justify one conclusion at which the Commissioners have arrived; that is, that each room should be the emanation of one mind, embodied by one hand. To prompt such a determination, experiment was not necessary, but something was to be done to initiate the practice of fresco, and it was commenced with as much vague speculation as if it were an entirely new and undeveloped art. Mr. Cowper stated that a committee of scientific men was examining the causes of the decay of the frescoes, and that a report would be made; this document will be looked for with much interest, as the subject is the question of the permanence of everything in the entire catalogue of the pure fresco decorations. We fear, however, so far as the present works are concerned, that the mischief is irreparable.

ILLUSTRATED HISTORY OF ENGLAND.*

SOMETHING beyond a mere narration of events, and philosophical reasoning upon their causes and results—however elaborately traced out, and truthfully and eloquently expressed—must characterise any national history assuming to itself the title of "comprehensive," as does the work which, in four large octavo volumes, now lies before us. And the name it bears is most satisfactorily sustained by the



GLASS VESSELS, found in SAXON GRAVES: 1 and 4 at Cuddison, Oxon; 2 and 3 in a Cemetery in East Kent.

ample and varied details contributed by the writers to whom was entrusted the task of carrying out an undertaking of no inconsiderable magnitude and responsibility. Basing their plan of operations upon a previous publication—"The Cabinet History of England," they have, by alterations deemed necessary, both in the way of curtailment and amplification, and still more by important additions, materially deviated from, or rather changed the



W. PULTENEY, EARL OF BATH. After Allan Ramsay.

character of, the original work. The plan adopted is that of classification, which enables the student of history to acquire the information he needs upon any particular point and at any epoch, without wading through a number of pages irrelevant to his special wants, to find out what he is in search of. To effect this, the history is divided into "books," each embracing a particular and recognised era in the annals of Britain; each book is again sub-divided into "chapters," treating respectively of the Civil and Military history of England, the history of Religion, the history of Society, with a summary of the histories of Scotland and Ireland till they became an integral part of the United Kingdom. The most important addition which appears in the new work, and that on which the editor chiefly puts



COSTUMES OF THE TIME OF EDWARD III.

in a claim for its title of "comprehensive," is the series of chapters devoted to the consideration of the history of society, one of which terminates each "book." These chapters, written in a spirit, so far as it seems possible for any one to write, free from party or sect, and full of varied information, are especially valuable.

The *completeness* of this history consists in the attention which has been given to every fact or incident, of any value, marking the character of



WOLTERTON MANOR HOUSE. East Barsham, Norfolk.

the age, as well as that of the individuals bearing a prominent part in it, from the earliest period, when the annals of the country are almost lost in mythical obscurity, down to those few recent years of dismay, trouble, and difficulty, but not of disgrace and despondency, when the "brightest jewel in the crown of England" received so violent a wrench from the hands of the Sepoy mutineers. Its *impartiality* is evidenced by the introduction of passages, as notes, from the writings of other historians, in which their



SHIPS OF THE TIME OF CHARLES II.

views and opinions on controverted subjects are stated, whether they differ from, or coincide with, those of Messrs. Macfarlane and Thomson. In the chapter to which we have made especial reference, those on the "History of Society," Literature, Sciences, and the Fine Arts, receive each its due share of discriminating notice, both in the way of ample record, and in the case of the latter, where admissible—as in the style and progress of architecture at the various epochs—of illustrated examples,

* "The Comprehensive History of England, Civil, Military, Religious, Intellectual, and Social, from the Earliest Period to the Suppression of the Sepoy Revolt." By CHARLES MACFARLANE and the Rev. THOMAS THOMSON. The whole Revised and Edited by the Rev. THOMAS THOMSON. Illustrated by above One Thousand Engravings. 4 Vols. Published by BLACKIE AND SON, London, Glasgow, and Edinburgh.

of which Wolterton Manor House is a specimen. Neither have the industrial arts and the great commercial operations of the country—those channels through which its power and empire have been extended, and its wealth rendered so abundant—been



HENRY V. From the Arundel MS. No. 38.

forgotten. The diversified materials of national progress have been combined into a continuous narrative: the salient points have been brought into full view, so that the individual form and character of each period might be understood, and every successive step of progress distinctly recognised. By this plan of condensation the subject, as a whole, is so simplified as to make it more generally intelligible and interesting.



TOMB OF EDWARD I. Westminster Abbey.

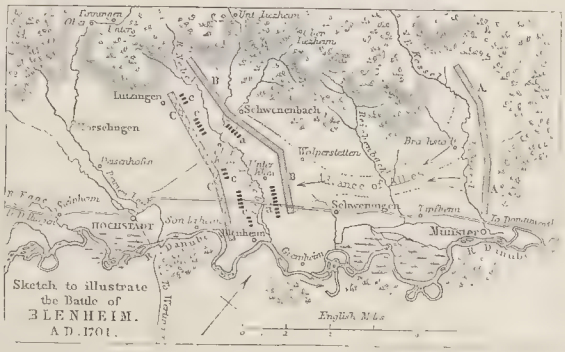
In a history like this, that aims at a popular character, one ought not to expect to find the depth of thought or the brilliancy of expression which such writers as Hallam, Carlyle, or Macaulay brought to bear upon their histories; still, both matter and style are here consistent with the importance and dignity of the subject, and combine to render the contents of the work as interesting as they are instructive: there appears to us in these volumes the truth of history, not its romance—pictures from nature, not ideal representations.

And this word "pictures" turns our thoughts to the illustrations, more than a thousand in number,



CHAINED BIBLE IN THE CHURCH OF ST. CRUX, YORK.

scattered profusely through the volumes, and a few specimens of which we are permitted, by the courtesy of Messrs. Blackie, to introduce; they serve to show the creditable manner of their execution, as well as the variety of subject included in the series. Nothing that tends to throw light on the events and character of the different epochs of time seems to have been omitted, while the sources from which they are taken are sufficient evidence of their authenticity. It has been truly remarked that "the resources of language alone are insufficient to



maps of districts historically remarkable, plans of battle-fields, naval engagements, fortifications, and interesting localities: none are mere fancy sketches, but all of them veritable pictures of past or present realities.

There can be no hesitation in strongly recommending this "Comprehensive History of England," wherever such a work is needed, whether in the library, the study, the reading-room, or the schoolroom, from neither of which can the low price it is sold for exclude it. It is what its authors

embody past events, or delineate the changes of society with full distinctness; and in reading the history of these, especially if the period is remote, something more is required than mere verbal description, however full and accurate. Not only the



JOHN HAMPDEN. From the Statue by J. H. Foley, R.A.

aspects and fashions of social life, but the very localities in which great events occurred, have passed away, or assumed new forms. In this case the resources of the pencil complete what the pen cannot fully describe, and the pictorial art becomes the effectual ally of historical writing." Fully impressed with this fact, the authors of this work have enriched their volumes with a multitude of engravings—scenes of important events, ruins of buildings which remain as their monuments, portraits of celebrated men, the homes, furniture, weapons, and costumes, of every successive period, have laboured to make it, "a national history fitted for the use of every British home." In reading it we get a vivid and life-like description of the onward progress of the country in all its diversified operations and character; its struggles into intellectual light, personal freedom, and national greatness; all those realities that have made us what we are, which connect themselves, therefore, with us, and with which every true patriot feels he possesses something in sympathy as contributing to his individual happiness and the glory of the land.

THE FINE ARTS IN LIVERPOOL.

SIR,—The interest which the contest between the rival Art-institutions in Liverpool is exciting among artists and amateurs, I trust, will be my sufficient excuse for attempting to add any further explanation to that which was so ably given in your Journal for May. A further explanation is also required, from the statements which are circulated publicly and privately to the prejudice of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts; for it appears that the Academy and their friends are so unequal to cope with the Society in legitimate competition, they are obliged to adopt the aid of partial and uncandid statements—the *suppressio veri* and the *suggestio falsi*.

In 1853, when the Society of Fine Arts was established, the Academy had funds in hand, the amount of which is variously stated; but it appears probable the real amount ranged from £1,300 to £1,600; as there is not any authorized statement, I am unable to give the amount more precisely. During the succeeding three years it appears, from statements made by some of their friends, that the Academy have lost £900, more or less. Strangers, who were not aware of the funds accumulated, have naturally supposed that the Academy must be in debt to that amount; the fact being, that the funds in hand have been by so much reduced during the three years' contest. On the other hand, it is unquestionable that, at the time the negotiations for union were pending, the debts and liabilities of the Society of Fine Arts were estimated at £900, the assets at £200, leaving a net deficit of £700, which, since the annual meeting, has been very much reduced, and will shortly *be extinguished*. But it is to be observed that the Society commenced operations without any accumulated funds; that there was not any room in Liverpool suitable for an exhibition gallery, and, consequently, that all the expenses incidental to the establishment of a new institution, and of adapting the premises for exhibition purposes, became a charge upon revenue; and, in addition to this, a considerable amount—£300—had to be paid in advance for rent. The latter sum, of course, was redeemed by occupation of the premises, and was properly liquidated out of the income of the succeeding years; the balance of £700, mentioned above, was a portion of the original outlay. It has been asserted that the council of the Society of Fine Arts wished to saddle the Academy with this debt, and that the negotiations for union went off upon this point. This, as your readers will perceive, is a very uncandid assertion, the simple facts being as follows:—When the negotiators were appointed, the representatives of the Society of Fine Arts requested a written explanation of the views of the council, as to the terms which should form the basis of the proposed union. The council, considering that the establishment of the Society of Fine Arts had been occasioned by the mismanagement of the Academy, were of opinion that the debt, instead of being saddled upon themselves and their friends exclusively, should be shared by all the friends of Art, who wished to promote harmony; and, having heard that the Academy had lost about £300 a-year, each year of the contest, they naturally thought the Academy would be very glad in this way to compound for such a ruinous competition, and to convert such dangerous rivals into fast friends. When, however, the negotiators, on behalf of both institutions, considered the subject with the mayor, it was agreed that it was not desirable to transfer any debt to the combined institution; they, therefore, did not embody it in their suggestion for union, but, as a rider, recommended that it should be liquidated by the combined efforts of the friends of both of the existing institutions. This, of course, left the legal liability where it was, and did not secure the redemption of the debt by any other mode than that now in operation. The recommendations unanimously proposed by the mayor and the representatives of both the institutions were accepted by the council of the Society of Fine Arts, and declined by the friends of the Academy, upon whom the onus of continuing an unhappy dissension fairly rests. Your readers will thus see that the insinuation so industriously circulated, that the proposals for union were originated and promoted by the Society of Fine Arts, for the purpose of securing the discharge of the Society's debt out of the funds of the Academy, is completely negatived by the fact that, though the funds of the Academy were expressly secured against any such application, even if it had been contemplated, the failure of the negotiation rests with the Academy and their friends.

With regard to the proposals for union, it is well known in Liverpool that, for some time past, a feeling has prevailed very generally that the contest should cease; and the mayor, participating in this feeling, gave it practical shape, and originated the proposals for union himself. Who is there who does not consider that, with his views, the course adopted was alike honourable to him and to the office he holds? From the first, however, though the friends of the Academy professed to be very desirous to promote union between the two societies, they discouraged, in every way in their power, any participation by the mayor in the negotiations; and their subsequent conduct lends plausibility to the conjecture that they hoped, in his absence, to be enabled to reap some advantage.

Before leaving this branch of the subject, I should direct the attention of your readers to the following particulars:—For about thirty years the Academy enjoyed the use of their exhibition rooms free of any rent, which was paid for them by the town council; this rent amounted to £200 per annum, of which about £150 is fairly chargeable to the exhibition; so that the fund accumulated by the Academy represents all they have been able to save out of this annual grant of £150 for thirty years, *i. e.*, say £1,500, instead of £4,500. The moment this grant is withheld, as it was at the commencement of the contest, the Academy, instead of saving anything, actually lose £300 a-year. On the other hand, the Society of Fine Arts have managed to make the annual income and expenditure to balance. In addition, during the three years the Academy have expended £150 in prizes, the Society £400, or £250 more than the Academy; if this amount had been applied to the payment of the debt, the financial position of the Society would have been so much better.

Perhaps I should explain to your readers, that the opponents of the Society of Fine Arts consist of two parties, namely, the Academy and the friends of the Academy. They may, probably, consider that these are, to all intents and purposes, one; but I can assure them there is all the distinction and difference which there is between Spenlow and Jorkins, the proctors, in "David Copperfield," in which, it will be remembered, whenever any inconvenient client or request was to be evaded, the absent partner was always quoted as the unfortunate impediment to that compliance, which the spokesman would so readily grant, if it rested with himself only. Therefore this must always be remembered in speaking of Art in Liverpool, with reference especially to the negotiations for union, that the Academy never entered into any negotiations whatever; the parties who did so were the friends of the Academy, who, by the by, are gentlemen sincerely desirous of promoting peace and harmony amongst the Art-public of Liverpool; and, therefore, when they heard that the Academy were so disheartened by the results of the contest, as to contemplate relinquishing the strife, they came forward and said, "Do not surrender, we will find you the sinews of war; it is true we do not like strife, but it would never do for the other side to win!" I wonder what your readers and Elihu Burritt think of such peace-men as these. It was the friends of the Academy who repudiated the recommendation of their own representatives.

It will be seen from the figures given above that the contest has realized a loss of about £2,000; but this by no means represents all the loss entailed upon the Art-interests of Liverpool by the contest the friends of the Academy are so eager to prolong. Inasmuch as two institutions are maintained to do the work of one, the whole of the extra expenditure involved must be regarded as loss; and as this includes the charge incident to a second Art-union, it probably amounts to not less than £1,000 per annum, which for three years, with the outlay incurred in establishing the Society of Fine Arts, makes a total loss already incurred of £4,000; and this loss, in consequence of the course adopted by the friends of the Academy in their singular attempts to promote peace and good-will, is to be continued!

Very great stress has been laid, I believe, by both the Academy and their friends upon the introduction of the works of foreign artists into the exhibitions of the Society of Fine Arts. Were the *tu quoque* style of argument logical, I might content myself with saying that in their last exhibition the Academy had a large number of works by foreign artists; and, considering the enormous size of some of these pictures, there is no doubt they devoted quite as much space to foreign works as did the Society of Fine Arts. But mark the difference. Many of the foreign works in the Academy were the property of dealers, and exhibited and offered for sale on dealers' account, whilst those in the Society's exhibition were exhibited for the artists only. But the truth is, there are now so many exhibitions in the autumn, they could not possibly be supplied by the unsold pictures of the London season: and recourse must, therefore, be had to other sources of supply. This is proved by the action of the Academy itself: their last exhibition was considered the best they had had for several years, chiefly on account of the infusion of foreign works, the number of which, I have no doubt, would have been much greater if they could have been obtained. If further proof of the necessity for admitting foreign works be required, it is afforded by the Royal Hibernian Academy and the Manchester Academy, both of which are managed by artists exclusively; and in the latter especially the number of foreign works is very great. Nor, with all deference to the British artist, do I think this is prejudicial to him, except perhaps for a time, as I am quite sure that native talent need not fear a prolonged contest with foreign talent, especially for the favour of a native public.

In conclusion, allow me to impress upon your readers that the council of the Society of Fine Arts never knowingly exhibit for sale pictures which belong to a dealer; their uniform rule is to remit the purchase money to the artist, or his order. In the Liverpool Academy's last exhibition, a large number of the pictures exhibited for sale, and of which the prices appeared in the catalogue, belonged to dealers. Again, the sales at the exhibitions of the Liverpool Society of Fine Arts are very great. I have been told the amount realized is larger than at any other exhibition in the kingdom, the Royal Academy alone excepted. The total realized during the three years of the Society's existence is upwards of £11,000; if I were to give the total from the first price of the artists it would be considerably more.

Thus succeeding in promoting the interest of the artist and the advantage of the public, there cannot be much doubt of the final issue of the contest now pending.

I remain, &c.,
JOSEPH BOULT.

[We readily insert this communication, and would as willingly have inserted one from the other side, if any correspondent, actuated by right motives, and influenced by fitting courtesy, had written to us. Such, however, has not been the case, although the president of the Academy has addressed to us a letter remarkable for the absence of reasoning and the introduction of language which could have no other effect than that of injuring the cause he professes to advocate. Again we say that this barrier to a junction of the two societies is a great evil: it is impossible that either of them can flourish; acting together, heartily and zealously, they would have produced an exhibition second to none out of London. Let them think as they may, the artists resident in Liverpool are not strong enough to exist unaided; we mean them no disrespect when we say very few of them are known out of their locality: the co-operation sought to be given them would have been of large service—unhappily they decline to receive it. Meanwhile, the Society is making immense exertions, both in England and on the continent, to sustain the interest of its approaching exhibition; one of the committee is now travelling in France, Germany, and Belgium, to collect examples of foreign schools, and the hon. secretary, Mr. Boult, is about to visit London, and to reside there for some weeks, in order to secure the co-operation of British artists.—ED. *A. J.*]

THE

ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE OF PLAYING CARDS.

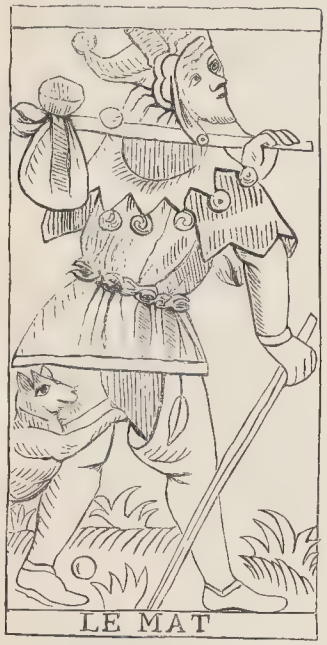
BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. I.

Une obscurité difficile à percer environne encore l'origine des cartes à jouer. Cette invention que chaque jour offre des plaisirs si variés aux hommes, de tout age, et de toute condition, partage en cela le sort commune à presque toutes les decouverts importantes.
Précis Historique sur les Cartes à jouer.

WITHOUT going deeply into a discussion of our views of chance and its various phases—the τυχη of the Greeks; the Latin *sors, fortuna, fatum*; the French *hazard*; German *glück*, whence we English, like the *platt deutschen*, have *luck*; the Danes *lykke*; the Swedes *lycka*—we still cannot avoid a few words on the double interpretation which we allow that this word chance receives, firstly, when its decisions are entirely independent of skill, or, secondly, when the freaks of fortune may be retarded or advanced by ingenuity and address.

Dr. Roget, in his excellent "Thesaurus"—a work which ought to form a portion of every writer's library—calls this double meaning, firstly, "as an



effect without any apparent cause," and, secondly, "absence of intention," which do not entirely exhaust the significance.

Cards have been used for both purposes: they have been adapted for games of mere divination, to which no ability could give aid either with interpretations, according to previously ascertained rules, or with such as third parties gave solution of, unfettered by any rules but their own assumed superior intelligence. The second use of cards, now the most general and all but universal, is in games in which much scope is given for ability to improve good fortune or to amend bad, and by such ever variable combination of luck and skill, to give a pleasing relaxation and sufficient play of ingenuity to every grade of society throughout the globe.

In writing for a public so extensive and intelligent as the readers of the *Art-Journal*, it may be scarcely necessary to argue against the views of some of our most rigid sects and ascetic teachers who advocate the entire banishment of cards from society. They adopt a solecism, and argue against the use of anything from its abuse; but even the most scrupulous must allow that removing temptation implies not the absence of crime: the will may sin from the mere desire and hankering after the means of sinning.

But whether as means of divination, in which cards have superseded oracles and augurs, or as the tantalizing parti-coloured troops of modern packs—which, from a circumstance to be hereafter explained, all the southern nations designate *naipes*—an unexplained origin is universally admitted by every writer who has approached the curious and attractive theme. Most of them have ascribed to these little real *billets-doux*, which have so long delighted and cheated mankind, a parentage and a country for their first appearance accordingly as they could find what they desire—a consistent meaning for the enigmatical word *naipes* in any language. Reasons, founded on nomenclature, have been given for this name from Hindostanee, Persian, Arabic, Italian, and Spanish. I shall, in a subsequent chapter, adduce another which I believe is more satisfactory—is best accordant with the dates of appearance betwixt them and the gipsies, and the earliest figures of the suits and court cards.

As cards of portent or augury, the earliest is a pack used for the game of *tarot*, first given to the world by M. Court de Gebelin ("Monde Primitif," vol. i.). It consists of seventy-eight cards, which have been copied by Breitkopf and Singer very imperfectly, and from some specimens in the Bibliothèque Imperiale, in the "Précis Historique sur les Cartes," &c., more artistically.

Luckily, by the kindness of my friend John Fullinham, Esq., of Hanover Street, Walworth—whose valuable collection of playing cards has been placed at my disposal—I have before me a complete pack, which is in most respects a perfect copy of the French one as described by Paul Boiteau, and of which the following is an accurate account. Each suit consists of fourteen cards, there being four court ones, as in the modern Spanish packs, viz., *roi, la reine, chevalie (sic)*; *valet*, and ten-pip cards respectively of the suits *depee* (swords), *de coupe* (cups), *denie* (money), *de baton* (clubs); but the most curious and distinctive portion of the pack is its completion by twenty-one additional court cards under the denomination of *atous*, or trumps. Under each card the names run as follows:—Le Bateleur, La Papesse, L'Imperatrise, L'Empereur, Le Pape, Lamoureux, Le Chariot, Justice, L'ermite, La Roue de Fortune, La Force, Le Pendu, La Mort, Temperance, Le Mat, La Maison de Dieu, Les Etoiles, La Lune, Le Soleil, Le Jugement, Le Monde. We give the following *fac-similes* of the WHEEL OF FORTUNE and LE MAT, reserving more to be introduced at a fitting time, to substantiate our subjective view of the origin of many of our modern games being derived from this obsolete set. Le Mat is given because in other sets he is called Le Fou (the fool), and Gebelin gives him the preponderance in this game, which in that of Pope Joan is accorded to Pam: he neither takes nor is taken, he forms trumps and he is of all suits equally. Sometimes Le Mat and the Fou are distinct cards, and then the pack consists of seventy-eight pieces, which when they are not divided consists only of seventy-seven. Sometimes this card goes by the ill-omened name of Le Diable, whence we may date the French proverb, *le diable a quatre*, equivalent to our "devil to pay." German legends give, in a *partie a quatre* at cards, old Nick as one of the four, who generally contrives as his prize to march off with one of them as his stake. As Mr. Douce was inclined to deduce our name of cards from *quatre* or *quarto*, in reference to their square form, this verbal assonance would have been to him additional proof.

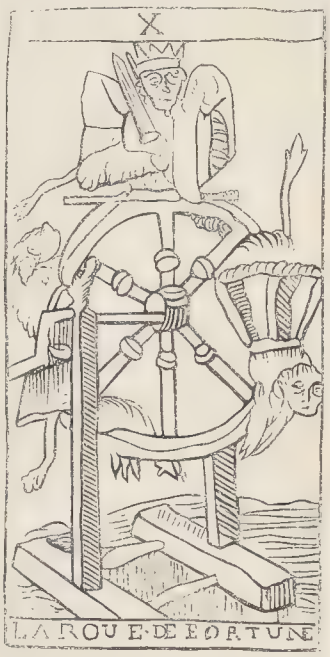
A second card which we adduce of this pack is pretty good evidence of De Gebelin's view of the entire set as a series of allegories, but of deeper import than an unobservant eye would conceive. He considers them framed by Misraim priests, and to contain "all the learning of the Egyptians." His words are so curious that a quotation cannot but be agreeable to my readers. "Si l'on entendoit annoncer qu'il existe encore de nos jours un ouvrage des anciens Egyptiens; un de leurs livres échappé aux flammes qui dévorerent leurs superbes Bibliothèques, et qui contient leur doctrine la plus pure sur les objets intéressans, chacun seroit sans doute impressé de connoitre un livre aussi précieux, aussi extraordinaire." And then we learn that, to our astonishment, these wonderful books are widely dispersed throughout Europe at the present day, but that hitherto no one has suspected the sublime doctrines hidden under them.

The deep researches of Champollion, Rosselini, Lepsius, or Bunsen, would all have been needless if the world had more lovingly listened to the learned Frenchman. His theory almost makes sitting down to a card-table a lecture on hieroglyphics; a round game too serious to be ventured on with romping girls or boisterous schoolboys; dealing out a pack of cards would be disseminating morality, and a logical truth captured with every trick.

Luckily such appalling inroads on the joyous *abandon* of a social circle is only in apprehension. The Frenchman's pack is, from the above description, not such a one as Pope so charmingly depicted, where you

> "Behold four kings in majesty revered,
> With hoary whiskers and a forked beard,
> And four fair queens, whose hands sustain a flow'r,
> Th' impressive emblem of their softer pow'r.
> Four knaves in garbs succinct, a trusty band,
> Caps on their head and halberts in each hand,
> And parti-coloured troops a shining train,
> Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain."

Beyond, however, the common difficulty of explaining anything regarding the *tarots* as mere cards, the numerous and discordant views entertained concerning them, and the meaning of their names, have



thrown over them a veil of inexplicable confusion. Breitkopf ("Ursprung der Spielkarten," p. 22) very sensibly remarks:—"According to all appearance *tarot* cards, with their double kind of pip and court cards, have not been brought together in a single age, but at various times and by different people, and the court cards are of a date much nearer our own times." Even the mode of playing with them, if ever so played for mere recreation, seems lost. Court de Gebelin, who first gave the figures which have been so frequently copied, seems to doubt if he rightly understood the mode of playing them; for at p. 81, he says of a friend who had volunteered an explanation, "C'est lui qui on parler, si nous l'avons bien compris." But Mr. Singer ("Researches," &c., p. 257) quotes from "Baretti's Manners and Customs of Italy" that writer's opinion of the superiority of *tarocco* and *minchiati* as great over piquet, l'ombre, and whist, as chess is over draughts: he, however, hardly quotes Baretti fairly, for, on reference to the original, we find the comparison is "*almost* as superior." From a curious

little French "Book of Games," published in 1668, Mr. Singer gives the method of playing with these *tarot* cards, which—being by any number of persons, from two upwards—seems totally different from Baretti's, restricted to only two or three in several ways. But the most ingenious, as well as the most in use, are two or three games that are played by four people or more, especially one against three, much after the ruling principle of ombre, and another two against two, like whist.

It is not the intention of the present treatise to teach any modes of playing games, and we therefore pass by that given by Mr. Singer from "La Maison des Jeux," with the remark that the game of *tarocco* there described must have been a round game, in which the entire number of seventy-two or ninety cards were dealt out to the players, who gained or lost certain stakes, according to a tariff of value for all the cards; or payed forfeits for the possession of others.

But in discussing the origin of our own cards, which have now almost superseded every other description, we shall have to revert to many of these allegorical subjects; because we think there lurks



THIMBLE RIGGER.

in the modern games for which they are used, many traces of these defunct *tarots*, which will afford both instructive and amusing sources of many games and terms of play which have hitherto eluded discovery.

There is another species of obsolete games with cards called *trappola*, which Singer, after Breitkopf, claims as probably the oldest existing. Breitkopf says the Italian writers, both ancient and modern, declare it to be the oldest game in Italy, and he confirms his view by a quotation from Thomaso Garzoni's "Discorso di Giocatori." "Alcuini altri son giuochi da taverne, come la mora, le piastrelle, le chiavi *e le carte o communi, o Tarochi de nuova inventione, secondo il Volterrano*." Garzoni was born 1549, and died 1589. Mr. Singer adds with regret, "that he has been unable to trace any description of the manner in which this game was played, as it would no doubt throw light upon the games obtained from the East, and tend to settle the point whether it was a game of skill or chance;" and where Mr. Singer's industry could not penetrate, it would be in vain for less talented inquirers to attempt to find a way.

It seems pretty generally admitted that the introduction of cards into Europe, and possibly their invention, as far as relates to our present purpose, is due to that enigmatical race called Gipsies, Zingali Zigeuner, with a multitude of aliases, according to the nations amongst which they are found. Now with gipsies are usually associated ideas of deception, artifice, and deceit, if not of fraud. Borrow, so favourable to these outcasts, declares "that Zingari was always a term of reproach." But it is certainly curious if not confirmatory of our views of a connection betwixt cards and gipsies, as jugglers and fortune-tellers, that the pack of *tarot* cards depicted by Court de Gebelin should open by a most barefaced enunciation of their intention to cheat—with, in fact, the picture of a regular THIMBLE RIGGER, as the above cut, exactly copied, too plainly shows.

It must have been in full confidence of the gullibility of their age, that they could proclaim their intention to their dupes, unless, indeed, they knew what Butler so wittingly observes, that

> "Surely the pleasure is as great,
> Of being cheated as to cheat,"

and they merely expressed a psychological truth under the guise of an occult satire. Gebelin gives this picture the title of "Le Joueur de Goblets, ou Bateleur, on le reconnoit a sa table de des, de gobelets, de couteaux, de bales," &c., but he seeks to *improve* him by allegorizing his appearance as one "qui indique que la vie n'est qu'un songe, qu'un escammotage" —a proper introduction to what might very properly be called the life and fates of man. Nor is it less curious that in Mr. Singer's account of the mode of playing the game, "Le Fou," another picture card before given, and this "Juggler," are both of the same numerical value, with something of the relation of cause to effect—folly becoming the parent of deception. Gaming then, as now, levelled all distinctions of rank, and I borrow from Mr. Chatto's excellent treatise (p. 101), the views which the monk Geiler, of Strasburg, held on this vice at the close of the fifteenth century. "Lords and ladies, and even clergymen, dignified or otherwise, eager to win money, and confiding in their skill, cared but little for the rank or character of those with whom they played, provided they could but post the stakes, and felt no more compunction in winning a ruffling burgher's money than a peer would in receiving the amount of a bet from a cabman, *or a wealthy citizen a few years ago in rendering bankrupt the wooden-legged manager of a thimble-rig table* at Epsom or Ascot. The thimble-rig, however, is now numbered with the things that have been—*fuit*." It may therefore be conceded to me to show that this low mode of gambling seems almost coeval with the introduction of cards.

Having thus disposed of two species of cards, which appear to have had little connection with those at present in use throughout Europe, and proved their original design for deception or divination, we now come to the consideration of their beginnings and earliest introduction amongst us, and it is here we meet the greatest diversity of opinion. Their Eastern origin has been forcibly advocated, and amongst the Eastern nations the Chinese seem to claim the priority of notice. This nation has been described as always addicted to gaming of every description, and it would have excited some surprise to have found them ignorant of cards. It is with pleasure, therefore, that we are enabled to furnish our readers with numerous pictorial illustrations of this phase in the social life of this ancient people. We therefore give the following cut of a family party of the celestial empire. This cut is taken from Breitkopf's work (p. 41, note l) who copied it from a Chinese work, royal 8vo., of which it forms the title-page; and it is to be regretted that he gives no farther elucidation on the subject than what a cursory view permits. He expresses a doubt that the cards on the table may be dominos, but a comparison with a piece of worked Chinese tapestry in the possession of John Williams, at the Astronomical Society's rooms in Somerset House, leaves not a doubt



CHINESE CARD PLAYERS.

that actual pip cards are intended. This will be further confirmed by the table on the next page, furnished with pip cards, also copied from Breitkopf; and he adds that in every instance where cards are introduced in the books, no others are shown but with pips and never any with court cards. He also gives twenty cards from a different sort, but as I can give the reader copies of similar ones from the collection of

John Fillinham, Esq., whose ample store of cards I have already noticed, I prefer them as copied from originals.

These cuts of cards following, numbered 1 to 9, are nine of one suit, and they are arranged in the series of two to nine, as mostly fixed by Mr. John Williams,

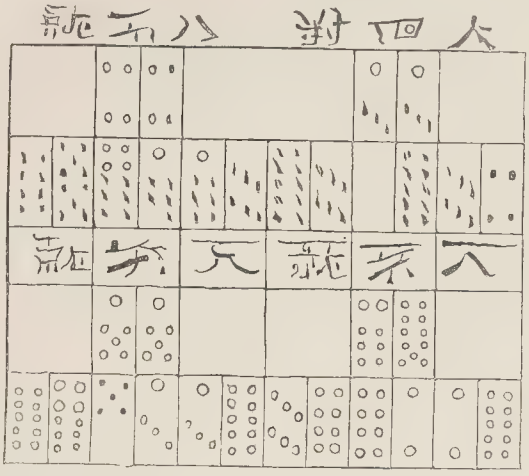
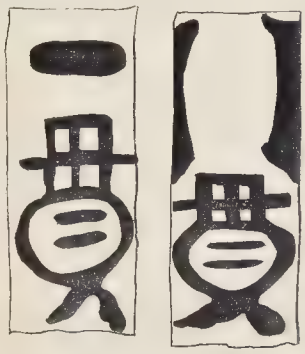


TABLE OF FIP CARDS.

already mentioned, whose knowledge of Chinese is not easily surpassed; and Mr. Singer's words on a similar pack will be pretty well applicable to them:—"It



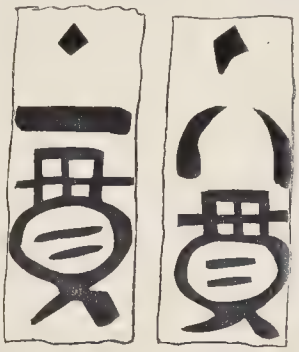
1. 2.

was thought desirable to give the curious reader these various specimens, as they convey more com-



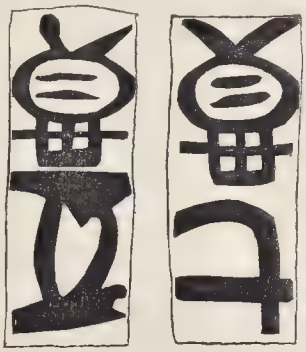
3. 4.

plete ideas of the cards used by this singular people than could have been given by the most laboured and exact description." These give the numerical sequence; the three suits with that already given making the four, are shown in the next examples,



5. 6.

being respectively the sixes and eights of each, numbered 10 to 15.]



7. 8.

The following short description of Chinese cards most commonly in use, may suffice to give some idea of such a pack, and finish this portion of the subject. I copy it from Mr. Chatto's "Playing Cards," p. 57. "The cards most commonly used in China are those called *Tseen-wau-che-pae*, 'a thousand times ten thousand cards.' There are thirty cards in a pack, namely, three suits of nine cards each, and three single cards, which are superior to



9.

all the others. The name of one of the suits is *Kew-ko-wan*, that is nine ten thousands, or myriads of *Kwan*—strings of beads, shells, or money. The name of the other suit is *Kew-ko-ping*, 'nine units of cakes;' and that of the third is *Kew-ko-so*, 'nine suits of chains.' The names of the three single cards are *Tseen-wan*, 'a thousand times ten thousand;' *Hung-hwa*, 'the red flower;' and *Pih-kwa*, 'the white flower.'"

It need only be remarked that the four suits of Mr. Fillinham's pack would point to a variety of games different from Mr. Chatto's three, and that the three single cards have a force with reference to the rest of the suit, like the Mat or Fou of the *Tarot* set above mentioned, and almost like the Pam of the Pope Joan game.

We now come to a nearer and domestic topic—the origin and introduction of our present common square cards. As to their Eastern origin, of which we have already spoken, Mr. Chatto (p. 51) declines to make any direct comparison; and as to their earlier use in the Indian peninsula, he is perfectly sceptical, for, as he justly observes, "even admitting the agreement both in figure and signification of several of the marks of the suits on early European cards with those which occur on the cards now used in Hindostan, it may be said that the fact by no means proves either that cards were invented in the East, or that the marks of suits on Hindostanee cards were actually the types of those resembling them which are to be found on European cards: for cards might find their way into the East from Europe, as well as into Europe from the East."

The opinion of a Dutch writer may be adduced in confirmation of that of Mr. Chatto; for, as a Dutchman, from the intimate early connection of his nation with the East, he would have had great scope for intelligent observation. Nieiasland, in "Lectiones Memorabiles" (vol. i., p. 391), mentioning Menestrier's account of the payment of Charles Plupart, the treasurer of Charles VI. of France, for three packs of cards, richly ornamented, to Jacquemin Gringonner, finds no authority for the origin of cards in the East.

It has been already stated that the writers on our cards have each broached a fresh theory, or altered those of others to which they give some adhesion. The following is a concise *résumé* of the different opinions held by foreign inquirers:—Court de Gebelin, as mentioned above, contends for an Egyptian origin, and is in a great measure followed by Breitkopf. M. Leber is inclined generally to the Eastern nations. Cicognara favours the Arabians, who transmitted them to the Spaniards, by whom they were conveyed to Italy, and by the Italians to Germany, France, and Britain. L'Abbé Rive will have them to take their rise in Spain, from his peculiar derivation of their Spanish name of *naipes*. Menestrier, Bullet, Schöpflin, Fabricius, and Fournier, give the honour of the invention to France. M. de

Vigny claims Laurent Coster, and consequently Holland, and his printing-office as the spot on which they first appeared. Heinecken has, with a host of his countrymen, and with much probability, deter-



10. 11.

mined for Germany; we shall, in the course of the subsequent disquisition, follow this same opinion, but from entirely different, and, we trust, perfectly satisfactory, data.



12. 13.

M. Duchesne, in attributing an Italian origin, founds his opinion on a doubtful meaning of the word *carte*, in an Italian work called "Spagna Istoriata," of the fourteenth century, but not pub-



14. 15.

lished before 1519, at Milan,—"En chant xxe. de ce poeme historique, Roland a recours a un sortilege pour decouvrir les enemis de l'Empereur Charlemagne! *Fece un cherchò e poscia gito le carte.*"

Our own country might claim the very earliest mention, if not fabrication of cards; for a strict prohibition, under penalty of clerical anathema, against playing with them must argue a pretty general and extensive use, which would necessarily have led to domestic manufacture. Unfortunately, however, the canon of the synod of Worcester, in which this prohibition is found in 1240, will admit of a double interpretation. The words are—"Prohibeamus etiam clericis ne intersint ludis inhonestis nec choreis vel ludunt aleas vel taxillos; nec sustineant ludos fieri de Rege et Regina, nec arietes levari nec palestras publicas fieri." That cards are here not intended seems probable, from the absence of anything referring to other than court cards, and it seems more probable that the kings and queens of Twelfth-night are the games in which the clergy are prohibited from joining, for the other games prohibited are public horse-races, and "*raising the goat.*" I have very little doubt that this is an allusion to a pagan sacrifice, possibly then like the Jul or Christmas celebration, modified to a joyful merry-making; but of its continuous heathen practice down to the sixteenth century in Prussia, a remarkable instance will be found in my work on "Shakspere's Puck and his Folk's-lore," under the title of "Das Bockheiligen" (vol. i., p. 125).

Those who take the trouble to refer to the separate authors whom I have adduced for their various theories, will find that almost all ground them upon verbal and etymological bases. *Tarot*, *trapola*, and *naibes*, are the denominations upon whose signification they principally build. From *naibi*, by which cards were designated in the year 1393 in Italy, Mr. de la Rue (Leber Coll., vol. x. p. 366) is of opinion that the Spaniards introduced them into Italy possibly in 1267, when they invaded the country under the Castilian princes, or when, in 1282, Peter II. of Arragon entered Sicily and Calabria, to avenge the judicial murder, two years previously, of his young and chivalrous relative, Conraddin Hohenstaufen. He cannot adduce any weightier reason than his own interpretation of *naipes*, and its continuance as the only designation of Spanish and Italian cards to this day. But as we shall, in a future column, bring forward a very different, and possibly more convincing, interpretation of this enigma—which, to use a military phrase, may be considered the key of the position—we ask for a suspension of the reader's opinion till we have cleared away some other obstructions.

We also reject the meaning which Bullet gives for its explanation: he most unsatisfactorily adduces it from a Biscayan word, *napa*, supposed to mean flat; but, as Breitkopf observes upon it, it is not easy to see what particular relation there is to cards in flatness, or that may not apply to anything else that is not rough. Breitkopf's own leaning to a derivation from the initials N. P. of a supposed inventor, Nicolas Pepin, seems, however, as little tenable; though he finds it so asserted by the editor of the Spanish "Diccionario de la Lengua Castillana," who, most probably, coined the name for a very problematical honour to his country. We may dismiss, therefore, the Spanish theory, as Mr. Chatto does those of Bullet and Eloi Johanneau on the names of the queens in French packs as Argine and Judith: "on those these doctors disagree, yet each appears to have *equally good* reasons for his opinion. The consequence is, we can put no faith in either." Yet we cannot find any better reasons in turning over the leaves of Mr. Chatto's industrious work; and in the next chapter we shall endeavour to supply one from a much simpler source, which will put us in *rapport* with the gipsies or Bohemians, from "Legends of Bohemian Folk-lore," and in accordance with great significance for divination and conjuring trickery, in which these outcasts so pre-eminently excel. The question has been put—

> "Sorciers, bateleurs et felous,
> Gais Bohemiens, d'où venez vous?"

and we must contradict an answer that has been put into their mouths—

> "D'où nous venons?
> L'où n'en sait rien,
> L'Hirondelle
> D'où nous vient elle?"

The connection between these bateleurs, as joyous Bohemians, fortune-tellers, seems too aptly fitted to Gobelin's Jouer de Gobelets, in the preceding woodcut, to be denied.

ERIN.

FROM THE STATUE BY W. J. O'DOHERTY.

IRELAND has contributed to the British School of Art more good sculptors—indeed, many of our best—than she has painters, in proportion to the relative number of each class of artists; we cannot account for the fact, but know such to be the case, and could prove it, if necessary, by indisputable evidence. To the list of Irish sculptors whose names are already well known among us, we may add that of William James O'Doherty, as one who bids fair to occupy a niche in the temple of honour, if the works of his matured years maintain the promise of his youth—for he is still very young. That he has yet much to learn none know better than himself; but he is most ardent in the pursuit of his art, sensitive to its greatness as well as its difficulties, open to friendly counsel, and having, as we noticed in our last impression, just received one or two important commissions, has now embarked on his career under auspicious circumstances.

Mr. O'Doherty was born in Dublin, in 1835, and having at an early age evidenced much ability and feeling for design, entered the Schools of the Royal Dublin Society, with the intention of becoming a painter; his first studies, therefore, were directed to this end. But the discernment of the late Mr. Panormo, then modelling-master of the institution, detected in the style of the youth's drawing more of the power of the sculptor than of the painter, and it was determined he should exchange the pencil for the chisel, a resolution which O'Doherty was not slow in adopting, for his enthusiasm and fervid imagination had already begun to mould the lifeless clay or cold block of marble into an object of life and beauty. Nor did he or his master form a wrong estimate of his capability, for within a year he carried away from his competitors, and without difficulty, the first prize for modelling; the subject of which was 'The Boy and Bird.'

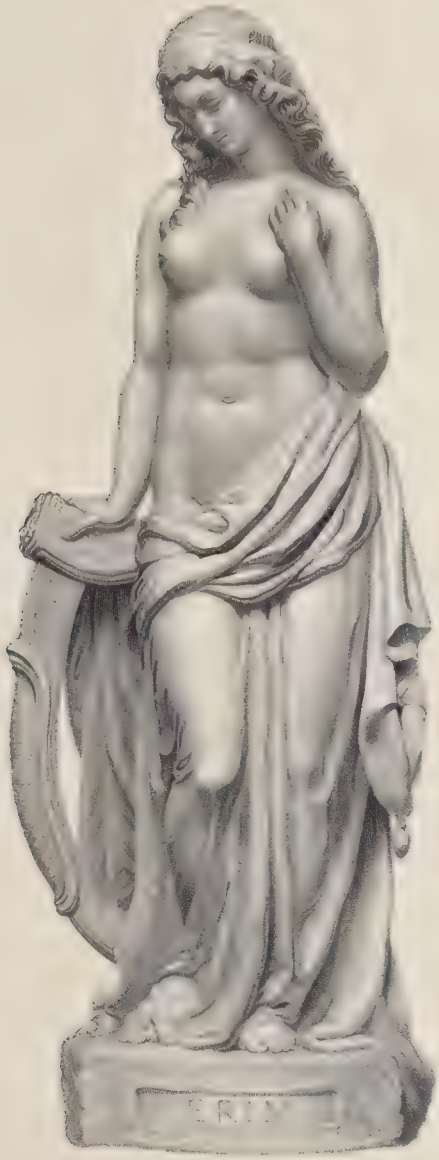
Under Mr. Panormo's instruction young O'Doherty remained till death terminated the useful career of the master, when his pupil attended the studio and lectures of Mr. Kirke, of the Royal Hibernian Academy, who appreciated his talent, and in the most friendly manner aided him in acquiring the higher principles of his art. While thus engaged, his countryman Mr. John Jones, a sculptor well known in London, visited the Dublin Exhibition, and being attracted by the sight of some modelled figures, sought out the artist and offered to conduct him to London, as a wider sphere of operations; the proposal was accepted, and O'Doherty, in 1854, took up his residence in the metropolis.

One of the earliest works he exhibited here was a statue, in plaster, of 'Gondoline,' the subject borrowed from Kirke White's poem; it is the work evidently of a young and inexperienced hand, and, consequently, is not without defects; still it embodies a high and fine conception, and justifies the commission given to the sculptor by Mr. Bevan, the wealthy banker, to execute it in marble. But his principal work, hitherto, is the statue of 'Erin,' symbolical of Ireland, exhibited at the Academy last year, and of which an engraving is here introduced. In this figure the sculptor has sought to realize in stone that deep instinct of respect and veneration felt by every true patriot for the land of his birth. The "genius" of his country is represented as a sorrowful, disconsolate object, lingering by the seashore, and meditating on the woes of Ireland. We do not now stop to inquire what her troubles are in the present day, but leave Mr. O'Doherty to prove his case, *if he can*. 'Erin' is assumed to be personified as the mother of a great nation, pondering on the future destiny of her children, not so much in despair as in the calm and solemn spirit of hope; her head droops slightly over

> "The harp which once in Tara's halls
> The soul of music shed."

The figure is semi-nude; the drapery covering the lower part falls in thick folds, but in such a way that the outlines of the limbs are distinctly visible, showing the contour and careful modelling of the entire form.

The statue, as was intimated in our last number, is being sculptured in marble for the Marquis of Downshire.



THE MUSEUM OF THE PASHA OF EGYPT.

It is a new and singular feature in Oriental life to find a Mussulman of high rank willing to abandon the long-cherished prejudices of his education, and acknowledge the historic value of records it was the fashion of his creed to condemn and destroy. The foundation of a museum of Egyptian antiquities at Boulak by the present Pasha of Egypt places him on a level with such European potentates, as form, for scientific purposes, similar gatherings.

Boulak is to Cairo what Wapping is to London; it abounds with ship-owners, sailors, and shipwrights, and is a busy port for all the products of the Nile, and the place where travellers hire their boats when about to explore the wonders of the river. It is a bustling place, and as dirty as such places usually are. In its midst is an enclosed building, with a courtyard looking on the river; and in a series of well-lighted, convenient rooms is displayed the Pasha's Museum. We must confess when we heard of it at first we involuntarily thought of the old proverb of shutting the door when the steed was stolen, particularly as we were told that no antiquities were now allowed to be carried from the country, and that in future all was to swell the pasha's store. When we remember the reckless destruction of Egyptian monuments, from the days of Napoleon to those of the last few years, and the number of public and private collections formed from the *débris* of the ruins of these valuable mementoes, it did indeed seem late to enter a field where previous labourers had tired themselves with unscrupulous devastation. It was, therefore, with no little surprise that we were ushered over the series of rooms devoted to the Boulak Museum, and found them to contain so choice and curious a series of antiquities, well displaying the art of ancient Egypt in all its phases.

We believe it is due to the energy of M. Mariette, an *employé* in the great collection at the Louvre, that the pasha was induced to form this museum, and give M. Mariette the full privilege of prosecuting the researches that have revealed so much that is curious, and which were long immured at the pyramids at Sakkarah and Ghizeh, as well as at Memphis, Edfou, and elsewhere; as a result that gentleman was appointed conservator of the museum, with a residence and a salary befitting the station. It must not, however, be conjectured that the pasha or his conservator have been lucky enough to obtain in this short time so fine a selection of antiques; the fact is that the largest portion of the collection was purchased at once from M. Huber, the late Consul-General for Austria, who employed many years in gathering them, with a fastidious taste that admitted of none but fine examples. All the articles so selected are remarkable for the high character of their workmanship. They are all well exhibited, and very carefully arranged; in this the taste that reigns in the Louvre is displayed, and contrasts very strongly with the want of taste that characterises our own collection in the British Museum, where articles are huddled together as if they were worthless, and hide each other for want of space. It is melancholy to see so fine a collection as ours is, so utterly ruined for want of that proper display which makes an object not worth five shillings look better in Paris than the most valuable article we possess.

In minor antiques, such as scarabei, rings, &c., the collection, as may be supposed, is strong; yet they are not of the ordinary kind that might be obtained in any quantity, but are all selected for the superiority of their workmanship, or the interest of their inscriptions. In the same way the small porcelain figures of deities are really works of Fine Art, not the rude things so commonly found in sarcophagi and mummy pits. The distinction is greater than most persons imagine, and, indeed, the finer kinds are by no means common. In the same way the mummy-cases here are remarkable for the carefulness with which they are painted, when of wood, or for the delicacy with which they are sculptured when in stone; there is one here cut from a block of basalt, and covered with hieroglyphics of great delicacy.

Many figures are curious as pictures of ancient manners, such as those representing women kneading bread: and there are many remarkable articles dedicated to the services of ordinary life which give a curious insight to the manners and customs of the ancient Egyptians.

The grand feature of the collection is the mass of gold ornaments quite recently obtained by a fortunate accident at Thebes. Some boys at Gournou discovered in ground unmarked by any tomb, some fine mummies, which passed into the hands of the local governor of Keneh, Falil Pasha. He was induced to part with them to the Viceroy, and, when unrolled, more than thirty-five pounds weight of gold ornaments were found on them. They are displayed in a case, and are perfectly unique in beauty and value. The series of necklaces, with figures of jackals in gold, and the golden bracelets, enriched by enamel colours, are extraordinary works of Art, irrespective of their great intrinsic value; one of them is very remarkable, having the sacred hawk for its central ornament, holding the emblem of eternal life: the surface is covered with *cloisonné* enamels. A hatchet of gold, with a hunting scene embossed on the blade, is also remarkable; a mirror in a heavy framework of gold, with a lotus-shaped handle, and a large variety of minor decorations for the person, crowd this unrivalled case of antiquities. Two small models of funeral boats, with the rowers, all formed in silver, are, in the eyes of the Egyptian student, even more precious than the gold articles, which cannot fail to obtain their meed of applause by all who see them.

The room in which this fine *trouvaille* is deposited is very appropriately decorated on its walls and ceiling, after the style of the tombs at Beni Hassan. The whole arrangement is creditable to the Egyptian viceroy and his conservator, and it seems to argue better guardianship for the future over the wondrous and profoundly interesting remains that crowd the valley of the Nile, and that have afforded us the most valuable illustrations of Holy Writ.

F. W. F.

'THE INTELLECT AND VALOUR OF ENGLAND.'

An illustrated book, properly so entitled, is one the text of which has received illustration through the medium of engravings. It is possible, however, for Literature and Art—for printed text and engraved illustrations—when in alliance, to change their relative positions, so that the engravings actually constitute the book, the text being merely written to describe them, or at any rate being adapted to their style and requirements. A book thus written for its illustrations, in a literary aspect differs very greatly from one in which the illustrations occupy a decidedly secondary position. In like manner a picture, that has been designed and executed expressly for the purpose of being engraved, stands apart from other works of the same class which have been engraved in consequence of their intrinsic worthiness. It is true, that in the composition of his picture a painter may very consistently take into consideration the qualities and circumstances that would prove most effective in engravings, should engravers at some future time be required to translate his work by means of their beautiful and beneficent art. But this is altogether distinct from such deliberate anticipation of an engraving as virtually changes a painter into an engraver's model-maker. Mr. T. J. Barker, we regret to find, has undergone this metamorphosis. His pictures hitherto have possessed valuable and admirable qualities distinctively their own, notwithstanding their evident adaptation to the conditions of engraving. Consequently, in addition to the value and interest that attach themselves to the engravings from his pictures, we have always considered that Mr. Barker's pictures ought to feel sure of an honoured permanent home beneath the roof of the National Gallery of England. The 'Lucknow,' and the 'Kars,' and the 'Sevastopol,' are pictures of the class that our National Gallery ought to possess, for the sake of the nation, as well because the pictures are themselves meritorious, as from their historical subjects. Mr. Barker's last work can never aspire to national recognition. It is nothing more than a singularly clumsy scheme for enabling an engraver to collect upon a single plate a large number of contemporaneous portraits. As if conscious of the more than questionable character of his subject, the artist has traversed his ample canvas with high-pressure speed. The heads are certainly decided likenesses; still they incline at least as much towards the caricature, as to the true portrait. The figures seem ill at ease, the components of each separate group apparently being more surprised to find themselves with the other groups, than occupied with the matter before their own notice.

The idea which the artist has undertaken to convey is what has given the picture its title—'The Intellect and Valour of England.' "The Intellect" and the "Valour" of course are intended to be typified and exemplified by the most intellectual and valorous of Englishmen, engaged in pursuits at once characteristic of themselves and of the noble qualities they have been selected to personify. This has been done by placing four distinct groups of figures in the four quarters of a spacious imaginary apartment, with stage-property columns and curtains, and the necessary supply of sofas, chairs and tables, and an open window, through which the towers of Westminster are apparent in the distance. In this (as we are constrained to regard it) imaginary hall are placed the four groups that illustrate, as Mr. Barker wishes us to consider, the "Intellect and Valour of England." We give the description of these groups from the printed card (sent to us by Mr. Croffts, of Old Bond Street, the proprietor of the picture) that lies before us:—"1. Lord Dundonald offering his invention for the destruction of Cronstadt and the Russian forts. 2. Sir William Armstrong explaining the peculiar properties and construction of his famous cannon. 3. Mr. Cobden proposing to Lord Palmerston and the Chancellor of the Exchequer to arrange a treaty of commerce with France. 4. Sir David Brewster announcing his discovery of the stereoscope"—a discovery, by the way, which, as the learned and candid philosopher has publicly declared, was not made by Brewster at all. The four groups themselves are made up of eminent statesmen, sailors, lawyers, philosophers, and men of letters, the church alone being the profession which is unrepresented. None of the distinguished individuals can be said to have any particular motive in being present in the position he is supposed to occupy, nor do they appear either individually or collectively to be conscious of any other motive than *sitting for an engraving*. The painful absurdity of the four groups being brought into one apartment, without even such partial separation and seclusion as they might have secured in a second-rate London coffee-room, needs no comment. The same might also be said of the subjects that have been put forward, as typical of the "Intellect and Valour of England;" but we cannot rest content with a silent protest against such a selection. We must claim for English "intellect" something nobler far and more exalted, than the most wonderful of philosophical toys and the most felicitous of political speculations; as for English "valour," we seek fitting exponents neither in "infernal machines" nor long-range cannon. The "Intellect and Valour of England," however, will not live in history through any such associations. Mr. Barker has made a great and a damaging mistake in this his last picture. He has shown that, in making what engravers might regard as an admirable model, a really clever artist may easily fail to produce even a tolerable picture. Let him reverse the process that has been developed in this travesty of a noble subject. Let him set to work upon a picture that shall really be—what this wretched affair so certainly is not—an expression of a true artist's mind and thought, and an embodiment of a grand idea. Let him paint some scene in which the "intellect" and the "valour" of his country, or one of those high attributes of England, shall glow with characteristic and truthful fire upon his canvas; then he may look to have the engravings of his work held in esteem second only to the original itself. It will not do for Mr. Barker, nor for any artist, to manufacture a picture as a kind of negative for engravers; nor will it be endured that all the proprieties, as well as the noble qualities, of Art, should be set on one side, because ignorant and tasteless people may be ready to purchase a plate that will simulate a *carte de visite* album of the first magnitude.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE ART SEASON.—By the time this number of the *Art-Journal* is in the hands of its readers, all the exhibitions will be closed, after a season of less than average success. There are certain signs which are accepted by the public as indicative of a high state of prosperity in Art, but these are not to be received as outward and visible tokens of an inward and substantial well-being. It does not follow that because one or two painters receive commissions to the amount of thousands of pounds,—even ten and twenty thousand,—the rest of the profession are proportionably fortunate. These, and other similar transactions, only tell us to what extent commerce and Art go hand in hand, and such is now the complexion of speculation that we shall always hear of such compacts. The public go in crowds to see a picture that has cost ten thousand pounds. If you enter the gallery of the Old Water-Colour Society, select a drawing, and announce your wish to purchase, you are informed it is sold, and so of another and another, all the best are sold; but it is so here every season: yet in that catalogue can we lay our finger on names to whose owners the failures of the season have brought much bitterness of heart. The "line" in the Academy will not assist a computation of the business of the year; we should rather look to the pictures that are not there, for of the works sent in perhaps only a third part was hung, and yet a large proportion has also been sold there; these, however, are but a few of thousands that have not been sold. It is not in exhibition-rooms, but in studios, that we learn the circumstances and prospects of the profession in the middle and even in the highest circles, of which the prevalent complaint is, that the season of 1861 has been less prosperous than any for years past.

THE ROYAL INSTITUTE OF BRITISH ARCHITECTS.—The annual *conversazione* of the President (W. Tite, Esq., M.P., F.R.S.) and the Fellows took place at the rooms in Conduit Street, on Wednesday, the 10th of July. It was attended by a very large number of distinguished guests, as well as by a majority of the members. Great exertions had been made to render the occasion useful as well as pleasant. All the apartments were filled with works of Art, of rare value, showing the almost inexhaustible wealth of the country in "gems," antique and modern, and manifesting the generous sympathy of the owners in any effort leading to improvement.

W. B. SCOTT'S PICTURES AT THE FRENCH GALLERY.—This series of eight large pictures proposes to describe eight periods in the history of the English border—that is, the extreme north of England, always the "debateable land," the battle-field of the Britons and the Caledonians, and "syne" of the English and Scots even from Berwick to the Solway. The pictures have been painted for Sir W. C. Trevelyan, to be placed in his residence at Wallington: the place we know not, but, probably, from its name, situated on the great wall, like Walbattle, Wall's End, and other places beginning or ending with *wall*. The first subject is 'Building the Roman Wall,' *Hadrianus murum duxit qui barbaros Romanesque divideret;* the others are 'St. Cuthbert,' 'The Venerable Bede,' 'The Descent of the Danes,' 'The Spur in the Dish,' 'Bernard Gilpin,' 'Grace Darling,' and 'The Nineteenth Century—iron and coal.' In common justice to the great coal-field, the last could not have been omitted. When we say that these pictures are painted according to Pre-Raffaellite principles, something of their character will be understood; but it were scarcely fair to the labour necessary to their production, to dismiss them with this one word of description—which is really almost enough for the sublime degrees of this kind of Art, as we thereby, and at once understand, an utter absence of harmony, an insufferable austerity of line, the utmost crudity of colour, and the individual prominence of small and unimportant parts. In these pictures there is evidence of the study of national types, and there has been research into the styles of the periods of the incidents, but the artist in some of the compositions seems to have limited himself in oil painting to the circumscribed capabilities of fresco. In the first subject we see the course of the wall, the soldier at work, and, as a principal group, a Roman officer chiding some idle Britons for their partiality to dice. In the second, King Egfrid, with Bishop Trumwine and many attendants, visit St. Cuthbert in his retirement in one of the Farne islands, we presume Holy Island. The saint grasps the spade with which he has been digging onions for his dinner, and the king holds the crozier which he wishes St. Cuthbert to assume as Bishop of Hexham. The death of Bede is the next subject; he died, we believe, in his cell at Jarrow, in the arms of the young monks, having just lived long enough to conclude his translation of the Gospels. The printed description says that the candle is blown out "by the wind from the open sea;" the monastery of Jarrow was situated on the river Tyne, not on the sea shore. 'The Descent of the Danes' is the fourth—the scene is the cliff at Tynemouth, whence is seen the Danish flotilla, the enemy landing, and the natives flying to escape. 'The Spur in the Dish' commemorates the ancient border custom of serving up a spur at table, to remind the lord of the peel-house that the larder is empty, and that there was need of a raid on the neighbouring border. The other subjects have been mentioned—they are comparatively modern, and, perhaps, between 'Grace Darling' and the last there is not a sufficient lapse of time. They are all subjects requiring protracted study and close inquiry, and enough of both has been given to them to make them high-class productions.

SUBURBAN MUSEUMS.—The *conversazione*, of which we gave notice last month, held on the 11th of July at the South Kensington Museum, in aid of the funds for the formation of the South London Museum, was well attended, but not so well as we expected and desired to see it. Of the numerous wealthy inhabitants—and there is a very large number resident in the locality the museum is intended to benefit, at Clapham, Camberwell, Brixton, Streatham, and many other places—we noticed very few present, and regretted their absence much, as it manifests an apparent indifference to the object sought; and it is to this class chiefly that—at the outset at least—it must look for support. Earl Granville presided, for a portion of the evening, in the theatre, when various resolutions advocating the formation of the museum were moved and seconded respectively by the Rev. J. McConnel Hussey, incumbent of Christ Church, Brixton, Mr. John Corderoy, Mr. Slaney, M.P., and Mr. Sarl. The noble chairman, in replying to the vote of thanks presented him, expressed his great interest in the subject which had called the assembly together. Short of promising a grant of public money (which, owing to the stringent rules laid down by Her Majesty's government, it was impossible for him to give,) he assured the meeting he would assist the undertaking in every way in his power, and he believed he should be able to obtain advantages for it which would be highly useful, and consistent with the general principles they all wished to promote. It would be a mistake, he considered, to make the museum of a too general character; it must be established upon a basis that will make it a great attraction, not to the district alone, but to the rest of the metropolis. The advantages of such institutions, from a social and educational point of view, could not be too largely insisted on. The cost of the proposed museum is estimated at £26,000, of which sum the promoters have asked of government £16,000 of the public money, on the plea of its being a national work, leaving £10,000 to be raised by subscriptions. The contents of the edifice are to be obtained by small government grants, by donations, and by the exhibitions of works of Art. The suburban district which may be included under the general term of "South London," contains nearly one million of human beings, or two-fifths of the entire population of the metropolis, and has no public industrial institution calculated to promote the mental culture of the inhabitants, to a very large proportion of whom, from their various occupations in trade and manufactures, a museum is almost, if not quite, a necessity; far more so, indeed, than the favoured quarter of Kensington, into which all the public Art-treasures of the country seem to be gathering, but a locality which the great masses of working-men find a difficulty in reaching, except on the rare occurrence of a holiday. What they want is something near at hand, to which access can be had at any time when the day's labours are over. We believe many thousand working-men have memorialised the government in favour of this project, and the government will probably give some pecuniary aid; but it is to the wealthy inhabitants of the respective neighbourhoods that it must principally look for support, and we trust this will be afforded in a far larger measure than present appearances indicate.

PARLIAMENTARY GRANTS FOR ART.—Since the article, in one of the preceding pages, referring to the discussions in parliament on Art-matters was written and in type, the subject has been again mooted in both Houses. In the Lords, Earl Granville moved for a committee to consider the proper measures to be taken respecting the Turner and Vernon collections, and any other gifts to the country of a similar kind. In the Commons, on a vote of £13,134 being asked to defray the expenses of the National Gallery, Lord Henry Lennox commented on the unsatisfactory nature of the arrangements now existing for the reception of the national pictures, and urged the removal of the Royal Academy to Burlington House, that the apartments now occupied by that body might be appropriated to the public service. Lord Palmerston, in reply, said something which seemed to be an intimation of what the government intended to do; and that is, so far as we can understand the noble lord, *nothing*. The vote was agreed to, after considerable discussion, in which Mr. Layard, Mr. A. Smith, Colonel Sykes, Mr. Ewart, Mr. Tite, and Lord John Manners took part, Lord Palmerston saying, in answer to a question from the latter, that "the Royal Academy were perfectly prepared to move *whenever they were summoned*." No doubt of it, for the academicians know full well there is small chance of such an edict going forth; at least for the present. Perhaps when the exhibitors in the building now erecting at Kensington for next year's display have vacated it, we shall hear something more definite about our public Art-galleries. On the vote for £2,000 for the National Portrait Gallery coming before the house, Mr. Spooner asked for an explanation of the object for which this gallery was formed: it served neither for the promotion of Art, nor for the cultivation of a healthy moral feeling, and he protested against the continuance of such *tom-foolery!* It would be amusing were it not also sad, to hear how our legislators talk about Art, and act concerning it. They protest, and argue, and complain, and threaten, and calumniate, and then vote the money asked for, leaving matters just as they found them. The "do-nothing" system respecting Art flourishes admirably in parliament.

THE WELLINGTON COLLEGE SCULPTURES.—The visitors to the new Horticultural Gardens on the 11th of July, who were able to divert their attention for a time from the gorgeous display of flowers exhibited at the "rose show," doubtless observed some bronze statues and busts occupying places in the gardens. These were a number of works forming part of the collection executed for Wellington College, portraits of the celebrated commanders, with one or two civilians, their public associates, who distinguished themselves in the great wars that terminated in 1815. Five statues, and upwards of twenty busts, have been executed—the list is too long for us to introduce here—from excellent models by Mr. Theed, by the electrotyping process of Messrs. Elkington and Co.—one that enables them to produce works of this kind, exquisitely finished, at little more than one-half of the cost if cast in metal by the ordinary method. Each of these statues and busts is a free gift to the college from the surviving relatives of the deceased. The principal object for which they were placed in the gardens on the occasion, was the hope they would lead to the gift of similar works of artistic ornament in the grounds at Kensington—statues and busts of eminent naturalists, botanists, and other men of science, to stand on the niches abounding there. As it is now evident this may be done at a very moderate cost, comparatively, we may hope to see it in time accomplished. So satisfactory have these electrotypes been found—they are the largest and most important ever attempted—that it has been determined to execute the bronze figures, in the design of Mr. Durham, for the 1851 Exhibition Memorial, in the same manner. The foundations for this work are already laid in the gardens, and Messrs. Elkington are, we understand, proceeding with the portion of the labour assigned to them.

Mr. Theed is engaged upon a statue of her late Royal Highness the Duchess of Kent, to be placed within the beautiful mausoleum, or temple, recently erected in the grounds of Frogmore, whither the remains of this much respected lady have been removed from their temporary place of rest in the Chapel Royal, Windsor. Her Royal Highness frequently visited the works while the temple was being erected, and took much interest in its progress.

Mr. George Godwin, F.R.S., one of the honorary secretaries of the Art-Union of London, entertained the council of that institution, and a large circle of his friends at the Hanover Square Rooms on the evening of July 4. Nearly four hundred cards of invitation were issued, and during the evening, there could scarcely have been fewer guests present, including very many whose names are well known in the world of literature, science, and Art. A more pleasant gathering it has rarely been our good fortune to attend, nor one, of a private character, where greater efforts were made to render the evening agreeable: pictures and drawings, framed and in portfolios, were abundant, bronzes, statuettes, and other works of Art ornamented the tables; while Madame Catherine Hayes, Mrs. German Reed, and an excellent choir of ladies and gentlemen, sung at intervals songs, glees, and madrigals, in the large concert-room where the company assembled. About twelve o'clock an elegant supper was served in the large ante-chamber, and when we took our departure in the small hours of the night, we left groups of the younger guests winding up the proceedings of the evening with quadrilles. The entertainment throughout was conducted in a way as pleasant to the visitors as it was distinguished by taste and liberality on the part of their host; it was a rare intellectual treat, as well as a most agreeable "evening," full of enjoyment.

The late Mr. Plint, of Leeds.—We deeply lament to record the sudden death of Thomas Edward Plint, Esq., of Leeds, a distinguished collector of the works of British artists. His gallery was formed in a liberal and judicious spirit; it was already large, but was likely to have been very greatly increased. His latest purchase was that of 'Christ in the Temple,' by Mr. Holman Hunt; his tastes leading him, generally, to prefer the "Pre-Raffaelite" school. The loss of this excellent gentleman is a public loss. In private life, few men have lived more deservedly estimated. He was indeed beloved, not only by his friends, but by all who came within the circle of his acquaintance.

The Bazaar in aid of the Building Fund of the French School of Art, at the Museum, South Kensington, was perhaps as productive as might have been expected. It was late in "the season," and the public had been satiated with "fancy fairs." The result, however, is to add £750 to the Fund, which now approaches £2,000, within £500 of the sum required. This, we have no doubt, will be raised, and the school preserved for the long course of usefulness it is destined to pursue. The management of the bazaar was kindly undertaken by P. Owen, Esq., of the Department of Science and Art. The work was therefore in all respects "well done." His exertions were indefatigable, and by his courteous attentions to all parties interested in the affair, he essentially lightened their labours, and contributed largely to the success that was obtained. Several leading manufacturers were among the generous contributors to the occasion.

The Volunteers at Wimbledon.—Art and artists have been so honourably associated with the appearance of the volunteers at Wimbledon during the past month as to justify a notice in our columns. First of all, Private Jopling of the South Middlesex battalion, and associate member of the New Water-Colour Society, has proved himself the first shot of the year, winning the gold medal of the National Rifle Association and the "Queen's Cup," as it was called, but which Mr. Jopling elected to exchange for its estimated value, a purse containing 250 guineas. We are sorry that an artist should have done this; and he has not the excuse for it of being either a needy man, or one with a large family, for he is a young bachelor; nor is he dependent on his art for a living, as he holds a government appointment in the War Office. Here was an opportunity for him to possess a noble work of Art, which might be preserved for generations in his family as a token of his prowess; such a work, for example, as the costly and magnificent silver shield, manufactured by Messrs. Elkington and Co., from the designs of M. Jeannest, scarcely inferior to Flaxman's celebrated "Wellington Shield," and intrinsically of far greater value, even pecuniarily, than the purse of sovereigns: it was one of three or four pieces of plate approved of, as we understand, by the council for the great prize. Messrs. Elkington seem to have been fortunate in having their productions selected. They are the manufacturers of the Prince Consort's prize, the "Bedford Tankard," in silver, won by Major Moir, of the Stirlingshire volunteers; of the "Association Cup," a parcel gilt silver tankard, modelled, also, by the late M. Jeannest, won by Captain Ross, of the 6th Kincardine battalion; of the prize given by the proprietors of the *Army and Navy Gazette*, won by Captain Macgregor, Midlothian; and of Lord Ashburton's prize for the public schools competition, the superb silver "Cellini Shield," won by Rugby. The Duke of Cambridge's prize, of which Captain Ross was also the winner, was a beautiful silver chased tankard, made by Messrs. Hancock and Co. We may remark that at the review at Wimbledon the Artists' Corps, though small, acquitted itself, under the command of Captain H. W. Phillips, admirably, and met with a most flattering welcome: *Artes et arma* should be its motto.

Kensington Gardens.—A considerable number of artists, including nearly thirty members of the Royal Academy, have memorialised Lord Palmerston on the subject of the horse-ride in these gardens, praying they may be preserved "for the use of pedestrians only, as they have hitherto been." We certainly think there is ample room for equestrians in and around Hyde Park, without infringing on the "grassy avenues and beautiful green sward" alluded to in the memorial.

Book Art-Unions.—The House of Lords has rejected this bill, the object of which was to distribute books in the way of lottery, as pictures and other works of Art are. We regret this exceedingly, if it were intended to permit the prizeholder to select what books he pleased; if not—and we are unacquainted with the provisions of the bill—it would be comparatively useless; and would, probably, become an instrument in the hands of the trade and authors, as has been alleged, for getting rid of certain publications. To load a man with books, to the value of one or two hundred pounds, for which he has no use, or in which he feels no interest, would be an absurdity; but, if allowed to make his own choice, what a benefit might not the scheme prove to thousands. Only imagine a young, underpaid curate, even an incumbent with a small living, a student for the bar, a literary man, or indeed any professional or intellectual person getting, perhaps, ten pounds' worth, perhaps three hundred pounds' worth of books, such as he needs, for one guinea: why, a stroke of good fortune like this would be a God-send, a mine of riches to him. We still hope some plan like that indicated may be brought forward under substantial and independent auspices, which will meet with the approbation of the legislature.

Society for the Encouragement of the Fine Arts.—The last *conversazione* of the season was held in the French Gallery, Pall Mall, last month. During the evening, Mr. Ottley, the honorary secretary, read the report of the council, and, afterwards, the prizes were awarded as follows:—Historical painting: To Mr. M. Stone, a silver medal, for his picture of 'Claudio and Hero,' in the Royal Academy. Landscape: To Mr. M'Callum, a silver medal, for his picture of 'Spring — Burnham Wood,' also in the Royal Academy. Genre: To Mr. Calderon, a silver medal, for his picture of 'La Demande en Mariage,' in the Royal Academy. Water-colour painting: A medal to Mr. Samuel S. Read, for a painting of a church at Antwerp (Old Water-Colour Society); and to Mr. E. H. Warren, for his 'Rest in the Cool and Shady Wood' (New Water-Colour Society). To Mr. George Halse was awarded the society's medal for sculpture, for his bronze group, called 'The Tarpeian Rock,' now exhibiting in the Royal Academy. The architectural prize was awarded to Mr. A. W. Blomfield, for his design for a mission-house now in course of erection at Bedfordbury (Covent Garden), in the Architectural Exhibition.

Sculpture for the Houses of Parliament.—The sum of £3,200 has been voted for statues of James I., Charles I., George IV., and William IV. Two of these are assigned to Mr. Theed, and two to Mr. Thornycroft.

Lambeth School of Art.—The new building erected for the use of this institution, the foundation stone of which was laid by his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales last year, was inaugurated on the evening of the 20th June, when the large room was completely filled with visitors to witness the presentation of prizes to the successful students of the year, which duty was performed, and in a most agreeable and efficient manner, by the Rev. Robert Gregory, incumbent of St. Mary's, Lambeth, the district wherein the school is situated. At the conclusion of the ceremony, a lecture on "The Practical Utility of Art" was delivered by Mr. Beresford Hope; after which the visitors adjourned to an adjoining room to inspect the drawings of the pupils, and to partake of refreshments provided for the occasion. The new school is a handsome, well-arranged building, admirably adapted to its purposes. The students have this year obtained the greatest number of medals of any of the London district schools. Twenty-four bronze medals and one "national" medal were awarded them.

Decorative Art is certainly in popular ascendancy at present, and the *soirées* and *conversazioni* of the past season, have never been considered complete without a gathering of some objects of *vertu*, which might attract the attention of visitors. The Edinburgh National Gallery is to be devoted to an exhibition of decorative and industrial art next November, and its superintendent, W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., has been actively engaged in inviting contributions. It will comprise glyptic and numismatic art, and sculpture as applied to ornament, mosaics, glass manufactures, and paintings, enamels, pottery, works in metal, jewellery, furniture and upholstery, bookbinding, illuminations, textile fabrics, and pictures illustrative of costume. The range is therefore a large one, and as it is confined to no peculiar period, a very extensive and curious gathering will no doubt reward the exertions of the committee. The Museum of South Kensington will furnish a large number of examples, but the contributions of private collectors are particularly wished, as these often give a rare and curious character to the whole.

Signor Castellani of Rome, whose successful imitations of the classic jewellery rendered him famous at home, has brought a large collection of his works to London, and is at present exhibiting them at 66, Jermyn Steet. The Signor has been driven from Rome, simply for having executed an order for a presentation sword for the King of Sardinia—no bad illustration of artistic liberty as understood by the Papacy. The large collection of gold ornaments and jewellery now on view in London, comprise very accurate copies of the most famous antique examples; and the peculiar mode by which they applied their filigree decoration has been for the first time successfully reproduced, as well as the *cloisonné* enamelling, and the use of vitreous pastes and mosaics. The elaboration and artistic excellence of these works, elevate them far above mere ornamental jewellery; nor are the specimens confined to the classic eras alone, but mediæval jewels and pendents of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries are also imitated with marvellous success. The entire collection may be fairly looked on as an exposition of the goldsmith's art as practised for a thousand years.

Dowling's 'Raising of Lazarus.'—Since we first saw and spoke of this picture in our number for May, the artist has made some alterations which have greatly improved it, the principal one being in the figure of Lazarus, which was disproportionately large; Mr. Dowling has diminished its size and re-arranged the drapery, giving to the latter a more graceful flow of line and less *volume*. Other judicious amendments have been made in the sky, background, and elsewhere, all contributing to enhance the beauty and value of this really fine work, which is designed in a truly devotional spirit, and is carried out with great truth of purpose and unquestionable skill. We earnestly commend those of our readers who take an interest in sacred art of a legitimate character, to pay a visit to this picture ere it is removed from the place of exhibition, 28, Oxford Street.

REVIEWS.

THE ROYAL GALLERY OF ART, Ancient and Modern. Engravings from the Private Collections of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, and the Art Heirlooms of the Crown at Windsor Castle, Buckingham Palace, and Osborne. Edited by S. C. HALL, F.S.A. Four vols. Published by P. and D. COLNAGHI and Co., London; AGNEW and SONS, Manchester; and at the Office of the *Art-Journal*, 4, Lancaster Place, London.

Many, but not all, of our readers are probably aware that, prior to the appearance in the *Art-Journal* of the series of engravings headed "The Royal Pictures," proof impressions of the plates on India paper, with descriptive letter-press, have been issued to subscribers: they were published monthly, or as nearly so as they could be got ready, in parts containing three engravings each, and in three sizes: the largest, half grand eagle size, artist's proofs, of which only one hundred were printed; the second, half columbier size, unlettered proofs, of which also only one hundred were printed—these two sizes were delivered in portfolios; and the third, quarto grand eagle size, four hundred printed, were issued in bound parts or numbers. The entire work consists of forty-eight parts, containing one hundred and forty-four engravings, and is arranged to bind up into four volumes. When the authorised number of impressions was taken from each plate, the steel was cut down to the size of the *Art-Journal* page, to prevent the possibility of any engraving being hereafter issued as a *proof* without detection. As the publication is now completed, the proprietors, having a few copies of each division still unsold, consider this a favourable opportunity for directing attention once more to the work, in order that any who might desire to possess it may be enabled to do so before it becomes rare and comparatively unattainable.

The issue of the "Royal Gallery of Art" commenced nearly seven years ago, and has been regularly continued, except with a few unavoidable intermissions latterly, arising from delay on the part of some of the engravers, throughout this lengthened period. None but they who have been engaged on the production of a large and costly work of such a nature as this can form an idea of the anxiety, watchfulness, and labour necessary to the fulfilment of the promises with which it started. To this end the best energies of all concerned have constantly been directed; whatever failures may have occurred—and we believe few can be brought forward against it—have resulted from circumstances which neither care nor foresight could control. It is very probable that among the large number of engravings constituting the work, some few of the subjects will be considered of little comparative interest; but in an undertaking of this comprehensive nature—purporting to show the contents, necessarily in a restricted sense, of the Royal collections, there must, as a consequence, be some introductions less appreciated than others: this would especially be the case with the works of the old painters. Yet how, with any show of reason, could be omitted from the catalogue the names of Domenichino and Caracci, of Guercino and Guido, of Claude and Poussin, of Rubens, Rembrandt, and Vandyck, of Metzu and Gerard Douw, of Van der Velde and Teniers, of Greuze and Pater, with others great in Art, though their pictures may not be of a class most valued by the majority of our countrymen? It was felt that English sympathy, as a rule, is bound up with English Art; this led the conductors to draw largely—as largely as circumstances would admit—on that source; but it was also felt that to have ignored, or even sparingly to have resorted to, other channels, would have been as derogatory to the great ancient masters as it would have been most ungracious to her Majesty the Queen, and to the Prince Consort, by whose favour they were permitted to enter upon the task, and who have afforded them every facility for continuing it, and have throughout shown so much interest in its progress.

It is not presumptuous to assert that in no other country in the world would a publication so costly and extensive be attempted by individual enterprise alone: elsewhere "galleries" of Art have been published, but only, or exclusively, with government aid. The proprietors are not unwilling to acknowledge that, in a pecuniary point of view, the result has not entirely realized their expectations. Pledged to produce it at a given time, it unfortunately had its birth almost simultaneously with the outbreak of the Russian war; it grew up amidst the excitement and horrors of the Indian mutiny, and has felt the chilling influences, in common with every other commercial undertaking, of the American disturbances and the general stagnation of business for many past months. But they have been enabled to carry it on against all these adverse circumstances, and have fulfilled the promises made at the outset to their subscribers. In the "Royal Gallery of Art," and the "Vernon Gallery," they feel to have done much to extend the knowledge and love of British Art, both at home and abroad, and can point to these two works as having no equal in the country.

COMMON OBJECTS OF THE MICROSCOPE. By the Rev. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S., &c. Author of "Common Objects of the Country and Sea-Shore," "My Feathered Friends," &c. With Illustrations by TUFFEN WEST. Printed in Colours by EVANS. Published by ROUTLEDGE, WARNE, and ROUTLEDGE, London and New York.

A microscope is a wonderful instrument because it reveals to us what the naked eye never could discover in their absolute truth and fulness—the marvellous phenomena and exquisite beauty of the works of nature. Without its aid how limited would be our knowledge of the physical sciences; with it, how close and searching, and delightful and profitable, becomes our investigation into things on earth, and under the earth, and in the deep waters: there we look, and as we look we learn, and marvel that the constituent parts of a world, beautiful as a whole, are themselves often still more beautiful—that the aggregate is surpassed by the minute details. It is a common remark one hears in these days that "every house has its stereoscope;" why should not every house have its microscope also? that we might study nature in her apparent insignificance as well as in the broad expanse—in the fragment of a leaf as well as in the amplitude of a forest—in the dew-drop no less than in the mighty cataract. It is to show how this may be done in the readiest and most economical way, that Mr. Wood has written this little elementary work. He commences by describing the two classes of microscopes—simple and compound, and gives some valuable instruction as to their uses and application, and the various apparatus connected with them, and he then proceeds to the examination of a large number of "common objects," gathered indiscriminately, as it were, from the fields, woods, shores, gardens, and houses; his design being, principally, to induce in the young mind a love of investigation into the works of nature. That he has himself examined carefully and diligently is evident from the number and variety of objects—about four hundred—here described and illustrated, the selection having been made and the subjects drawn by Mr. West. The book is pleasant reading independent of its special use to the scientific student, and ought to do much to enlarge the array of microscopic investigators.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYBODY; and A GARLAND FOR THE YEAR. A Book for House and Home. By JOHN TIMBS, F.S.A. Published by LOCKWOOD & Co., London.

To read much is one thing, to read profitably is another. Mr. Timbs has done both, and the information acquired he seeks to convey to others in the most agreeable and palatable form: he is an indefatigable bookmaker, a diligent gatherer of "other men's stuff" judiciously collected and from the best sources, a walking encyclopædia of things new and old in manners, customs, science, history, inventions, discoveries, and more beside, set forth in this and many other little volumes that have preceded it. Turning over the first few pages of the book by our side, which pages happen to be the "Garland for the Year,"—the contents standing in reversed order on the title-page,—we imagined we were glancing at a new edition, or rather reading, of Hone's "Every-day Book," a work that still maintains its great popularity, and to which Mr. Timbs acknowledges he owes the suggestion of his own. The "Garland for the Year" is, in fact, a history of the saints' days and festal days, with an account of the curious customs and manners which, from the earliest time, have been associated with them. "Something for Everybody" is a kind of *olla podrida* so varied and disconnected as to be utterly indescribable: an idea of the contents may, however, be formed from the "headings" of a few of the papers; for example, "Toasting and Toping," "A Few Words upon Fools," "Pall-Mall, the Game and Street," "Recollections of Brambletye House," "Whitebait," "Glories of a Garden," "Bacon, Evelyn, and Temple," "A Day at Hatfield," "Pope at Twickenham," "Classic History of the Rose," "Monkish Gardens," "Curiosities of Bees," with a multiplicity of minor matters touching old domestic arts and customs. A pleasant and instructive book is this to while away a few hours by the sea-side this summer-time, or to read aloud to the home circle when the bright days are gone and the wintry fire burns cheerfully on the domestic hearth.

THE ARABIAN NIGHTS' ENTERTAINMENTS. Edited by EDWARD HENRI TODÉ. The Illustrations drawn by CHARLES CATTERMOLE, and engraved by JAMES COOPER. Published at 135, Salisbury Court, Fleet Street, London.

This is a new translation of the famous tales that enjoy as great and as enduring a popularity in the West as in the East; it is especially adapted for the class of persons who will be sure most to delight in it—for youthful readers. It is produced in weekly numbers and also in monthly parts, at a very low price, and yet the paper, the type, and new woodcut illustrations are all of them such as to ensure large numbers of approving and admiring purchasers. The editing of the text has been executed with judicious care. The spirit of the original is well maintained, while its tone is so far harmonised with English sentiments and feelings as on the one hand would be necessary, and on the other hand might be consistently conceded. The editor himself, well known and deservedly respected as the guiding and directing superintendent of our able contemporary the *Building News*, has shown himself no less at home in the production of a new version of the "Arabian Nights" than in what might have supposed to be his own more natural element. The work is the first of a new series, to be entitled collectively "Our Home Library." There is one feature in Mr. Todé's "Arabian Nights" with which we certainly sympathise, and this is the adoption of the oriental orthography as it was in use when we were "youthful readers" (some time ago, we admit,) ourselves. Thus, Mr. Lane and Mr. Layard notwithstanding, we are glad once more to find ourselves dealing with viziers and genii, and so forth, in the place of "wuzeers" and "jins," and the like. The new woodcuts are very animated, and they *read* well with the text. We recommend *this* "Arabian Nights" to all who do not possess another version, in order to supply so great a void on their book-shelves—and also to all who do possess some other version, because of its own intrinsic merits.

A WOMAN'S WANDERINGS IN THE WESTERN WORLD. By MRS. BROMLEY. Published by SAUNDERS & OTTLEY, London.

Mrs. Bromley is not the traveller who could journey from "Dan to Beersheba, and say it is all barren"—she tells us in her introduction that "it is no small tribute of praise in honour of the Spanish, American, and Spanish-American people, to state the fact—that during a period of ten months travel in their domains, and over a space of upwards of 20,000 miles, a woman and a stranger, accompanied only by a young friend (a girl), met with no word or act of annoyance from first to last." And yet even this hardly prepared us for the concluding *envoi*: the lady declares that the year she spent on the other side of the Atlantic, was the happiest and most peaceful period of her life, from the days of her childhood until the present time.

We have, consequently, a book published in England, which must give unqualified satisfaction to our transatlantic neighbours—and the volume (a series of letters to the lady's father, Sir Fitzroy Kelly,) is a pleasant summer book, not dealing largely in information, but detailing travel and adventure with a disposition to tell faithfully what she observed, and—to ask no questions. This we imagine the plan of all others to get as pleasantly as the writer has done through the Southern States. In Jamaica, Mrs. Bromley mentions having seen and gathered a *green* rose—as lovely, and as fragrant as ours, but a *green* blossom; the existence of such a rose is new to us. We regret that the volume does not contain a greater number of illustrations; those given add considerably to its interest.

THE FLOWERING PLANTS OF GREAT BRITAIN. Parts 1 and 2. Published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, London.

We have no clue to the writer or editor of this work, but it appears under good authority, and the botanical descriptions and references are carefully and methodically arranged; while to render them intelligible to the unscientific, the names of the *flora* are given in English as well as in Latin—the use of the latter language being everywhere as little employed as possible. Each number contains four coloured plates of grouped plants in flower; these plates are far above the average quality of cheap illustrated publications to which this belongs, and certainly the parts are well worth the shilling at which each is published.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



London, September 1, 1861.

THE PRESENT CONDITION OF THE MONUMENTS OF EGYPT.

No place possesses greater interest for the mind of the philosophic inquirer than the Valley of the Nile. Hemmed in by the arid mountains which confine it on one side from the Arabian, and on the other from the African, desert, watered by a river whose marvellous natural phenomena gave it a sacred character to the men of antiquity—it was here the arts of civilization developed themselves at so early an era, that we are sometimes compelled to allow priority of invention to them, when we had imagined that many of our discoveries belonged exclusively to a modern era. Our knowledge of the high state of Art and luxury in this favoured region three thousand years ago is obtained not merely from the statements of the most ancient writers, sacred and profane, but from an examination of the monuments left by the people who enjoyed it; and not the least extraordinary feature in these ancient works is the exquisite beauty they frequently possess—a beauty that decreases only as they approach comparatively modern times. Thus the sculptures of the era of Moses are far finer, more truthful, delicate, and beautiful, than those of the reign of the Ptolemies, and these are more so than what were produced under Roman rule.

It is fortunate for us that this ancient people delighted to record in pictured form "the story of their life from year to year," and thus to give us, what we could obtain by no other means—a perfect notion of their manners and customs. The valuable history of Herodotus sinks into comparative insignificance before this complete revelation of the Arts, public and private, of this grand old nation. Their temples, tombs, and palaces thus serve a double purpose: they are illustrated volumes descriptive of long-past ages. There we behold their mystic gods, or see (enthralled by the strange fascination of the study) the wild and wondrous imaginings that crowd the walls, and endeavour to portray the deep mystery of man's life here and hereafter. The great events that made Egypt glorious also find a pictured record on these walls: we see their kings sally forth to war; we view the armed phalanx; we see the carnage of the battle; we look upon the heaps of slain; and then we see the king again return victorious, captives of all countries are brought before him, the slain are recounted by the scribes, and heaps of dissevered hands are piled from the defunct bodies of his enemies before his throne. We may then study him in his retirement, playing draughts with his queen, or hunting with his trained panthers in chariots of oriental magnificence, or fishing in his lakes, or sailing in his decorated barge on the ever-loved river which his people deify. Thus much is done for the history of the land and its rulers; but even more has been done for its people, inasmuch as the tombs present a series of representations of the occupations of every-day life, so vivid, truthful, and various, that from them we have a clearer insight of what the scenes were that constantly met the eye in this favoured land, even before Moses knew it, and are the better able to deduce from them the habits, manners, and civilization of the people than those of our own countrymen in the comparatively recent days of the Saxon heptarchy, or, perhaps, even during the middle ages, from what they have left to us.

It would obviously be a work of supererogation to say aught more by way of enforcing attention to these ancient monuments. When nations (with the exception of rich England) have opened their exchequers freely to *savans* and artists who would devote themselves to the task of their due description and delineation; when such noble volumes as Napoleon produced, and as have been produced by the Prussian and Tuscan governments, under the guidance of such men as Champollion, Rosellini, and Lepsius; or when in our own country private enterprise can bring forth artistic tomes like Roberts's "Egypt," and Wilkinson's charming volumes on the "Manners and Customs of the Ancient Egyptians,"—it may seem absurd to plead now for the proper and respectful protection of the monuments which have done such good and generally-acknowledged service to history.

But, unfortunately, the frightful contradiction exists—the mischief is done, and is being continued. Tombs open in the Roman era, and uninjured until this boasted "march of intellect" age, now call for protection from educated Vandals who visit them. We blame the ignorant Arab whose poverty induces him to break away a fragment for sale to the European curiosity-hunter, ever anxious to obtain what he may not fully understand; or we direct a righteous scorn toward the Turk who would deface the figures his religious belief induces him to conceive to be wicked productions; but with the complacency of a self-proclaimed superiority, Europeans have done the most fatal mischief of all, and this within the last five-and-twenty years. The monuments of Egypt have been most miraculously preserved, to be wantonly injured or destroyed in the nineteenth century, not so much by the ignorant and the unlearned as by "scholars and gentlemen."

The most interesting antiquities which first invite the attention of the visitor, after the Pyramids, are the tombs in the rocks at Beni Hassan; their walls are covered with paintings representing scenes in the domestic life of the Egyptians at the remote era of 1777 years B.C.—before the period when Joseph visited the land. It is from them that Rosellini and Wilkinson obtained their most curious illustrations. The subjects are generally arranged in six rows on the walls, and depict all kinds of occupations, games, and amusements; they are painted on a slight coating of stucco which covers the rocky surface; the figures are sketched in a broad outline, and have occasionally flat tints of colour on them. They are more fragmentary and faded than a person who knows them only through the engravings copied from them would expect to find. In some of the tombs the paintings are almost entirely obliterated; fortunately the most valuable are the best preserved. When their profound age is considered (3,638 years A.D. 1861), we may be most surprised at finding such fragile art as stucco-painting, which a wet cloth might remove, preserved at all. They will not last much longer, unless the moderns give up their taste for destruction. It will scarcely be credited that these valuable and world-renowned works are most wantonly injured by scratching and scraping where they are within reach; the state of the wall and its pictures on the upper part shows the extent of the injury. Names and dates of offensive size are scribbled and cut on the walls, or marked on the ceilings in smoke, amid such wretched platitudes as "Minnie dear!" The columns, interesting for their architectural peculiarities, have been roughly broken away and destroyed! No "ignorant" Arab or Turk has done this; the names of "enlightened" Europeans alone appear.

Since Wilkinson noted the remains on the river, and even since the publication of his handbook in 1858, several of the antiquities he mentions have been destroyed or injured. The Turks are to be blamed for much; they, like the Romans of the middle ages, could not resist the temptation of using the ready-hewn materials of old buildings in the construction of new. As the Coliseum re-appeared in the Barberini palace, the temples of the old Egyptian faith served the viler uses of modern wants. Thus, at Shekh-Fodl, above Abou-Girgeh, there stood two small temples, which have been completely destroyed within the last ten years, to construct with their stones a sugar manufactory at Minieh. Beyond Serareéh were two painted grottoes of the early time of Pthahmen, the son of Rameses the Great (B.C. 1245-1237), which Wilkinson speaks of as of much interest: one was utterly destroyed by the Turks after he had inspected them; the other he succeeded in saving, but only after the portico had been entirely ruined. He also notes the existence, some years since, of very interesting sculptures at Kom-Ahmar, near Metahara, and that "they have been broken up by the Turks for lime." At Antinoë in 1822, the same author saw many interesting vestiges of the old Roman city built by Hadrian to the memory of his favourite Antinoüs; "towards the end of the same year," he adds, "these interesting relics had disappeared; every calcareous block had been burnt for lime, or had been taken away to build a bridge at Reramoon. Had they been of granite or hard stone, they might have escaped this Vandalism of the Turks; but they were unfortunately of the numulite stone of the African hills; and a similar fate has befallen nearly all the limestone monuments of Egypt."

Science owes a debt of gratitude to such men as Wilkinson; and all travellers who carry his handbook cannot fail to feel it daily. Few can appreciate without a personal trial, the difficulty attendant on such labours, in a climate like that of Egypt. To travel painfully over dry and dusty roads, to toil in the sun up rugged mountain sides, sometimes with little reward for the labour; and always with the certainty of great bodily and mental fatigue, is a task few would have the wish to set themselves, and fewer still the perseverance to carry out. There is a quiet heroism in this, also, deserving the victor's wreath.

Arrived at Thebes, so vast an assemblage of ruins await the inspection of the traveller, that a bewildering sense of quantity and confusion is the first thing he feels; and it is not until he has time for a little reflection, and the experience of reducing all into a proper order, that he can comprehend what he has come so far to see. Karnac, the most wonderful assemblage of ruins, perhaps, at present existing, is so broken up into vast masses of ruin, its various halls and courts are so mixed up and confused in the *débris*, that it is long before it resolves itself

into anything like its pristine form. There we begin for the first time to see a work of great utility begun, and still continuing, under the auspices of the Egyptian government: it is the clearing of these ruins of the vast accumulations of earth and sand which has half buried them for ages. What the labour has been may be guessed from the mounds of earth, that look like railway embankments, as they stretch from the propylon of the temple towards the river. All this encumbered the ruins, but principally buried the vast court-yard in front of the great hall. These excavations were only concluded last year; the Pasha had intended to hold a fete in this court, on his way to Esné, and amuse himself by witnessing the games with horse and spear for which the Arabs are so famed; but he did not stay, for some of the capricious reasons which guide the erratic course of Eastern potentates. Still the good was done, and the ruins cleared. It was, however, done in the usual tyrannic style. An impressment of the peasantry of the surrounding villages was made, and the forced labour of one thousand hands thus secured. The order was a sudden one, and the work had to be undertaken and completed as quickly: the people worked continuously, and in eighteen days the work of clearance was completed. The poor people are not paid, or even fed; nor are they provided with proper working tools; they bring with them a rush basket, and sometimes the pick with which they labour in the fields; with the latter they pull down the earth into the baskets, which they raise to their shoulders and so carry off; but many have no pick, and then they are compelled to scratch the earth into their baskets with their fingers, under the surveillance of government officials, who lie and smoke all day, looking on the labourer, and occasionally applying the *courbash*, a whip of hippopotamus hide, to his shoulders if he flags at his work. No such thing as a spade or barrow aids them in conveying their weary burdens, nor have they a plank to aid their ascent of the dusty mounds which they increase as they toil on. A bit of coarse bread, sometimes boiled with a few lentils, is their food, plain water their drink; at night they wrap themselves in their rags, and make the earth their bed.

The mischief done to Karnac was chiefly done by the vindictive Cambyses, as well as by after sieges and earthquakes; but the defacement of the fine historic sculptures is the work of the more modern Turks, who dislike representations of the human form; hence their bullets have battered the faces of men and gods, until they have too frequently become almost an indistinguishable mass of shot holes. This is the more to be regretted, as they are among the finest examples of the best era of Egyptian Art—the reign of Rameses the Second (B.C. 1311-1245). Nothing can exceed the delicacy and beauty of execution which characterise these early works; and the historic scenes on the outer walls of the great hall are unrivalled in interest as representations of the "panoply of war," and all its most minute incidents, at this era. It is much to be regretted that M. Mariette, the present superintendent of the Pasha's museum and works, should have committed the grievous error of obscuring a larger part of the most interesting of these sculptures. The earth excavated in the vicinity has been piled against the wall here in a manner perfectly inexcusable; there is waste ground enough opposite these very walls. Surely Egypt is very unfortunate in never obtaining a scholar who can reverently preserve her wondrous monuments! I spoke warmly on the beauty and interest of these old historic sculptures to the intelligent old man who was my guide; "they are continued there," said he, pointing to the rubbish-laden wall beyond, "but I can see them no more!" he added, in tones as regretful as any true antiquary would utter at this careless and wanton proceeding.

The recent excavations have brought to light some new chambers; exhumed walls with Osiride columns; revealed avenues of sphinxes, which formed the approach to the temple from various quarters; and will, if properly conducted, aid us to a clearer comprehension of this, the greatest national edifice of the old world. But it behoves M. Mariette to be careful in his labours; if we are only to obtain one thing by the obliteration of another, he may do more harm than good, inasmuch as his discoveries may not equal our losses; and we would even now recommend him to employ his labourers to remove the rubbish thrown against the finest and most interesting portions of the building.

The dismal valley which leads to the tombs of the kings on the opposite side of the river, is almost unbearable in sultry weather. The sun strikes down like a burning glass between the limestone rocks, and the heated flint and sands over which you travel makes the entire journey more unpleasant than the desert itself. But the tombs, when once they are reached, amply repay the trouble taken. Such wondrous resting-places for the dead exist nowhere else. Many have been open from the time of the Ptolemies, and it is most curious to trace upon the walls the inscriptions of visitors of that early era. It shows that the indulgence of the practice is by no means a modern taste; but the ancients had not the puerile love of mere record of personal visits by the inscription of a name; they had something to say with regard to the place, and they wrote it where it was never offensive, either in obliterating or disfiguring the sculptured or painted walls. They expressed their satisfaction by *ex vota* and inscriptions of various lengths, and it is not without a peculiar interest we look on the name of the Athenian Daduchus, of the Eleusinian mysteries, who visited Thebes in the reign of Constantine, and who dates his visit—"a long time after the divine Plato." The modern records are by no means so gratifying, and we see disgusting traces of mischief and Vandalism in the whole series of tombs, all the work of the present century. The scrawling of hideous names in the most conspicuous places is the least repulsive feature; many of the cartouches, once containing names, have been entirely obliterated, and the mischief is referred to one European scholar, who has been desirous that his theory of dates should not suffer by a reference to these authorities. In other instances visitors have endeavoured to remove portions of the sculpture: a deep, coarse trench has been chipped all around the edge of a figure, or perhaps round its head only, to the destruction of the larger part of the figure, and the hieroglyphics above it; and then, when the mischief has been effected, it has been found impossible to slice away from the main wall the coveted fragment. Many of the most interesting and beautiful sculptures have been thus wantonly destroyed, and the pleasure of visiting these wondrous old tombs is half destroyed by the pain given to every right-thinking mind, in such cruel and wanton mischief. In the tomb named after the vilified traveller Bruce, the renowned figures of the harpers have been wantonly damaged at a comparatively recent period. The writer was particularly anxious to ascertain whether "one, if not both, of the minstrels is blind," as Wilkinson states, and which he always doubted. They are not so depicted by Rosellini, and it seems too much in accordance with modern association of ideas; but it must be now taken on trust according to the authority most favoured, as the features of the face of each figure are entirely obliterated, and the lower part of one harp; on the other harp (that which is surmounted by a crowned head) a silly Frenchman has inscribed his name, and written on the sounding-board the trite sentiment that "la musique" embellishes life, and dissipates *ennui*, and thus one of the most curious paintings in existence has been disfigured and ruined. In Belzoni's tomb, still worse mischief has been done. The beauty of its workmanship has been "a fatal beauty" here also, and the hand of the spoiler has fallen heavily upon it. The square columns that support its roof have been literally chipped to pieces, and a rude irregular core only remains where sculptures and painting of unrivalled beauty once existed. If the rough hand of mischief had been directed by the slightest judgment,—if the faces had been sawn in slabs from the substance, and so carried to European museums, some excuse might be framed; but this surely is too bad, an inexcusable and wicked piece of wanton mischief. It is much to be regretted that this and other acts of the kind should be publicly and openly attributed to Dr. Lepsius. It was at his orders that one of the two beautiful pillars supporting the roof of the small sepulchral chamber leading from the great hall of this tomb was roughly broken down, the lower portion smashed to fragments, the upper at last falling, and, when down, having been found to be too large for removal through the door, left in hideous ruin on the floor. The reckless stupidity of this proceeding is equal in reality to Goldsmith's invented absurdity of the Vicar of Wakefield's family picture, too large to pass through any door of his house.

If Dr. Lepsius's name had been mentioned less frequently in Egypt in connection with serious mischief, a charitable disbelief might attach to the report of his doings. But it is impossible to indulge a doubt on this point. To the north of the Rameseum, beside some mud huts, is one of the finest and earliest tombs, belonging to members of the family of Amunoph the Third, and abounding with coloured sculptures of the finest and most delicate kind. Here the same wilful mutilation occurs that we have seen in Belzoni's tomb; it is not abstraction, but destruction. The walls are splintered in fragments in the vain endeavour to carry away a part of their decoration, and a feeling of angry disgust is the only one that fills the mind of the spectator.

It is pleasant to turn to a more cheering theme—the protection of the monuments by the Egyptian government, and the exhumation of one of the finest. The Pasha does not now permit foreigners to do as they please in damaging buildings or carrying off fragments; and he has been steadily employed in clearing others from the rubbish which for ages has concealed them. This has been done with eminent success at Edfou. The representations of this fine temple by Roberts, Bartlett, and other artists, are now to be referred to as curious pictures of what it used to be, when buried nearly to the roof by the sands which had drifted over it for centuries. Wilkinson says, "The whole of the interior is so much concealed by the houses of the inhabitants that a very small part of it is accessible, through a narrow aperture, and can only be examined with the assistance of a light; and this is more to be regretted as the people are most troublesome." Bartlett says, "The interior is almost filled up with rubbish, and, imperfectly seen, as it needs must be, hardly repays the trouble of groping through heaps of dust and filth." Now, all this has been removed, and the result is the uncovering one of the most perfect and beautiful temples in Egypt. It has been entirely freed, from interior to roof, of all obstructions, and the Arab huts that once covered its roof removed. The effect is magical, and the building only seems to want its priests and sacred utensils to realize its glories as seen in Egypt's palmy days. The grand propylon, with its gigantic figures of gods, admits the visitor to an open court, surrounded by a pillared cloister

from which small side chapels are entered. Crossing the court, a vast hall, supported by varied and massive columns, covered with hieroglyphics, and richly painted in tints still fresh, forms a grand hall of assembly, from whence the smaller chapels—the most sacred of all—are entered. In the central one, the original sanctuary, or shrine, of the god still exists: it is formed from one immense block of red granite, with a pyramidal top, and is covered with sculpture in relief. It is unique among Egyptian relics, and of singular interest. All these sanctuaries or chapels are very perfect, the stairs leading up to them, the sockets in which the hinges of their heavy doors turned, and numerous minor "points" of interest are here to be seen in perfection. The exterior walls have also been trenched round, and are quite covered with sculpture. The whole thing is so wondrously perfect, that it is not too much to say it is more complete in its pristine integrity than any of our cathedrals. This good work has only been effected during the last year, the clearance of the exterior is even now going on; and a most curious sight it is for the stranger, to look down into the pit of sand and dust in front of the temple, and see the crowd of diggers and labourers removing the *débris;* all gesticulating and screaming, elbowing each other, or fighting their way up with their baskets of dirt, amid camels and donkeys also employed in carriage, and all half-concealed in an atmosphere thick with choking dust or fine sand.

The great drawback to the pleasure of the visitor here is the persevering annoyance of begging. The whole village turns out upon the traveller, and pesters him with eternal cries for "backsheesh," or a gift of money to them. This word, the first the visitor to Egypt hears, is the last he is likely to hear on leaving the country; from all people, and of all grades, the odious word is continually dinned in his ears; and he is perseveringly followed by crowds of ragged, filthy, and diseased people, all clamoring for "backsheesh," which it is simply impossible to give in quantity sufficient to satisfy the demand; and sometimes the demand becomes so pressing, and assumes so much the character of a threat, that it is alarming to many. But fortunately the government protects so strictly the European traveller, and punishes so severely the slightest outrage committed on him, that they dare not attempt what they seem eager to effect—personal robbery; while their fear of constituted authority is so great that if the traveller shows determination, and clears a way for himself by the aid of a good stick, he may get that freedom from annoyance nothing else will ensure him; for even the gift of money will only bring forth fresh and eager applicants, the filth of whose persons causes them to be most unpleasant neighbours.

The temple in the nearest great town to this—Esné, might also repay the trouble of excavation; at present the portico only has been cleared, and that very recently. It stands, unfortunately, in the midst of the town, and the ground has risen all round it, to a level with the capitals of its columns. You consequently descend as into a vault to this cleared portico; the rest is buried entirely, and the houses of the town built over it.

The rock-cut Temples of Silsilis are the most remarkable objects which greet the traveller in his upward course to Assouan. They are marvellous for their freshness and their great antiquity. Nothing can prove the dryness of the Egyptian climate better than the state of these little temples; the wall-paintings, though merely in water-colours, and hanging over the river, are still bright and perfect after two thousand years; time has written no "defeatures" on their surface—it is man alone who has injured them.

Arrived at Assouan, on the border of Egypt and Nubia, we may sympathise with the fate of Juvenal, banished as a punishment for his satire on the Romans to this, the extreme limit of their civilization. The country here totally alters its aspect, and the immense boulders of black granite which crowd the river, and line its banks, give a gloomy and fantastic air to the scene. Opposite is the Isle of Elephantine, once, and that not long since, abounding with relics of the temples which graced it in the olden days, and the ancient Nilometer, the earliest constructed on the river. Now, all is a mass of ruin, not worth the trouble of a visit. Wilkinson says, "The whole was destroyed in 1822, by Mohammed Bey, the Pasha's kehia, to build a pitiful palace at Assouan."

The ruins in the Island of Philæ, which generally terminates the traveller's tour, are of interest from the sacred character always attached to the place; but they have been doomed to disfiguration from an early era. The great hall was at one time converted by the early Christians into a church; and crosses are deeply cut into the pillars, and a rudely-sculptured niche on the eastern wall. The *furore* of inscription and name painting and carving has run riot over the whole of the ruins here to a rabid extent we see nowhere else. Myriads of names crowd the walls, not modestly placed where they might not be very objectionable, but staringly opposing you in letters many inches high, where they destroy the effect of the building. This is particularly the case in the beautiful little temple known as Pharaoh's bed. One misguided Scotchman has painted his name and address across the portico in black letters of portentous size; how he managed to get there to do it is the puzzle, and the risk to his neck must have been great. Perhaps an accident of the kind might have its wholesome use. Another Scotsman, one B. Mure, has deeply cut his worthless name in large letters upon one of the columns of the great hall, to which some one has very properly cut a few more and braced them below it, as a comment—these words are "stultus est," and their double meaning has been richly earned. The inscriptions recording the visit of the investigators sent out by Pope Gregory XVI., and those connected with the French expedition, are too visible also: the amusing vanity of painting up in one place the latitude and longitude of Paris, is peculiarly indicative of a nation that esteems its capital as the only centre of civilization in the world. A squared panel in one of the doorways records the visit of the French General Desaix and his myrmidons, and above it some one has painted the words "Une page d'histoire ne doit pas être salie."

Such, then, is the present condition of the chief monuments of this ancient land. It is as much in sorrow as in anger that these remarks on the ruthlessness of travellers have been penned. Let our sorrow be sacred to the traveller whom learned curiosity or a desire for novel scenes has induced to visit them; let our anger be reserved for the educated and the learned, who have done the most wanton and wicked part of the mischief. No language can be too strong in condemnation of those who should have manfully protected the monuments which have given them a celebrity by the chance of their exposition. The ingratitude of the wicked act is doubled by such men; and if nothing else aids the due preservation of the antiquities which have done so much for science, and aided in proving the truth of our most sacred Scriptures, let the indignant remonstrance of the European press stay the hand of the spoiler, or denounce the man, however distinguished by scholarship, who would deface these sacred bequests of a long past era.

F. W. Fairholt.

ART IN PARLIAMENT.

During the late discussions on the supplies, there has been some pleasureable excitement in the House of Commons. With the most earnest professions of self-sacrificing patriotism, several members have insisted on a pledge that no insidious steps would be taken by the Government in the commencement of any buildings for Art-purposes, to complete which parliament would hereafter be applied to for money, because having been commenced they must be finished. Others insisted on a distinct reply as to when the Royal Academy would vacate the rooms they now hold; to which it was answered that the Academy was ready to depart on the shortest notice; which was followed by the rejoinder, "Why don't they, then?" Mr. Augustus Smith said it was monstrous to provide accommodation for the Royal Academy—they wanted it only three months in the year. It is clearly Mr. Smith's opinion that the Academy would save the nation expense, and economise their own funds, by hiring some rooms in any convenient locality during the three months' term of the exhibition. It is easier to be facetious on questions of taste than on the cotton question, on British Caffraria, or iron ships; and so that their observations be received with a laugh certain members are content. Mr. Spooner, as usual, spoke decidedly on the grant for the National Portrait Gallery: "he protested against the continuance of such tomfoolery." The collection was of no earthly use, and of very questionable morality, since the portraits of persons of infamous reputation were received into it. The portrait of Nell Gwynne was instanced, and Mr. Augustus Smith proposed, as the fittest place for that picture, the members' tea-room (laughter); and Mr. Ker said that a more miserable set of portraits could not be produced than those in Great George Street—they were totally unworthy of the collection. All this is sufficiently amusing, but there was something startling in the assertion of Lord H. Lennox, that "there was a great number of drawings of which some were so prurient that they could not be exhibited, and others were so unfinished that their exhibition would rather detract from than add to the fame of Mr. Turner." We know all about the unfinished sketches, but this is the first time we hear of anything "prurient" in Turner's works, and for his own sake Lord Lennox should have been more explicit. On the subject of the frescoes Mr. B. Osborne was very lively; he had an explanation to offer of certain observations he had made in reference to these works; he said that in Watts's fresco "the leg of the Red Cross Knight was partly fallen off (a laugh), and that the arm of the lady he was defending had altogether vanished from the public gaze (a laugh). But though the face of Cordelia (in Herbert's fresco) was in good condition, the nose of Regan was in rapid decay, and would probably fall off before the recess was over (laughter)."

To all but the speakers, and save on party questions, a debate is always a heavy piece of business, therefore *desipere in loco* seems to be the motto of a certain class of honourable members, and they have made the most of the opportunity afforded them in voting supplies for Fine Art. The subject has afforded them more of what they do not hesitate to call "fun," than any other that has been brought to their notice during the entire session.

In reverting to these pleasant discussions our object is not so much to rehearse what has been said, as to extract from them what has been done; and we cannot help once more observing how little knowledge and cultivation

the ordinary class of members bring to bear on matters of taste. The votes for the frescoes, and the National Gallery, and the portraits, are an agreeable farce that keeps the House in a roar of laughter.

On the vote of £12,134 for the National Gallery, Lord H. Lennox criticised the new sculpture-room of the Academy, and his observations convey an impression that he would have had the sculpture-room on a level with the upper rooms. To arrive at the sculpture visitors had first to mount a flight of steps, by which they arrived at the basement, or floor, and this they had no sooner reached than they were invited to descend again, "imitating very closely the action of a squirrel in his cage." In determining the pitch of the floor, of course reference was had to the weights it would have to bear, and also to the facility of depositing safely large pieces of sculpture. The late sculpture-room, small as it was, has contained more heavy, and heavier (literally), masses of sculpture than any other sculpture-room in Europe; and if Lord Lennox knew anything of the solidity required to support such masses, and the extreme care necessary in placing them, he would not find fault with the architect for what he has done with the means at his disposal; but Lord Lennox advocates Captain Fowke's design, and that explains his objections. He proceeds to say that the expense of establishing a communication between the existing National Gallery and the other part of the building, would more than exceed the original estimate proposed by Captain Fowke. Lord Lennox, then, does not know that this communication is already established; at the end of the Italian room there is a doorway which at any time can be opened without expense. Among other plans for finally disposing of the National Gallery question, it was proposed to build another story to the British Museum. This, we believe, was originally Sir Charles Barry's idea, and would have left the Royal Academy in possession in Trafalgar Square; but the Museum has already outgrown the space allotted to it, and the National Gallery is too important to be engrafted on another institution. Mr. Coningham complained of the public collections being "scattered all over the town." Such complaints are of no avail, everybody is striving to have them focussed as soon as possible. Observations were also made about the utility of collecting pictures before we had space to hang them. Such remarks are utterly puerile; valuable works cannot be purchased at will, they can only be procured as they offer in the market. There is only one European gallery collection of portraits that we know of, and that is, in Florence; but it consists only of portraits of artists. It is a collection of great value, and is of course regarded with extraordinary interest by all visitors. Our portrait gallery will be profoundly interesting to all classes of the public, and right glad are we to see it so frequently increased by pictures of eminent persons. Mr. Coningham suggests that for the National Gallery, with the portraits and the Turner collection, there will be space enough when the Academy removes; but that is simply impossible.

Mr. Osborne characterised the frescoes as "disgusting exhibitions." They cost £600 each, and the only good the country would be likely to get for the money was, that in five years they were all likely to fall off the walls. Who were the designers? Who had commanded them? That house had nothing to do with them, but only the fifteen gentlemen (the Fine Arts Commission) who met to spend the public money, but not to the public satisfaction. Mr. Osborne, and with him many other members, appear only to have lately awakened to the fact of the existence of these unfortunate frescoes. It is true that the general quality of the Art is mediocre, but "disgusting" is an epithet we have not yet heard applied to them. We should much like to hear Mr. Osborne, in front of them, point out the passages he considers disgusting. There is one of them (a meagre proportion) that is not surpassed by any modern fresco in Europe, and equalled by very few, we mean 'The Disinheritance of Cordelia.' From the time of their execution we spoke of them as experimental. The experiment has failed, and long ago we have declared the necessity of their being effaced. Fresco painting is not a difficult process; on the contrary, with some experience, the practice is very fascinating. The artists who were charged to execute these works were embarrassed by the technicalities of the manner in which they were to work, insomuch that the matter they proposed to set forth was insufficiently prepared. Itwas hoped, when the decorations of the Houses of Parliament were determined on, that they would serve as a great stimulus to high Art, but they are of non-effect as examples; the most wealthy of our noblemen who require fresco, or tempera, or oil painting decorations, employ foreign artists. Even the city has been so grossly unpatriotic as again to give up the Royal Exchange once more to Mr. Sang and his *hellgrün* and *hellblau* oxides. The botanical curiosities, masks, and nymphs with vegetable tails, have disappeared, and that they ever were there it is no justification to quote Giulio Romano, Penni, and others of Raffaelle's school, and point to them here and there in the Vatican. What may do for the Vatican, or the Pitti, or the Königsbau at Munich, is not fitted for the Royal Exchange in London.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer said last session he did not hesitate to acknowledge that the decorations of the Houses of Parliament had been "enormously and ludicrously overdone." If they have been already "ludicrously overdone," in what terms will the chancellor describe them should ever the original proposition of the commissioners be realized—that is, the statues of the line of British sovereigns from Egbert to William IV.? The chancellor would not live to see it, but he could express in anticipation his feeling by some "special" adverb. But it is not intended to go so deeply into historical sculpture; there will be twelve statues in the Royal Gallery, and then a certain number in two others respectively. In St. Stephen's Hall the sculptures are those of men who have distinguished themselves in the House of Commons, and it was suggested that in the Royal Gallery, and other parts of the building through which the Queen passed, there should be statues of the sovereigns to illustrate the history of the country. In the course of these debates Mr. B. Osborne proposed the disallowance of the money voted for the Fine Arts Commission, and avowed his intention, if he could succeed, of suppressing the commission entirely. He reprobated the "profligate expenditure" occasioned by the commission, and denied that any measure of good had been effected under its direction. Mr. Osborne's proposal was outvoted, but only by a small majority; the result, however, shows the feeling on the subject, and if the commission can act independently, they must feel that they ought to resign, because a majority of only twenty-six is all but a promise that next session Mr. Osborne's motion will be carried. There is much carping at the decorative works, but it comes principally from persons who are not qualified to pronounce an opinion upon the merits of any production of Art: they know that £60,000 as a sum is a great fact, yet they cannot recognise it in statues and mural paintings.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE DEATH OF CLEOPATRA.

Guido, Painter. H. C. Shenton and H. Bourne, Engravers. Size of the picture, 3 ft. 8 in. by 3 ft. ½ in.

In his history of Italian painting Kügler says,—"In the latter part of his life Guido often painted with careless haste; he had given himself up to play, and sought to retrieve his immense losses by raising money as rapidly and as easily as he could. At this time chiefly were painted the numerous Madonnas, Cleopatras, Sibyls, &c., which are to be found in every gallery." Of this number is the picture here engraved, which, except for "the pretty worm of Nilus there," might serve for the face and bust of any female just as well as for those of the "rare Egyptian," whose charms enslaved the Roman; but the picture is an excellent specimen of Guido's ideal portraiture, clear and silvery in tone, and of expressive character. Strange executed a fine engraving from it, which bears the date of 1753, when the painting was in the possession of the Princess of Wales, mother of George III.

Shakspere makes Cleopatra call the asp a "pretty worm." Barry Cornwall, in the following very beautiful lines, refers to its venomous quality:—

> "A noxious worm
> Fed on those blue and wandering veins that laced
> Her rising bosom; ay, did sleep upon
> The pillow of Antony, and left behind,
> In dark requital for its banquet, death."

In the closing scene of her life, as Shakspere recorded it, Cleopatra addresses the reptile thus:—

> "Come, mortal wretch,
> With thy sharp tooth this knot intrinsicate
> Of life at once untie: poor venomous fool,
> Be angry, and despatch."

It is not very easy to determine the exact specimen of the serpent tribe which is said to have been the instrument of the death of the Queen of Egypt. Assuming that Shakspere had some warrantry for having it brought to her in a basket of flowers, its size must have been small, but the modern Arabs and some naturalists give the name of asp to an animal whose length varies from three to five feet; the former call it *El Haje*. It is closely allied to the *cobra capello*, or speckled snake of India, and its poison is of the most deadly nature, a very few hours sufficing to terminate the life of any one who has been bitten. But as the asp is often mentioned both by Greek and Roman writers, and so many discrepancies are observable in their respective descriptions, it is more than probable that two or three different species were known to the ancients under one common name. Pliny's description varies but little from the *El Haje* of Arabia, and M. Geoffroy Saint-Helaire classes the latter with the ancient aspic.

The reptile introduced by Guido into his picture, and which, in point of size, would seem to be in accordance with that referred to by our great dramatist, appears to agree most with the *Coluber bactaen*, described by Forskal. It is about a foot in length, and two inches in circumference: its bite is incurable, except by the immediate excision of the wounded part. Immediately after death, the whole body of the deceased person becomes of a blackish colour, and mortification, as if from gangrene, speedily follows. If we recollect the character historians have given to Cleopatra, how much she prided herself on her personal beauty, it seems singular she should have chosen to make her exit from the world by an instrumentality that would leave her lifeless body a mass of corruption, from which every one would turn away in disgust.

We have dwelt more upon the manner of Cleopatra's death, than upon Guido's representation of it, because the picture scarcely calls for any lengthened remarks. Perhaps, with the exception of Raffaelle, no one of the old masters invested female heads with so much beauty and tenderness, especially youthful heads. "Here, in the opinion of Mengs, he surpassed all others; and, according to Passeri's expression, he drew faces of Paradise. . . . . And, in truth, this artist aimed less at copying beautiful countenances than at forming for himself a certain general and abstract idea of beauty, as we know was done by the Greeks, and this he modulated and animated in his own style."

'The Death of Cleopatra' is in the Royal Collection at Windsor Castle.



VISITS TO ART-MANUFACTORIES.

No. 17.—THE SILK-DAMASK MANUFACTURE, AND EMBROIDERING MACHINERY OF THE MESSRS. HOULDSWORTH, MANCHESTER.

We have not, hitherto, devoted an article to Silk, although its manufacture is a very important one in this country, and draws largely upon the resources of Art in design, with which we have more especially to deal. It is therefore our purpose—as introductory to the special description which is to form the subject of this paper—to give some brief account of the progress in Europe of this interesting branch of textile manufacture.

In the sixth century the production of silk was unknown in Europe. Two missionary monks, returning from India to Constantinople, brought some eggs of the silkworm with them, and were encouraged by the Emperor Justinian to breed the worm and cultivate its cocoons. They did this with great success; and, in consequence, within a few years, silk was woven in Athens, in Thebes, and in Corinth. Mulberry gardens were planted for the nurture of the silkworm, and establishments sprang up, for unwinding the cocoons, for twisting the filaments into stronger threads, and for weaving of these into materials for the robes of the Imperial families and the wealthier of the citizens.

The Venetians, before the introduction of the silk manufacture into Italy, engrossed the commerce in this substance. They, having intimate commercial relations with the Greek empire, opened up the trade in silk, and it was by supplying Western Europe with this new luxury that much of the wealth of the merchant princes of Venice was obtained. A silk manufactory was established at Palermo, and another in Calabria, by Roger II., King of Sicily, about the year 1130. This prince had seized and carried off as prisoners of war during his expedition to the Holy Land, a considerable number of weavers and others, to the care of whom he committed the new establishments. From these places the manufacture gradually extended itself through Italy, and in 1521 the French obtained some workmen from Milan, and commenced for themselves the weaving of silk. In 1564 Francat, a gardener at Nismes, formed a nursery for the silkworm. He was so successful in the cultivation of the white mulberry, and the propagation of the silkworm, that an impetus was given to the silk trade, and it was fairly established in France.

Henry IV. more especially encouraged the growth of silk in France, and since his time this has been one of the most important industries of France. In this country very earnest attempts were made to introduce the silkworm by James I. In a speech from the throne that monarch recommended his subjects to plant mulberry-trees and cultivate the silkworm, and he promoted, to the utmost of his power, the numerous experiments which were made. All the attempts, however, proved abortive; the uncertainties of our climate were fatal to the growth of silk. Many experiments have been made since that time; a few, on a small scale, have promised to be successful for a season; but, otherwise than for amusement, silk is not grown in England.

In 1629 the silk throwsters of the city of London were formed into a public corporation; and, in 1661, it is said, forty thousand people were employed in the silk manufacture in this country. The revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, greatly increased the English silk manufacture, especially by the influx of a large colony of skilful French weavers, who settled in Spitalfields. In 1719 the silk trade was established at Derby, by the foundation of a great silk-throwing mill, and the introduction of the Italian processes by Sir Thomas Lambe, and from that time it has been a staple manufacture of that city. Indeed, from that period the silk manufacture may be said to have progressed with uniform success—numerous improvements have been introduced, especially in the machinery employed, and our silk-weavers have produced fabrics which have taken the place of those which have been formed in the looms of India and of Italy.

The cultivation of the silkworm is, in many respects, curious; but as any description which did not detail all the points of peculiar interest attending the development of the moth, the production of the worm, and all the various phenomena attending the several metamorphoses which it undergoes, would not have much value, and as our space prevents our dealing with so wide a subject, we pass on to the consideration of our commerce in, and manufacture of, silk.

Of raw silk we import annually about seven millions of pounds; in 1857 the import exceeded twelve millions. The average annual computed real value of this is about seven millions sterling; and of thrown and manufactured silks the value appears to be about three millions sterling more. The exports of purely British silk manufactures is computed at a real value of nearly two millions sterling.

The raw silk, as imported into this country in hanks from the *filatures*—as the establishments for unwinding the cocoons are called—requires to be regularly wound upon bobbins, doubled, twisted, and reeled in our silk-mills. These processes are called *throwing* silk, and their proprietors are called *throwsters*—terms probably derived from the appearance of swinging or tossing which the silk threads exhibit during their rapid movements among the machinery of the mills.

The mechanism of the silk filatures, or the establishments for reeling off the silk from cocoons, has been greatly improved in France. It will be readily understood that the operation is one requiring great nicety. The process is mainly as follows:—Into a copper basin, divided into five compartments, and containing water heated by a stove or by steam, is placed twenty cocoons, five in each compartment. The filaments from each of the five cocoons are drawn out together over wires with hooks or eyelets at their ends, and through these they run apart, and are kept from ravelling. At certain points the filaments cross, and rub against each other, on purpose to clean their surfaces. The filaments then pass through a spiral groove, which is made to work so as to produce a transverse motion alternately to the right and the left, by which means the thread is spread evenly upon the reel. In every apartment of a filature there are a series of such reels, all driven by one prime mover, each of which, however, may, by means of a tumbler lever, be stopped at pleasure. This machinery is watched by girls called *reelers*, whose principal duty is to remove any slight adhesions of the silk by the application of a brush. A woman attends to the kettle, sees that the proper temperature is maintained, and watches the unravelling of the cocoons, assisting the process when it is necessary for her to do so.

Messrs. Fairbairn and Lillie introduced in Manchester the greatest improvements in the machinery for throwing silk. They transferred to silk the very elegant mechanism of the throstle—so well-known in the cotton trade. In France and in Italy the throwing-mills are small, not many of them throwing off more than one thousand pounds of *organzine*—the name given to a compact spun silk—a year; in this country this quantity is infinitely exceeded. The price of throwing organzine in France is about seven francs per kilogramme, and from four to five francs for *trame*—a common variety of silk; while in this country, with our improved machinery, the cost is not more than one half of this.

The winding off the skeins as imported—upon bobbins—is the first process in our mills—the mechanism for effecting this winding off being technically called the *engine* or *swift*. The bobbins to which the silk is transferred are wooden cylinders, of such thickness as may not injure the silk by any sudden flexure, and which may receive a great length of thread without having their diameter materially increased or their surface velocity changed. It is not possible, without the aid of drawings, to give any intelligible description of the throwing engine. It is, however, sufficient for our purpose to know that the silk is, by means of it, wound off and laid in uniform threads. The next operation is that of *doubling*. The silk throwster places the threads of two, or, sometimes of three, of the bobbins so as to be wound together upon a single bobbin. It is important that the winding should immediately stop if the silk thread should happen to break, and this is effected by a very ingenious device. Instead of the swifts or reels, a creel is mounted for receiving the bobbins from the former machine—two or three being placed in one line over each other, according as the threads are to be doubled or trebled. In addition to the ingenious arrangements which are to be found in the "*engine*," the construction of the doubling machine includes a plan by which the bobbins are set at rest the moment the doubling threads get broken. This is repaired by the girl in attendance, the bobbin readjusted, and the winding proceeds as before, there being no interruption to the motion of any of the bobbins beyond that one of which the thread was broken.

The English throwsters usually submit their silk to some scouring and steaming processes. The hanks, as imported, are soaked in lukewarm soap-water in a tub, but the bobbins of the twisted single silk from the spinning-mill are enclosed within a wooden chest, and exposed to the action of steam for about ten minutes. They are then immersed in a cistern of warm water, from which they are transferred to the doubling frame already described. By this process of steaming and subsequent soaking the gummy matter is removed from the silk, and it receives the dyeing material more completely. The action of the steam on silk is dependent on the peculiar power possessed by all capillary bodies of condensing fluids and vapours with a considerable amount of force: in technical language, it is said to "open" the silk, and thus prepares it for the full solvent action of the warm water in which it is subsequently immersed.

There is a peculiar kind of silk, called *marabout*, containing generally three threads, made from the white Novi raw silk. From its whiteness, it takes the most lively and delicate colours without the discharge of its gum. After being made into trame by the single twist upon the spinning-mill, it is reeled into hanks, and sent to the dyer without further preparation. After being dyed, the throwster re-winds and re-twists it upon the spinning-mill, in order to give it the whipcord hardness which constitutes the peculiar feature of marabout.

The spinning silk-mill is, as its name implies, used for twisting the silk threads either in their single or doubled state. When the "raw singles" are first twisted in one direction, next doubled, and then twisted together in the opposite direction, an exceedingly wiry, compact thread is produced: this is the *organzine* of commerce. In the spinning-mill, either the single or the doubled silk, while being unwound from one set of bobbins, and wound upon another set, is subject to a regular twisting operation, in which process the thread is conducted through guides, and coiled diagonally upon bobbins by a proper mechanism.

Those persons who are familiar with any of our large establishments, devoted to the spinning of either silk, cotton, or flax, will understand the processes which have been referred to. Of course, the machinery is somewhat varied to meet the conditions peculiar to the fibres spun, but in the main principles the machines closely resemble each other. Perhaps there is no single branch of mechanical engineering which has received so large an amount of attention as spinning machinery. The appearance of a large mill is striking in the extreme. Hundreds, in many cases thousands, of spindles are seen revolving with great rapidity, but with the utmost steadiness, and every one of these remains completely under the control of the delicate-fingered factory girl, who watches the web-like threads which are being twisted and wound. Those who are not familiar with these interesting processes will have the opportunity in the International Exhibition of 1862 of studying them in detail. A very interesting machine is sometimes used; it is known as the "Silk Automatic Reel." By this machine the silk is unwound from the blocks of the throwing-mill, and formed into hanks for the market. The blocks being of a large size, would be productive of much friction if made to revolve upon skewers thrust through them; and this would cause the frequent breaking of the silk. They are therefore set upright upon a board, and preserved steadily in that position by a very simple arrangement. The reel—consisting of four long laths of wood, which are fixed upon iron frames, attached to an octagonal wooden shaft—is placed above the bobbins, so that the silk is unwound, and moves to the reel, in a vertical position.

We have not yet said anything of the very important process of bleaching the silk. Silk in its raw state, as spun by the worm, is either white or yellow, of various shades, and is covered with a varnish, which gives it stiffness and a degree of elasticity. Of this varnish the silk must be relieved; and this is done by scouring or boiling.

M. Roard has investigated with every care the operations employed in preparing the raw silk. Before his Memoir on the subject appeared, extremely vague ideas were entertained about the composition of the native varnish of silk. M. Roard has shown that this substance, so far from being of a gummy nature, as was supposed, may be rather compared to bee's-wax, with a species of oil and a colouring matter which exists only in raw silks. It is contained in them to the amount of from 23 to 24 per cent., and forms the portion of weight which is lost in the process termed—as has been shown by M. Roard, very improperly—*ungumming*. This curious wax possesses some of the properties of vegetable gums, but it differs from them in most respects. Its solution, when first exposed to the air, is of a golden yellow; it soon becomes greenish, and rapidly putrifies, as a solution of animal matter would do in similar circumstances. It is curious in the story of manufactures to know that of this material, for which at present we have no use, the city of Lyons could alone furnish many thousand quintals annually.

M. Roard has observed that if silk be exposed to soap-baths for some time after it has been stripped of its foreign matters, it begins to lose body, and has its valuable qualities impaired. It becomes dull, stiff, and coloured, in consequence of the solution, more or less considerable, of its substance—a solution which takes place in all liquids, and even in boiling water. It is for this reason that silks cannot be *alumed*—treated with alum for dyeing—with heat, and that they lose some of their lustre in being dyed brown—a colour which requires a boiling-hot bath. The best mode, therefore, of avoiding these inconveniences, is to boil the silks in the soap-bath no longer than is absolutely necessary for the scouring process, and to expose them in the various dyeing operations at a temperature as moderate as may be sufficient to impart the required colour.

The most ancient mode of scouring silk—and we are assured that no better process has been discovered—consists of three operations. For the first, or the *ungumming*, 30 per cent. of soap is dissolved in clean water at a boiling heat; then the temperature is lowered by the addition of a little cold water, or by damping the fire. The hanks of silk are hung on sticks, or small poles—about three pounds of silk being on each stick. The sticks being laid across the vessel, the silk hangs down, and in this way is immersed in the bath. The portions of the hanks plunged in the liquid get "*scoured*," the varnish and the colouring matter are removed, and the silk assumes its proper whiteness and pliancy. When this point is attained, the hanks are turned round upon the poles, and that portion which was in the air gets exposed to the action of the alkaline bath. As soon as the whole is completely "ungummed," the hanks are taken out, wrung by the peg, and shaken out, after which they are subjected to the *boil*. About thirty pounds of ungummed silk are enclosed in bags of coarse canvas, called *pockets*, and put into a similar bath to the preceding, but with a smaller quantity of soap, which may therefore now be raised to the boiling temperature without any danger of destroying the silk. The ebullition is kept up for an hour and a half, during which the bags must be frequently stirred, lest those near the bottom should suffer an undue degree of heat. The third and last operation is intended to render the white of the silk more agreeable, and better adapted to its various uses in trade. In this way are distinguished *China white*, which has a faint cast of red, the *silver white*, the *azure white*, and the *thread white*. In the large works in Lancashire these processes of preparing the silk for the weaver divide themselves into seven stages. In all silk-mills these are so nearly alike, that one description applies to all.

1. The silk is put into the hot "lather," or soap-bath, as described, and when the ungumming is completed it is dried in the hydro-extractor. This very useful machine is a cylinder, perforated with holes, which is set in rapid rotation. Thus by the action of centrifugal force—as in the trundling of a mop—the water is thrown off. By the habit of contracting all words, which prevails to a sad extent in Lancashire, this machine is called the *hydro*, and sometimes the *whizzer*. We trust this corruption of our language may not be extended, though it appears to be gaining ground even in the metropolis.

2. The silk, for the purpose of straightening it, is rolled on a cocoa-nut pin, four inches in diameter, a little turn being given it occasionally with the finger and thumb, to prevent its entangling.

3. It is then put in the bags, "pockets," and boiled.

4. The silk is washed in a cistern by hand, the water holding as much soap as will make a tolerably permanent lather, to which there is generally added a small portion of archil.

5. The hydro-extractor is again used to dry the silk.

6. The silk is next straightened and sulphured. The action of sulphur, or rather sulphurous acid, in bleaching, is a well-known one. This sulphuring is carried on in a small, but high, room; it is often ten feet square by twenty feet in height. In this the silk is hung up, and four pounds of sulphur for each forty pounds of silk are placed on the floor and set fire to. The room is closed as securely as possible, and the silk is exposed to the bleaching action of the sulphurous acid gas formed for four hours. After the bleaching, the silk is washed three or four times in cold water, to which a little indigo blue has been added, the object of which is to give a pearly lustre to the silk.

7. The hydro-extractor is again used, and the silk is finally dried by exposing it to a temperature of from 85° to 90° Fahr.

When silks are intended for the manufacture of blondes and gauzes, they are not subjected to the ordinary scouring process, because it is essential, in those cases, for them to preserve their natural stiffness. They are rinsed in a bath containing but very little soap, bleached by the sulphur process, and then passed through the "azure water."

In the process of bleaching, one pound of good silk loses four ounces of weight. This considerable loss has led to many attempts to substitute some process in which it should be lessened. The most successful is that of Baume. He soaks the silk for forty-eight hours in alcohol at 35° (sp. gr. ·0837), to which has been added one thirty-second part of pure muriatic acid. The silk is rendered beautifully white by this process, and the loss which it suffers in this menstruum is only one-fortieth, showing that nothing but the colouring matter is extracted. The cost, however, has prevented the general use of this method.

After all those operations have been gone through, the silk passes to the dyer, and receives from him the various colours required. The great beauty of many of the dyes received by silk, depends very much upon the success with which the previous processes have been carried out. Silks are usually dyed in the hank. The process of imparting colours to any fibrous substance depends upon the capillary power of the fibre. The colouring matter is condensed within the capillary tubes, and fixed there by some agent called a mordant, which has the power of combining chemically with the tinctorial substance. Silk, wool, and cotton, although they may receive similar tints from the same dye-drugs, require to be treated differently. The practice of imparting colour to woven goods may on some occasion furnish the subject for an article in these pages, at present it is not possible to deal with this portion of the subject.

In the silk-mill of Messrs. Houldsworth, a considerable variety of silk goods are manufactured, but they are especially celebrated for their silk damasks, which are of the most elegant and costly description. The production of such articles demands the utmost attention in the preparation of the silk.

After the hanks of silk are delivered into the hands of the weaver from the dye-house, they are first subjected to a process of calendering, by which a peculiar glossiness is given to the threads. The machine by which this is effected consists of two polished steel cylinders, which, by means of adjusting screws, can be placed at any distance from each other. The hank of silk is placed, spread out as much as possible, over those cylinders, and they are moved apart until the silk is powerfully strained upon them. The cylinders are then set in revolution, and they polish every thread to the highest degree.

From this stage the silk passes to the winder, and it is now wound on reels which are adapted for the Jacquard loom.

We have on previous occasions, especially in the article on Electrical Weaving, and in our description of Mr. Brown's worsted damask works at Halifax, given descriptions of the Jacquard loom, which must really be regarded as one of the most remarkable of machines. We need not now return to a description of it, for, whether for worsted, silk, or cotton, the principle is the same. The construction of the cards for this loom requires the largest amount of care and attention. The process of repeating the patterns on the cards has, however, been greatly facilitated in Messrs. Houldsworth's establishment by a machine of the most ingenious description, by which, one set of punches being fixed, any number of repetitions can be most readily made. Amongst the articles woven by the Messrs. Houldsworth may be named Brocatelle, or silk damask, in which satin forms the figure; Brocade, in which the weft produces the design. These are usually made with linen at the back. Silk damasks—entirely of silk—are manufactured, of the most costly description. In these we could not but admire the beauty of many of the designs, and the harmonious arrangement of colours in such as gave the figure in different tints. The manufacturer has to produce goods for different markets, and the contrast presented between the silks woven for the home and for the American markets, was exceedingly marked.

Silk terry, silk carriage linings, and a variety of articles of this description, were in the process of manufacture at the time of our visit. Pictorial screens, or pieces of silk for covering cushions, were being woven. These were sufficiently characteristic to show, that a high degree of excellence could be arrived at in this direction, if there was a sufficient demand for ornaments of this kind. It is interesting to see the English manufacturer supplying the world with the productions to which he has been devoting attention.

Silks are largely woven for the Indian market. Many an Oriental despot is robed in silk vestments woven in the looms of Manchester, and many a piece of so-called Indian silk is brought to this country, which originated in our own silk-mills: it has only returned home. The splendid saddle-cloths of the South Americans, and those which are peculiar to the Peruvians, together with the Poncho and the Serapis, are manufactured here.

Passing on from the weaving of the silk damasks, we must endeavour to describe the Embroidering machinery. This is of the most simple, and, as it appears to us, of the most perfect, character. By the machines, which might be worked by steam power, but which it is found economical to work by three girls, any articles, whether of silk, woollen, or linen, may be embroidered.

The embroidering machine consists essentially of three, or perhaps we should say of four, parts. Two prismatic bars, or pincers, which hold the embroidery needles; these are placed upon frames which move easily backward and forward upon an iron railway. These carriages, it must be remembered, are of the width of the frame which is to carry the fabric to be embroidered. Into the prismatic bars are fixed a series of needles. Supposing it was desired to work twenty leaves in the length of the silk in the frame, twenty needles would be placed in the pincers. The needles are only placed in the pincers of one carriage, and between it and the other carriage is the frame holding the fabric to be embroidered. Now the girl in charge of the carriage pushes it up against the silk, and the twenty needles pierce it. The frame on the other side is ready to receive them; the pincers are opened, they seize and close upon the needles, and being drawn away they are pulled through the cloth. It will be obvious to any one that, as the carriages approach to or recede from the web, rolling all the time along its iron railway, the needles must continually pass and repass through the same point in the silk, and of course no pattern could be produced. The explanation of the way in which the design is produced will be given presently. The embroidery needles are sharp at both ends, and the eyes, through which the silk passes, are in the middle.

The pattern to be embroidered is stamped out, on a large scale, in a metal plate; every hole forming the pattern represents a stitch, in the same manner as the squares in a Berlin wool pattern indicate it. The frame in which the silk or material to be embroidered is stretched, is easily movable within small limits. This frame is attached to a lever, which is connected with a long arm, forming a pantograph. The point of this arm is placed in one of the holes in the pattern by a girl who sits before it, and this brings the frame into a certain position, to which, indeed, at starting it is adjusted. Now let us suppose a little girl pushes the carriage

up to the frame; the girl in charge of the frame on the other side, seizes the needles which have pierced the silk, and receding, the thread is drawn through. This being done, the girl in front of the pattern moves the lever, by placing the point in the next hole. This communicates motion to the frame, to the extent of a stitch; the girl pushes back the carriage, the needles pierce the silk in another place, the pincers on the other side seize the needles, the girl recedes with the carriage, draws out the thread, and the required stitch is made. The process is repeated, the pointer moved, the frame slightly altered, and by the alternate motion of the carriages another stitch is made. By displacing the piece with sufficient precision to bring successively opposite the tips of the needles every point upon which they are to work a design, such as a flower or a leaf, the stitches are correctly made with much rapidity. We have named twenty as the number of needles, considerably more than one hundred might be arranged in the same bar, and thus, in the place of twenty, one hundred and fifty leaves or flowers might be in the process of construction at the same time, by the operations of only three children. The children at the carriages have nothing to do beyond pushing them to and fro, changing the needles when all their threads are used, and seeing that no needle misses its pincers. The girl in charge of the design has only carefully to move her lever-pointer from hole to hole in the metallic design before her.

M. Heilmann, of Mulhouse, appears to have been the first inventor of the pantographic embroidering machine, and several constructed by him have been mounted in this country, in France, Germany, and Switzerland. The machines which we have been describing have been, however, considerably modified and simplified by the Messrs. Houldsworth, who have applied them more successfully than any other manufacturers. By these machines, worked by three children, any designs are embroidered, with fifty or one hundred and fifty needles, as accurately as could formerly be done with one.

We have to acknowledge the courtesy shown to us in our examination of Messrs. Houldsworths' works, and to notice the admirable arrangements which prevail throughout, especially in connection with everything relating to the comfort of the men, women, boys, and girls employed.

ROBERT HUNT.

NOTES
ON THE
MOST RECENT PRODUCTIONS OF FLORENTINE SCULPTORS.

No. IV.

A FEW paces from the Porta San Frediano, in one of the poorest and least inviting parts of the city, are the lofty doors of what was formerly the studio of Bartolini, the Florentine sculptor of European celebrity, who died several years back. It is now tenanted by his friend and pupil, Signor Romanelli, and its vast *locale* gives ample space for a very large collection of the plaster models of its late occupant, besides Signor Romanelli's own very numerous works. Like so many of the Florentine studios, the building was formerly a church, the nave of which is divided into three rooms, the middle one of immense height, and those at the extremities ceiled some half way up, so as to afford two similar chambers above stairs.

Conspicuous among the larger works in the first room is the monumental statue of Count Fossombroni—the great and enlightened minister who ruled the councils of Tuscany during the latter part of the reign of Ferdinand III., the penultimate Grand Duke, and the beginning of that of his lately deposed son. At a time when, among the nations of Europe, the name of Italy was literally held as a mere "geographical definition," Fossombroni was remarkable for the patriotic feeling, skill, and sagacity with which he lifted, as far as in him lay, the small state whose helmsman he was, from that "slough of despond" in which it was plunged by degrading Austrian and Jesuit influences. He stoutly resisted all attempts to conclude a concordat with Rome, and to do away with the wise code of Leopoldine laws. He sought by every possible means to better the material and social condition of Tuscany, and his grand and eminently successful improvements in the drainage of the once pestiferous *Maremme*, and the splendidly fertile Val di Chiana, remain to attest the extent of his agronomical knowledge. The monument in Signor Romanelli's studio, now only sketched in the marble, is intended for the city of Arezzo, and the statue of the statesman, in the robes of the now abolished order of St. Stephen, has great dignity and simplicity of *pose*. The face, which is said to be an excellent likeness, is one not easily forgotten, though the features are somewhat small and delicately cut. There is a thoughtful power on the square, high brow, and a resolution around the lips, which quite redeem it from any appearance of weakness. The arms are slightly extended in advance of the body, as if in the act of earnest speaking, and the height of the figure is about nine feet. There is also a bust of the same statue in course of execution here, which will be placed in the Church of Santa Croce, in Florence, among the tombs of the other illustrious Tuscan dead.

A 'Boy Bacchus treading the Grapes' is full of expression, although only seen in the model. His sturdy, truculent godship stands with one muscular leg half way buried in the luscious clusters which overbrim the edge of the vat and trail heavily on the ground beside it. He seems resting for a moment from the labour he delights in, and his whole look and attitude are marked by careless grace and unconscious vigour. Near him is the statue called 'La Delusa' (the betrayed), which was executed in marble for the Great Exhibition at Paris. It is a girlish female figure, entirely undraped, seated on a low shelf of rock, with the head bent forwards and downwards, the eyes fixed unheedingly on the earth, the hands drooping listless and open on the knee, and the feet slightly gathered beneath the body. In its faint hopelessness and meek languor of attitude the figure seems a fit embodiment (after a classic fashion) of Tennyson's lonely "Mariana" murmuring,—"I am aweary, aweary!" in her unbroken solitude. Here, too, are the plaster models of four beautiful figures of children, life-size, executed in marble, together with a richly-ornamented chimney-piece, for Lord Portarlington. The figures are intended to support candelabra, and each has one arm bent over the head, somewhat in the manner of Caryatides. They represent the four seasons, and carry on their heads and in their hands the bounteous produce of the year. Spring is perhaps the most remarkable for the beauty of the face and for a certain spiritual character in the features, hard to describe, looking out from beneath the crown of flowers. But there is also much loveliness in the other three, especially in the figure of Winter, with his bundle of mossy faggots on his head, his wavy locks blown and scattered by the sharp wind, and the scanty mantle drawn with his right hand round his vigorous young limbs, while the left holds his burden firmly on his head. Summer is, of course, garlanded with blossoms, and holds a handful of ripe and heavy ears plucked from the harvest sheaf; while Autumn has his temples wreathed with rich bunches of grapes and other fruits, from among which a small serpent lifts itself into the wavy curve of a tiara-like form. The whole four statues have a great freedom from mere conventionality, and are stamped with a rare imaginative charm.

It is interesting to see beside these works of Signor Romanelli the plaster models of some of the most well-known of the statues of Bartolini, such as the kneeling figure called 'Fiducia in Dio' (trust in God), a young girl looking heavenward in an attitude of entire and childlike trustfulness, with parted lips and eyes absorbed in prayer: or the irate, recumbent 'Juno,' which yet remains here in marble, somewhat ostentatiously displaying the lavish curves of waist and hip in her horizontal posture. The monumental group on the tomb of the Princess Elisa Baciocchi, sister of the first Napoleon, erected at Lucca, is also here in plaster, with its heavy lines and formal affectation of Etruscan costume; and the group of 'Bacchant Children reposing,' which will be remembered as forming one of the Art-treasures of the Villa Demidoff, near Florence. Besides these, and many more reminiscences of the eminent sculptor under whom Signor Romanelli studied, there is, especially in the great middle room, a whole regiment of plaster models of busts, executed by Bartolini, ranged around the walls on a narrow gallery, at a great height from the ground, and producing a strange, almost comic, effect, owing in part to the peculiar style adopted in the *pose* of most of the female busts. A whole row of these, some twenty or thirty perhaps, almost without exception of singular homeliness of feature, and made more ugly by the elaborate bunchy curls and graceless hair-bows of thirty or more years ago, have their bare arms placed monotonously almost *saltirewise* on the bust, and their eyes thrown sentimentally upwards. The effect produced by this uniformity in attitude and expression is not a little amusing; and these busts, with their lumpy head-dresses, serve as a useful illustration of the era of hopelessly bad taste, which happily has given way of late years to so much simpler and more artistic a style of sculptural adornment in the portrait busts of our studios. Bartolini's ideal of female loveliness was not, to say truth, remarkably striking or attractive. His marble women or goddesses have generally a massive hardness and heaviness of outline which leaves little room for the subtle play of expression either in face or figure. But in his male figures he was far happier; and his statue of Machiavelli, which occupies one of the niches on the *façade* of the Uffizi Gallery, is admirably full of character and thoughtfully blended expression, and is indeed one of the best statues of the Tuscan worthies in the series. Signor Romanelli has a graceful figure in marble of 'Innocence,' in the rather worn-out semblance of a young girl holding a pet bird in her arms, while a snake, raising itself from its coils on the ground, is preparing to make a dart at the favourite.

But the gem of this studio is assuredly the statue of William Tell's son, after the shooting of the arrow. It has been executed in marble for Mr. Vanderbilt, of New York, and is now being repeated of two or three different sizes. The boy, a robust child of nine or ten years old, has one knee bent on the ground, and leans slightly on the other foot, as if just about to start up. Beside him is the trunk of a tree, against which he has been leaning; and above his head is the apple, which Tell's unerring arrow has transfixed and pinned to the bark a moment since. The child has just pulled down the bandage from his eyes, and it hangs in loose folds drooping from his throat. His face, which is of rare beauty, is a little bent backwards, and looks eagerly out and away into the distance, the lips parting, and the frank, clear eyes dilating with triumphant pride in his gallant father's courage and address. The beaming exultation of that fair boyish face is so well rendered in the marble, that it calls up a shadow of the whole stirring scene of that three parts mythical, but always charming, legend. There is the iron-featured Burgvogt, all amazed in the circle of his scowling men-at-arms; there are the whispering, excited groups of villagers: the old grey fortress walls; the airy perspectives of granite peaks and glaciers, glittering in the fresh morning light, with a lazy, lilac-white cloud loitering across them here and there; and nearer at hand there strides the grand old figure of Tell, as we have known it from our childhood, across the intervening turfy ground, with hasty, agitated steps, now pale and breathless with the ebb of his tremendous resolve, hurrying to hug that noble child to his broad breast, and bless him for his fearless faith and self-forgetfulness. A more suggestive statue than this, or one which better tells its story, is not to be found in the studios of Florence. The figure is undraped, but holds with one hand across the knees the shirt which has been stripped off for the terrible ordeal; and the simple, scanty, linen folds agree well with the unpretentious charm of the attitude.

Signor Romanelli is just now engaged upon a group of the two boys, sons of Mrs. Whyte, a well-known American Art-patron, striving for a tame bird, which one of them holds above his head, to keep it from his brother's grasp. The subject is a good and picturesque one, and the nude figures of the young wrestlers are skilfully modelled and harmoniously grouped. There is also the model of another charming statue of one of the brothers, dressed in a quaint, rich, antique costume, holding on his shoulder a pet squirrel, whose soft little

mouse-like head is perked eagerly forward, close beside its young master's cheek, to take the lump of sugar which he offers it. This statue also has been executed for America.

Prince Demidoff is the possessor of the excellent waist-length bust of Bartolini, which is here only in the model. Signor Romanelli has evidently worked lovingly at this likeness of his old master, and has produced one of those spirited resemblances of the hard and homely, but intelligent and kindly, countenance, to whose fidelity we would swear, even though we have never set eyes on the original.

In these days of Italian regeneration, when the new kingdom, just risen from its long, degrading lethargy of centuries, is asserting its claim to a place of honour among the thrones of Europe, a strong interest naturally attaches to Signor Romanelli's statue of 'The Genius of Italy,' executed in 1854, and sent to the Paris Exhibition, from whence, owing to careless packing, it was sent back to the studio wretchedly broken in the lower limbs. It has now been roughly restored, and stands yet in a corner of the studio—a vivid incarnation of the mournful spirit of the time which gave it birth, transplanted into the hopeful atmosphere of the present. The Genius wears the figure of a child about twelve years old, kirtled to the knee, with long smooth curls waved back from a thoughtful brow. The head inclines slightly forwards, and the large eyes and softly moulded features are full of subdued and patient suffering. One hand is laid on the breast, the other holds a chalice, and on the pedestal are engraved the words—"Great God! if it be possible, let this cup pass from me!" Well might the aspirations of the beautiful and sorely oppressed land be embodied in this touching form, for in the year when the statue was executed, Italy was drooping under a threefold curse! The Austrian occupation in Tuscany and the Romagna was draining out the life-blood of the country, and grinding down every principle of law and justice under the merciless heel of an inexorable military despotism; the cholera was sweeping off its thousands under the fiery heats of an exceptionally burning summer; and the fatal grape disease was ruining both farmers and landed proprietors, and also cutting off one of the most important items of the daily food of the labouring classes. "Cholera, cryptogama, and the Austrian!" said Signor Romanelli; "truly the genius of our country might well wear a sad face, and lift up his cup of tears to the pitying heavens!" It were well if the artist who has so feelingly conceived and powerfully expressed the martyr spirit of the old time, would embody in the marble the bright and hopeful promise of the new.

Signor Romanelli has attempted, with no small success, the difficult feat of turning into marble the subjects of some of the world-famous pictures which adorn the galleries of Florence. No less than four small copies of different sizes from Raphael's 'Madonna del Cardellino,' which stands in the Tribune at the Uffizi, are now in course of execution in the studio, both in marble and alabaster. Most English readers, travelled or untravelled, will remember the artless grace of loving expression which dwells around the figure of the Virgin Mother in that painting, looking tenderly down upon the Infant Christ and St. John the Baptist, who lean against her knees, playing with the goldfinch from which the picture has its name. The smiling repose of the whole group makes it especially suitable to sculpture, and the simple lines of its composition lend themselves to the translation with singular fitness. There is also a sculpture copy from Allori's beautiful and well-known picture, with its motto,—"*Ego dormio, sed cor meum vigilat*," of the baby Saviour lying in deep sleep upon the cross, which is one of the treasures of the Pitti Gallery. To such as have never seen how good an effect may be obtained by these borrowings from the sister art, the attempt of Signor Romanelli will doubtless appear a hazardous one; but a great deal of it of course depends on the judicious choice of a picture, the charm of which is due less to richness of colour, or vivid power of expression, than to the harmony of its lines and grace of combination.

The 'Nymph of the Arno' is a statue about life-size, which Signor Romanelli is just putting into marble. She is represented as sitting on a rock, just after coming out of the bath, which she has taken, it is to be hoped, high up the river course, towards the Vallambrosan hills, where the current is less thick and yellow, and more inviting for a plunge, than where it flows further down through Florence and Pisa, and along the fertile Pisan plain to the sea.

In the two upstairs rooms are several finished works in marble and alabaster, repetitions of the principal statues below. There are also two or three models which were selected for execution by the committee, at the *concorso* of last year, which might be called an exhibition of sketches for *patriotic* works of Art. One of these is a statue of Victor Emmanuel, led on by a Victory, which has much merit, in spite of the soldier-king's face and figure being somewhat unwarrantably flattered, as may be seen by comparing them with those of another cast of the sovereign of Italy, a striking likeness, which stands in the next room. Here also is a graceful little recumbent statue, executed by Signor Romanelli, from a design left by Bartolini. The subject is 'The Slumber of Innocence;' a young child calmly sleeping on its small pallet bed, with its silky ringlets scattered on the pillow, and the dimpled limbs hushed in warm repose.

Among the models executed by Signor Romanelli for the before-mentioned *concorso* was one for a statue of Francesco Burlamacchi, Gonfaloniere of Lucca, to be erected in that city at the expense of the government, in honour of the noble Lucchese who fell in the vanguard of the martyrs for Italian liberty about the middle of the sixteenth century. The figure of Burlamacchi, leaning on his sword, with his tall figure, fearless eye, and resolute lip, is well in keeping with the dauntless spirit of the man—every inch a man—as he looks out of the dry, quaint pages of the old Florentine chroniclers. He is represented, even by historians of the Medicean, or *High Tory* party, as a man of earnest, straightforward, active, enthusiastic spirit and generous heart; prompt and impulsive rather than wary and astute; fitter far to carry out than to plan the great scheme of his country's redemption. This scheme, however, was the aim and labour of his life, and the attempt to execute it was the cause of his untimely martyrdom at the hands of the tyrants whose power he sought to shake. It was no narrow local revolution at which he aimed. He essayed no less an enterprise than the overturn of the Medicean rule in Tuscany, and, as Galluzzi says, "the stirring up of all the rest of Italy to rebellion and new-fangled ideas." There is also good reason to think that he was a supporter of the new reformed faith, which was just striking root in the Tuscan cities, and that this too made him a mark for religious as well as political hatred among the very Catholic adherents of Duke Cosmo. Certain it is, that the Florentine and Siennese exiles, and the victims of religious persecution who had found a home in the Lucchese republic, all gathered round Burlamacchi as their head, and looked up to him as to the man who should overturn the iniquitous system of oppression and misrule under which every state of Italy groaned, and uplift the banner of a new era of union, and civil and religious freedom on the ruins of the ancient superstition and the intolerable tyranny of her rulers. Burlamacchi, in his dreams of noble daring, never appears to have distrusted the smallness of the means at his disposal to compass so great an end, nor to have calculated on the sluggish and degraded indifferentism which had been carefully fostered in the popular mind by the evil rule of the Medici. He was not only Gonfaloniere of Lucca, but commander of the hill troops of that republic, and his rash project of revolution was to be opened by marching upon Pisa, with that small force, rousing the once fiery citizens to take up arms in the cause of liberty, and with the aid of Piero Strozzi and his kinsfolk and adherents, to attack Duke Cosmo and spread the flame of revolt throughout the peninsula. This wild, but gallant plan was nearly mature when a treacherous friend and accomplice, one Andrea Pezzini, of Pietrasanta, who owed Burlamacchi a grudge for having crossed him in some matter of private business, betrayed the whole conspiracy to the Duke. Cosmo, calm and wary, first reinforced the garrison of Pisa, and then wrote to the heads of the Lucchese government, complaining bitterly that treason against his throne should have been hatched among them. The letter fell into the hands of Burlamacchi as the head of the municipal authorities of Lucca, and he lost no time in attempting to escape to Sienna, but was stopped at the city gate and compelled to return. Cited to appear before the Signori, he attempted not to justify himself, but boldly and steadily confessed what his plans had been. The Lucchese government trembling before the wrath of Duke Cosmo, and the possible vengeance of the Emperor Charles V., then residing at Milan, instantly deposed Burlamacchi from his high office, placed him in close imprisonment, and forthwith sent messengers to the emperor to explain the facts of the case, and to Cosmo to try and reinstate themselves in his good graces. The wily request of the duke to have the unfortunate Burlamacchi given over to him in order "to examine him," as he said, "touching the facts of the plot," was, however, refused, for the Signori knew too well that nothing but torture and death would have awaited their luckless fellow-townsman in the dungeons where Filippo Strozzi had died a dismal death not long before.

The request of the emperor, however, to have the culprit consigned to him, admitted of no such denial, and the Signori were probably only too glad to free themselves from the responsibility of keeping so dangerous a man in custody. They consented to deliver up Burlamacchi to the tender mercies of the mighty potentate, whose reprisals they dreaded, and he was brought to trial without delay, condemned to lose his head for attempting to subvert the Medicean government, and sent off to Milan in the winter of 1546. At first, hopes of the emperor's clemency were held out to the unhappy prisoner. Zealous intercession was made with Duke Cosmo that his life might be spared, by a lady who it was thought possessed great influence over that prince's mind. The wretched wife of the prisoner, by her means, gained access to the duke's presence, and flinging herself at his feet implored his pardon. Cosmo is said to have answered her agonized supplication with a sneering repulse, worthy of the heart which was so fruitful in every blackest shape of crime. "States," said he, "are not to be ruled by compassion for women's tears." Another attempt too was made by Burlamacchi's powerful friends, with far better chance of success. A sum of ready money, a very large sum for those days, no less than thirty-six thousand scudi, above £8,000 in English money, was offered as his ransom. But, says the chronicler, not very intelligibly, "the moment of success was lost, in consequence of the acceptance of the bill of exchange being suspended by a mere error." Again, after this, the Signori of Lucca protested to the potentates most interested in the affair, that they were guiltless in it from first to last, and especially pointed out what particular zeal they had shown in the arrest and imprisonment of Burlamacchi, although he had been invested with the highest dignity of their state. The great men deigned to profess themselves satisfied with the little republic's respectful behaviour, and for many a weary month, in alternations of heart-sickening hope and fear, the high-hearted ex-Gonfaloniere lay pining in the imperial dungeons of Milan. There, in the year 1548, he was at last released from durance, but only to be beheaded in company with a number of other "persons of distinction," guilty like him of plotting to shake off the intolerable yoke which for above three hundred years more was destined to bow down the neck of the distracted and enslaved nation. Burlamacchi met a felon's death for failing to do with miserably unequal means, and against all-triumphant wickedness in high places, what the memory of the late lamented helmsman of the Italian cause is at this moment receiving more than regal honour for having well-nigh completed in more auspicious days, and with the lavish resources of a nation's love, to aid his enterprise. If so many among the hundred cities of Italy embody their gratitude to Cavour by bust, statue, or tablet inscription, set up in the place of honour among their glories of old time, it is well also that for him who fell by the headsman's hand in the very outset of his ill-calculated project,—treacherously tripped up by a false friend on the very threshold of the race,—a memorial statue should be erected in his native city of Lucca, lying so pleasantly at the foot of its noble chestnut-wooded Apennines, rich in grey palaces and splendid churches, and no less rich in the glorious memories which emblazon with undying records the venerable walls of the quaint old Tuscan cities.

THEODOSIA TROLLOPE.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LVI.—HENRY WARREN.

HENRY WARREN, President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, was born in London, in the year 1798. A question which very frequently occupies the anxious thoughts of the head of a family who has sons growing up about him is—"What can I do with the boys?" The wishes of the father and those of his child are often diametrically opposed to each other; but the latter generally prevails, because it is found that nature or inclination has pointed out some especial path, which it would be both impolitic and unwise to close against him. Sometimes the mind of the lad oscillates between two avocations or professions, either of which would be equally congenial with his taste, and then circumstances arise subsequently that give a predominating influence, and fix it on an especial object. Something of this kind appeared in the early life of Henry Warren; though his love of Art showed itself in his youth, it was not fostered by his parents, and for a considerable time he was himself undecided whether sculpture, or painting, or music had the greatest charm for him. The sequel of his history shows which of the three ultimately gained the ascendancy, although we may remark that music has occupied many of his leisure hours, when the pencil has been temporarily laid aside; he is a skilful performer on the violoncello, and has composed several vocal pieces which have obtained popularity.

The early years of this artist seem to carry us back a long way into the annals of British art: he studied in the atelier of Nollekens, the sculptor, modelling and drawing the figure, with John Gibson and Bonomi as his co-temporaries; drew from the Elgin marbles in the British Museum, when that irascible but neglected son of genius, Haydon, was there instructing his pupils, the Landseers and others; he entered the schools of the Royal Academy in 1818, attending regularly during ten or twelve years with men who, since that period, rose up to fame, and have gone down to their graves with honour—Etty and Sir William Ross; and with some, happily, still living among us—Webster, the Landseers, and others; and thus he passed through what may be considered a regular course of artistic, academic instruction. This is not the suitable place to discuss the merits of the teachings of the Royal Academy Schools, but the system pursued many years back must have been widely different from that adopted far more recently, or it would not have produced the outcry raised against it, to which the Academicians themselves have not ventured to turn a deaf ear.

Mr. Warren's first essays in painting were in oils; he exhibited several pictures in this medium at the Academy; but being induced to join the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, which was established in 1835, he applied himself more particularly to that branch of the Arts, painting both landscapes and figure-subjects. The first work of any importance to which our memory reverts, is 'The Happy Valley,' a scene borrowed from "Rasselas;" it is a large picture, embodying a fine landscape view, with a variety of figures skilfully and appropriately arranged, and executed with undoubted knowledge of effective truth, and with power of colour. Though this work partakes, in a measure, of the character of eastern scenery, it was not till the following year the artist exhibited one of that series of Arabian subjects with which his name seems to be more intimately associated. These pictures are incontrovertible proofs that a man can delineate truthfully and effectively much of what he has not seen, save in his "mind's eye:" whether he would have done better if he had resorted to the scenes of his pictures it is not necessary to inquire. Mr. Holman Hunt resided nearly two years, we believe, in Jerusalem, as if to derive inspiration from the place, while he was engaged on his picture of 'The Finding of the Saviour in the Temple,' yet there are few persons who would not admit that the world would have seen a painting of equal merit in every respect if he had worked in his studio at Kensington instead of his temporary atelier in the "holy city." Mr. Warren's travels



Engraved by] THE FORD OF THE JORDAN—THE GREEK BATHING-PLACE. [J. and C. P. Nicholls.

have never extended into the East, he has not made the acquaintance in their native land of the wandering tribes of Ishmael, has not seen the mosques and minarets of the followers of Mahomet, nor thirsted in the sandy deserts: his camels and dromedaries have been the denizens of the Regent's Park Gardens, the costume of his Moslem men and women hired or purchased at the shop of the vendor of "properties:" these, aided by books and the teachings of his own well-stored mind, have been the artist's "stock" for those pictures which, through a long series of years, have gained for him a deserved reputation.

The first of the pictures which have elicited the foregoing observations was exhibited in 1840; it represents a scene in the desert of Nubia—an encampment of Turkish soldiers, among whom are conspicuous the late Ibrahim Bey and his suite: the composition is full of interesting pictorial subject, skilfully put together, and displaying considerable knowledge of the manners and costume of modern military life in the East. In the following year he exhibited 'THE DYING CAMEL,' one of our illustrations, and long rendered popular by the large engraving from it published some years ago. The incident is repre-

scented with great poetical feeling, painfully touching: on the surface of the arid desert a traveller and his beast have sunk down exhausted and dying; not a leaf nor a blade is visible, no cloud, large as "a man's hand," appears in the horizon to herald the coming of the welcome rain-drops—all is sterile, hot, and dreary. Sweeping through the air, in a long, straggling line, is a flock of vultures which have snuffed their prey from afar, and are hastening to the loathsome feast: the man is too insensible to be conscious of the approaching attack, but the camel, with the instinct common to its nature, appears as if it knew the danger, and was preparing to meet it with whatever strength and energy remained. If the artist had been a witness of such a scene he could not have depicted it with greater power and fidelity. 'Rebekah at the Well,' a vigorously painted work, was exhibited with the preceding; as was 'The Battle of Agincourt,' executed in conjunction with C. H. Weigall.

Of Mr. Warren's contributions, in 1842, to the society of which he had now become one of the main props, the most notable were—'The Cooling-room (Meslukh) of an Egyptian Bath,' and 'Hagar and Ishmael cast out into the Wilderness,' the former an attractive passage of eastern life, carried out with great finish of pencilling and brilliancy of colour, especially in the forms and faces of the young female of rank and her attendants: the latter, though showing everywhere evidence of thought, study, and careful execution, remarkable for the expression of intense grief in the countenance of the unfortunate Egyptian woman. A higher flight than any the artist had hitherto essayed was manifest in 'The Sermon on the Mount,' exhibited in the next succeeding year: such a subject is sufficient to engage the utmost powers of the greatest painter that ever lived, and though Mr. Warren's work fell short of the magnitude of the occasion, it is one of unquestionable merit, alike honourable to its author and to the Arts of his country. In the various heads of the multitude gathered to hear words of wisdom from the lips of the divine teacher, an infinite variety of expression, appropriate and natural, is given; the audience is not a group of inattentive listeners, they are absorbed by what they hear, and manifest the effect of the discourse in their looks and actions. The figure of the great preacher is the least successful in the whole composition; but what pencil could adequately portray the image of Him who "spake as never man spake?" who could hope to succeed where Raffaelle, and Da Vinci, and Guido approached only to the boundary edge, so to speak, of the God-man?

A simple enumeration of the principal works exhibited by Mr. Warren during the next two or three years must suffice; their titles will show considerable variety of subject:—'A Halt in the Nubian Desert;' 'Rebekah at the Well,' a picture much admired by Turner, who never visited the proprietor, Mr. Bicknell, without going into his drawing-room to see it; 'Moslem Charity,' in the Royal Collection, and engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the year 1855, under the name of 'The Fount in the Desert;' 'The Crusaders' First



Engraved by] THE DYING CAMEL. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

Sight of Jerusalem;' 'Christ and the Woman of Samaria;' 'Arrival at a Dried-up Well in the Desert;' 'Alfred in the Swine-herd's Cottage;' 'Father Rogers, otherwise called Theophilus,' an early writer on Art, and a celebrated illuminator of manuscripts; and 'On Wimbledon Common;' this last we notice chiefly because of its differing so greatly, as a subject, from any of the preceding, and because it is a little gem of English landscape painting.

In 1848 appeared 'The Return of the Pilgrims from Mecca,' a large composition of numerous figures picturesquely grouped, and showing so accurate a knowledge of eastern manners, customs, and dress, as almost to make us incredulous about the fact that the artist had never visited the land of the Mahommedan. With this was exhibited a work of a very different kind, 'The Seven Ages of Woman,' a series of exquisitely beautiful designs, somewhat in the style of missal illuminations, each contained in a border of foliated ornament richly gilt. The *tout ensemble* is gorgeous, while a close examination of the whole in detail evidences the amount of thought, skill, and labour bestowed upon every portion.

Mr. Warren's principal work of the following year was 'Joseph's Coat brought to Jacob,' the subject of one of the illustrations introduced here. The narrative does not admit of much action and emotion, except in the person of the aged patriarch, and what Jacob manifests is rather of a negative character; his face is hidden by his hand, as if the artist felt himself incapable of openly representing the intensity of grief which the countenance of the old man must display at the thought of his dead favourite son. The action is perfectly natural, though had the face been uncovered the power of the painter to grapple with the subject would have taken the place of what now seems doubtful. The arrangement of the group of "brethren" is good, and all the figures evince care and study. 'Christ with His Disciples in the Corn-field' is a large picture, the principal work exhibited in 1850: the Saviour rebuking the Pharisees, who complained that the disciples violated the sanctity of the Sabbath, forms the chief feature of the composition, the distinguishing character of which is a graceful disposition of the figures and of their respective costumes, and a judicious employment of brilliant, harmonious colour. 'The Death of the First-born' (1851), though merely a single figure—for of the child whose death she mourns over nothing is seen but the feet—is a work of very considerable power; the sentiment, as in the case of Jacob, is expressed rather negatively than affirmatively, the back of the woman being turned towards the spectator. 'The Woman at the Foot of the Cross,' exhibited at the same time, is a large work, showing a greater severity of style than most of Mr. Warren's sacred subjects. Modern oriental life is seen in 'A Hunchback Story-teller relating one of the Arabian Nights Tales in a Coffee-house of Damascus,'

contributed in 1852; and, in the following year, the history of Christ supplied the artist with another subject for a large picture, 'The Walk to Emmaus,' certainly one of his best productions of this class, simple in its treatment and elevated in expression. 'The Warrant exhibited to the Lady Abbess of a Benedictine Nunnery for the Suppression of her Convent,' painted in 1854, is a favourable example of Mr. Warren's capability of treating a subject of secular history containing numerous figures: the point of the composition is the *superieure* herself, who calmly beholds the document in the hand of the commissioner. The presence of the armed men who have invaded her sanctuary is significant enough of their mission: the demeanour of the lady is calm and dignified, but the face expresses deep sadness. All the accessories of the work are delineated with much care, and, as an illustration of the epoch of the Reformation, it possesses an unusual amount of interest independent of its artistic merits, which are very considerable. Referring to the next year's catalogue of the society of which Mr. Warren is president, we find his contributions to be—'The First Sunset witnessed by our First Parents,' a beautiful landscape of eastern vegetation, represented in a masterly and original style: the sun is going down below the horizon, and the dwellers in Eden are regarding its descent with mingled feelings of admiration, wonder, and awe: this picture is worthy of being classed with the best works of John Martin and Danby. 'Incipient Courtship,' and 'Ye ha'e tell't me that afore, Jemmy,' are two subjects of a very different character—rustic figures engaged in the manner indicated by the titles; there is considerable drollery in the treatment of the former of these two, and both are cleverly represented.

The remaining principal works exhibited by this artist must, from want of space, be briefly enumerated; they are—'Rebekah first sees Isaac;' 'The Wise Men Journeying,' purchased by her Majesty, and engraved in the Royal Collection; 'A Hunchback Story-teller reciting in a coffee-house at Damascus' (a large picture); 'The Pyramids at Sunset,' also purchased by her Majesty; 'Hagar the Egyptian and her Son' (1856); 'The Pedlar,' 'A Street in Cairo, with a Marriage Procession' (1857)—two subjects essentially differing from each other, but each admirable in its way; 'The Song of the Georgian Maiden' (1858); 'The Peri at the Gate;' 'The Flight into Egypt;' 'Happy Nutting Days' (1859); 'The Good Samaritan;' 'There's a Bower of Roses by Bendemeer's Stream' (1860); 'A Zwingfest on the Wengern Alps;' and 'THE FORD OF THE JORDAN—THE GREEK BATHING-PLACE,' in the present year—the last work forms one of our illustrations.

Mr. Warren is one of those artists who, in a marked degree, have been the



Engraved by] JOSEPH'S COAT BROUGHT TO JACOB. [J. and G. P. Nicholls.

instruments of upholding and elevating the character of our school of water-colour painting: he has done this as much by the high moral tendency of his subjects as by the excellence of the manner in which they are presented. Sacred Art has, generally, been ignored by our artists; a picture of this class is, in most instances, an exception to their usual practice; with Mr. Warren, on the contrary, the list of works just brought forward shows that scriptural subjects have had as much of his attention as any others, and we believe them to be his best productions, and those on which his fame will ultimately rest. It is to his credit that, in these days of a struggle for reputation by means of fantastic ideas and long-exploded theories of what constitutes true Art, he has been contented to pursue the path marked out by established usage, by common sense, and by what that great authority, Nature, teaches us.

His position as President of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, combined with his general knowledge of matters connected with Art, has, on two or three occasions, placed Mr. Warren officially before the public. His name appeared in the Royal Commission with reference to the great Exposition in Paris, for the selection of works by British artists contributed to the exhibition; he was also associated with Mr. Creswick, R.A., Mr. Redgrave, R.A., and Mr. Hurlstone, President of the Society of British Artists, in superintending the hanging of the pictures in the building appointed for their reception adjoining the *Palais de l'Industrie;* and he has recently been placed on the committee for the Great Exhibition of 1862. His name is enrolled as honorary member of the *Société Belge des Aquarellistes,* and of the Pennsylvanian Academy of Arts.

Mr. Warren has used his pen as well as his pencil: some years ago he wrote an antiquarian work on the river Ravensbourne, in Kent, and illustrated it by lithographic views, drawn by himself. The publication gave rise to the formation of a small club, called the "Novomagians," the members of which must be members of the Antiquarian Society. Two little volumes of fun and humour, entitled respectively "Notes upon Notes," and "Hints upon Tints," are also by him, and he has written some elementary works on Art. Two out of his four sons now living are following in the footsteps of their father, though in different departments of Art: his eldest son, Albert, was a pupil of Owen Jones, and is well known as a clever designer of ornamental works; the second son, Edmund George, is the landscape painter whose drawings have, within the last three or four years especially, attracted so much notice at the New Water-Colour Gallery in Pall Mall.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

PHRYNE GOING TO THE BATH AS VENUS.

Engraved by J. B. Allen.

JUDGING from the titles given by Turner to many of his pictures, his researches into classic history seem to have been as diffuse as they were, oftentimes, singular. It is true that the personages introduced generally occupy, in their pictorial importance, only a secondary place in the composition, and the title adopted conveys but a very inadequate idea of its real character: we look more at the scene of action than on the actors themselves, who are placed on the canvas for the purpose of enriching and enlivening it, rather than that of presenting to the mind what might have taken place among the people who are thus brought before us: and thus the painting itself would almost as appropriately bear any other name as that it has received, for we frequently make a fruitless search for the particular incident or story by which a glorious work of Art is known, and which it is presumed to illustrate.

The picture here engraved is one among many notable examples of this peculiarity of Turner's art: it was exhibited at the Academy in 1838, and bore, in addition to the above title, that of 'Æschines taunting Demosthenes.' Now it is no easy matter to make out either of the incidents assumed to be presented to view; certainly there are two sage-looking personages in the foreground to the left, who may be these great rival Greek orators, and the outstretched arm of one may signify the taunting of Æschines; and amid the multitude of figures in the centre is one which may serve for Phryne in the character of Venus. This "lady" is one whose history, so far as it has come down to us, is not worth inquiring into; her reputation for beauty was as great in Athens as was the immorality of her life. There were, however, two females of that name, according to ancient tradition, both of whom were equally distinguished by personal charms and depraved character; one is said to have been the favourite model of the sculptor Praxiteles, and the other of the painter Apelles. Some authorities intimate there was in fact only one, who sat to both artists, and that she was so rich as to propose to Alexander the Great to rebuild the city of Thebes, which he had destroyed, provided the monarch would permit an inscription commemorative of the builder to be engraved in a conspicuous place in the city. This Alexander refused. Apelles is said to have painted one of his most celebrated pictures after seeing Phryne going to bathe in the sea: it is probable that this story suggested to Turner the subject of his work.

The assumption, however, seems to be that the painter intended to offer a pictorial definition of Athenian life at its highest point of intellectual greatness and social luxury and voluptuousness; the schools of the former being represented by the group on the left, the character of the other by the gay and giddy throng of nude and semi-nude figures on the right. Turner never painted a picture without some other object than that of creating a beautiful work of Art; and every figure and accessory introduced may be accepted as having a meaning in it beyond its positive value as an adjunct to the composition: here they light up and animate the whole picture, making that a scene of life and festivity which, without them, would only be one of silent, death-like grandeur.

But, apart from these considerations, how much majestic beauty is there in that vast expanse of landscape, in which are combined edifices of architectural splendour, hills—Mr. Ruskin expressively calls them "folds of hills"—covered with rich verdure, a vast lake of tranquil, luminous water, and a distance made interminable, because it blends with the soft hues of the far-off sky. In the midst of the picture is the large, open bath to which the multitudes are escorting, as it were in triumph, the "beauty of Athens." We may point to the trees, too, as among the best Turner ever painted, graceful in form, light and elegant in their ramifications. There is not a passage which does not recall the most sumptuous period of old Greece.

The picture is in the National Collection.

THE BUILDING FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

VISITORS to a "Great Exhibition" very rarely take into their consideration, as constituting no unimportant component of the exhibition itself, the edifice in which it is held. At any rate, even if they should be sufficiently thoughtful to form adequate conceptions of the exhibition-building, before which they stand, and about whose courts and galleries they have wandered, few indeed are those comprehensively observant individuals who reflect upon the *preparation* of the wondrous structure they are admiring. Preparation, indeed, is habitually estimated simply by the results which it may achieve, and in those results all the details of the previous preparatory operations are held to be merged. Thus it happens that what really is the most wonderful and remarkable feature in the whole affair is overlooked, and fails to receive its becoming share of popular approval and applause. It is, indeed, true that the very conditions under which any great edifice (and more especially one that is destined to form the home of an international exhibition) is constructed, preclude the possibility of admitting the general public to inspect the works during their progress. The growth of the structure would be checked by a premature exposure—like a plant of a tender nature when exposed too early to a chilling atmosphere. Builders cannot work under the public eye, and while obstructed by inquiring and admiring spectators. Nor are intending visitors to the future exhibition of next year, now disposed to wend their way to South Kensington, there to explore a forest of scaffolding-poles, and to encounter the contingencies of the multitudinous building-appliances, which are in full operation on every side. Under such circumstances, it may be well for us to take a part with our contemporaries, in placing before our readers from time to time some descriptive notices of those preparations for the Great Exhibition, which they are not able, and possibly do not desire, personally to inspect.

There is one essential and all important condition under which a great exhibition building is necessarily constructed, that must ever be kept in view while the building itself forms the subject for consideration, whether during the period of its progressive advance towards completion, or after it has been actually completed. This is the marvellous *rapidity* with which, from the first commencement to the final completion, the whole of the works have to be executed. In dealing with its future *habitat*, a great exhibition is a very Aladdin giving commands to the powers of his lamp. Everything must be colossal in scale, and multitudinous in number, and felicitous in adaptation, and magnificent in effect,—and everything needs to be devised and done instantly. All the ordinary rules of adjusting time to work are superseded; contingencies are peremptorily treated as inapplicable to so exceptional an undertaking; and the whole affair is conducted upon a high-pressure principle, and moves after the manner of an express train. And it must be particularly observed, that this speed has always to be maintained in connection with the two greatest of all possible hindrances to rapid movement, inasmuch as it is to be exercised in the treatment of objects which are on the largest scale, and which have to be subjected to the most severe tests to ensure their strength and power of endurance. Slight work of no extensive size it may be easy enough to dispatch off-hand; but here we have everything massive and great, and yet all done, and all done well, *dicto citius*.

The design for the building that is advancing in its progress with such rapid strides, we confess our inability to admire or even to approve: that, however, is no question for present debate. The Great Exhibition is to be held within this building next year; and it is now September. The one point to be considered, therefore, now that the design has been accepted and the works undertaken, is whether the building will be ready for the exhibition when the exhibition will require the building. We have every reason for feeling confident, not only that there will be no delay on the part of the contractors, which might obstruct the free action of the exhibition commissioners in the discharge of those duties of preparation which will devolve upon them, but that the building will be finished and ready to receive its contents even before the time stipulated in the contract. The means by which such an achievement may confidently be expected to be accomplished, are well worthy of careful observation. Foremost amongst these means may be placed the extensive use and varied application of iron as a constructive material; and then, as a prime mover in rapid and yet always effective working—a masterly plan carried out through as masterly an organization. Experience also in the particular kind of work that has to be done, and in the manner in which it may be done most effectually, is another all-important agency at the disposal of the present able and energetic contractors. Ten years ago, a great exhibition building was a matter for experiment: now it has come to be an example of experience. The nature of the constructive materials, their combination and the methods for most advantageously applying them, are now as well understood as are the arrangements for grouping together and generally disposing of the contents of the exhibition itself. It is in having iron to work with, in addition to bricks and boards, and in thoroughly understanding how to handle their materials and to apply their working powers, that Messrs. Kelk and Lucas are able to show at the end of every day so decided a step in advance of each passing yesterday. Their first practical movement augured well for the future success of their project. They began by laying out their works with consummate skill. Before anything was done, everything was made ready. The arrangements for facilitating both the advantageous application of labour and its rapid progress deserve all praise. A system of miniature railways forms the basis of the entire plan of practical operations. These rails, which ramify over the whole area of the structure in all its departments and divisions, are upwards of two miles in extent. In the centre of the whole a powerful steam-engine sets in motion an apparently complicated but really simple and well-arranged network of ropes working upon pulleys, which traverse the rails in every direction. This steam-power, aided by human hands, not only moves a multitude of trucks with their burdens of bricks and girders, of shafts and planking, with ease and rapidity, but it also hoists whatever requires to be hoisted to any and every height, and then fixes the various details in their places, and bolts them together, and is instantly ready to repeat the process. Easy and organized movement pervades every portion of the works. Constructed each in a suitable workshop of its own, the various objects are disposed of with a most masterly facility. Whatever the need may be, it has its own appropriate agency. Much of the work has to be done at a considerable height, and enormous masses have to be elevated and worked into the edifice high in the air. This is all accomplished by means of movable scaffoldings, adapted to both height and mass of material. The largest of these, which travels on twelve wheels, is sixty feet square and one hundred feet in height, and in itself weighs not less than three hundred tons. It is at once completely efficient



for all that can be demanded of it, and perfectly safe in action; and besides these important qualities, it may be moved by four men with levers such as they can readily apply. This is a specimen of the working appliances which our contractors at the present day are able to set in action, and of the skill that gives to strength so immense an accession of power. Such a movable scaffold may be expected to accomplish a proportionate amount of work, provided always that it is kept in action. And at South Kensington, this truly marvellous machine is never permitted to remain inactive; and with it a long array of minor confederates are kept no less vigorously to their duties. Every variety of material comes in, in never, failing abundance; and all soon find their way to their appointed destinations, and they are applied to their becoming uses. To give some idea of the magnitude, and at the same time to convey a correct impression relative to the massive strength of the structure, we may state that the number of bricks (in addition to ironwork) employed in the construction of the picture-gallery, falls but little short of 20,000,000. As we write, the second story of the edifice is in a great part actually completed, a large proportion even of the immense arches that span and sustain the roof of the wide nave being set and fixed in their places. This is the portion of the edifice which, being the most massive, and involving the greatest proportion of brick-construction, requires more time than those other portions in which iron supersedes brickwork; and yet, though the ironwork may rise up and become complete with still greater speed than is possible, even at South Kensington, when bricks have to be laid by the million, the whole building progresses fairly together, no part being either unduly in advance or suspiciously in arrear.

But a few more details must be given as specimens of these truly extraordinary works. The story of the building beneath the picture-gallery is to be devoted to the exhibition of carriages and similar objects. This is lighted on one side by a long series of windows, lofty and wide, above which the solid wall rises unbroken for fifty feet. The window arches are noble examples of masterly brickwork, strong and solid as the unpierced wall itself. A most judicious arrangement—adopted with the view to increase the strength of the window-arches by diminishing their superincumbent burden without in the least degree impairing the stability of the sustained wall—consists of a hollow flue constructed in the thickness of the wall itself, above each window-opening. Such hollow brickwork resembles in principle the famous tubular girders of Stephenson's Britannia bridge, and without doubt is equally sound as a mechanical contrivance. The ceiling of the carriage department forms the under surface of the floor of the great picture-gallery. Here the powers and the prudence of the architect and the contractors are signally displayed. This floor has had to be made capable of supporting a great weight, and its sustaining capabilities have had to be subjected to the most convincing of tests. Both have been done, and the tests have conclusively demonstrated that the floor is equal to a much more severe trial than any to which it can possibly be subjected. The floor is formed of solid beams laid transversely over iron girders, fourteen inches deep by ten inches wide. The ends of these girders rest on blocks of stone built into the walls; but, as they have a span of fifty feet, each has the additional support of iron columns rising up to meet them through the carriage-department below. The expanse of the picture-gallery floor itself has not been left altogether unbroken; for, after the manner of the Manchester Exhibition building, this magnificent gallery has been partially divided into a series of compartments, the divisions being effected by lofty arches of brickwork rising from cross-walls beneath the floor, which tie the whole structure together into a single consolidated mass. The compartments of the gallery are not less than nine in number, the two greatest of them being each 325 feet in length, and the four smallest each 50 feet. The entire group of picture-galleries is lighted by a range of clear-story windows six feet high, on either side beneath the roof, and by skylight-roofing rising at its centre to form an obtuse angle: and beneath both the lateral windows and the actual glass roofing a flat ceiling of ground-glass is to be placed, which will close in the galleries from above, and will secure for the pictures a becoming light, while it will render any accidental ingress of rain absolutely impossible.

We naturally feel an especial interest in all that more particularly refers to those portions of the building that will be applied to the reception of the pictures and the other works of Art, and it is with sincere satisfaction that we anticipate in the galleries that we are describing a combination of arrangements such as will prove to be triumphantly successful. Beneath the picture-gallery, one of the main entrances to the building is placed. This entrance exemplifies in a characteristic manner the strength of the works that are pushed forward so speedily. Here are four piers in the brick-work walls, which are seventeen feet wide, ten feet deep, and sixty feet high, the whole being of solid materials and the best constructive workmanship. On both sides of the main divisions of the building (nave and transepts, as we have learned to designate these main divisions of Great Exhibition buildings) there are placed double iron columns, all of them twelve inches in diameter. The diameter of the other columns for the lateral courts and enclosures is eight inches. The strength of these columns has been proved to be equal to sustaining ten times the actual pressure to which they can ever be subjected, in addition to their capacity to bear the weight which each column has to support as a component of the building. In like manner, the trellis-girders that support the side galleries have been made capable of resisting a strain of eighty tons, the heaviest pressure that it is possible for them to encounter, even under the extreme circumstances, being considerably less than thirty tons. The bays of the building that surround the domes and adjoin the intersection of the transept, will receive a secondary strengthening from cross-bracings. Such is the jealous care with which the commissioners, the architect, and the contractors, concur in demonstrating beyond all question that their exhibition building is much more than suitably and sufficiently secure. The iron columns and girders are already in position in great numbers, bolted together, and ready for action, and those that are yet to be placed and fixed will soon follow their example. All are amongst the most perfect castings that have ever been produced. They are from Barrow's works, near Staveley, and are most creditable to all parties who have been concerned in producing them. The great domes are in course of preparation for taking their becoming places, at such time as the other works will be sufficiently advanced for them to be completed. We shall reserve a description of their details until a future occasion.

In addition to the main building, there is to be a subsidiary, or allied structure, in itself of no slight importance, which, like the rest of the edifice, is making great progress. This building, distinguished as "the annex," is a gigantic species of ornamental shed, or temporary structure, designed to contain the machinery in motion. The refreshment department is separate from this annex, as the annex itself stands isolated from the picture galleries and exhibitors' courts, with their adjuncts. The saloons for refreshments are being built over the southern arcade of the new enclosure of the Royal Horticultural Society, at the side of the gardens, that is, opposite to the grand conservatory. The floors of the refreshment saloons are already laid, and the whole of the works are in a very forward state. Here again, as in every instance of a floor that is raised above the ground level, the structure has been tested with enormous masses of bricks to about five times the weight it ever will have to endure. Of the 1,300 feet which the annex measures in length, more than half is finished, and the roofing-in of the remainder is far advanced, and will speedily be complete. This building may be fairly considered to be worthy of unqualified admiration as an example of wood-work adapted for the covering-in of a large space, which shall be effectual in use, agreeable in appearance, and in cost almost incredibly trifling. It is the result of an experimental drilling-shed, designed by Captain Fowke for the South Kensington Volunteers, and by them erected for £82, though covering a space of eighty by fifty feet—about £1 per foot in length, the width being fifty feet. The entrance to the adjoining Horticultural Gardens was Captain Fowke's improvement upon his own drilling-shed; and now the annex shows what certainly must be held to be the highest degree of perfection to which the plan can be carried.

While the material edifice in which this, the second of the London Great Exhibitions, is to be held, is being produced after the manner that we have indicated, there is also another and a concurrent preparation for the exhibition, which demands at least a brief expression of our anxious interest. This preparation is twofold in its nature. It comprehends the operations of the Exhibition Commissioners at home, and those of their colleagues and coadjutors in other countries; and, in the second place, it extends to the various classes of intending exhibitors in every nation, and every city and town. There can be no doubt concerning the energy and the judicious zeal of the commissioners; and, in like manner, we trust that *their own* most important parts in the grand work of preparation are no less earnestly undertaken by all who propose to become exhibitors. Time is no less precious to those who desire to appear honourably in the Exhibition itself, than it is to the contractors who have undertaken to deliver over to the commissioners the grand structure that now is rising up proudly under their hands. Without for a moment admitting that there exists any indifference towards this magnificent display of the works of Art and industry, we may consistently hold forth the energy and the perseverance of the constructors of the building as models for all who propose to take any part in filling its courts and galleries. Whatever has to be done must be done with combined celerity and power. This is to be a Great Exhibition of the capabilities of the year 1862,—of its treasures of Art, of science, of executive skill and dexterity. Every preparation for it, accordingly, must be urged forward without hesitation or delay, and with the resolution to combine excellence with promptitude. The building will certainly be ready: let the exhibitors be ready also. And the building, whatever its own Art-character, in its plan and construction and arrangements unquestionably will be admirably adapted for its duties: in their character of illustrative exponents of the industrial and artistic abilities of the age in which we are living, we rely upon the productions that are preparing for the coming Exhibition being also as well adapted to realize the most ardent aspirations of every true lover of Art and true friend of manufactures.

THE

ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

Chap. II.

"In all their (the gipsies) cheating they only seize in a more subtle way the superstitions of the nations they are among."—Borrow's "Zincali," 4th Ed., p. 82.

Treating them, therefore, in their connection with the trickery and deceit by cards as Bohemians, a widely-spread Bohemian legend may be adduced. It will add something to the dryness of a disquisition which must hinge on many etymological deductions of the names used for the cards themselves, and for the games played with them. It is upon this plan that every writer who has tried to penetrate the deep obscurity proceeds, and amongst them Messrs. Singer and Chatto, who have latest attempted solving the riddle, more particularly.

On the famous chain of mountains separating Silesia from Bohemia, called by the Germans *Riesengebirge* (Giant Mountains), and *Erzgebirge* (Ore Mountains, from their numerous mines), but which also still retain the designation by which Ptolemy knew them as Συδῖτι, Sudeten, resides the famous gnome king *Rübezahl* (turnip counter), the guardian and distributor of the rich mineral treasures of the district.

He is of a somewhat capricious and fanciful disposition, sometimes moody and revengeful, but more generally frolicsome and merry, like our own Robin Goodfellow, when he chooses to ascend to upper earth, or take interest in the proceedings of common mortals. His visits, however, like his temper, are uncertain, sometimes recurring at short intervals, and then again nothing is heard of him for an interval of possibly two centuries.

It was once after his recollection of his vast domain as a dense, thick, primæval forest, with its denizens only the aurochs and the bear, or the bison, and where his sole amusement and occupation was to set these savage animals by the ears, or himself to harry the dark glens where the elk and roebuck were feeding in security, and to hunt them over precipices, or force them into the deep lakes situate in the basins which have long since forced their way through the rocks, and formed what is now the mighty Elbe,—that about a thousand years later, from *ennui* or a desire of change—which is said to trouble men, gnomes, and kobolds—he, in his mining phrase, "cropped up" again to-day, and again willed to enjoy the bright effulgence of the cheerful sun.

Bestriding like a seated colossus the lofty eminence since named the Giant's Dome, he looked around on the plains beneath, on both sides stretched out to his view like an expanded map. But how changed the scene since his last appearance! The gloomy, dense, and, impenetrable forest had given place to fruitful acres, where rich harvests awaited the sickle. Amidst the teeming orchards, the yellow thatched cottages glittered gaily in the sun, and the smoke curling from numerous chimneys formed a pleasing contrast to the dark foliage of the trees. In the distance the bright spires of the churches and convents of Schmiedeberg Hirschberg, newly founded, raised themselves erect as if to pilot the prayers of the faithful towards heaven: all was alive with busy life. The mower swung his scythe through the rich swathe; here and there the haymakers were collected in merry groups, gathering what is already ripe to be carried to the barns by huge waggons, which sturdy oxen were heavily dragging along. Over Warmbrunn, already visited for the salubrity of its springs, the gloomy Kynast raised its turrets in solemn grandeur, at once a defence against invading enemies, and, from the marauding practices of its lords, a heavy burthen on the country. Rübezahl viewed these new scenes with wonder and astonishment, but the fresh pleasures they afforded him turned the feelings of anger with which he now frequently views the interlopers of his domains into an inquiring and active curiosity. He determined to test the nature of the new invaders of his rights, to enter into their social relations, and to take upon himself, as far as his gnome organization permitted, the feelings and affections of men.

His first feat was that of a sturdy peasant, and he hired himself to the first farmer he met. As was natural for a gnome, everything he undertook succeeded in a way beyond his master's warmest expectations, and the lucky farmer was on the road to become a rich man and large landowner; but he was too much elated with his good fortune, and too anxious to anticipate the pleasures of an accession of wealth, so that everything gained was spent almost as soon as obtained, and Rübezahl found that few thanks and little advantage was to be obtained in such service, so he changed into that of a flock-master in the neighbourhood.

As with all else he did, so the flocks and herds committed to the gnome's care increased in a ratio even greater than those now grazing in the Australian prairies; but the owner was a niggardly churl, who not only not rewarded his trusted servant as was his due, but even stooped to meanness and cheatery. We have heard of an Irish baronet who stole the oats and beans put into the manger of his horses in the night time, and got soundly thrashed by his groom, who pretended to take him for a common thief; but Rübezahl, when his master purloined one of the best wethers of his flock, and wished to deduct the value from his servant's wages, punished him by merely leaving his service, and taking a situation with the justice of peace of an adjoining district. But even under the sanctuary of the law he found no resting-place. The disciple of Themis lived in a corrupt age, was himself corrupt, and wished to corrupt his clerk by inducing him to swear a false oath; and when Rübezahl's honest nature startled at the crime of perjury, trumped up a false accusation against him, and had him committed to prison. Here, however, the gnome had recourse to the usual expedient of ghosts, and effected his liberation by gliding through the key-hole.

Discouraged by such experiences of human nature, the gnome returned indignantly to the peaked summit whence he had taken his first survey, and turning his eyes in an opposite direction, his view extended far south, into the present kingdom of Bohemia, where the white river flows from its kindred lake in a rapid descent, and through an umbrageous shade of verdant beech and oak trees. Disporting in the cool shade, he saw there a troop of young maidens, who often tempered the midday heat by bathing in the transparent stream bubbling so temptingly at their feet, and amongst them one who was as much superior to her companions in beauty and demeanour, as, from the deference paid her, she appeared to be in rank. This merry troop was led, in fact, by the daughter of a neighbouring Starost,* and accompanied by her attendant damsels.

Rübezahl, having no acquaintance with the Roman poets, had no apprehension of the fate of Actæon, when in descending from his high position he approached stealthily through the bushes to gain a nearer view of the charms which had so enraptured him in the distance. To do this more readily he assumed the form of a coal-black raven, so that he could perch upon the surrounding boughs in all directions, upon which to enjoy the most commanding view.

But, in this respect, he was too inexperienced in the nature of the metempsychosical power of change which is the property of all gnomes and goblins; he found that his wishes and desires followed the animal form he had assumed, and, as a black raven, he felt a greater longing for a fat field-mouse or a young leveret, and that the beautiful form of the young princess, though equalling that of the Medicean Venus in symmetry and lustre, fell dead upon his senses. This psychological experience was no sooner felt than remedied; he as raven retired into a thick covert, and came out of it a stately, handsome youth. That was the true way to recognise the *beau idéal* of feminine beauty in perfection. Hitherto unfelt sensations now throbbed through his breast; all his ideas gained more aspiring impulses, new desires and indescribable wishes filled his soul, but a certain innate modesty which rose in him co-existent with them prevented him from breaking in upon the secresy of the hour, or from disturbing the innocent gaiety of the bathers. But from this hour his young and wishful, but withal bashfully modest, love chained him to the spot. He waited with all a lover's anxiety for the return of his *inamorata*, but she kept many days either within the walls of her father's mountain castle or in another direction amongst the mountains. To while away the tedious hours of absence he employed the interval to embellish the spot with all his gnomic power, and all the art his assumption of the young cavalier form suggested. The rough rocks under the magic of his will moulded themselves into a basin of the purest Parian marble; the stunted herbage and the wild-flowers of the forest became transformed into beautiful parterres blooming with all the richness and glow of a tropical flora; trellised arbours formed the most voluptuous retreat from the scorching heat, and from their intricate windings depended fruits of the most tempting description—clusters of the richest grapes, the apricot, the peach, the cherry, were all brought to bloom together by the power and taste of the gnome in the most artistic grouping; singing birds gave note in all the varied modulations of the woods,—so that the whole scene was transformed into a fairy bower of the most graceful attraction.

When next inclination for the bath led the princess and her companions to the well-known spring, the enchanted scene was a spectacle of wonder and delight. Those simple, trustful times admitted without inquiry the full agency of both good and evil fairies, and therefore the princess felt no repugnance again to refresh herself and her nymphs in the cooling fountain, where the pure crystal shone so delicate in its silvery mounting.

This was the point the gnome was awaiting, as he had a troop of pixies ready to seize the maiden the moment she stepped into the water, and to draw her down unnumbered fathoms deep to his subterraneous abode. Here she found a palace rich beyond the halls of her father, or any ideas she had hitherto entertained of elegance and costliness, replete with every luxury and convenience that the ingenuity of the decorator, *à la carte blanche*, could supply; an extensive *plaisance* and shrubbery offered all the delights of a beautiful garden, and every accompaniment of a princely mansion. Only it was unpeopled, and the beauteous Emma—such was the name of the princess—found herself alone; and, when curiosity had been satiated, a feeling of *ennui* came over her, which not even the most assiduous attentions and caresses of the gnome king could dissipate. The Princess Emma became fretful and wayward, and frequently sighed for her former companions, and upbraided the gnome with her lonely condition. Finding that at least a temporary expedient must be resorted to, he went into the garden, which still bears his name on the mountain side as "Rübezahl's Garden," and there selected a number of turnip bulbs in a basket, which he took to his disconsolate charmer with an ebony wand. "Here," he says, "are a lot of vegetables, which you need only touch with this truncheon and you may animate them with such forms of upper earth as you wish for companions and playmates." Left alone by the gnome, she immediately proceeded to test the sincerity of his assertion, and touching a nicely-formed young turnip with her wand, she called out,—"Brunhild, appear!" and immediately her most favourite companion stood before her, blooming and graceful as when Emma had been snatched away from her into the crystal waters. Emma then continued the same process with the other bulbs, till she had resuscitated all her favourites, and the basket was empty; and now the charms and delights of her early youth were all again enacted with redoubled zest, from the danger she had been in of forfeiting them altogether. Thus, too, it lasted till six earthly moons had made their alternate changes of light and darkness. One morning, then, Emma rose after a refreshing sleep, purposing new pleasures during the coming day, when, stepping into her boudoir, she met amongst her household nothing but decrepid forms bent down with age, and wrinkled features, which increased in ugliness whilst she stood gazing at them with wonder and amazement. On her cries of pity and despair the attentive gnome made his appearance, and endeavoured to appease her anger and to calm her sorrow. He explained to her that, though the powers of nature were partially subjected to his will, he was still unable to control her immutable

* *Starost*, a Sclavonian title for the governor of a district or province, like the English northern provincial *grave*, the German *graf*; its Sclavonian root is *stor*, old, as the Saxon root for *graf* is *grau*, grey.—*Vide* Adelung, s. v.

decrees of decay to everything she endowed with life. As long as the vegetative powers were active and vigorous, so long the forms into which they were changed by the magic staff would perform the functions assigned them, but no longer. "I will," says he, "get a new supply from my garden like the last," and he rose to upper earth to redeem his promise; but entering his garden, he found it covered with deep snow, and all nature torpid in the midst of a severe winter. Returning to his maiden below, he was obliged to confess that all vegetation had ceased, and it was beyond his power to revive it: he consoled her with the promise that in the spring he would sow a fresh field, and again supply her with companions.

The beauteous Emma grew impatient over the delay, and almost counted the days when the earth was again to be revivified, and a fresh crop of turnips could be furnished. She insisted upon the gnome watching the young plants as they sprung up, and giving her a faithful account of their progress and number. One morning having, by means of an enchanted starling, put herself *en rapport* with a young Bohemian Woiwod, or Prince, to whom she had been early betrothed, and everything being prepared for flight, she again urged the gnome to a fresh numerical verification of the growing vegetables, with the injunction, as he loved her, to be sure of his count, and let her know the exact tale, not one too few or too many. Rübezahl, with all the infatuation and submission of an earthly lover, and mindful even of the caprices of his favourite fair, ascended to his task; and we give the following cut,



in which he is intent upon his task, from a German illustrated edition of this tale, to which we shall subsequently refer, in explanation of many of the oldest examples of cards which will appear in future chapters. We therefore request the observant reader to take particular notice of its suggestive attitude.

Having, as he thought, made an exact numeration of the young roots in the entire bed, it struck the complacent gnome that, as it had been an especial instruction to bring a right count, not one too few or too many, it would be as well to prove his total by a fresh addition. Consequently, though the field was large and fruitful, and the aspiring vegetables in thick ranges, he again essayed his count; but, to his great chagrin, he found his second total at a great variance with his first, and had therefore to commence *de novo*. A third attempt agreed with neither of the other two; a fourth turned out equally contradictory, and how often soever the task was renewed, the gnome could never bring two countings to the same total.

Have any of the numerous readers of the *Art-Journal* tried to fix the true number of any old Druid stones placed in a circle in their neighbourhood—and have they succeeded? We doubt it. It is a special feature of all legendary numeration that no two countings of such ancient and venerable relics should agree. We were told by the old guide who hovers on Salisbury Plain round Stonehenge, that no one has ever been able to make out satisfactorily to himself the actual number of the stones of that venerable monument. The same legend hangs round the famous Meg Merrilies and her dancing daughters, in Cumberland; and at Stanton Drew, the second great Druidical temple in England after Stonehenge, this numerical difficulty is coupled by the neighbouring peasantry with a laughable story.*

Now whether this difficulty in figures has been transmitted by the gnome, in revenge for his want of success, to all matters round which he has thrown his legendary cloak, it is certain that he spent much time in the ineffectual operation;—moments too precious to be lost by Emma and her expectant lover, Prince Ratibor, who had managed, by help of the little magic ebony wand, to track him to upper earth, and, by help of the same potent charm, to render a fine coal-black steed grazing in the neighbourhood capable of becoming a second Pegasus, and of sailing through the air.

It was in the midst of the gnome's interminable task that he was startled in his five hundredth count by the apparition of his charmer, mounted behind the young Prince Ratibor, flying with the swiftness of an arrow through the air, crying out to him in derision as they sped past,—"Rübezahl! Rübezahl!" which, for the information of such of my readers as have not yet fathomed the depth of German word-building, means "*Turnip counter! Turnip counter!*"

The gnome, disgusted with the duplicity of mankind, and the treachery of his beloved princess, ever since holds this nickname, by which he is now universally known, in the greatest abhorrence; therefore woe betide the ignorant or wilful wayfarer through his giant range of mountains who disturbs the solitude of his guome territory by uttering or shouting the hated appellative; he has generally to suffer some mischievous mishap for his temerity. Where people wish to propitiate him, they address him as "Herr Johannes," Sir John; this more favourite denomination we shall find again curiously retained in some of our most vernacular expressions, connecting the Bohemian tale with our country, and cards themselves with our provincial nomenclature.

Wolfgang Mentzel, a German who dramatised the tale, is not, however, quite correct when he puts the following words into Rübezahl's last speech:—

"Wenn auch den bösen Namen, Rübezahl,
Ich wider meinen willen ewig trage?
So soll ihn meine Güte doch verschmerzen,
Und seinen Spott mit Grossmuth nur vergelten."

"Must I the odious nickname, Rübezahl,
Against my wish henceforth for ever bear?
My kindness shall for it make all amends,
And scoffing ridicule repay with love."

Nor is this excellent legendary tale foreign to our stage. It gives such ample room for scenic decoration, and mechanical ingenuity, that we cannot be surprised to find it frequently among our list of pantomimes: accordingly, in 1788, there was a pantomime by Wewitzer, at the Haymarket, with the secondary title of "Harlequin Under-ground;" and again, October, 1819, as the "Gnome King of the Giant Mountains;" and this drama follows much the legend in the opening scenes: on which the *Times*, December 27th, reports,—"The story contained many showy appointments and some extremely pleasing music." It was unsuccessful, but this may be attributed to the incongruous and ridiculous scenes following the opening.

For the Christmas spectacle of 1827, Mr. Farley was more fortunate, and it must have been his intimate acquaintance with our provincial idioms and our British nursery and fairy tales, that enabled him to fix upon a title exactly in conformity with the Bohemian legend of Rübezahl—that, like the single word which the late Sir W. Betham deemed the key to his connection betwixt the old Etruscan and Irish tongues, will link this legend with our modern cards and the gipsies, or Bohemians, who introduced and dispersed cards through Europe. His title was, "Number Nip, of the Giant Mountains," a beautiful alliteration in our English story not found in the German Rübezahl.

It may probably not be immediately apparent, this connection between Number Nip and Rübezahl, and yet I can assure my readers that the former is an exact translation of the German title. Here, however, we of necessity must deviate into the intricacies of etymology.

Amongst the vegetable tribe scarcely any is more extended than the genus *brassica* of Linnæus. Turnips, carrots, cauliflowers, and cabbages are in it connected by their common bulbous or long succulent roots. In the uncertainty of all the ancient nomenclature of natural terms, the Germans fixed upon *rübe* as the specific name of the turnip, which we English have confined by a slight variation to the rape, and restricted the turnip to a Latin derivative—if the Latin be really the earlier tongue—to the word *nabus*. We shall find this word reduced in our provincial glossaries to *nab*, and *nib*, or *nip*; the Anglo-Saxon, as *naepe*, carries it nearer the Latin, and Mr. Halliwell's excellent archaic dictionary gives *nip* as the common Suffolk name for the turnip, to which it is difficult to assign its prefix of *tur*, unless we can subsequently connect it with most of our games of cards. But its most curious and original use would be to explain the names by which cards are designated in all the south of Europe—in Italy, in Spain, and in Portugal. In confirmation of this view, we give the following copy of a Spanish four "*dos dineiros*," from the before-mentioned collection of my friend Mr. John Fillingham.



Here, then, we have at once a satisfactory solution of this enigmatical word, which has so puzzled all who have wished to give some consistent account of its meaning, and which they are well aware must also determine the paternity of our cards. Hence must disappear all the deductions hitherto made, with more or less of ingenuity, for an Eastern origin of our present playing cards. We have in our first chapter enumerated attempts generally to arrive at a probable solution from Hindostanee, Persian, Arabic, Italian, and Spanish roots; but some of them are too curious after this simple solving not to be amusing to the reader from their positive absurdity.

The latest notice on the origin and name of cards in our language will be found in "Facts and Speculations on the Origin and History of Playing Cards," by William Andrew Chatto (London, 8vo. 1848, p. viii., 1344), of which the first sixty pages are specially dedicated to the above object. We may pass over the conformities and intricacies of Hindostanee cards and games, and considerations "on the ten avatars of Vichnou," which were necessary to his subject as not conforming to our view of the origin of cards; we may also omit the Latin *carta*

* The best account of the ancient Druidical temple at Stanton Drew and the legends connected with it, is in the journal of the Archæological Institute of Great Britain, September 1858, vol. xv. p. 199—204, by Mr. William Long: from Stukeley he gives the quotation, "No one, say the country people, was ever able to reckon the number of these stones."

as self-evident for the modern name, and come to his principal difficulty in *naibi*, p. 22:—"It is to be observed that cards are called *naibi* by the earliest Italian writers who mention them, and that they have been always called *naypes* or *naipes* in Spain since the time of their first introduction into that country. Now, in Hindostan, where we find the word *chahar*, *chakir*, or *chartah*, they also have the word *na-eeb*, or *naib*, which, judging from the sound only, appears at least as likely to have been the original of *naibi* and *naipe* as it is of the English *nabob*. This word *na-eeb* signifies a viceroy, lieutenant, or deputy, who rules over a certain district as a feudatory who owes allegiance to a sovereign—is, at least, as probable as the derivation of *naipes* from N P, the initials of Nicolas Pepin, their supposed inventor." We then find, notwithstanding the improbability of the origin of *naipes* from these initials, it received the sanction of the Spanish Academy by being admitted into their dictionary.

If *naib* be the true Arabian name for cards, as asserted p. 24, it would be only another proof of the wide extension of the Bohemian tale. Breitkopf is quoted as deriving the Arabic word *nabeia* from divination, &c., amongst a tribe in that country called Nabatheans.

Two Frenchmen differ in their theory. M. Bullet deduces *nip* from the Basque term *napa*, plat, plain; and M. Eloi Johanneau thinks the word rather a corruption of the Latin *nappa*, a napkin.

The above may suffice, but I fearlessly ask if any



No. 1.

of them can stand against the one I have propounded with all the circumstances already stated, or to be adduced subsequently.

It is not, however, solely upon etymological grounds that we base this connection of *naypes* and our Number Nip with the Bohemian legends, and farther on with the Bohemian gipsies. The earliest existing figures on court cards will, when rightly understood, bear out fully our exegesis.

The accompanying four cuts are from the collection of the Central German Museum, at Nürnberg, collected by the care and industry of Dr. Von Eye, to whose excellent life of Albrecht Durer, and the history of wood-cutting, a former recent number of the *Art-Journal* gave ample testimony. They are partly from the journal of the museum, or an independent work called "Kunst und Leben der Vorzeit."

The first we adduce is the Knave of Bells (No. 1). His fixed eye, bent head, and raised hand evidently indicate the intensity of thought and action which a long arithmetical series requires.

The next (No. 2) is from a somewhat more modern pack, with the same fixedness of attention, to which the above remarks also therefore apply.

Both of these are of the suite of Bells, which is certainly one of the oldest known, but not necessarily therefore the very first types. It needs but little acquaintance with the earliest instances of the xylographic art to know how blundering are its first depictments of natural objects. It may have been



No. 2.

after various copies, when the true figure was lost, and the legend not regarded, the original turnip was changed into the bell, which again may have been suggestive of the frequent figures of fools, with their distinguishing costume—belled belts (*Schellentracht*,—whence, in the north, Robin Goodfellow has his name of Shelley Coat), or belled caps and hoods.

In the next figure (No. 3) the resemblance to the legend is somewhat obscured. As gnome-king, he has all the outward symbols, without which the commonalty could not frame its idea of sovereign power—the throne, and crown, and sceptre, here fashioned almost as a bird-bolt; but the fixed attitude, the ardent and uplifted hand, are here, as before, with the Bell Suit.



No. 3.

The following figure (No. 4) has the kingly dignity more elaborately drawn out; the throne and sceptre are both more developed, and the crown has perhaps the rudiments of our strawberry leaves; but even in this regal state, the attitude of deep attention and the uplifted hand are still preserved: nor is the heart which typifies our modern suit abnormal, for I trust, when the suits are to be treated of, our modern Heart suit will only prove the *leaves* which were a necessary appendage to the bulb, and would therefore only be confirmatory of all the previous theory.

It is, however, not only on the vocabulary of cards that Rübezahl's legend throws so much light, and will do more so subsequently,—other phrases of our language are best capable of illustration from it. Take for instance the word *jackanapes*. It is no wonder that Dr. Johnson, our great lexicographer, whose etymological element therein is woefully deficient, should have contented himself with a derivation from *jack* and *ape*, and a definition of a monkey, an ape, a coxcomb, &c.; but that Archdeacon Nares should have followed him in his excellent glossary is more astonishing, and more remarkable still for him to deny the near attempt of Ritson and others to derive it from *Jack Napes*, a person never heard of. "I have no doubt the real derivation is *jack* and *ape*, as Johnson gave it. Mr. Todd does not appear to have observed, that in the instance which I have copied from him, it simply means an ape. Massinger coined the word *jane-an-apes*, as a jocular counterpart to *jack-an-apes*." (Bondm. iii. 2.) The passage cited by Todd, and referred to, is—

"Like a come aloft *jackanapes*."—*Sheldon.*

There is no doubt that words and phrases in our language, by the usages from which they spring



No. 4.

being forgotten, are misunderstood and taken in a wrong sense; none more so than words of vituperation and abuse, and a modern dictionary pointing out such solecisms is a great desideratum; but even in Todd's instance, Nares could have seen the germs of a better interpretation. When Massinger coined his *jane-an-apes*, he might have been cognisant of some now-forgotten English legend, which necessitated a female completive, as in the Bohemian tales the Princess Emma is necessary to fill up the point against the deluded Jack-o'-napes,—who is truly Rübezahl, for my readers will have observed that this is only his nickname, his true designation being John, or, in the polite parlance of those who wished to avoid jeer or scathe in passing through his territory, "Sir John." At a distance he could be mouthed at and scoffed with impunity; and so, in our remote isle, nothing remained known of the famous gnome-king, the redoubtable Rübezahl, but an opprobrious epithet, and the dim remembrance of a ludicrous mishap.

THE ART-UNION EXHIBITION.

This, the supplementary exhibition of the season, was held as usual in the gallery in Suffolk Street, the number of prizes being one hundred and forty-six. On recent occasions of this kind there has been a considerable show of small bronzes and Parian works, which, although well known, assisted the exhibition. These this season are absent, and are missed, not so much because the visitor might desire again to see them, as that the large room is spacious, and their places are not filled. The smaller room on the left hand contains a number of designs and drawings, the result of a competition instituted by the council of the society, who henceforth, with a view to assist in the cultivation of Fine Art, and the practice of design as applied to manufactures, propose to set apart the sum of £100 each year to be offered to the pupils of schools of design. The £100 which the Art-Union intend allotting in this direction will not be the least useful and productive item in their distribution. This, the first response to their proposition, is extremely meagre; but the premiums will stimulate the students, especially of the country schools.

The highest prize, £200, is represented by E. J. Cobbett's picture, 'Market-day.' There are two of £150 each,—'Lunato, on the Lago di Garda,' G. E. Hering, the price of which was £200, we may therefore suppose that the prizeholder paid the difference; the second is 'Go to Sleep,' a group in marble by J. Durham. The three prizes of £100 each are—'The Skylark,' J. A. Houston; 'Harvesting in the Vale of Conway,' W. F. Witherington, R.A., the price of which was £84; and 'Ruined Temples and Convent, Lago Maggiore,' G. Pettitt. There are five of £75 each—'The Fair Persian Tempting the Sheikh with Wine,' A. F. Patten, the price of which was £84; 'Evening on the Greta,' H. J. Boddington; 'Saarburg Castle,' G. C. Stanfield; 'Lericci, Gulf of Spezzia,' T. L. Rowbotham, the price £80; and 'The Anxious Hour,' W. Underhill, the price £100. Of £60 each there are four prizes—'The Thames at Wargrave,' W. W. Gosling; 'The Hero of the Day,' F. B. Barwell, the price of which is £168, in this case, therefore, the prizeholder has paid £108; the third is 'Merchants Encamping on the Desert,' W. Luker; and the fourth 'The Angler's Haunt on the Dee,' J. C. Ward. The £40 prizes are—'Near Portmadoc, North Wales,' H. B. Willis; 'In Harvest Time,' O. Oakley; 'St. Ives' Pier and Harbour, Cornwall,' G. Wolfe; 'Mount's Bay, Cornwall,' S. P. Jackson; 'Cadgwith Cove, Cornwall,' J. G. Naish; 'The Mountain Path,' Walter Goodall; and 'Building a Rick,' F. W. Hulme.

The highest prize, 'Market-day,' E. J. Cobbett (5), is one of the artist's three or four figure pictures, with an open background. In 'Lunato, on the Lago di Garda,' G. E. Hering (34), the eye is less sensible of the paint than in any of Mr. Hering's late works; there is, after all, but little colour in nature, and the forms here suggest mountains and other objects without reminding us that they are only painted. 'Llugwy—A Bright Day in Autumn,' F. W. Hulme, is highly coloured, but it is not so much a study of colour as of form; the beauty of the tree forms cannot be surpassed. Mr. Hulme has another picture here, 'Building a Rick' (26), simply a farmyard, but remarkable for its play of light and shade. 'Near Portmadoc, North Wales,' H. B. Willis (36), contains a group of cows, disposed with more skill than we see commonly given to cattle groups in small pictures. Mr. G. C. Stanfield's 'Saarburg Castle' (95), is a subject extremely difficult to deal with, and by no means tempting; it exemplifies strongly the artist's resolute local colour, reality of form, and solidity of manner. No. 30, 'A Vale in Devon,' H. Jutsum. We compliment the prizeholder on his having discerned the merit of this picture at the height at which it was placed, near the ceiling, in the Royal Academy. 'The Harvest Field,' Sidney R. Percy, is not a sentimental scene, but it is a fresh reality; and by the same, 'A Mountain Tarn' (102), a small picture, is one of the best of Mr. Percy's minor mountain subjects. 'A Farmstead in Surrey,' James Peel (49), is a small picture, clean in touch, with a decisive definition of parts, without being broken up; there are also 'At Redhill, Surrey' (6), J. J. Wilson; 'A Blowing Day,' A. Clint (9); 'The Stirrup Cup,' A. Cooper, R.A.; 'Summer Time,' Law Coppard (21); 'Pansies and Nest,' T. Worsey (28); 'A Windy Day on the Thames,' E. C. Williams (32); 'Fishing Boats off Hastings,' A. W. Williams (64); 'An English Farmyard,' J. F. Herring (68); 'A Welsh Mill' (91), B. W. Leader; 'Children and Rabbits' (114), A. Provis, &c.

To revert to the premiums offered for drawings and designs, the council are desirous of promoting the study of the human figure and animal forms, which they feel will give students a greater power in dealing with any material with which they may have to do. They consider this kind of study a preparation necessary to the improvement of ornamental art, and for raising the productions of England to successful competition with those of other countries.

We have, in every department of Art, continually advocated the study of the figure as a basis of accuracy. A student accustomed only to draw flowers, may draw their lines at will, or may, to a certain extent, augment or diminish their correlative parts without detection, but he cannot thus treat the outlines of the human figure; and practice under the rigid rule, which compels the line into one precise course, renders unsatisfactory everything short of scrupulous exactitude in drawing every other object. It might have been thought that the proposal of the Art-Union would have been met by a demonstration of greater significance than that here presented. Many of these drawings—especially some of the studies from the life—ought not to have been sent; they have all the crudity and inexactitude of a first essay, and it appears to us that the model has been placed too low. There is a study of a back in sepia, tolerable, but all the heads are more than faulty; in fact, masters, in publicly showing such drawings, are saying everything against themselves. Of these studies there are thirteen. Of four drawings of animals in water-colours two tigers are the best; there is a group of cows that, in "excellent wretchedness," beat everything that Turner or Claude ever did in this way—that may be taken as a compliment in one direction. A design for a vase by Rackstraw is well balanced in proportion and elegant in form; and a Renaissance tazza in plaster has much merit. Of the few furniture designs a Gothic bookcase, by Payne, is beautiful in composition as to all the panel carving, but the upper ornaments are slightly too heavy. The panelling and lower design of a sideboard by Rennison, of Paisley, is ingenious, though crushed by an enormous backboard. But we repeat that the proposal should have elicited a more worthy competition, yet it will be productive of infinite benefits.

A quarter of a century has elapsed since the foundation of this society, and we are justified in congratulating the council, and more especially Mr. G. Godwin and Mr. Lewis Pocock, who have filled the onerous duties of honorary secretaries during this lengthened period, on the result of their arduous, but most efficient, labours. It is no small matter for gentlemen, many of whom have professional duties to perform, to devote to other objects, in which they have no personal interest, so much time and attention as the management of such an institution as this requires—one whose operations extend, more or less, over the civilized globe. And who will venture to estimate the amount of good thus effected? how much money has this society been the means of circulating during these twenty-five years, giving profitable work to hundreds—cheering, oftentimes, the home of the artist when hope from other sources is gone, stimulating him to higher efforts, and smoothing his pathway to position and comfort? It may be all very well to affect a sneer at an exhibition of "Art-Union prizes," but the country would be a loser by its absence. The possession of a picture thus gained has formed, not unfrequently, the nucleus of a collection, inasmuch as it has created a desire, where none existed before, to buy others, and this desire has increased year by year—*vires eundo acquirit*—and has led to the improvement of taste in every way. The benefits conferred, therefore, by the Art-Union of London and other similar institutions take a far wider range than their own individual operations, and for this reason we heartily wish them to go on and prosper—*Esto perpetua.*

OBITUARY.

MRS. WELLS.

It is our painful duty to record the decease of Mrs. H. T. Wells, the wife of Mr. Wells, now the most eminent of our miniature painters. The sad event took place, unexpectedly, on the 15th of July. This lady's maiden name was Boyce—Johanna Mary Boyce—and from an early age she was gifted with a taste which stimulated her to the study and the practice of Art. At the age of eighteen she entered the school of Mr. Cary, and subsequently that of the late Mr. Leigh, from both of which many students have passed to the Royal Academy, and there she undoubtedly acquired that firm and definite manner that characterised all her works. Her earlier impressions inclined her to the feeling of the "Pre-Raffaellites," but in her later works the tendency has been much modified; and from the first to the last they evince a degree of enthusiasm and well-directed study beyond what is seen in the works of lady-artists generally. In 1855 she painted 'Elgiva,' a study of a head, for which she was so fortunate as to obtain a place in the exhibition of the Academy. In the September of the same year she visited Paris, and joined a ladies' class in the *atelier* of Couture, but after a few weeks' attendance was compelled by ill-health to relinquish her study under this painter, whose manner of Art is the very antipodes of what she had been ambitious of rivalling at home. It is probable that the difference observable in her works subsequent to this time, is due to her experience in the *atelier* of the French master. We say "master" because Couture is essentially a master in the proper sense. *We* have no masters; hence there is greater variety and freshness in our school than in any other where many study to paint like one. The next picture Miss Boyce offered as a contribution to the Academy was a version of a subject worthy of Maclise, being 'Rowena offering the Wassail Cup to Vortigern.' This, we are told, was a large picture, but it shared the fate of thousands—it was rejected; we may say "thousands," for even so numerous is the yearly surplus. In 1857 Miss Boyce went to Italy, and spent the summer of that year in Tuscany, visiting, of course, Florence and other cities of the then grand-duchy. Thence she proceeded to Rome, and of the party with whom she was travelling was Mr. Wells, to whom she was married in Rome, in December 1857. To every artist Rome suggests something that he or she regards as important—the suggestion is not unfrequently the pivot of a lifetime. Mrs. Wells made of course many sketches, and began a work here she called 'The Boy's Crusade,' which was hung in the Academy last year. At the end of March, 1858, says the *Critic*, she returned to England and commenced her picture 'Peep Bo!' exhibited this season in the Academy with two others, 'The Heather Gatherer,' and 'La Veneziana,' all productions of much excellence. During her periodical visits to the country she was still busy in her art, having painted on such occasions 'The Outcast,' 'Do I like Butter?' a study of a little girl making to herself the usual formal interrogation with a buttercup: and all these pictures successively, whether considered as matured studies or auxiliary sketches, evidence that advancement which is the certain result of such a degree of earnestness as that which supported Mrs. Wells in her labours.

This lady, it is said, has left behind her many sketches—promises of future works, which, judging from the progress of her brief career, must have been as much preferable to her late works as these were to the essays of her less mature time. One spoken very favourably of is an unfinished study of a German woman; another a Sibyl, very successful in elevation of expression; and her last completed picture is a Seraph's Head, most appropriate in conception.

During her residence in Paris, in 1855, Mrs. Wells contributed to the *Saturday Review* a notice of the French exhibition, and for the same journal she wrote, in 1856, a notice of the exhibition of the Academy of that year.

Mrs. Wells was in her thirtieth year, and her premature and unexpected death was the result of fever after giving birth to an infant.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—It is generally thought that the Fine Arts are particularly and liberally encouraged in France; the following remarks, made by M. Ferdinand de Lasteyrie, which recently appeared in the journal *Le Siècle*, will show the writer's opinion on that subject. Speaking on the grandeur acquired by a nation by the liberal encouragement of Art, he asks,—Does France encourage enough and in a right direction? that is the question: the answer he gives is,—France does too much and too little; prodigal to all that glitters and is ephemeral, parsimonious to all that is lasting; dancers get rich, learned men remain poor; sumptuous buildings, palaces, and museums are erected, whilst the collections they contain are left in penury. We find generally in the budgets of our great artistic establishments, scientific or literary, that a large part is absorbed by the expenses of administration and materials of all kinds; but that a miserably small portion is devoted to the maintenance of the various purposes of science, Art, or erudition, mostly desirable. It would thus appear that paintings, books, &c., are only of secondary consideration; and thus France is affronted to find her celebrated collections surpassed in foreign lands. Take the library of the British Museum, for example; each year is voted £20,000 for purchase of books and binding.* The *Bibliothèque Imperiale* has for the same object about 50,000 francs (£2,000); the consequence is natural—all rare objects go to London. The greater part of the splendid books published in France would be wanting, were they not legally and gratuitously sent in by the *dépôt légal*.† The other collections, manuscripts, prints, antiques, medals, &c., annexed to the *Bibliothèque*, are respectively as limited as the book department. There is scarcely a private collection of any note here but expends larger sums than our public establishments. The insufficiency of these sums is such, that the purchase of one or two paintings, or a small lot of manuscripts, absorbs a year's revenue; and when the purchase of a *chef-d'œuvre* is thought necessary (as in the case of the famous Soult Murillo), means must be sought for from other sources. In the present state of affairs, no doubt the state does much for Art in general, but not enough in order to maintain her high position in the civilized world: our national collections are not sufficiently supported, and must decline if a prompt remedy is not applied.—Van Os, the celebrated flower painter, whose works are almost as well known in England as in France, died here on the 23rd of July, at a very advanced age. He was born in Holland, but resided principally in Paris.

FLORENCE.—The government of the King of Italy has resolved to hold an Exhibition of Art and Industry at Florence, in the months of September and October. The exhibition will be divided into three departments—agricultural, industrial, and artistic. It is intended that Rome and Venice shall both be represented; and it is calculated there will be about 5,000 contributors. In the artistic department the works of artists deceased during the last twenty years will be exhibited, as well as those of living artists. The cousin of his Majesty, Prince Carignano, has accepted the presidency of the royal commission for the exhibition, assisted by the Marquis Ridolfi as acting president, and Professor Careza as secretary. His Majesty the King of Italy will open the exhibition in person. Manufacturers of agricultural implements, both English and others, are specially invited by the royal commission to send in specimens of their manufacture. Not only will a place be reserved for their reception and exhibition, but sales will be permitted. A new market is thus thrown open to a branch of industry in which the United Kingdom particularly excels.

TURIN.—The memorial erected in this city to the late King of Sardinia, Charles Albert, was publicly unveiled on the 21st of July, in the presence of an immense concourse of spectators. Baron Ricasoli was present, and addressed the assembled multitude. The monument is the work of Baron Marochetti, A.R.A. The king is represented on horseback, with his sword drawn, and in the act of calling the people to rally round him. The pedestal supporting this equestrian statue is of Scottish granite, beautifully polished, and rests upon a basement of the same material, the four sides of which each present a niche occupied by an allegorical statue, severally representing Italy, Liberty, Justice, and the Martyrdom of Charles Albert in the cause of freedom. The basement rests on a vast plinth of greyish-blue granite, at the four corners of which stand as many bronze statues, representing different types of the Sardinian army—viz., an artilleryman, a lancer, a grenadier, and a *bersagliero*. The insignia of Grand Officer of the Order of St. Maurice and St. Lazarus was conferred upon the sculptor, who has recently, as our readers are aware, been elected into our Royal Academy. The baron has now been resident several years in England.

* We think M. de Lasteyrie has here formed far too high an estimate of the liberality of our House of Commons.—[ED. *A.-J.*]

† So indeed would the British Museum lack them, if the fear of Mr. Panizzi's legal adviser was not present to the mind of the English publisher when he sends forth his work.—[ED. *A.-J.*]

THE EAST INDIAN MUSEUM.

FIFE HOUSE, in Whitehall Gardens, is one of the few mansions on the banks of the Thames where once the noble enjoyed his *rus in urbe* among trees and flowers, and thus allowed the stream to retain something of its olden beauties. A line of such stately residences formerly extended from the Strand to Westminster, where coal-wharfs and warehouses now occupy their sites. Fife House has been reserved for better uses, and has recently been converted into a receptacle for the Museum once displayed in the East India House, in Leadenhall Street. After the British Museum, and that at South Kensington, had been allowed to select such objects as each needed, the remainder has been arranged in the various rooms of this mansion; they are consequently not so well displayed as they might be in a building expressly constructed for the purpose; a private house cannot be effectually converted into a museum by merely placing objects in it. Many of the rooms in Fife House are inconveniently crowded, and glass cases often obstruct each other in the centres of apartments much too small for their contents. But the collection was even worse seen in its original locality, and as this is a step in advance, it may end in finding a resting-place at last worthy of its importance.

A series of sculptures of a highly enriched and delicate character are at present placed at the sides of the garden walks. Some few, including two fine slabs from Nineveh, are placed against the walls. This is again the consequence of want of room, and is much to be deplored; as the ultimate destruction of these interesting works must result from their exposure to the smoke, fog, and damp of a London winter. A very few years ago, Assyrian Art was unknown, specimens were eagerly sought by European Museums, and to obtain them large cost and much travelling cheerfully submitted to; it is scarcely to be credited that fine examples are now to be allowed to crumble in the London air, like common grave stones in a churchyard. But the acts of the British government as regards Art have always been inscrutable.

The entrance hall of Fife House is occupied by a series of most interesting casts from the faces of various Indian tribes; here is also arranged a series of statues of men whose deeds in connection with India have made them famous. Over the mantelpiece are the fragments of the Roman Mosaic pavement found in Leadenhall Street, when the foundations for the India House were in course of excavation, showing that the ground had once been occupied by the residence of a wealthy citizen when Rome ruled England. The room adjoining is filled with sculptures; but all who remember them as they were arranged in Leadenhall Street, in an elegant apartment expressly designed for their due display, must regret the poverty of their present locality. They deserve a better fate. The extreme finish and beauty of the historic scenes from the temple in the ancient city of Amravati, in Guntoor, Madras, can scarcely be rivalled by other works of the year 1400, the period at which their execution has been fixed. The pierced stone lattice work in the centre of this room is also deserving of much attention, as well for the elaboration of its geometric design, as for the extreme accuracy of its manipulation; it is unique of its kind. In a recess opposite this room is a screen and door from Hyderabad, also worthy of the wood-carver's attention; both are enriched with a profuse amount of ornament, the dark woodwork of the door is lightened by the introduction of ivory in portions of the design.

The staircase and landing are hung with pictures of Indian scenery, and the room at the end of the house is devoted to a series of specimens of the soils and minerals of the country. The peacock lamps near the windows are curious examples of native taste. The grand suite of apartments on this first floor are judiciously laid out, and increase in gorgeousness as the visitor walks through them. This is the *tour de force* of the Museum, and but for the prevailing fault of overcrowding is a decided success. The first room is devoted to specimens of the products of India, its woods, metals, silks, grain, fruits, &c. The second room is crammed with cases containing most beautiful examples of the wood and metal work, pottery and lacquered wares, produced by its patient and artistic workmen. The arms and armour on the walls are of the most sumptuous kind; and the untiring fertility of design and execution, as well as the delicacy of taste in the ornamental details, exhibited on the works in this room, will make it one of the most valuable to the Art-manufacturer. We now enter the grand saloon, and here we may be excused in directing a small amount of attention to the decoration of this apartment, which is very characteristic of the best Georgian era, the latter part of the last century. The circular end of this apartment has been shut off by glazed partitions, and converted into a gorgeous divan; it is roofed and walled with the most sumptuous silks and embroideries, and crowded with articles of furnitnre in ivory and wood loaded with elaborate enrichment. Upon the tables are filigree works in silver, ivory chessmen, and *articles de luxe*, displaying all the gorgeous *abandon* of Eastern wealth. The entire saloon is one dazzling display of gold and silver stuffs, rich muslins rendered gay by needlework, and the wings of the green beetles cut to fanciful forms and secured upon it. The royal dresses from Lucknow and Benares are the *ne plus ultra* of gorgeousness, and the state chair of Runjeet Singh, obtained at Lahore, entirely composed of plates of gold, testifies to the love of lavish display characteristic of the native Indian princes. The more refined works of the goldsmiths and jewellers are displayed in the cases down the centre of this room, and deserve much attention. The chaste beauty of many of their designs is very remarkable, and we specially noted some neck ornaments of singular delicacy. There is one prevailing characteristic in all these works: however highly enriched by ornament or colour, the artizan has always had the good taste to preserve a subdued effect throughout, which is never gaudy, however brilliant his colour or gorgeous his design. This admirable result seems to be effected by the blending of colour in small portions only, and the adoption of small or interlaced patterns, whose golden meanders blend and harmonise the whole: it is instructive to study the truly regal repose that seems to pervade this collection of the best works from the looms of the East.

A small room leading from this saloon is filled with a curious collection of musical instruments, models of boats and carriages, and an interesting series of figures exhibiting the various artificers, &c., of India. The corridor is lined with paintings of sovereigns gorgeously dressed in all the splendour which surrounded the old royalties of India. Among them are very many portraits of great interest in an historic point of view: as pictures they display that thin colour and formal *pose* which is more characteristic of Eastern Art than pleasing to the European taste; but their merits and their faults are equally hidden where they are now placed.

From this gallery the visitor ascends to the upper floor, where the suite of small rooms is filled with cases, most ingeniously contrived to make the most of space, and display birds, beasts, fishes, and insects peculiar to India, or commonly met with there. We cannot attach much value to this collection, when we remember what is in the British Museum, scarcely a mile from it. Moreover it is grievously huddled in a labyrinthine series of small bed-rooms and closets, and consequently looks more valueless than it is. It is quite evident that if we intend to preserve our public collections, the time is not far distant when some good and comprehensive scheme must be carried out for their due preservation. As it is, London possesses several museums, and not even the grandest—the British Museum—is properly adapted for the display of its contents. The most interesting and valuable works are carelessly crammed in overcrowded cases, or treated as if they were comparatively valueless; and thus, with collections intrinsically finer than are possessed by many other nations, we make a worse show than many of those do, whose successful rivalry could not stand critical tests.

THE QUEEN AT KILLARNEY.

WHILE we write, the Queen, her Royal Consort, and their family, are enjoying the beauties of all-beautiful Killarney. No doubt the Irish Lakes will be the "fashionable" tour this year; our readers will permit us, therefore, once again, to direct attention to them.

The month of September is the best month of the year for visiting Ireland; the weather is generally fair, the humidity of the climate is not disagreeably felt, the days are not yet very short, and, especially at Killarney, the slightly-browned hues of the trees,—the mingled oak, holly, yew, and arbutus,—add greatly to the charms of the landscape. Those who have but a week to spare, will no doubt pass that week at Killarney; it will suffice for that locality; those who contemplate a month's sojourn in the country, may visit, during the period, most of its more prominent places—Dublin and Wicklow, the North and the Giant's Causeway, Connemara and the wild West, and the South with its numerous "attractions," including the Lakes of Killarney.

It is, we believe, impossible that any Tour in any part of the world can be more fruitful of enjoyment; the scenery is delicious, whether as regards passages of graceful loveliness or grandeur reaching sublimity. There is no sea-coast in Europe more grand than may be found in the north and in the west; at "the Killeries" in Galway, "Malbay" in Clare, along roads that lead to the renowned Causeway, and far away, almost from civilization, among the trackless wilds of Donegal. But within a few hours' drive of Killarney, round from Kennare to Dingle Harbour, the magnificence of the ocean-rocks that rise from the broad Atlantic and form the sides of huge mountains, is, perhaps, as wonderful as in any other part of Ireland; while the delicate charms of tree-clad fissures and graceful lakes, are more abundant in that neighbourhood than elsewhere. But these attractions of scenery grand or beautiful, or of both in happy unison, would require a volume and not a page for anything like an adequate description; and a volume we have given to them, to which we take the liberty to direct the attention of our readers * at this special season of the year, when all who have been

"Long in populous city pent,"

seek and require relaxation from labour of mind and body.

Our business is at this moment, however, solely with Killarney: our task is to induce Tourists to spend there the time they allot to pleasure or repose, who seek health or who desire to make acquaintance with a people full of character, often original, and always interesting.

There are no "bugbears" to be encountered in Ireland now-a-days; in reality there never were, to alarm or annoy *a stranger;* strangers were proverbially welcome there, and were always treated with kindness amounting to cordiality and hospitality rather oppressive than formal. The safety of travelling in Ireland has never been questioned; those who have gone through its byways, over its pathless mountains, through its trackless bogs, in all sorts of apparently inaccessible places, have ever reported that they were more "safe" in their journeys than they would have been travelling on foot from Hyde Park to Brentford.

But now even the trifling vexations that formerly stood in the way of tourists no longer exist. In every familiar district there are comfortable inns or hotels: the outside cars, by which all travellers should travel, are generally well "horsed" and driven by sober drivers, while the beggars have become so scanty that one rather wishes to see them than to avoid them. The fields are better cultivated; rags are rare; the cottages are far more cleanly and wholesome than formerly; drunkenness is a vice that will seldom meet the eye, it has become "unfashionable;" that which was so long a glory and a distinction is now a degradation and a reproach. Of religious differences the tourist will hear little or see nothing, while the old talk about "repeal" is regarded as a mockery by all classes. In a word, every tourist in Ireland will like the country and the people: he will return from his visit, brief or prolonged, with feelings towards both akin to affection; prejudices will be altogether removed, hopes will be rightly excited, and it will not be difficult to foresee that Ireland is destined to become the right arm of England.

Yes; for every new visitor to Ireland, Ireland will obtain a new friend.

But our present purpose is limited to Killarney and the roads thither: these may be either from Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, *viâ* Holyhead, Milford, or Bristol, in large vessels that bridge the channel better than railways would do, if land and not sea divided the islands. All the railway companies issue tourists' tickets, and in no way will the journey be expensive; a very moderate sum indeed will suffice for the month. A railway runs direct for Killarney from either Dublin, Waterford, or Cork, but the traveller who is not "pressed for time" will not hurry through places on the way that will be full of interest and abundantly productive of pleasure. Ruins of venerable abbeys, ancient churches, and strong castles, all of which are renowned in history and rich in legends, will be met on every road—high-road or by-road—while hills and glens, and lakes and rivers, add everywhere to the charms of the picturesque.

The Tourist is at Killarney, having had a foretaste of the enjoyment in store for him. At either of the hotels that border the Lake he may be as comfortable as if he were in Bond Street, living in state or with reasonable economy, as he pleases. How we do envy him the pleasures of the morrow after his arrival, whether the day be spent on the water or on the shore: no matter who may be his guide, his boatman, or his driver, he is sure to have pleasant companions, though his choice must be the result of accident; and it is not likely he will have the services of Stephen Spillane, the best of all guides, for Stephen is now a small farmer, and will be a large one in course of time, although he loves his old "calling," and likes much to go over the old ground; but it must be with old friends—and they are many.

Yes, we may well envy the tourist at Killarney, writing as we are by lamp-light in the hot twilight. Especially may we envy him his *first day*, for it will probably be passed in the gap of Dunloe, gazing down the black valley, and boating through the three lakes, encountering the perils of the "rush" under Brickeen Bridge, resting at beautiful Gleva, and listening for an hour or more to the marvellous echoes underneath the eagle's nest.

Or it may be that the day will be occupied in visiting the "islands," of which so many of all forms and sizes grace the Upper and the Lower Lake, fair Inisfallen foremost among them all.

Or the day may be devoted to a drive to the View Rock, whence a view is obtained of the whole of the wonderful scenery—the mountains, and the valleys, and the lakes, with the small river that, formed by a thousand hill streams, glides through them into the broader river that carries the surplus water into the Atlantic.

Or the woods and waterfalls may be the objects of choice on the first day. "Toro" will not be full, for the weather will be fine, yet it cannot fail to yield a delicious treat, notwithstanding, for the water will rush downwards among richly-covered rocks, where varied lichens luxuriate, and at the feet of which grow gigantic ferns.

Or it may be that, slighting these easily accessible pleasures, the tourist will undertake the ascent of Mangerton; nay, if a bold walker and in rude health he may essay Carran Tuel, the highest mountain in Ireland. If he be not strong, he will, no doubt, prefer a pensive ramble among the ruins of melancholy Mucross, one of the most picturesque and beautiful of all the venerable ruins of Ireland.

To give even a bare idea of the many sources from which the tourist at Killarney will derive intense enjoyment, would be to occupy more space than we can allot to a subject of which the mind and heart of the writer are full. We know every step he will take, every spot is familiar to us; not only every

"Dingle and bosky dell,"

but every rock and hedgerow, nay, almost every stone.

If any of our readers are induced by our enthusiastic love of the "Lakes" to visit them, sure we are he will thank us for having guided his steps thither: let his expectations be raised ever so high, there will be no disappointment. Nay, if he has been half over Europe, he will say he has seen no place so beautiful—no place that can be seen from the sunrise to the sunset of a single day.

* "A Week at Killarney," by Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall. Published by J. S. Virtue: Ivy Lane and City Road, London.

BOOKBINDING AND DECORATIVE WORKS IN STAINED LEATHER.

CHEMISTRY now is doing even more than enabling artist-manufacturers to command agencies and means of action, until very recently unknown, and almost if not altogether unsuspected. The same subtle and versatile science takes in hand its own beneficent discoveries, and teaches us how to apply them in the production of works that combine the greatest beauty with the most valuable utility. In no instance has this practical working of chemistry in the industrial arts been more happily exhibited in action than in the new processes, discovered and patented by Mr. Charles Tuckett, junior, for the decoration of leather to be used in bookbinding, and which may also be applied to a variety of other decorative purposes. Some sixteen years ago, Mr. Tuckett attracted our attention by the publication of the commencement of a serial illustrative of the higher branches of his own business, that of a bookbinder. The work was admirably executed, as it was ably conceived; but being (as then it was) far in advance of the Art-feeling of the time, it brought its author a considerable pecuniary loss, however honourably it might have distinguished his reputation. Since 1851, things have assumed a fresh and more encouraging aspect. The Arts now have entered into a strict alliance with manufactures, and the happy effects of this most natural of confederacies are continually becoming more decidedly and more beneficially apparent. The time probably may now be considered to have arrived in which Mr. Tuckett's publication upon decorative bookbinding might prove in every respect to be successful. Mr. Tuckett himself has not been discouraged by the issue of his former experiment, but has wisely availed himself of every opportunity for making himself more thoroughly master of his art; and his success has been such as must be most gratifying to himself, as it claims from us a warm and cordial expression of our own admiration. As bookbinder to the British Museum, Mr. Tuckett has both enjoyed many advantageous facilities for improving his own knowledge as well of the theory as of the practice of his art, and he has met with encouragements to aim at elevating the style and character of modern bookbinding. Mr. Tuckett called chemistry to his aid, and the great science listened favourably to the call. By means of chemical agents, simple in their kind and in their mode of action, and at the same time producing results

that are both beautiful and diversified and also permanent, Mr. Tuckett may be said to have created a new era in the use of decorative leather. Instead of the costly and always insecure inlays of leathers of different colours, and different tints of the same colour, the new process obtains every variety of colour and tint by direct chemical action upon one and the same piece of leather. Any design whatever can be executed in any required colour or combination of colours in a single piece of leather, and the application of tooling and edgings in gold completes this truly beautiful and most artistic work.

It will be understood that the process to which we advert is exceedingly simple. A book is bound in leather of some single colour—say a dark green; upon this, as upon a groundwork, the desired design, that is to be produced in a pale bright green, is marked out. This design is acted upon by such a chemical agent as will set free certain components of the darker tint. Or, if a variety of colours should be desired, greens, reds, greys, blues, and browns in endless tints and shades are readily obtained by the same means, acids and alkalies being severally employed, as their action will either remove or produce what is required to undergo a change and to assume fresh conditions. The new tints obtained from coal-tar—the magenta, the azurine, and their modifications, Mr. Tuckett produces with the most striking effect upon white Morocco. These are the most recent of his experiments, and they have not yet been applied in actual practice: their success, however, is certain and complete. It is no less certain that the same principle admits of application under numerous modifications, all of which have yet to be both devised and subjected to experiment.

Mr. Tuckett's processes and his productions we have ourselves most carefully examined, and we recommend them to the attention of our readers with unqualified confidence. For bookbinding purposes of every kind, the variously coloured leather is really invaluable; and, not only does it enable the bookbinder to produce work of a very superior character at a comparatively small cost, but it also opens before him a wide range of fresh operations. He thus may make bookbinding an Art-manufacture as popular, as it is capable of attaining to the very highest excellence. The finest productions of the old bookbinders (such, for example, as we admired so much at the wonderful *conversazione* at Ironmongers' Hall) will find rivals, and superiors also, amongst the works that may be achieved by the new process; and these most beautiful works will no longer be exclusively the privilege of the wealthy, but will be available also by purchasers and lovers of books of every degree. Nor is the process as applied to leather by any means restricted to its primary use in bookbinding. The leather, with its varied colours and tints, is applicable for every variety of decorative requirement. In cabinet-makers' productions, in particular, it may be introduced with admirable effect. Library tables, and ladies' work-tables, may be most effectively covered with the adorned leather. It might be placed in panels in cabinets of every kind, and thus become a new feature in furniture. Of course chairs, &c., might be covered with it. In fact, it would be difficult to assign a limit to the appropriate and effective application of Mr. Tuckett's process. It would be invaluable for all such decorative stationery as writing and envelope-cases, &c. We now are merely making suggestions in the most general manner; the subject, however, is one for thoughtful and well-matured consideration. In this age of enterprise, so valuable a new material (for it is in fact a new material) cannot fail to have its capabilities searched out, and brought to bear in actual use. We are surprised to find that Mr. Tuckett's process has not already been made available by cabinet-makers and upholsterers, and by many other artist manufacturers, such as coach-builders and harness makers, and others.

To Mr. Tuckett himself we would suggest that he should proceed to develop the capabilities of modern bookbinding, by introducing a fresh class of designs in association with his beautiful new process of decorative colouring. There is an ample field yet before him, in which he will find that hitherto untried designs will co-operate effectively with the chemical agencies and the skilful manipulation that he knows so well how to direct, in producing far greater triumphs in the art of bookbinding than have ever yet been accomplished; and, while we lavish so much of careful attention upon the paper and the type of our books, and upon the illustrative engravings that we associate with them, their binding may no less consistently claim from us its own becoming share of our concern. The binding is the robe of honour in which we invest a noble book, and upon the binding we impress its external insignia of rank and merit. Mr. Tuckett has shown us how the binding of our books may be uniformly and habitually made far more worthy of its office than it ever was enabled to become before, save under most exceptional conditions; and we shall not fail to support him in his efforts to give full effect to his felicitous invention. In concluding our present notice of his processes and their application, we must suggest to Mr. Tuckett to substitute some other term in the place of the word "*stained*" in his description of his bookbinding. He does not stain the leather, as "staining" is generally understood. This expression leads to very unworthy conceptions of the chemically coloured leather. Perhaps, under all circumstances, the term *enamelled* might be appropriately used, and Mr. Tuckett might entitle his productions, works in *enamel-coloured leather*, not mediæval *cuir boulli* revived, but modern *cuir émaillé*,—an invention patented and perfected by a living and working Englishman of the present day.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—*The Royal Association for the Promotion of the Fine Arts in Scotland.*—The twenty-seventh annual general meeting of the supporters of this institution was held lately in Queen Street Hall, Edinburgh. The walls were hung with the pictures appropriated as prizes, and a large attendance of subscribers attested the interest felt in the business of the day, over which Sir John McNeill presided. The report stated that the amount of subscriptions for the past year had reached £5,185, of which £2,024 had been set apart for the purchase of works of Art, consisting of five pictures painted expressly for the society by Messrs. G. Harvey, H. Macculloch, J. Archer, E. Nicol, and A. H. Burr, illustrative of five songs of Burns; and forty-seven paintings, seven water-colour drawings, and one marble bust, selected from the last exhibition of the Royal Scottish Academy.—The Board of Manufactures intend to open an exhibition of industrial and decorative Art, on Wednesday, the 20th November next, in the National Gallery, within the suite of galleries forming the east side of that building. Mr. W. B. Johnstone, R.S.A., has been appointed Art superintendent of the exhibition.

PLYMOUTH.—The ceremony of presenting to the Plymouth and Cottonian Library the bust of Sir Joshua Reynolds, to which reference was made in a previous number, took place on the 23rd of July. A numerous company assembled to witness the proceedings, which were presided over by Mr. Reynolds Gwatkin, one of the nearest surviving relations of the great painter. Addresses suitable to the occasion were delivered by the chairman, Mr. William Cotton, the liberal donor of the "Reynolds' Collection" in the library, who originated the subscription for the bust, and Mr. Tom Taylor. The head is the work of Mr. Behnes, after one of Reynolds taken when in Italy by an Italian sculptor: it represents the painter as a young man, but, judging from a photograph in our possession, it has all the character of the features familiar to us by the portraits painted of him in after life.

NORWICH.—The *Builder* states that,—"The repairs of St. George's Church have brought to light what is called a fresco, representing the renowned fight between St. George and the Dragon—a subject which has a local association, St. George being the tutelar saint of the city, and patron of a once flourishing civic company. The painting, which in all probability is of the date of the middle of the fifteenth century, was discovered on the removal of the organ at the west end of the north aisle, for the purpose of cleaning the wall. The figures are life-size, and the colours and drawing are good."

LINCOLN.—An exhibition of "Arts, Science, and Manufactures," was opened here last month in a large building erected for the purpose, which is well filled with works of Art of various kinds, carving, decorated furniture, pottery, objects of natural history, &c. &c., aided by a collection of antiquarian relics, &c., from the Kensington Museum.

THE ANGELS

(LIFE, DEATH, AND THE RESURRECTION).

FROM THE MONUMENT BY M. NOBLE.

ONE of the most pleasing and picturesque features of English landscape is to be found in the village church, whose square, embattled tower, or tapering spire, stands prominently above the mass of green which generally hides the body of the edifice from the traveller's view. These sacred buildings seem, as we pass them on the road, to be, as it were, resting-spots on the journey of life—places where one may sit down and meditate on what we are, and whither we are going: their seclusion and quiet, even externally, are suggestive of thought and repose, and if we enter them, everything around, from its general simplicity of character, and the entire absence of opposing influences, assists in this abstraction of feeling from the outer world.

Few individuals, except the archæologist or one whose taste inclines him to search into the interior of these old rural churches, have an idea how many of them contain productions of Art worthy of examination—quaint carvings in wood and stone, and sepulchral memorials reared by the love of survivors, and sculptured by the hand of genius. In obscure places, which, even in these days of universal locomotion, are rarely trodden by the foot of the stranger, may be seen one or more beautiful works that would repay a pilgrimage to visit. Some of the productions of our best sculptors, from the days of Banks, Bacon, and Roubiliac, to our own, are thus hidden in localities comparatively unknown. We have often, in our country rambles, been surprised and delighted by an unexpected meeting with some fine piece of sculptured Art, of which the world has heard little or nothing perhaps: half a century hence, probably, some stranger may enter the little church of Ashley, in the county of Staffordshire, and feel thus as he stands before Mr. Noble's expressive monument, forming the subject of the annexed engraving.

It is a tribute to the memory of the late Thomas Kinnersley, Esq., raised by the affection of his sister, Miss Kinnersley. The figures are life-size, are "in the round," and executed in the purest white Carrara marble, relieved by a background of the best light grey Sicilian marble; the whole monument is fourteen feet high, by nine feet wide at the base, and may be thus described:—

The left seated figure represents Death; symbolised by the drooping head, closed eyes, and inverted torch: the last is concealed in the engraving by the position of the figure. Opposed to this is the angel of Life, her head erect, her face beaming with brightness and intelligence, and supporting with both hands a lighted torch, denoting the flame of life. The crowning figure, standing, and with uplifted eyes, is the angel of the Resurrection, waiting, as it would seem, the Divine command to summon the sleeping dead to wake and arise:—"For the trumpet shall sound. . . . . And the Lord God will swallow up Death in victory. . . . . And will wipe away all tears from off all faces." The three figures rest on a mass of rock, typical of the "Rock of ages," the refuge of the Christian, in front of which is the cross, with the sacred monogram.

The two lower figures wear on their respective foreheads a wreath of asphodels and one of amaranths. Longfellow has an allusion to these floral emblems in his exquisite poem entitled "The Two Angels:"—

"Two angels, one of Life and one of Death,
Passed o'er our village as the morning broke;
The dawn was on their faces, and beneath
The sombre houses, hearsed with plumes of smoke.

"Their attitude and aspect were the same,
Alike their features and their robes of white;
But one was crowned with amaranth, as with flame,
And one with asphodels, like flakes of light."

In the design of this monument the sculptor has aimed to give to his work a simple, elevating character: the quiet, dreamless sleep of Death, the beauty and animation of restored Life, the hope of a joyful Resurrection. The idea is felicitous, and is successfully carried out: but had the inner lines of the wings of the lower angels been somewhat less regular, it would be an improvement, for as they now are they give to the figures an appearance of being seated in shells.



THE ANGELS

LIFE DEATH THE RESURRECTION

ENGRAVED BY R A ARTLETT FROM THE MONUMENT BY M NOBILI

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XX.



THE Harlem River (called *Mus-coo-ta* by the Indians), which extends from Kingsbridge to the strait between Long Island Sound and New York Bay, known as the East River, has an average width of 900 feet. In most places it is bordered by narrow marshy flats, with high hills immediately behind. The scenery along its whole length, to the villages of Harlem and Mott Haven, is picturesque. The roads on both shores afford pleasant drives; and fine country seats and ornamental pleasure-grounds add to the landscape beauties of the river. A line of small steamboats, connecting with the city, traverse its waters, the head of navigation being a few yards above Post's Century House. The tourist will find much pleasure in a voyage from the city through the East and Harlem Rivers.

The "High Bridge," or aqueduct over which the waters of the Croton flow from the main land to Manhattan Island, crosses the Harlem River at 173rd Street. It is built of granite. The aqueduct is 1,450 feet in length, and rests upon arches supported by fourteen piers of heavy masonry. Eight of these arches are eighty feet span, and six of them fifty feet. The height of the bridge, above tide water, is 114 feet. The structure originally cost about a million of dollars. Pleasant roads on both sides of the Harlem lead to the High Bridge, where full entertainment for man and horse may be had. The "High Bridge" is a place of great resort in pleasant weather for those who love the road and rural scenery.

A broad, macadamized avenue, called the "Kingsbridge Road," leads from the upper end of York Island to Manhattanville, where it connects with and is continued by the "Bloomingdale Road," in the direction of the city. The drive over this road is very agreeable. The winding avenue passes through a narrow valley, part of the way between rugged hills, only partially divested of the forest, and ascends to the south-eastern slope of Mount Washington (the highest land on the island), on which stands the village of Carmansville. At the upper end of this village, on the high rocky bank of the Harlem River, is a fine old mansion, known as the "Morris House," now the residence of the widow of Aaron Burr, vice-president of the United States, but better known as Madame Jumel, the name of her first husband. The mansion is at One



THE HIGH BRIDGE.*

Hundred and Sixty-ninth Street. It is surrounded by highly ornamented grounds, and its situation is one of the most desirable on the island. It commands a fine view of the Harlem River at the High Bridge, to the village of Harlem and beyond;† also of Long Island Sound, the villages of Astoria and Flushing, and the green fields of Long Island. Nearer are seen Harlem Plains, and the fine new bridge at Macomb's Dam. This house was built before the old war for independence, by Roger Morris, a fellow-soldier with Washington on the field of Monongohela, where Braddock fell, in the summer of 1755. Morris was also Washington's rival in a suit for the heart and hand of Mary, the heir of the lord of Philipse's Manor.* Like his brother-in-law, Beverly Robinson, Morris adhered to the crown after the American colonies declared themselves independent in 1776. When, in the autumn of that year, the American army under Washington encamped upon Harlem Heights, and occupied Fort Washington near, Morris fled for safety to Robinson's house in the Highlands, and Washington occupied his elegant mansion as his headquarters for awhile. The house is preserved in its original form and materials, excepting where external repairs have been necessary.

At the lower extremity of Carmansville, and about a mile above Manhattanville, is a most beautiful domain, as yet almost untouched by the hand of change. It is about eight miles from the heart of the city, completely embowered, and



VIEW ON WASHINGTON HEIGHTS.

presenting a pleasing picture at every point of view. This was the home of General Alexander Hamilton, one of the founders of the Republic, and is one of the few "undesecrated" dwelling-places of the men of the last century, to be found on York Island. Near the centre of the ground stands the house Hamilton built for his home, and which he named "The Grange," from the residence of his grandfather, in Ayrshire, Scotland. Then it was completely in the country—now it is surrounded by the suburban residences of the great city. It is situated about half-way between the Hudson and Harlem Rivers, and is reached from the Kingsbridge road by a gravelled and shaded walk. Near the house is a group of thirteen trees, planted by Hamilton himself, the year before he was killed in a duel by Aaron Burr, and named, respectively, after the original thirteen States of the Union. All of them are straight, vigorous trees, but one, and that, tradition says, he chanced to name *South Carolina*. It is crooked in trunk and branches, and materially disfigures the group. It well typifies the state of *South Carolina* in its past and present history—always crooked, always discontented and turbulent, and now a disgrace to the Republic, as the mother of the chief conspirators who, this year (1861), have sought to overthrow the government of the United States, and establish upon its ruins the despotism of an irresponsible oligarchy, whose basis is HUMAN SLAVERY!

The "Grange" is upon an elevation of nearly 200 feet above the rivers, and commands, through vistas, delightful views of Harlem River and Plains, the East River and Long Island, and the fertile fields of Lower Westchester. It is just within the outer lines of the entrenchments thrown up by the Americans in 1776, and is in the midst of the theatre of the stirring events of that year.

We have now fairly entered upon Manhattan Island, in our journeyings from the Wilderness to the Sea, and are rapidly approaching the commercial

* This view is from the grounds in front of the dwelling of Richard Carman, Esq., former proprietor of all the land whereon the village of Carmansville stands. He is still owner of a very large estate in that vicinity.

† Harlem, situated on the Harlem River, between the Eighth Avenue and East River, was an early settlement on the island of Manhattan, by the Dutch. It is now a flourishing village, chiefly bordering the Third Avenue.

* In February, 1756, Colonel Washington went to Boston to confer with Governor Shirley about military affairs in Virginia. He stopped in New York on his return, and was then the guest of Beverly Robinson. Mrs. Robinson's sister, Mary Philipse, was also a guest there, in the summer-time. Her bright eyes, blooming cheeks, great vivacity, perfection of person, aristocratic connexions, and prospective wealth, captivated the young Virginia soldier. He lingered in her presence as long as duty would permit, and would gladly have carried her with him to Virginia as his bride; but his extreme diffidence kept the momentous question unspoken, and Roger Morris, his fellow aide-de-camp in Braddock's military family, bore off the prize.

metropolis of the country, seated upon its southern portion, where the waters of the Hudson, the East, and the Passaic Rivers commingle in the magnificent harbour of New York.

This island—purchased by the Dutch of the painted savages, only two centuries and a half ago, for the paltry sum of twenty-four dollars, paid in traffic at a hundred per cent. profit—contains tenfold more wealth, in proportion to its size, than any other on the face of the globe. It is thirteen and a-half miles long, and two and a-half miles wide at its greatest breadth. It was originally very rough and rocky, abounding in swamps and conical hills, alternating with fertile spots.

Over the upper part of the island are many pleasant roads not yet straightened into rectangular streets, and these afford fine recreative drives for the citizens, and stirring scenes with the lovers of fast horses who abound in the city. The latter are seen in great numbers in these thoroughfares every pleasant afternoon, when "Young America" takes an airing.

Before making excursions over these ways, and observing their surroundings, let us turn aside from the Kingsbridge Road, in the direction of the Hudson, and, following a winding avenue, note some of the private rural residences that cover the crown and slopes of old Mount Washington, now called Washington Heights. The villas are remarkable for the taste displayed in their architecture, their commanding locations, and the beauty of the surrounding grounds derived from the mingled labour of Art and Nature. As we approach the river the hills become steeper, the road more sinuous, the grounds more wooded, and the general scenery on land and water more picturesque. One of the most charming of these landscapes, looking in any direction, may be found upon the road just above the Washington Heights railway station, near the delightful residence of Thomas Ingraham, Esq. In our little sketch we are



JEFFERY'S HOOK.

looking up the road, and the slopes of the beautiful lawn in front of his house. Turning half round, we have glimpses of the Hudson, and quite extended views of the bold scenery about Fort Lee, on the opposite shore.

Following this road a few rods further down the heights, we reach the station-house of the Hudson River Railway, which stands at the southern entrance to a deep rock excavation through a point of Mount Washington, known for a hundred years or more as Jeffery's Hook. This point has an interesting revolutionary history in connection with Mount Washington. At the beginning of the war, the great value, in a strategic point of view, of Manhattan Island, and of the river itself—in its entire length to Fort Edward—as a dividing line between New England and the remainder of the colonies, was fully appreciated by the contending parties. The Americans adopted measures early to secure these, by erecting fortifications. Mount Washington (so named at that time) was the most elevated land upon the island, and formidable military works of earth and stone were soon erected upon its crown and upon the heights in the vicinity from Manhattanville to Kingsbridge. The principal work was Fort Washington. The citadel was on the crown of Mount Washington, overlooking the country in every direction, and comprising within the scope of vision the Hudson from the Highlands to the harbour of New York. The citadel, with the outworks, covered several acres between One Hundred and Eighty-first and One Hundred and Eighty-sixth Streets.

On the point of the chief promontory of Mount Washington jutting into the Hudson, known as Jeffery's Hook, a strong redoubt was constructed, as a cover to *chevaux-de-frise* and other obstructions placed in the river between that point and Fort Lee, to prevent the British ships going up the Hudson. The remains of this redoubt, in the form of grassy mounds covered with small cedars, are prominent upon the point, as seen in the engraving above. The ruins of Fort Washington, in similar form, were also very conspicuous until within a few years, and a flag staff marked the place of the citadel. But the ruthless hand of pride, forgetful of the past, and of all patriotic allegiance to the most cherished traditions of American citizens, has levelled the mounds, and removed the flag-staff; and that spot, consecrated to the memory of valorous deeds and courageous suffering, must now be sought for in the kitchen-garden or ornamental grounds of some wealthy citizen, whose choice celery or bed of verbenas has greater charms than the green sward of a hillock beneath which reposes the dust of a soldier of the old War for Independence!

"Soldiers buried here?" inquires the startled resident. Yes; your villa, your garden, your beautiful lawn, are all spread out over the dust of soldiers; for all over these heights the blood of Americans, Englishmen, and Germans flowed freely in the autumn of 1776, when the fort was taken by the British,



ASYLUM FOR THE DEAF AND DUMB.

after one of the hardest struggles of the war. More than two thousand Americans were captured, and soon filled the loathsome prisons and prison-ships of New York.

Near the river-bank, on the south-western slope of Mount Washington, is the New York Institution for the Deaf and Dumb, one of several retreats for the unfortunate situated upon the Hudson shore of Manhattan Island. It is one of the oldest institutions of the kind in the United States, the act of the legislature of New York incorporating it being dated on the day (April 15, 1817) when the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb at Hartford, Connecticut, was opened. The illustrious De Witt Clinton was the first president of the asso-



AUDUBON'S RESIDENCE.

ciation. Its progress was slow for several years, when, in 1831, Mr. Harvey P. Peet was installed executive head of the asylum, as principal: he infused life into the institution immediately. Its affairs are still administered by his skilful and energetic hand. His services have been marked, during thirty years, by the most gratifying results. In 1845, the title of president was conferred upon Mr. Peet, and three or four years later he received the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. He is at the head of instruction and of the family in the institution. Under his guidance many of both sexes, shut out from participation in the intellectual blessings which are vouchsafed to well-

developed humanity, have been, as it were, newly created, and made to experience, in a degree, the sensations of Adam, as described by Milton:—

"Straight towards heaven my wondering eyes I turned,
And gazed awhile the ample sky, till raised
By quick instinctive motion, up I sprung,
As thitherward endeavouring, and upright
Stood on my feet; about me round I saw
Hill, dale, and shady woods, and sunny plains,
And liquid lapse of murmuring streams; by these,
Creatures that lived, and moved, and walked, or flew;
Birds on the branches warbling; all things smiled;
With fragrance and with joy my heart o'erflowed.
Myself I then perused, and limb by limb
Surveyed, and sometimes went, and sometimes ran,
With supple joints, as lively vigour led;
But who I was, or where, or from what cause,
Knew not; *to speak I tried, and forthwith spoke*
My tongue obeyed, and readily could name
Whate'er I saw."

The situation of the Institution for the Deaf and Dumb is a delightful one. The lot comprises thirty-seven acres of land, between the Kingsbridge Road and the river, about nine miles from the New York City Hall. The buildings, five in number, form a quadrangle of 240 feet front, and more than 300 feet in depth; they are upon a terrace 127 feet above the river, and are surrounded by fine old trees and a shrubbery. The buildings are capable of accommodating four hundred and fifty pupils, with their teachers and superintendents, and the necessary domestics.

In the midst of a delightful grove of forest trees, a short distance below the Asylum for the Deaf and Dumb, is the dwelling of the late J. J. Audubon, the eminent naturalist, where some of his family still reside. Only a few years ago it was as secluded as any rural scene fifty miles from the city; now, other dwellings are in the grove, streets have been cut through it, the suburban village of Carmansville has covered the adjacent eminence, and a station of the Hudson River Railway is almost in front of the dwelling.

Audubon was one of the most remarkable men of his age, and his work on the "Birds of America" forms one of the noblest monuments ever made in commemoration of true genius.* He was the son of a French admiral, who settled in Louisiana, and his whole life was devoted to his favourite pursuit. The story of that life is a record of acts of highest heroism, and presents a most remarkable illustration of the triumphs of perseverance.

A writer who visited Mr. Audubon not long before his death, in 1851, has left the following pleasant account of him and his residence near Mount Washington:—

"My walk soon brought a secluded country house into view,—a house not entirely adapted to the nature of the scenery, yet simple and unpretending in its architecture, and beautifully embowered amid elms and oaks. Several graceful fawns, and a noble elk, were stalking in the shade of the trees, apparently unconscious of the presence of a few dogs, and not caring for the



VIEW IN TRINITY CEMETERY.

numerous turkeys, geese, and other domestic animals that gobbled and screamed around them. Nor did my own approach startle the wild, beautiful creatures that seemed as docile as any of their tame companions.

"'Is the master at home?' I asked of a pretty maid-servant who answered my tap at the door, and who, after informing me that he was, led me into a room on the west side of the broad hall. It was not, however, a parlour, or an ordinary reception-room that I entered, but evidently a room for work. In one corner stood a painter's easel, with a half-finished sketch of a beaver on the paper; on the other lay the skin of an American panther. The antlers of elks hung upon the walls, stuffed birds of every description of gay plumage ornamented the mantel-piece, and exquisite drawings of field-mice, orioles, and woodpeckers, were scattered promiscuously in other parts of the room, across one end of which a long rude table was stretched, to hold artists' materials, scraps of drawing-paper, and immense folio volumes, filled with delicious paintings of birds taken in their native haunts.

"'This,' said I to myself, 'is the studio of the naturalist,' but hardly had the thought escaped me when the master himself made his appearance. He was a tall, thin man, with a high, arched, and serene forehead, and a bright, penetrating, grey eye; his white locks fell in clusters upon his shoulders, but they



MANHATTANVILLE FROM CLAREMONT.

were the only signs of age, for his form was erect, and his step as light as that of a deer. The expression of his face was sharp, but noble and commanding; and there was something in it, partly derived from the aquiline nose, and partly from the shutting of the mouth, which made you think of the imperial eagle.

"His greeting, as he entered, was at once frank and cordial, and showed you the sincere, true man. 'How kind it is,' he said, with a slight French accent, and in a pensive tone, 'to come to see me, and how wise, too, to leave that crazy city!' He then shook me warmly by the hand. 'Do you know,' he continued, 'how I wonder that men can consent to swelter and fret their lives away amid those hot bricks and pestilent vapours, when the woods and fields are all so near? It would kill me soon to be confined in such a prison-house; and when I am forced to make an occasional visit there, it fills me with loathing and sadness. Ah! how often, when I have been abroad on the mountains, has my heart risen in grateful praise to God that it was not my destiny to waste and pine among those noisome congregations of the city!'"*

Audubon died at the beginning of 1851, at the age of seventy-one years. His body was laid in a modest tomb in the beautiful Trinity Cemetery, near his dwelling. This burial-place, deeply shaded by original forest trees and varieties that have been planted, affords a most delightful retreat on a warm summer's day. It lies upon the slopes of the river bank. Foot-paths and carriage-roads wind through it in all directions, and pleasant glimpses of the Hudson may be caught through vistas at many points. In the south-western extremity of the grounds, upon a plain granite doorway to a vault, may be seen, in raised letters, the name of AUDUBON.

The drive from Trinity Cemetery to Manhattanville is a delightful one. The road is hard and smooth at all seasons of the year, and is shaded in summer by many ancient trees that graced the forest. From it frequent pleasant views of the river may be obtained. There are some fine residences on both sides of the way, and evidences of the sure but stealthy approach of the great city are perceptible.

Manhattanville, situated in the chief of the four valleys that cleave the island from the Hudson to the East River, now a pleasant suburban village, is destined to be soon swallowed by the approaching and rapacious town. Its site on the Hudson was originally called Harlem Cove. It was considered a place of strategic importance in the war for independence and the war of 1812; and at both periods fortifications were erected there to command the pass from

* In this magnificent work pictures of birds, the natural size, are given in four hundred and eighty-eight plates. It was completed in 1844: Baron Cuvier said of it,—"It is the most gigantic and most magnificent monument that has ever been erected to Nature."

* "Homes of American Authors."

the Hudson to Harlem Plains, to whose verge the little village extends. Upon the heights near, the Roman Catholics have two flourishing literary institutions, namely, the Convent of the Sacred Heart, for girls, and the Academy of the Holy Infant, for boys.

Upon the high promontory overlooking the Hudson, on the south side of Manhattanville, is Jones's Claremont Hotel, a fashionable place of resort for the pleasure-seekers who frequent the Bloomingdale and Kingsbridge roads on pleasant afternoons: at such times it is often thronged with visitors, and presents a lively appearance. The main, or older portion of the building, was erected, I believe, by the elder Dr. Post, early in the present century, as a summer residence, and named by him Claremont. It still belongs to the Post family. It was an elegant country mansion, upon a most desirable spot, overlooking many leagues of the Hudson. There, about fifty years ago, lived Viscount Courtenay, afterwards Earl of Devon. He left England, it was reported, because of political troubles. When the war of 1812 broke out, he returned, leaving his furniture and plate, which were sold at auction; the latter is preserved with care by the family of the purchasers. Courtenay was a great "lion" in New York; he was a handsome bachelor, with title, fortune, and reputation—a combination of excellences calculated to captivate the heart-desires of the opposite sex.

Claremont was the residence, for awhile, of Joseph Buonaparte, ex-king of Spain, when he first took refuge in the United States, after the battle of Waterloo and the downfall of the Napoleon dynasty. Here, too, Francis James Jackson, the successor of Mr. Erskine, the British minister at Washington at the opening of the war of 1812, resided a short time. He was familiarly known as "Copenhagen Jackson," because of his then recent participation in measures for the seizure of the Danish fleet. He was politically and socially unpopular, and presented a strong contrast to the polished Courtenay.



CLAREMONT.

Manhattanville is the northern termination of the celebrated Bloomingdale Road, which crosses the island diagonally from Union Square at Sixteenth Street, to the high bank of the Hudson at One Hundred and Fifteenth Street. It is a continuation of Broadway (the chief retail business street of the city), from Union Square to Harsenville, at Sixty-Eighth Street. In that section it is called by that name, and compactly built upon. Beyond Seventieth Street it is still called Bloomingdale Road—a hard, smooth, macadamised highway, broad, devious, and undulating, shaded the greater portion of its length, made attractive by many elegant residences and ornamental grounds, and thronged every fine day with fast horses and light vehicles, bearing the young and the gay of both sexes. The stranger in New York will have the pleasure of his visit greatly enhanced by a drive over this road toward the close of a pleasant day. Its nearest approach to the river is at One Hundred and Fifteenth Street.

Among the places of note on the Bloomingdale Road is the New York Asylum for the Insane, Elm Park, and the New York Orphan Asylum. The former is situated on the east side of the road where it approaches nearest the Hudson, the grounds, containing forty acres, occupying the entire square between Tenth and Eleventh Avenues, and One Hundred and Fifteenth and One Hundred and Twentieth Streets. The institution was opened in the year 1821, for the reception of patients. It may be considered a development of the Lunatic Asylum founded in 1810. Its establishment upon more rational principles is due to the benevolent Thomas Eddy, a Quaker, who proposed to the governors of the old institution a course of *moral treatment* more thorough and extensive than had yet been tried.

The place selected for the asylum, near the village of Bloomingdale, is unequalled. The ground is elevated and dry, and affords extensive and delightful views of the Hudson and the adjacent city and country. The buildings are spacious, the grounds beautifully laid out, and ornamented with a shrubbery and flowers; and every arrangement is made with a view to soothe and heal the distempers of the mind. The patients are allowed to busy themselves with work or chosen amusements, to walk in the garden or pleasure-grounds, and to ride out on pleasant days, proper discrimination being always observed.

A short distance below the Asylum for the Insane, on the east side of the Bloomingdale Road, is the fine old country seat of the Apthorpe family, called Elm Park. It is now given to the uses of mere devotees of pleasure. Here the Germans of the city congregate in great numbers during hours of leisure,



ASYLUM FOR THE INSANE.

to drink beer, tell stories, smoke, sing, and enjoy themselves in their peculiar way with a zeal that seems to be inspired by Moore's idea that—

> "Pleasure's the only noble end,
> To which all human powers should tend."

Elm Park was the head-quarters of Sir William Howe, at the time of the battle on Harlem Plains, in the autumn of 1776. Washington had occupied it only the day before, and had there waited anxiously and impatiently for the arrival of the fugitive Americans under General Putnam, who narrowly escaped capture when the British took possession of the city. The Bloomingdale Road, along which they moved, then passed through almost continuous woods in this vicinity. Washington himself had a very narrow escape here, for he left the house only a few minutes before the advanced British column took possession of it.

Elm Park is now (June, 1861) a sort of camp of instruction for volunteers for the army of the United States, engaged in crushing the great demagogues'

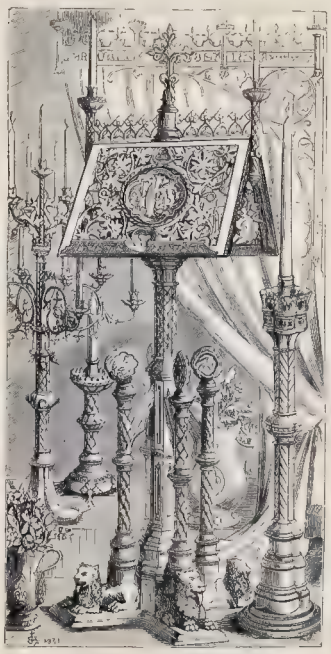


ELM PARK.

rebellion in favour of human slavery and political and social despotism. When I visited it, companies were actively drilling, and the sounds of the fife and drum were mingled with the voices of mirth and conviviality. It was an hour after a tempest had passed by, prostrating one or two of the old majestic trees which shade the ground and the broad entrance lane. These trees, composed chiefly of elms and locusts, attest the antiquity of the place, and constitute the lingering dignity of a mansion where wealth and social refinement once dispensed the most generous hospitality. Strong are the contrasts in its earlier and later history.

GOTHIC METAL WORK.

THE revival of Gothic architecture in England, the most remarkable incident in the Art-history of the present age, naturally, and indeed necessarily, led its first promoters to a diligent and thoughtful study of the noblest and the most characteristic relics of the same style, which were found to remain as examples of the palmy Gothic days of the Plantagenets and Tudors. For the most part, those relics were churches and cathedrals. And, with the study of edifices of this class, in their capacity of historical monuments, there was soon associated an ardent desire to reproduce their details, as well in the restoration of decayed and destroyed portions of the early churches, as in the new buildings which the Gothic architects of the nineteenth century were called upon to erect. In other words, the revived Gothic was taught to imitate, and often actually to copy, the early Gothic. And, taking the old cathedrals and churches of England as its models, the revived Gothic in the first instance assumed the character of an ecclesiastical style of



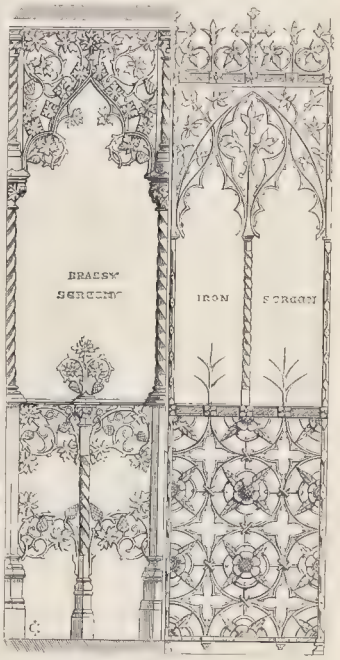
(EX. 1.) BY HARDMAN.

architecture. It professed to deal with ecclesiastical structures in a manner at once peculiarly appropriate and eminently felicitous; and, accordingly, it was very generally accepted as the right architecture for buildings for Christian worship.

In process of time a better understanding of the early universal application of Gothic architecture to edifices of every variety and for every purpose, led to the conviction of the similar present universal applicability of the style. The early Gothic was found to have been equally used for civil and domestic as for ecclesiastical buildings; and hence, by an inevitable inference, the existing Gothic was admitted to be no less competent to provide us with villas, and street buildings, and public edifices, than with the new churches which of late years have so happily sprung up on every side. When they had learned to appreciate the universality of its character, the next thing to be accomplished by the Gothic revivers was to harmonise their style with their own era—to adapt it, not to reminiscences of the past, but to the exigencies and the sympathies of the present. The Gothic of the reign of Queen Victoria had to become in its own especial characteristics Victorian. It was essential that our Gothic should really be our own Gothic,—the descendant truly and the heir, but not the mere shadow, or duplicate, or imitator, of the Gothic of historic Edwards and Henrys. It was necessary that it should be, and should act as, a living style—living, because a style in most intimate association with the life of a living generation.

But there still remained another step to be taken before the Gothic revival could be considered complete. This step would extend the application and the action of the Gothic of our own times beyond the range of all architecture properly so called; and for the term Architecture it would substitute that of *Art*. The revivers of the Gothic are now in the act of taking this very step in advance; and we are gradually accepting the conviction that the same Gothic style of Art which expresses itself so nobly in architecture, and with such inexhaustible versatility, is equally worthy both of attention and admiration in every capacity in which Art can act practically, either in realizing its own highest conceptions, or in harmonious combination with manufactures. This is precisely what the early Gothic always did. It was *the Art* of its own era. Its influence was universally felt and declared. It dealt with everything; and it dealt with everything in a manner peculiarly its own. And now, when we examine any work of early Gothic Art, we are able at once to determine the period of its production, because we know that such a peculiar modification of the one great style obtained and was dominant at such a time. It matters not what the object may be, a part of a cathedral or of a monument or of a castle, a weapon, a piece of carving, or some personal ornament, each and all alike bear the impress of *the Art of the time which produced them*. We do not now desire any style or expression of Art to rule, in like manner, to the exclusion of every other style; nor do we contemplate asserting the absolute supremacy of any one style over all others, its contemporaries: and yet most certainly, if any style of Art now lives and acts and demonstrates its own intrinsic greatness and excellence, we certainly do expect it to appear neither less vigorous nor less comprehensive in our own age than it was long ago, under very different circumstances, and when the fulness of its free action was impeded by such great and serious difficulties. The Gothic of our own age neither knows nor admits any shortcomings; it is really as powerful as it ever was in other times, as comprehensive, as versatile, and as felicitous in its universal applicability. It only requires to be applied universally, with earnest thoughtfulness and steady resolution. While in many departments of both Art and Art-manufacture the Gothic has yet scarcely been recognised as an existing and working style, it has already exercised a most effectual influence upon very many works that now are executed in the metals; and as these works are second to none in the importance of their character, they can scarcely fail to attract those who are especially interested in other great industries to an Art which is doing so much for themselves. Meanwhile GOTHIC METAL WORK, in its present condition, claims from us a distinct recognition of its many admirable qualities, and to it accordingly we now desire to direct the attention of our readers.

When it was first produced in our own times, Gothic metal work was almost exclusively ecclesiastical in its character. Then, after awhile, it became architectural also, and it extended its range to every varied application that architecture might require. And now, as we write, it is in the act of adapting itself to domestic and general uses, so that at no distant period the influence of Gothic Art upon all productions in the metals will be universally as well as powerfully felt. At present, however, it will be understood that Gothic designs have only in a comparatively few instances been applied to the precious metals, except in the case of such works as may be required for ecclesiastical uses; consequently it is in brass and iron that the Gothic is now working most vigorously, and with the most signal success. Our most skilled workers in the hard metals, indeed, have not yet succeeded in liberating themselves from even an excessive sympathy with mediæval associations, so that we find them still styling their productions, not "Gothic," but "mediæval metal works." This is an error easy to be rectified, as it was natural that it should occur; for the works in metal that have actually been transmitted to our own times from the early Gothic period, have been the models for the artist metal workers of to-day. And then, on the other hand, any excessive tendency towards mediævalism in modern Gothic metal work, in course of time will inevitably wear away under the influence of the existing most anti-mediæval uses for our best metal works. It must be added that it is by no means desirable that our Gothic metal workers should be *un*-mediævalised too rapidly, since they cannot fail to derive lessons of infinite value from their predecessors of the middle ages. Those early craftsmen, whether goldsmiths—who both worked in the precious metals and also made copper precious through their exquisite treatment of it—or smiths who wrought iron and brass work, were true artists, and they felt and worked in the spirit of the Art of their day. And that Art was in itself most noble; and so thoroughly has it ennobled its productions in the metals, that they must be held in the highest esteem and honour by all succeeding



(EX. 2.)

metal workers, who would themselves aspire to be regarded as artists.

The teaching of the Gothic metal work of the middle ages has been received by observant and thoughtful students. When they proceeded to apply their lessons to actual experiments, those students might sometimes be tempted rather to imitate what their masters had done than to work independently after their masters' manner, and so, while living in the most modern age, they might produce "mediæval metal work:" and yet they so far learned their lessons aright, that the conviction was inwrought in them that every work of theirs must of necessity be truly and thoroughly artistic. The Gothic metal work of the middle ages they found to have invariably been treated artistically, as well as skilfully adapted to the practical uses for which it was designed And hence our Gothic metal workers have inaugurated a new era in the manufactures in the metals of their own times. In their own works they have shown that the presence and the pervading influence of both Art and Science are equally essential for their consistent production; and thus they have demonstrated, not the practica-

bility merely, but the absolute necessity for the establishment of a most intimate alliance between Art and Science, and between them both in union with Manufacture.

While our Gothic metal workers have thus been stamping the impress of pure Art upon their productions—productions designed by them in the Gothic style with the deliberate purpose of exemplifying the artistic capabilities of that style—their efforts have received unexpectedly the most valuable and gratifying support from the remarkable circumstance, that in almost every instance in which it is desired to attain to a high artistic character in the metal work of the present day, the style of Art that is involuntarily adopted is Gothic. So strictly is this the fact, that in the instance of the hard metals Gothic metal work and artistic metal work are now regarded as interchangeable terms; and it is indeed well that just at this present time an Art should be recognised as dealing effectively with objects that are executed in iron. The use of this comprehensive metal may be designated the great manufacturing achievement of the age. Iron is now taking a commanding place in every most important production of the hand of man; it is fast superseding oak in marine architecture, and on land it already rivals brick, stone, and marble as a constructive material for edifices of every class and variety. In more than one example iron architecture has shown what style of thing it is without Art; what it may become, on the other hand, under the direction and control of Art—of an Art that is peculiarly competent to treat with metal work—may be understood from the various productions that are every day crowning with increasing measures of success the operations of our Gothic metal workers.

These modern Gothic metal works may be divided, first, into two classes, determined by the nature of the materials employed, as—1, *Works in the precious metals;* and 2, *Works in the hard metals.* And, secondly, they will admit a more comprehensive classification, which is based upon the purposes and uses for which the several works may be designed. Thus, Class I. will comprise *Gothic Architectural Metal Work;* which class may be subdivided into—1, Constructive Objects, such as pillars, girders, &c.; 2, Accessories and Details of Ecclesiastical Buildings, such as screens, lecterns, window iron-work, hinges, &c.; 3, Church Plate, as chalices, alms' dishes, &c.; and 4, Accessories and Details of Secular and Domestic Buildings. Class II. will contain *Miscellaneous Objects*, and will extend as well to works executed in the precious metals as to those in brass and iron; accordingly this class will comprehend personal ornaments and *bijouterie*. Class III. will be devoted to



(Ex. 3.) By Hardman.

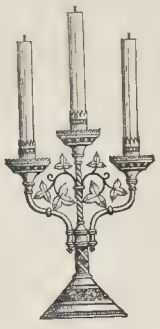
Monumental Memorials, such as inscriptions, &c., engraven on brass plates, &c.; and a Fourth Class may be assigned to *Weapons and Implements*.

As would naturally be expected, the different classes of works are in some degree more particularly identified with certain producers than with others; and yet, the versatile character of Gothic Art is made signally apparent from the circumstance, that the same producer may be found to be equally successful in executing works in several of the classes of Gothic metal work. We shall now proceed to notice more particularly the works of some of the most distinguished firms, and we shall illustrate our written descriptions with various examples of the best and most characteristic productions of the several Gothic metal workers who stand in the front rank of this most important group of artist manufacturers. These eminent producers are too many in number for us to do justice to them and their works within the limits of the space at our disposal in this present *Art-Journal;* we shall leave, therefore, till next month our notices of the renowned establishment at Coventry, at the head of which is Mr. Skidmore, together with the extensive works of Benham & Sons, of Wigmore Street, and those of Johnson Brothers, of Holborn, and several others also.

Without doubt the epithet "mediæval"—as being strictly appropriate both to their own purpose and to the works in the precious and also in the hard metals, which they produce in such abundant variety and always in a truly artistic spirit—was intentionally chosen and adopted by the Hardmans of Birmingham; and we may presume that they will desire to retain the title of "Mediæval Metal Workers," since in their works they may be expected to aim rather at emulating the productions of the great Gothic metal workers of the middle ages after their own manner, than to transfer the Gothic from the past to the present, and to adapt it to fresh associations. If so, the Hardmans are well convinced that the original mediævalists were men of mark, and masters of their craft, whose artist-career they may follow with honour, and whom to rival is to attain to the highest excellence; and, on the other hand, the noblest of the mediæval metal workers might be proud to hold out to the Hardmans the right hand of brotherhood, and to claim them as brethren in Art. Special attention has been directed by the Hardmans to the production of architectural metal work, and more particularly such as is required for ecclesiastical uses. They have been peculiarly successful with their screens in brass and iron; their various appliances for lighting churches by coronæ, standards, and chandeliers; their brass lecterns; their hinges and lock appendages; their engraven monumental brasses, and their sacramental plate.

In the first of our illustrations we give a group of examples of several miscellaneous productions of the Hardmans, including a lectern of the most elaborate richness and exquisite beauty, with several candlestandards, and other objects. Two screens, one of brass and the other of iron, are represented in our second illustration. The whole is wrought work, executed by the hand, the several parts being fastened together with rivets. A compartment of each screen appears in our woodcut, and the two compartments thus placed side by side, show with what judicious skill the design of each is adapted to the constructive qualities of either material, and also to the general effect that would be produced by the two metals when the screens would be finished. In our third group there is brought together within the compass of a very small space a numerous assemblage of works in the precious metals, comprising chalices, flagons, patens, cups, vases, salvers, a casket, and other similar objects. Appropriate beauty of both design and ornamentation are strikingly apparent in each member of this rich group, and of the style of execution we can speak in equally high terms. Indeed, workmanship cannot be more perfect than that which has been devoted to the production of these beautiful examples of the "mediæval" Gothic metal work of our own day; nor do we believe that at any period there have existed workmen who could have surpassed those who carry into effect the designs of Mr. Powell, the accomplished artist who is so happily associated with the Messrs. Hardman. We may not omit to notice the application of all the early decorative processes to their metal works by the Hardmans. The insertion of gems and crystals, the free use of niello, damascening, chasing, embossing, engraving, parcel gilding, and every variety of enamel, contribute to render these works perfect examples in their department of practical art. It is the same with the larger and less costly works in brass and iron: whatever decorative process may be applied to them consistently, and with a certainty of enhancing their beauty and effectiveness, is invariably adopted. And in all these processes, no less than in the general designs and in the *Art-feeling* of the whole, the works of the Hardmans may be pronounced fully equal to anything that the metal workers of the middle ages have left as examples of their extraordinary abilities. In addition to such works as we have enumerated, the Hardmans are now producing with equal care and equal success, every species of architectural detail and fitting in both brass and iron, with all such accessories of domestic life as candlesticks, locks, hinges, door guard-plates, inkstands, &c., &c. The London depôt for the productions of the Hardmans is situated in King William Street, West Strand, and is under the care of Mr. S. J. Thompson.

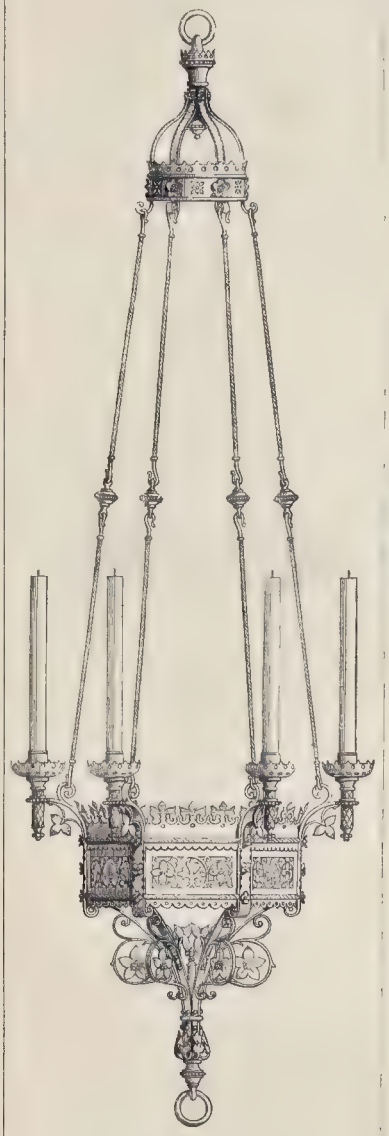
Notwithstanding their assumption of the same title of "Mediæval Metal Workers," Hart & Son,



(Ex. 4.) By Hart and Son.

of London, have taken up their position in the front rank of those Gothic revivers who are resolutely labouring to develop the Gothic as a living style of Art, which in both its spirit and its action is to be adjusted to the existing condition of things. We would offer to them every possible encouragement to persevere, and to continue pressing onward in their advancing career. Like the Hardmans, the Harts have been diligent students of the mediæval metal

workers who worked in the veritable middle ages; and their studies have resulted in their attaining to a complete mastery over the old Art. They, however, in their own working prefer to adapt the early Art in its revived condition to the spirit of their own times, instead of seeking to mould the usages and requirements of their own times in conformity with the early expressions of Gothic Art. Whenever they have been required to work as "Mediæval Metal



(Ex. 5.)

Workers," properly so called, the Harts have shown themselves to be second to none in their treatment of brass and iron, and also of silver, *more veterum*. Their establishment has produced in vast numbers every variety of architectural member and detail and accessory, both for ecclesiastical and other buildings, and all these works of theirs may be most justly described in terms of the highest and most admiring commendation. The decorative processes that



(Ex. 6.)

we have specified as being in use by the Hard-



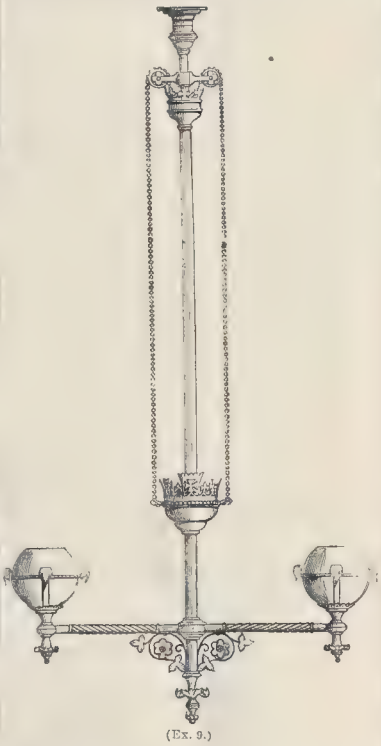
(Ex. 7.)

mans, are no less effectively employed by the



(Ex. 8.)

Harts. Their burnishing of their brass-work must be specially noticed for its singular excellence; and, in like manner, their enamel-colouring for heraldic blazonry, and for the illumination of inscriptions and various details of ornamentation on the metals, is most effective and beautiful. Had we considered it to be desirable, we might with ease have given examples of the productions of the Harts, which would have been identical in their general character with the groups that are represented in our illustrations 1, 2, 3. In place of so doing, we have determined to illustrate the manner in which these able metal workers are carrying out the Gothic in its capacity of a modern art. Accordingly, our examples 4, 5, 6, and 9, illustrate the style in which the Harts are now producing chandeliers, brackets, and stands for gas and candles. Example 7 is a bracket for a moderator lamp, the lamp itself being removable, in order to be placed at pleasure upon one of the customary stands of a true Gothic type; example 8 is a guard-plate for a door; and example 10 is a compartment of some open screen railing. These examples tell their own tale, and at the same time they suggest the facility with which we



(Ex. 9.)

might have added other woodcuts of numerous varieties of similar objects, and also of other works in almost endless variety. Some of the happiest of the Harts' recent metal works have been engraved inscriptions, and clasps, and other decorative accessories for bookbinding. Their iron fenders and fire-irons also are admirable,—first-rate specimens of Gothic adaptability to what we now want and now use. We ourselves have a Gothic poker of Harts' that is perfectly delightful. And, let not the idea of a Gothic poker, which is perfection both as a poker and a piece of Gothic metal work, appear for a single moment to be either ludicrous in itself, or unworthy of a becoming measure of notice and approval; for it is essential for the due appreciation of any style or expression of Art, which aims at excellence and popularity in any particular classes of productions, that at the same time it should study to excel and to become popular in productions of other classes also. And so we shall learn to understand and to value aright the most aspiring examples of Gothic architectural metal work, through a familiar acquaint-

ance with very different and much humbler varieties of works in metal in the same style. The manner in which these metal workers are habitually studying the best means for simplifying their working processes, and for improving the minutest and simplest details, demands our warmest commendation; and in these important matters no less than in the general administration of both the artistic and the executive departments of their works, the Messrs. Harts are greatly indebted to their efficient superintendent, Mr. Higgins. The establishments of the Messrs. Harts are in Wych Street, Strand, and in Cockspur Street, Trafalgar Square. They have also a splendid collection of specimen objects at the Crystal Palace.

In connection with their famous machinery for carving in wood and stone, Cox & Son, of Southampton Street, Strand, and of Belvidere Road, adjoining the Thames, are workers in the hard and the precious metals, and they have won a deservedly high reputation for their productions of this class in the Gothic style. As the Hardmans are artists



(Ex. 10.) By Hart and Son.

in stained glass as well as metal workers, and the two cognate departments of Gothic Art derive mutual benefits from their union in a single producing establishment, so in the instance of Cox and Son their Gothic metal work and their Gothic wood and stone carvings experience reciprocal advantages from the intimate association in which they are placed. Architectural works in particular thus may be executed in the strictest harmony, the wood carvings and the metal work accessories and details, and possibly the stone carvings also, being all produced at the same establishment and under the same general direction and supervision. It is the same with objects in wood and metal for domestic uses. In their treatment of all their Gothic productions, the Messrs. Cox, like their contemporaries whose works we have already noticed, declare how thoughtfully they have studied in the school of early Gothic authority. Their attention being chiefly directed to works in connection with architecture, in their metal works the Messrs. Cox very judiciously preserve such a degree of architectural



(Ex. 11.) By Cox and Son.

feeling as becomes the uses to which they are devoted, and the associations with which they ought to harmonize. Without entering into any minute descriptive particulars of their various productions in the precious metals, and in brass and iron, we may be content to place this firm in the first class of Gothic metal workers, at the same time pronouncing their works most admirable examples of Gothic Art-manufacture. We have selected from Messrs. Cox's extensive and diversified collections, as characteristic specimens for illustration, example 11, a group of sacramental plate in silver, of pure and beautiful Gothic design, and executed with truly exquisite skill and refinement; example 12 is a brass corona for candles, to be suspended by a chain; example 13 is an enriched font-cover of wrought iron work; example 14 represents a portion of a communion rail—the rail itself, which is of oak, being supported by brass standards with elegant spandrel foliage—this rail might easily be adapted to the requirements of staircases; and in example 15 we show a lectern, or reading-desk, of pierced brass work. All these examples are in themselves most meritorious, and they may be regarded as fair specimens of the Gothic metal work produced by Cox & Son. A collection of actual examples may be seen at the Architectural Galleries, in Conduit Street, where the metal work of the Messrs. Cox



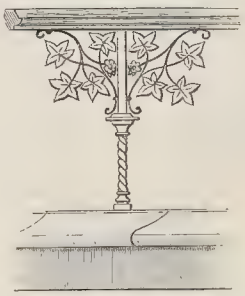
(Ex. 12.)

is advantageously grouped with the productions of their machinery for carving in both wood and stone. In next year's Great Exhibition we shall expect



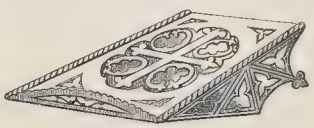
(Ex. 13.)

to be enabled to compare the works of our leading workers in the metals in the Gothic style, since we trust not only to see their works in places of honour



(Ex. 14.)

in the Exhibition, but also to find that they have been so arranged that they may be studied collectively. We are looking forward to a united dis-



(Ex. 15.) By Cox and Son.

play of the works of Hardman, Skidmore, Hart, Cox, Benham, and of other Gothic metal workers also. We desire to institute a comparison between them as they stand side by side.

TURNER'S WILL.

At a meeting of the Trustees of the National Gallery, held on the 8th of July, a motion was made by the Accountant-General, seconded by the Marquis of Lansdowne, and carried unanimously, to the effect that although the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Turner on certain conditions have been delivered to the trustees without express reference to those conditions, nevertheless grave doubts, supported by high legal authority, have been raised as to whether the trustees are not bound by the letter of the will. The trustees, therefore, having given full attention to their position in respect of the trust confided in them, deemed it their duty to bring the matter under the immediate consideration of the Lords of the Treasury, that the Turner Collection be placed in the National Gallery, in order that by thus fulfilling the terms of the bequest, the right of the nation to possess them be fully confir....d.

This resolution was transmitted by Sir C. L. Eastlake to the Secretary of the Treasury, and was ordered to be printed, and with it appears, in compliance of an order of the House of Lords, copies of the will and codicils of the late Mr. Turner, and of the decree of Vice-Chancellor Kindersley, establishing the right of the nation to the pictures bequeathed by Mr. Turner to the public. The express terms of that part of the decree referring immediately to the collection run thus:—"And her Majesty's Attorney-General by his counsel not claiming on the part of her Majesty, or of the trustees of the National Gallery, any pictures, sketches, or drawings which belong to the said testator, other than such as were his own work, or any engravings, or any other part of the real or personal estate of the said testator, this court doth declare, by consent of all parties by their counsel (except the plaintiffs, who by their counsel submit to act as this court shall direct, and except the Attorney-General, who does not oppose the same) that all the pictures, drawings, and sketches by the testator's hand, without any distinction of finished or unfinished, are to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public, and doth order that the same, when selected and ascertained in the manner hereafter mentioned, be retained by the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery accordingly." This document deals only with the right of the nation to the possession of the pictures, and proceeds to define the interests of the persons named in the will. It is dated March, 19th, 1846, and does not touch upon the conditional building to be appropriated within ten years of Turner's death, in default of which it is certain that law proceedings would have been taken to reclaim the collection by the heirs of the testator; and so precise is the condition, that the trial must have been decided against the public. To the will are appended four codicils. It is in the second of these codicils, dated August 2nd, 1848, that the bequest of the pictures is made; but the fourth codicil dated February 1st, 1849, begins,—"Now I do hereby as to the disposition of my finished pictures, limit the time for offering the same as a gift to the trustees of the National Gallery to the term of ten years after my decease; and if the said trustees of the said National Gallery shall not within the said space of ten years have provided and constructed a room, or rooms to be added to the National Gallery, that part thereof to be called Turner's Gallery, then I declare the gift or offer of the said finished pictures to be null and void."

This term of ten years will very shortly expire, and it is not intelligible wherefore the present step should have been delayed until the eleventh hour. The result, however, is the immediate removal of the Turner Collection from Kensington to the National Gallery, as announced in another part of our Journal.

The following are the resolutions of the Select Committee appointed to consider in what way the conditions of the will can best be carried out, and which, we doubt not, will be acceptable to our readers:—

"That the committee have met and considered the subject-matter referred to them, and have come to the following resolutions, viz:—

"That the late Mr. Turner, R.A., by his will, gave to the trustees of the National Gallery his picture of 'Dido building Carthage,' and his picture formerly in the De Tabley Collection, for ever, subject to the direction that they should be kept and placed always between the two pictures painted by Claude, the 'Seaport' and the 'Mill;' and the right of the trustees to these pictures was declared by the decree after mentioned; and the two pictures have ever since been, and now are, placed in the National Gallery between the two Claudes, according to Turner's will.

"That Mr. Turner made several codicils to his will; by the first codicil, which was superseded by the later ones, he desired a gallery to be erected for his pictures (except the two given by his will), and that they should be maintained and exhibited as a separate collection, to be called 'Turner's Gallery;' by the second codicil he gave his finished pictures (except the 'Dido' and the 'De Tabley' pictures) to the trustees of the National Gallery, provided that a room or rooms were added to the National Gallery, to be entitled 'Turner's Gallery;' in the meantime they were not to be removed until rooms were built; the trustees of the National Gallery were not to have any power over the pictures unless his wish was fully carried out by them; it was his will that either such pictures should remain and be called 'Turner's Gallery,' and be the property of the nation, or to remain at his house as one entire gallery, to be viewed gratuitously; if the lease could not be renewed the pictures were to be sold; by the third codicil, if the National Gallery should not carry out the provisions in the second codicil within five years, on or before the expiration of the lease of his present gallery, then he declared his bequest to the National Gallery to be void, and in that case his gallery to be continued on the terms mentioned in his last codicil. By the fourth and last codicil he limited ten years for offering his finished pictures to the National Gallery; if the rooms were not built, the pictures were to be exhibited gratuitously during the existence of the lease of his Queen Ann Street house, except the last two years, and then the pictures were to be sold; by the decree of the Court of Chancery, made in March, 1856, the Court declared that all the pictures, drawings, and sketches, wholly or partially by the testator's hand, without any distinction of finished or unfinished, were to be deemed as well given for the benefit of the public, and were to be retained by the trustees for the time being of the National Gallery.

"That under the above testamentary dispositions and the decree of the Court of Chancery, the nation is now in possession of three hundred and sixty-two pictures painted by Turner, and of a very large number of water-colour drawings of the highest excellence; and the nation ought, in the opinion of this House, to carry out the conditions annexed to the gift in like manner as the conditions annexed to the gift of the two pictures now between the two Claudes have been complied with.

"That, for want of a room to receive them at the National Gallery, the pictures are now at Kensington, but the power of the trustees of the National Gallery has been preserved over them; and it was publicly announced that they were removed to Kensington only as a temporary measure.

"That Turner died in December, 1851, and, in the opinion of this House, no further delay should take place in providing a room or rooms for the reception and exhibition of his pictures and drawings, now the property of the nation, in connection with the National Gallery, to be called 'Turner's Gallery.'

"That it is expedient that the finished pictures by Turner should be forthwith deposited and properly hung in one of the rooms of the present National Gallery, according to the plan which Mr. Wornum, the keeper, has stated in his evidence that he is prepared to carry out.

"But this arrangement, as it will necessarily involve considerable inconvenience in the exhibition of the pictures now in the National Gallery, must be considered as of a strictly temporary character, pending the execution of some more enlarged and comprehensive plan.

"That, with a view to provide such accommodation, Mr. Pennethorne, the architect, has stated in his evidence that he can undertake to erect rooms fully sufficient for the reception of the Turner pictures at the back of the present National Gallery, within a period of time not exceeding twelve months, and at a cost not to exceed £25,000.

"That unless some reasonable prospect of seeing a noble gallery worthy of the fine collection of pictures by the ancient masters and British artists which the country now possesses, and which is, year by year, receiving additions of great importance, erected upon a comprehensive plan on the present or any other site, it appears desirable that steps should be forthwith taken for making the limited addition to the present gallery suggested by Mr. Pennethorne.

"That with regard to the second portion of the order of reference, viz., 'And having completed such inquiry, then to consider and report the measures proper to be taken with respect to the Vernon Gallery, and the prospective measures proper to be taken with respect to any future gifts of the same kind,' the late period of the session making it impossible for the committee fully to consider the important questions involved, the committee beg to recommend to the House that the subject be again referred early in the ensuing session.

"And the committee have directed the Minutes of Evidence taken before them, together with an Appendix, to be laid before your lordships."

July 30.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

SIR,—Like many of your readers, I commenced the perusal of the article on the New Foreign Office with considerable interest—an interest which the style of writing fully justified. The first and second paragraphs were introductory, the third was devoted to a reproduction of "the exploded fallacies and often-refuted misrepresentations of Lord Palmerston and his subordinates," and some very vigorous assertions in favour of Gothic, "as well for civil as for ecclesiastical buildings." You are of course entitled to hold this opinion, but I think you are also bound, as a leader on Art subjects, to give the public the benefit of the reasons upon which your opinions rest, in a question so generally interesting and so amply talked about. You assert "that the Gothic is the one style that alone can produce such a Foreign Office as would be worthy of the English metropolis at the present day," and you are perhaps right; but it would surely have been more "worthy" of the *Art-Journal* to have given the reasons on which this bold conclusion rests. This would also have been advisable from what follows. You "believe the Gothic style not only the noblest in itself, but the best adapted for every important English building;" not the old Gothic, for you "have no mediæval sympathies whatever," but "that same great style, inspired with fresh life and animated with renewed vigour, and at the same time modified and expressed in conformity with the spirit of our own age." This sounds like a very important style, by whatever name it may be called, and is no doubt that national one the public are in search of; but it was surely "unworthy" of the *Art-Journal* to leave the demonstration of "the superior fitness and worthiness" of such a style, "for the production of a New Foreign Office," to architectural contemporaries; for this, among many other reasons—that whereas these contemporaries have all been engaged in a way that shows they feel the subject one of considerable difficulty, you tantalize us by declaring "we should not feel that any severe or trying task had been imposed upon us, if asked to produce a demonstration of the superiority and fitness of a Gothic adapted to our own age." This demonstration is exactly what is wanted; and do favour your readers by doing what you can do so easily. Tell us whether this is a question of Art or Architecture, or, if mixed, in what proportion each is represented in its proper settlement? Explain the essential element of Gothic—that inherent idea on which modern modifications can be implanted without destroying it; show us what kind of modifications will express present sentiments, and the principles upon which the connection between the modifications and the sentiments are based, as also what these sentiments are. And if the facts be fairly stated, the inductions legitimate, and reasonings sound, you will enable your readers likewise to become defenders of Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds. What you say about Gothic being the rising style among "business men" is not perfectly conclusive, because the same might be predicated of peculiarly formed letters or particular colours for shop fronts, but these details may be left till the principles are settled.

J. S.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Royal Academy.—The election this year fell to the lot of James Sant, Esq.; it was long ago the artist's due. For many years he has occupied a high place in Art, and may be classed among the best painters of the age and country. In other respects also, the Academy will obtain a valuable acquisition in this accomplished gentleman. As in nearly all recent elections, the honour does not reach the honoured until it is comparatively useless as a step to fortune. It rewards, though it does not assist, Mr. Sant on the way to fame: he has already "climbed the steep" that leads to its temple. It is, however, a becoming, because a well-merited, tribute to his genius, and will give entire satisfaction to the public, as well as to the profession. We understand Mr. Solomon was the next in order for election. Here, too, whenever it chances to be his turn, the distinction will have been rightly earned.

The Royal Academy Conversazione.—The season was closed, as usual, by a *conversazione* in the galleries of the Royal Academy, in Trafalgar Square. The pictures looked so well, and the people so happy, that we may wish such "evenings" occurred more than once in a year; not, perhaps, as an "entertainment," but certainly as a gathering, where the cost would be little, and the pleasure much.

An Institute of Sculptors.—On the 15th of June last, a meeting of sculptors took place, to consider a proposition made by Mr. Westmacott, in reference to the establishment of an Institute of Sculptors, on which occasion a committee was formed consisting of E. H. Baily, R.A., P. Macdowell, R.A., W. Calder Marshall, R.A., J. H. Foley, R.A, H. Weekes, A.R.A., J. Durham, W. F. Woodington, T. Thorneycroft, and E. B. Stephens, who reported that having held several meetings on the subject, it was unanimously agreed that the formation of such a society is highly desirable, believing that if founded on sound principles, and regulated by just laws, such an institution might effect great good to Art, and they accordingly recommended the formation of a society to be called "The Institute of Sculptors." We understand perfectly the motives which induce these gentlemen to move with a view to the protection of their interests. There have been offered to the profession of sculpture larger prizes than have ever been proposed to the painter, and this has called into life very many professors of the art unqualified by even a meagre knowledge of its first principles; and unfortunately, these are the men ever most ready to enter the lists for public works, the direction of which is most commonly in the hands of utterly incapable committees, to whom are offered designs by not more competent sculptors, with whom men of talent decline any public contest. The result is, that our public places are thronged with works of the most discreditable kind—conveying to foreigners, and to certain garrulous members of the House of Commons, the impression that we have no sculptors. The committees that generally act in these matters are always divided—each member is interested in advancing his own *protégé*, without regard to merits of design or the lasting scandal of a very bad public statue. In support of our view of the matter, we instance a monument to a deceased bishop, at present in the hands of a portrait painter, who has succeeded in excluding sculptors even from competing for a commission legitimately belonging to their profession, and altogether removed from the practice of a portrait painter. If the proposed society is to be established to remedy such abuses as those we allude to, all lovers of good Art must be desirous of its success.

The National Portrait Gallery.—A bust, in pale terra-cotta, of Cromwell has been added to the collection in George Street. It is supposed to have been modelled from the life by Edward Pierce, a sculptor who executed also the busts of Wren and Newton that are at Oxford, and to be the original of the marble bust of Cromwell in the possession of Lord Taunton. It is but a half bust, having little more than the head and neck, being squared at the shoulders, and extending but little below the throat. The face is full, round, and may be said to be somewhat heavy in expression; there is no intensity, which it would have been the business of the sculptor to catch had he seen it, but the Lord Protector when he sat must have been in an easy, happy frame of mind. It looks like an original work, by a sculptor who was not sufficiently master of the licenses and venial resources of his art to know the value of giving substance to the upper eyelid, depth to the eyes, and language to the lips. It is rather Cromwell domestic than Cromwell historical, although the breast be guarded by a cuirass. In most of the other portraits of Cromwell, as those by Cooper and Walker, there is more refinement. There is well known to artists a mask, said to have been taken after death, which declares itself as the original of most of the pictorial likenesses of Cromwell that have been painted during the last half century, and the heaviness of this mask corresponds in some degree with that of this bust. Other additions to the collection are a bust of Lord Jeffrey (*Edinburgh Review*), by Park; and of Lord W. Bentinck, by Campbell; also a portrait of Oliver Goldsmith (not yet hung), formerly the property of the poet himself.

Mr. G. F. Watts has recently finished a fresco in the new church of St. James the Less, in Garden Street, Vauxhall Bridge Road. The subject is the Saviour in Glory, and it has been painted on the space above the pointed arch leading to the choir and the altar. The Saviour is the centre figure, having on each side a company of adoring angels. From the height of the fresco, it is not so impressive as if it were nearer the eye, or the figures were larger. The background is a dead yellow colour, to represent the gilded backgrounds of early Italian pictures. The figures rest upon clouds, and the space beneath them is blue. It is intended that the whole should be light and floating, it contains therefore no heavy tones; and although full of colour, its variety is lost by the precedence assumed by the yellow colour employed to diffuse light. It is different from the fresco by Mr. Watts in Lincoln's Inn, insomuch that it would not be pronounced to be by the same hand. In the arrangement, Mr. Watts aims at nothing new. It would be difficult to give to the subject any disposition differing very much from that adopted for centuries by the Italian schools. The church has been built by the Misses Monk, daughters of Dr. Monk, late Bishop of Gloucester. It is, in architectural style, Italian-Gothic, much ornamented.

The Turner Pictures.—It is at length resolved that the Turner collection is to be removed to the National Gallery, in order to comply with the provisions of the will, and save the collection to the country; for if something be not immediately done, they will be claimed by the heir-at-law, in which case they will either be sold by auction, or have to be purchased by the Government. The rooms in the National Gallery are already full, it is therefore difficult to understand how an addition of upwards of one hundred pictures—some of them very large—are to be arranged; but if it must be so, Mr. Wornum, with his experience, judgment, and good taste, will make the best of the difficulty. The new Italian room will not be touched; it will therefore be the Dutch and Spanish pictures that will be re-distributed. The change must be effected immediately, as the term allowed in the will expires very soon.

Lighting Public Galleries.—The question of lighting our public galleries with gas having been recently agitated, and drawn forth letters from Mr. Sidney Smirke and the late Mr. Braidwood, in especial reference to lighting the British Museum, these letters have been laid before Professors Tyndall, Faraday, and Hoffmann, but these gentlemen declare their adhesion to their expressed opinion of the safety of gas, and state that at South Kensington the temperature of the picture galleries lighted by gas, is not so high as when the sun is shining through the skylights. Professor Faraday recommends, however, that the roofs of galleries lighted by gas be of iron, and that he would hesitate to recommend gas for the Museum in opposition to the opinion of the architect. In lighting, however, a picture gallery permanently by gas, it is not the temperature that is to be apprehended so much as the deposit from the gas. If it be now necessary to wipe the pictures in the National Gallery from time to time, how much more frequently will it be necessary if the gallery be lighted by gas! The best gauge is a white ceiling over a gas burner, this will be darkened in one season; what will then be the effect on delicately-coloured pictures in twenty seasons? There are thousands of valuable objects which gas will not affect, but if it only necessitates to pictures additional rubbing and cleaning, even this ought to be avoided.

Science Instruction to the Industrial Classes.—The first annual examination of science classes, under the minutes of the Committee of the Council on Education, has just been completed. This examination is open to any persons of whatever age or sex, who choose to present themselves, and is held in different places in the kingdom, and superintended entirely by the voluntary action of local committees. For the late examinations there were thirty-five local centres, and the examination papers sent were prepared in London and sent by post to the local committees by whom the examination was held on each subject simultaneously all over the kingdom, and the worked papers were returned by the first post to London. Of one thousand papers thus sent up, seven hundred and twenty-five were considered good enough to be passed, of which three hundred and ten were up to the standard for Queen's prizes. Fifty-nine first-class, one hundred second-class, and one hundred and fifty-one third-class Queen's prizes were awarded, and besides these there were awarded four gold, eleven silver, and sixteen bronze medals. The state incurs no liability or expense in the training of teachers, but merely certificates them as competent after examination, and such teachers receive a payment in respect of each student earning his livelihood by manual labour; but the grant is only made after the student has been examined and has proved the sufficiency of his instruction. The subjects for which prizes have been awarded are practical, plain, and descriptive geometry, mechanical drawing &c., mechanical physics, experimental physics, chemistry, geology and mineralogy, natural history and botany.

W. B. Scott's "Border Pictures."—Messrs. Moore, McQueen, & Co., the successors of Mr. Gambart in his publishing business in Berners Street, have just issued a series of photographic prints from Mr. Scott's eight pictures illustrating the history of the English Border, noticed in our last number. These photographs, taken by Mr. C. T. Thompson, show very accurately the subject matter of these masterly and most interesting compositions, but they cannot be expected to do adequate justice to the painter's expression of character, his delicate manipulation, and vivid colouring. We have, however, what is better than the artist's mere handiwork, the thoughts of his mind clearly and powerfully set forth.

Life of J. M. W. Turner.—Mr. Walter Thornbury, who has been for a long time occupied with this work, is bringing it to a conclusion, and we expect to see it issued from the press during the autumn. The author will yet be glad to avail himself of whatever assistance can be rendered him in the shape of letters of the great painter, or communications of any kind having reference to him or his works.

The South Kensington Museum will be rearranged previous to the Great Exhibition next year, in order that its many treasures may be grouped with the fullest effect; and it is further proposed that loans of Art-treasures in private hands be also obtained, so that the Fine Art of the past time may be conveniently contrasted with that of the present. The two exhibitions will thus illustrate each other. The museum at present is enriched with some most valuable antique works on loan; and the abundant treasures in private hands may enable us to show worthily to the world the riches of English collections. Should a selection be made—which might be made without much difficulty—of nothing but first-rate examples, we should have a temporary museum of the greatest archæological interest, and one that would have a high rank as a practical exponent of antique Art, of much value to the modern artizan.

The Great Exhibition of 1862.—We understand that Mr. Robert Hunt, F.R.S., whose valuable aid is so frequently given to our columns, has undertaken the office of superintendent of Class I. of the International Exhibition (mining, quarrying, metallurgy, and mineral products), and that he has been appointed secretary of the national committee for the same class, Sir Roderick I. Murchison being chairman. From Mr. Hunt's thorough knowledge of all that relates to our mineral productions, the results may be anticipated with reference to the best display.

The Victoria Cross Gallery.—This is now the third season that Mr. Desanges has been before the public with his very interesting collection of

pictures, setting forth the feats that have been rewarded with the Victoria Cross. On the opening of the exhibition at the beginning of the season, we described the new pictures that had been added, of which there were not less than eight, manifesting an industry and rapidity of execution to which we cannot recall any contemporary parallel. The collection now numbers forty-seven works, and next season the opening of the exhibition will be looked for in order to see what other additions may be made. It was a happy idea to paint the heroes of the Victoria Cross. Every one who has received the Cross is worthy of being thus celebrated. We do not know the destination of these pictures, nor whether even they are the property of the artist; but, as commemorative of events among the most important in our history, they suggest the wish that they may not be distributed. As a nation, we are not famous for immortalizing ourselves in painting, though we have, shut up in books, a list of victories to which some of our neighbours would have devoted many miles of canvas. Greenwich has its Painted Hall, an excellent nucleus for a pictorial history of our naval power, which we may truly say has yet to be painted. But there is not the slightest public honourable mention of our military achievements, and on that account we submit that these pictures, having become public property, should be placed in some institution where they might serve as permanent mementoes of the valour of our countrymen. They possess an especial interest, much of which arises from the fact that they come as near to the truth as can be effected in painting by individual portraiture and accurate local description. It cannot be objected, that, because the Peninsula and Waterloo have not been thus chronicled, the Crimean and Indian campaigns should not. The institution of the Victoria Cross is a most opportune occasion for the foundation of a gallery in honour of our brave men, and in celebration of our victories, of which our catalogue is more numerous than that of any contemporary nation.

To an Order of the House of Commons, dated June 14, 1861, returns have been made showing under separate heads the sums of money annually voted by parliament during the ten years ending the 31st of December, 1860, for the British Museum and Library, the National Gallery, London, the Royal Gardens at Kew, the Botanic Gardens, Edinburgh, and the Natural History and Economic Museum of the same place, the National Gallery, Dublin, the Museum of Irish Industry, and Royal Dublin Society, exclusive of those sums which have been voted for additional buildings, and for other accounts not under the control of the trustees, governors, or council of these institutions and societies. In this return, the British Museum figures for £46,824, in 1851, and in 1860, for £100,850, but this sum includes others which before that year were not comprehended in the principal item. In 1851, the sum voted for the National Gallery was £1,700, in 1860, £11,670. The National Gallery in Dublin began to be chargeable in 1855, when £3,000 were voted in aid of the building, and in 1856, £3,000, in 1858, £5,000, and in 1860, £5,000.

Electro-Deposits, once confined to small works of Art, are now most successfully employed on the largest castings intended for the decoration of gardens, &c. An excellent specimen, by Franchi and Son, is placed in the hall leading to the lecture theatre of the South Kensington Museum; it is a reproduction of the pedestal or foot of a standard in the Place of St. Mark, Venice, and has all the boldness and grandeur of the original, which is a remarkable design, exceedingly characteristic of the gorgeous tastes of the old Venetians. There is no difference to the eye between this cast and the wrought original, so effectively has the work been done in every part. It stands nearly twelve feet in height, and, with another, is intended to hold flagstaffs, after the manner of the originals, when the new Exhibition building is finished.

The Architectural Museum, South Kensington.—This collection, which may properly be considered as the nucleus of a National Museum of Architectural Art, and which has been one of the most useful to all employed in the enrichments which that branch of the Arts requires, is now established on a somewhat new footing at the South Kensington Museum—one which may be advantageous to each, but which must greatly depend on the "continuance of a right understanding on both sides," as the managing committee word it in their recent report. The difficulty, hitherto, has been the mastership of the collection. The body who really own it have merely placed it in the galleries at South Kensington; but have objected to any interference on the part of the officials there. They had, in fact, merely accepted the use of the space allotted for their exhibition; hence they received "notice to quit" in March, 1860; but after some considerable time an arrangement has been entered into, by which the collection remains on loan to the Kensington Museum, whose officers desire to found, themselves, a Museum of Universal Architecture, under their own control. The specimens lent will be labelled separately, and may be reclaimed by a twelvemonth's notice, and placed in any other situation. The Architectural Museum will therefore be no longer its own custodian, but it will have the advantage of the larger collection to be formed; a right of admission for its members to all the advantages of the lectures and galleries there; a voice in the purchase and acceptance of future specimens; and thus being saved the expense of curatorships and purchases, its funds will be set more free towards its development as a school of architectural art, in lectures, prizes, and teaching. The committee have issued a prospectus of prizes to be awarded in 1862 to all Art workmen, whether members of the Museum or not. They consist of two prizes of ten guineas and five guineas for a stone bas-relief, and of five guineas and three guineas for a stone capital showing the best arrangement of hawthorn and ash foliage. Two other prizes for the best clay model; the same for the best ornamental panel in lime or other soft wood. Metal workers are invited to copy a portion of the scroll-work in St. Paul's Cathedral in hammered iron, for which two prizes of ten guineas and six guineas are offered; and the same for the best Gothic, or Renaissance, wrought-iron door-handle. A prize of five guineas for the best floriated roundel in painted glass, and another of the same value for "coloured decoration" applied to a mediæval statue. In addition to all this, prizes of one guinea, and upwards, are offered for any actual work, wholly or partially finished, in any of these branches, as an encouragement to artizans. The most meritorious of such works may also form a contribution to the International Exhibition of 1862.

Bust of Charles I.—There is in the possession of Mr. Pratt, of Bond Street, a very remarkable bust of Charles I., which is believed to be the veritable work of Bernini for which Van Dyck painted the front face and two profiles, for the sculptor to work from. There is at Windsor Castle a bust, said to be the original, but the engraving from that work does not in anywise resemble the cast of features painted by Van Dyck. On looking at the profile of the bust there is a remarkable stoop, that the sculptor could not have got from Van Dyck's heads; it is, therefore, probable that, besides these paintings, there were also sketches sent to Rome. There is no mistaking the features, so like are they to those of Van Dyck's portrait. The sculptor seems, indeed, to have hit the spirit of Van Dyck, so free, so broad and life-like is his work. In the Windsor bust the face is oval, and the hair does not flow on to the shoulders, but in this work it rolls down in ample tresses. It is cast in a mixture of many metals, but the metal is covered—rough cast, it may be called—with coarse sand, which makes it very like a carving out of a piece of very coarse sandstone. Bernini kept the bust long in hand, his reason for which was that he worked at it with much reluctance, because the unhappy cast of the features impressed him painfully, and he is reported to have expressed a conviction that the life of the king would not terminate naturally. When the bust was sent to this country, the king, with some attendants, went to Chelsea to see it, where it was placed in the open air that it might be the better examined. While the party were inspecting it, a hawk, with a partridge that he had struck, flew into the garden, and some of the blood of the dying bird fell on the neck of the bust, and this being considered an evil omen it was laid aside—so says tradition. The bust was the property of Mr. Horace Palmer; it was found amongst a quantity of lumber at Urlingham House, Fulham.

REVIEWS.

Recollections of A. N. Welby Pugin, and his Father, Augustus Pugin; with Notices of their Works. By Benjamin Ferrey, Architect, F.R.I.B.A. With an Appendix by E. Sheridan Purcell, Esq. Published by E. Stanford, London.

This work, which has been some time announced, does not seem to justify the result anticipated from it, and has already called forth some demurrer on the part of the friends of the younger Pugin. One writer who protests against it says—"These *Recollections* and *Appendix* have too much the impress of proceeding from a joint publishing company, and with a view to pick my poor friend's bones. I, knowing the working of it all, must plainly express my sorrow at the proceedings."

Without being able to settle any of the disputed points, which have chiefly a personal reference, for we knew neither of the Pugins except in their professional character, we yet think there is much in the volume which might have been omitted without injury to the subjects of the memoir; in truth, such omissions would prove rather judicious than otherwise.

Comparatively few pages only are devoted to a notice of the elder Pugin, who was principally known as a skilful architectural draughtsman, and was one of the early members of the Old Water-Colour Society, of which he was elected an associate in 1808. By his drawings of ancient Gothic buildings, and by his various published works on the same subject, such as the "Examples of Gothic Architecture," "Ornamental Timber Gables," &c., he drew public attention to the architecture of the Middle Ages, and thus cleared the way for what has since been done, and what is now doing, in the promotion of that style of constructive Art; while to the characteristic talents of both his parents—for the mother seems to have been a remarkable woman—may be traced some of the peculiarities observable in the genius of their son; and to the latter, probably, the change which took place in his religious sentiments; for, having been brought up in the strict observances of Calvinistic doctrine—his mother being a follower of Edward Irving—he renounced in after life his faith, and went over to the Romish church. As this circumstance had no small influence on the professional career of Welby Pugin, and people attributed his conversion solely to his feeling of respect for the externals of worship, the splendour of ceremonials, and the magnificence of ancient ecclesiastical architecture, it may be as well to hear his reply to the charge. He admits that the study of ancient Art and the acquisition of "liturgical knowledge" prepared his mind for the adoption of new religious views:—"With what delight did I trace the fitness of each portion of those glorious edifices to the rites for whose celebration they had been erected! Then did I discover that the service I had been accustomed to attend and admire was but a cold and heartless remnant of past glories, and that those prayers which, in my ignorance, I had ascribed to reforming piety, were in reality only scraps plucked from the solemn and perfect offices of the ancient church. Pursuing my researches among the faithful pages of the old chronicles, I discovered the tyranny, apostasy, and bloodshed by which the new religion had been established, the endless strifes, dissensions, and discord that existed among its propagators, and the dissension and ruin that attended its progress. Opposed to all this, I considered the Catholic church, existing with uninterrupted apostolical succession, handing down the same faith, sacraments, and ceremonies unchanged, unaltered through every clime, language, and nation. For upwards of three years did I earnestly pursue the study of this all-important subject, and the irresistible force of truth penetrating my heart, I gladly surrendered my own fallible judgment to the unerring decisions of the church, and embracing with heart and soul its faith and discipline, became an humble, but I trust faithful, member."

Without questioning the sincerity of Pugin's convictions, or entering upon polemical discussion, may we not remark what an oblique view he took of the history of Romanism and Protestantism respectively. He saw in the latter "tyranny, apostasy, and bloodshed, strifes, dissensions, and discord," but could find none of these evils as ever existing in the united, holy, and self-sacrificing church of Rome: there purity, serenity, gentleness, and brotherly love always existed; "the same faith, sacraments, and ceremonies unchanged" from the days when St. Peter received the keys of the great universal Christian church down to his own time. Why, if the apostle were again on the earth to see the church built on his foundations, as it assumes to be, would he recognise therein one single stone of his

own fashioning and laying? What illogical reasoning is there in this defence of perversion, and what strange hallucinations of mind must men suffer that are led away by palpable contradictions of facts! Even his biographer, whom we do not accuse of having any tendency towards Romanism—though the book seems, perhaps from its very nature, to incline thitherwards—says, "Had he, however, remained in the church of his birth, what a noble field would have been open to him in the restoration of those ancient churches and cathedrals with whose beauty he was so familiar!" To which let us add, if he had continued therein, how much higher would have been the opinion entertained of his unbiassed judgment and practical good sense.

It cannot, however, be denied by the most uncompromising opponent of Romanism that the Catholic church was the great patron of Art of every kind; even the Art of to-day owes its greatest achievements to that of centuries long past. Mr. Purcell says, in his "Appendix" to this volume—"Pugin is severe on the ignorance and incapacity of the modern artisan. Silver and iron-smiths were in former times artists, and often great artists too; but in this enlightened age of mechanics' institutes and scientific societies, if you go, he contends, to a smith with a piece of work not of the ordinary stamp, the vacant stare of the miserable mechanic speedily convinces you that the turning-up of a horse-shoe is the extent of his knowledge in the mysteries of the smithy; and even the capital hand of the establishment, if he be sufficiently clever to comprehend your meaning, will tell you that what you want is quite out of his line. The true mechanics' institute, the oldest and best, is the church. Under her guidance at least, he contends, the minds of the operatives were not poisoned with infidel and radical doctrines. 'The church,' says Pugin, at the conclusion of his first lecture"—On the True Principles of Pointed or Christian Architecture—"'was the great and never-failing school in which all the great artists of the days of faith were formed. Under her tuition they devoted the most wonderful efforts of their skill to the glory of God; and let our prayer ever be,' he continues, 'that the church may again, as in days of old, cultivate the talents of her children to the advancement of religion, and the welfare of their own souls, for, without such results, talents are vain, and the greatest efforts of Art sink to the level of abomination.'"

Had Welby Pugin lived to our day, with what *ésprit de corps* on behalf of Gothic would he have entered into the "Battle of the Styles," as it is now being waged. Mr. Purcell enters the lists for him, and contends against much of the architectural work that has sprung up within the last few years, and is still going on; the shams and realities designated by Mr. Ruskin as "architectural falsehoods." "We are not cosmopolitans," remarks Mr. Purcell, "why, therefore, hanker after the bastard Greek nondescript style, which has ravaged so many of the most interesting cities of Europe, and forget our own land and our own national architecture, which has so many claims to our reverence and love? It is needless to remark how the great artist"—meaning Pugin—"laments that England is losing her venerable garb, and exchanging her ancient variety for dull and monotonous uniformity. Apollo terraces, factory chimneys, government preaching-houses, Zion chapels, Bethel meetings, New Connections, and socialist halls, were to him like the seven plagues of Egypt. He ridiculed the ostentation and vulgarity of our street architecture, where the linendraper's shop apes the palace of the Cæsars, and the cigar divan, with its Turkish look, is a vile burlesque of Eastern architecture. The whitewasher, the grainer, the Roman cement man, come in for their share of well-merited castigation." Mr. Purcell, like Pugin, takes, we think, but a one-sided view of matters—looking less at the requirements and condition of the present time than at the Art-character he desires to see as part of our social system. There is indeed much in this we would have altered, but Gothic marts of commerce, and gable-ended, half-timbered houses projecting over the pathways of the Strand, Fleet Street, Cornhill, and other arteries of our great city, excluding air and light, though highly picturesque, would, we suspect, find little favour in the eyes of the district surveyor, and far less in those of the shopkeeper and foot-passenger. Still, buildings have recently been erected in the metropolis that show there is no necessity for sacrificing architectural beauty to convenience, and that stone and brick are not altogether superseded by lath and plaster.

Notwithstanding there is much in this book that is readable and amusing—supposing all thereinstated be fact, which is matter of dispute—it is yet a disappointing volume, considering the man of whom it speaks chiefly. The younger Pugin, though eccentric, was a highly-gifted man; his professional career was extensive, and the works executed by him were most numerous; we should have been pleased to have been told something about them beyond a mere catalogue: more about his architecture, and less of his religious and political sentiments, where these were not strictly interwoven with his Art. Many of the pages are occupied by the latter, which would have been more generally profitable if appropriated to the former. Mr. Purcell pays a well-merited compliment to the genius and conscientiousness of his hero, whose last affliction and comparatively early death were deeply lamented by every lover of ecclesiastical architecture.

Traviata. Engraved by G. S. Shury, from the picture by F. Biard. Published by Moore, McQueen, & Co., London.

The *prestige* of a publishing firm, whether of Art or literature, is, with many, some guarantee for the excellence of whatever it sends out: as, therefore, the names which appear on this print as the publishers are new to most of our readers, we presume, it will only be right to state they are the successors of Mr. Gambart, who has retired from this branch of business in their favour.

'Traviata' is one of their earliest speculations; it is not a work of high character as a subject, but the pleasing manner in which it is brought forward cannot fail to render it acceptable; we are unable, however, to trace the connection between the treatment and the title of 'Traviata,' as the latter has come before the public through the opera of the same name. M. Biard has represented the figure as an Eastern lady, cradled in a network of embroidery, suspended in a way and in a place not clearly intelligible; at her side is a table covered with smoking paraphernalia, vases, &c.: the entire composition has about it an air of Eastern magnificence and *abandon* most striking, but, to us, scarcely comprehensible.

The Golden Treasury of the best Songs and Lyrical Poems in the English Language. Selected and arranged with Notes by Francis Turner Palgrave, Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. Published by Macmillan and Co., London and Cambridge.

Mr. Palgrave has made his selection with taste, judgment, and discrimination, but it certainly contains only *some* of the best songs and lyrical poems in the English language, and not all, as the title of his small volume almost assumes; possibly the limits he ascribed to himself as defining lyric poetry may have led to the exclusion of names we should have looked for; but even this would not apply to all whom we find omitted. The great poets are well represented—Burns, Byron, Campbell, Gray, Keats, Milton, Walter Scott, Shakspere, Shelley, and Wordsworth, the last more profusely than any other; but surely Mrs. Hemans, Mrs. Tighe, Letitia Landon, Crabbe, John Malcolm, and many others, wrote something worthy to be included among the "best" lyrics in our language. The fact is, the last half century has produced so many admirable compositions of this kind, by known and unknown writers, that to gather them all together, would result in a tolerably bulky volume. Mr. Palgrave's selection is admirable as far as it goes, and makes a very pleasant pocket companion. The introductory remarks and notes are good; but their value, especially in the latter case, is comparatively lost by their being placed at the end of the book, instead of the pages on which the poems are printed. There should at least have been reference figures to direct the attention of the reader to the notes at the end.

Gleanings in Graveyards. A Collection of Curious Epitaphs, collated, compiled, and edited by Horatio E. Norfolk. Second Edition. Published by J. R. Smith, London.

It is quite clear that in this country there should be a public censor of monumental inscriptions, if the powers vested in the clergy and the churchwardens are not sufficient to exclude absurdity and irreverence from the resting-place of the *dead*. Mr. Norfolk's "Meditations among the Tombs" must have called forth thoughts and feelings differing widely from those which induced the good divine, Harvey, to indite his well-known work bearing this title; and it is strange that in a country of such religious profession as our own, the churchyard should so often prove the excitement to mirth and laughter instead of serious, pleasant reflection; that above the green turf and wild flowers growing at the feet of the wanderer there should meet his eye, to remind him of the sleepers beneath, the quaint, humorous, and, oftentimes, almost blasphemous, record of the dead.

Had the author of this book published it with the sole view of attracting public attention to the necessity of some censorship over the literature of the graveyard, he could scarcely have got together a more overwhelming mass of evidence in favour of such a measure. This, however, was not his object; the task was undertaken in the hope that while this collection of epitaphs "may afford amusement to all, it will not prove offensive to any, nor fail to convey the salutary lesson that a healthy smile may be elicited from the homely record of human woe." That it will often call forth smiles is unquestionable, though we may presume to doubt their "healthiness" in a moral sense; a smile of pity ought naturally to follow the reading of much that is found here, and one can only marvel at the taste and the ignorance that combines the register of the departed with the humours of the jester.

Our demurrer is not against Mr. Norfolk nor his amusing book, for most amusing it is, *of its kind*. He has gleaned from the churchyards of the United Kingdom a multitude of epitaphs in prose and *poetry*, which cannot but interest: some are of distant date, some so recent as to show the schoolmaster has not yet penetrated everywhere. Only, or chiefly, those remarkable for their singularity, facetiousness, or wit, are introduced; very few are of a contrary character. We would recommend him, by way of a set-off to these qualities, to collect materials from our places of sepulture of epitaphs equally remarkable for poetic grace, beauty of expression, and holy faith; epitaphs which may fittingly describe the Christian character and the Christian's final hope. There is no lack of these, either in the gorgeous cathedral or where

"The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep."

Tourists' Guides. Scotland—The English Lakes—Kent—Sussex. Published by A. and C. Black, Edinburgh.

The first-mentioned of these excellent guide-books has now reached the fifteenth edition; the second of them has advanced to the eleventh: need anything else be said by way of commendation? The facts supply their own commentary, leaving us nothing to state but what would, under the circumstances, be superfluous. They who, not hitherto requiring such works, may not have seen them, should understand that for abundant, yet by no means superfluous, information, accuracy of statement, and excellence of arrangement, combined with convenience of size, legible type, and careful printing, these volumes respectively are just what the tourist would desire to have. Both are amply and prettily illustrated, and have numerous maps.

The "Kent" guide, which now makes its first appearance, we assume, may worthily take its place beside the others: nearly five hundred pages are devoted to the exploration and description of this picturesque county, most appropriately called "The Garden of England," and whose historical associations are second to none in the kingdom, as the deeds of the "men of Kent" under the banner of the White Horse have often testified. Nowhere will the lover of rich, home scenery, the antiquary, or the artist, find a more inexhaustible field wherein "to expatiate and roam at large," than amid its beautiful valleys, wooded uplands, and verdant lanes; its venerable ruins, ancient churches, and domestic edifices; its acres of ground covered in spring-time with blossoms of every hue, and in summer and autumn with fruits pleasant to the eye and grateful to the taste. Well did Douglas Jerrold say—"We feel a something old, strong, stubborn, hearty; a something for the intense meaning of which we have no other word than 'English,' rising about us from every road in Kent." With Messrs. Black's book to show the way and point out the most important "sights," what a month of delight, wind and weather permitting, might a pedestrian spend there during the present September.

From Kent to the adjoining county of Sussex, is but a natural transition for the traveller who has time to extend his tour. Sussex is not without interest, though it must yield to its larger and more easterly neighbours: there are some fine old churches and other antiquities worthy investigation, all of which, with the best way of reaching them, are set forth in this "handy" little guide.

Bonchurch. From a Drawing by T. M. Richardson. Published by Moore, McQueen, and Co., London.

A chromo-lithographic print of one of the most picturesque spots in the Isle of Wight, after a warm, sunny sketch, of which it seems to be a facsimile, so well imitated are the touch and texture: the colour also, is fresh, solid, and harmonious. Really, with such prints as these, procurable at an exceedingly moderate price, there is no reason why every householder of moderate means should not have his "private gallery of pictures."

THE ART-JOURNAL.

LONDON, OCTOBER 1, 1861.

MEMORIALS OF THE MEDICI.



IN the gallery of the Florentine Uffizii, beneath that series of pictures which illustrates the progress and decay of the Pseudo-Christian monkish Art, there is a series of busts affording parallel exemplification of the decline of ancient sculpture from Julius Cæsar to Constantine. The melancholy spiritualism of the mediævals is seen dying away right over above the decay of that noble appreciation of vigorous nature, which (with whatever deficiencies) distinguished the ancients. Madonnas and angels slowly, very slowly, become less meagre and lugubrious; whilst, in the line beneath them, the ancient world is manifestly sinking into inane barbarism. Some of the busts picture forcibly, even as with a Juvenal's pen, the brutish vices of the Cæsars; and as the series proceeds, the works themselves indicate the decay of Art as succeeding that of freedom and morality, and the advance of the long dark period that was to ensue. This collection of the emperors' busts is said to be unrivalled; and deeply interesting it is to become familiar with their faces, by means of these honest, and, one fancies, very boldly unflattering, marble portraits, which proclaim that their august originals bore aspects worthy of their deeds—that is to say, forms of the grossest, vilest types of humanity. The imperial glutton Vitellius, dull and swinish-looking, is represented in two stages of obesity. Caracalla, with the countenance of a malicious and brutal ruffian, gazes askance on his weaker and therefore milder brother, who indeed looks like a most easy victim. The burly herculean savage Maximin is equally characteristic; and so is the Trajan, in a more pleasing way. With his fringe of hair straight down to his eyes, he looks like a plain conversible good sort of man, having nothing imperially ominous about him. Some of the Roman ladies, on the other hand, remind one of the portentous heroines of the darkest and most turgid classical tragedies, or operas, duly dressed and countenanced for their parts.

From this gallery it is that you enter the Dactyliotheka, or cabinet of gems, the gay and glittering little sepulchre of Medicean magnificence. A most interesting monument is it of the richest men of their times, whose daily movements were between the almost absolute chair of state councils and their counting houses; who evinced a disposition to vie in magnificence with the East with which they traded, as well as to rival the ancients in poetical refinement and purity of taste; and whose agents were continually bringing the most precious marbles and jewels from the remotest countries, as materials for the elegant designs, and wonderfully delicate workmanship, of the artists around them. Indeed, the antique gems were here so admirably imitated, that the most learned *dilettanti* have been frequently seduced into a false scent, and have squabbled with each other, in their conflicting classical theories on the subject. Of the treasures here elegantly entombed, the first, however, in poetical import, are, perhaps, from their peerless colour, the vases and tazzas of lapis lazuli. One of them is from a block nearly fourteen inches in diameter. But the most sumptuous specimen of that glorious material is a table, like some deep azure Titian sky, fancifully qualified, to make it a peculiarly appropriate roof or vault for Olympian deities on their solemn festivals, and consequently modulated with various intensities of azure of superbest gorgeousness, freckled with streams of golden stars, and streaked faintly with milky cloudings. Here the lapis lazuli, however, is made to imitate a weltering, slightly-foaming sea (the Egean perhaps), scattered with ships, and ruffled with Ariadne's plaint. Equally marvellous in colour (oh, it would have put Titian finely on his mettle!) is a most rich and mellow red bowl of sardonyx, a divine fragment of our earth which belonged to the first Lorenzo, perfectly plain, only that it is engraved with his name in large, simple, grand letters. It is a tazza worthy of Juno's lip at one of those stateliest banquets already adverted to; nor should we have been at all surprised to find her name—the name of Here—inscribed on it. With this very cup its original owner may have pledged his guests, when presiding over those festivals by which he enticed the Florentines from politics to pleasure, from a jealous side glance at his stealthy ambition, to the flattering honour of his most gracious boon companionship. He himself, most versatile of men, after delighting the more gifted of those about him with a Platonic rhapsody not unworthy of Agathon, or some logical analysis, or Greek epigram, or Aristophanic buffoonery, or, perhaps, a spiritual flight, which might have won for ten minutes Savonarola himself, would head the processions of youthful torch-bearers which roamed the streets of Florence from nightfall till dawning, singing the highly licentious songs (the Canti Carneleschi) he had composed for them. And so he pleased himself in several ways; for not only did he love festivity, not only sweet to him was the return by moonlight of the sound of his own verses, wafted by the choral lips of the young, the gay, the spirited, the beautiful of Florence,—but he knew well (slyest of genial companions) that those youths whose spirits he was thus enkindling, would, in all probability, be as prompt hereafter to follow him with their swords, as then with their festal torches. John of the Cornelions, one of the earliest Florentine artists of the class we are now considering, and a favourite of Lorenzo de Medici—who was very fond of the art of engraving gems, and indeed may be said to have almost introduced it by his patronage—is represented by an intaglio head of Savonarola, in a cowl, and with a meagre rough aspect, like that of some fanatical begging friar: the motto describes him as a prophet and martyr. Valerio the Vicentine, one of this artist's ablest successors, shines in a famous casket wrought for Clement VII., as a marriage present for Catherine de Medici. Benvenuto Cellini, (the immortal Benvenuto!) for his part, is most conspicuous in a classic beaker; its upper part of a huge oddly-shaped pearl, adroitly made available for a swan's head and breast, and decorated, like Venus's own chariot-drawer, with harness of delicate flower-like gems. Amongst the undoubted antiques are little busts of amethyst, which may perhaps have adorned the toilet tables of some of Nero's own mistresses, and rings which their fingers may have worn; and there are portraits of Roman emperors in cameo, which may have clasped their armlets. Certain tiniest saucers and lilliputian cups of loveliest colour are ranged amongst them. Who can say what these are? Perhaps they were the doll's playthings of some little Julia, Faustina, or Messalina.

But even these are by no means the minutest objects; no, there is one far more so, wrought probably by an Italian woman of the sixteenth century. It is a "Gloria of Saints," in which no less than sixty heads are carved on a peach stone; a work attributed to the beautiful and variously accomplished sculptress of Bologna, Properzia de Rossi, who was so much admired for her wonderful works of this kind. This was the interesting lady, who, also distinguished for the beauty of her person, her peerless musical performances, and her talent for copper-plate engraving, embellished the duomo of her native city with a marble group of Mona Potipheria soliciting San Giuseppe Primo, or il Vecchio, in which the figures are said to have been of remarkable grace and loveliness. The fair Bolognese, it was pretty loudly whispered, dwelt with and elaborated this singularly-chosen subject in the fulness of her own unconjugal infatuation for a certain handsome stripling, in whom reciprocity was not, and of whom the stone was but a feeble emblem, since *that* she had but little difficulty in moulding to her purposes. Vasari assures us that she was considered by the Bolognese to be the miracle of the day, and that she succeeded to admiration in everything she attempted, excepting only her hapless love. Victress in every intellectual pursuit she followed, and conquered only by the excessive softness of her own heart, poor Properzia drooped and died in the flower of her age. When Clement VII. came to Bologna to crown Charles V., he inquired after her talents, and, it may be, after her beauty, and was sadly disappointed to find she was no more.

The Hall of Niobe diverges adjacently, and there stands the group of two figures, in which gentle pathos is combined with so grand a *style* of beauty, but in which the execution is too inferior to the conception to declare the original hand of Scopas, or Praxiteles, to whom alike a famous work, corresponding with this in description, was attributed by ancient writers. But in *motive*, what more touching than the mother's gathering to herself the terrified daughter, who, seeking her (as ever in mere trivial mischance), throws up her tender arm instinctively, as if that could avert the too fatally pointed arrow. What grandeur of loveliness (indicated imperfectly in the large contours of this copy) must from the original have diffused a tender awe! And especially, how exquisite the attitude and drapery of the young girl—of a graceful, highly-wrought picturesqueness not often fully rivalled in the antique. The pure essence of Greek tragedy seems here embodied; the self-same spirit breathes that inspired the lofty tenderness of the Antigone and Electra of Sophocles. Niobe was, indeed, congealed into a weeping statue, but by her own woes, we believe, rather than by the power of Apollo and Latona; and certain of the simpler Greeks, shepherd pilgrims perhaps, may have fancied that this figure was she herself, the very marble transferred from Mount Sipylus to the tympanum of their temple, with pipings and with choral hymns, to be an object of mingled pity and adoration. Sitting and musing before it, Shelley soon saw rather the perfected beauty of his own ideal, which he has drawn in a prose composition of unequalled gracefulness, and so endowed us with at least some compensation for the loss of the original. His description has certainly a far more consummate loveliness than the particular marble which inspired it.

On such works as the 'Apollino,' and youth-

ful 'Mercury,' in this collection, one lingers with a fond hope that their pure and delicate beauty, their serene simplicity, may sink into the mind, and abide there, giving henceforward something of their tone to taste and intellect, and so favourably influencing manners and morals themselves. Certainly, whatever ascetic sentimentalists, or mediævalists, may say, the ancients are the unrivalled discoverers in Art of the beauty and majesty of the human form. In seeking those requisites, we have unavoidably been but their followers at a humble distance; and ever in the same pursuit, so far as we are successful, we shall draw near the ancients, whether we esteem them or not. The recent miserable affectation of a moral and pious contempt for them, is but one expression of that affectation of contempt for the body itself, which has much degraded the literature and teaching of this super-moralizing and narrowly intense period. Teach the spirit to despise the body, and you only pander to its narrow pride: you do one of the greatest injuries you can to *both:* you mutilate and cripple humanity itself, to whose health and fairness their harmonious union is indispensable. Nothing else in critical literature is so ominous of a decline amongst us of that liberal, kindly, beauty-loving feeling, which is the very soul and gentle nurse of all true Art, as the dreary superficial cant, which has recently made the disparagement of the antique a favourite means for the exhibition of morbid, fantastical ideas of purity. For purposes of prejudice, or self-display, it has been highly convenient to assume that "classical Art," "paganism," and "sensuality" are convertible terms; when those who have meanwhile employed themselves in patiently studying the antique, rather than in nursing their own crotchets, distinctly know that, on the contrary, the Greek type of the human form is pre-eminently remarkable for purity and modesty; nor indeed can "paganism," in any odious sense, be said to be the *spirit* of an *art*, which simply transmutes all the false gods placed into its hands into true and noble human beings. Considering much in the classical *mythology*, we should surely rather admire the serene and chaste delicacy of the antique sculptor's work; which, to dishonour, is not to honour the human form itself; for it is impossible to imagine it more freed from sensuality, and all base results, than in the best statues of the ancients.

We have, even recently, stumbled on articles in periodicals in which the nude, in any form whatever, is copiously repudiated in language most freely coloured from Scripture. But we cannot believe that the masterpiece of nature's beauty and majesty—the human form—was intended to be consigned to darkness, like something foul and debasing: nor let it be here forgotten, that mystery, as well as display, fascinates imagination. Better, surely, teach the mind to raise itself above base sensitiveness, than to dwell for ever in prudish obscuration, making a bugbear of the crowning example of physical beauty, and throwing a dishonourable veil over the glories of the sixth day of the creation.

The best of the modern sculptors only by direct imitation approach this pure ideal of the human body which is distinctive of the ancients; their own mode of treatment leading them rather to more of fleshy softness, or muscular grossness. Even Michael Angelo's 'Bacchus,' beside the 'Mercury' alluded to, betrays a soft earthy mould, which is sufficiently ungodlike in the comparison, and, notwithstanding all its force and originality, a shape so inferior in ideality, that one cannot think much of the opinion of those who pronounced it an antique, when the sculptor, unearthing what he had himself buried, played his well-known trick upon them. The figure is simply some slender soft-bodied savage in a state of fierce, serious drunkenness. Irregularly, vinously balanced, he stands with a countenance that promises little but fragmentary ramblings of speech and hiccups. Michael Angelo's imagination, with all its height and depth, does not here seem to have had genial breadth enough to include Bacchus within its range. The earliest philanthropist, the source of *fine* and genial inspirations, the hero, has been treated but shabbily here. Why, any one of his Bacchanals, even, on looking so, would inevitably be kicked out of his company, or transmuted into a form homogeneous and suitable, a goat or swine, in very proper and expedient punishment of his dulness and grossness. The figure is not at all above the level of a far-gone Comus, pledging the "dark-veiled Cotytto," in his wanton palace, right amidst the hideous wood, with cupbearers and chambermaids having zoological countenances lying around them: where they are all sunk beneath vinous fumes, not long before the fast approach, up the rosily kindling eastern peaks, of Aurora, who will blush yet redder to find them thus helplessly scattered under the dew-silvered pines.

And yet this is the very statue which the author of "Modern Painters" (mistaken again, as most commonly, in the figure branch of his subject) actually selects, in one of his highly-wrought, culminating passages, as a shining light to throw into the shade of contempt, or disregard, the antique Art—"the Pagan Formalisms," as he calls them—around. This joyless, fierce-looking figure, staggering in his cups, is represented by that gift-wasting pen, as a "white lassitude of joyous limbs, panther-like, yet passive" (passive enough, certainly, under the influence of the wine-cup), "fainting with their own delight" (not from the wine aforesaid!) "that gleam among the *Pagan Formalisms* of the Uffizii, showing themselves in their lustrous lightness, as the waves of an alpine torrent do by their dancing among *the dead stones*." The 'Niobe,' the 'Minerva,' the 'Venus de Medici,' the 'Apollino,' are thus pleasantly lumped together as "Pagan Formalisms," and "dead stones," or else ignored with a serenity which is certainly something beyond emulation, and Michael Angelo's wild serious savage is exalted for that which is, in plain sober fact, its very opposite. In the reverse of all this there would have been some truth; but purposes establishing themselves on the severe lofty religious tone, were most effectively promoted by a grand flourish about Michael Angelo, as the assumed expositor in Art of thoughts of that tone; and Michael Angelo was most easily set off, by massing the ancients together, as the representatives of irreligion and earthly darkness, under the name of "Pagan Formalism," and sacrificing them off-hand as foils to the mighty Florentine. This is what we formerly alluded to as the *Sacrificial Style of Rhetoric;* and now we advert to it again, it is by no means from motives centring themselves on any individual, but simply because we consider it an abuse prevalent in our literature, against which it is highly desirable to warn the unwary reader. And it is a habit demoralizing to the writer himself; for commonly self-display is its first object, and the exhibition of even the favourite member of the comparison is strictly and altogether subordinate. The writer was here, of course, thinking infinitely more of his own attractive image of the bright "alpine torrent dancing among the dead stones," than of Michael Angelo; and much less of the poor ancients was he thinking, than of certain fine Shelleyisms of imagery and expression, which would help him to give grace and brilliancy to an ambitious passage. We hardly think that he can ever have looked steadily, with the coolness of a disengaged fancy, at either the 'Bacchus' or the 'Niobe.' Indeed, the rapid popularity of his first volume does seem to have hurried his mind to a heated pace, which has since never slackened—does seem to have stimulated far overmuch the desire to assume the proud and tempting position of the great reformer and renovator of Art amongst us. Having attained a well-merited reputation as a fine landscape painter in words, as a keen-eyed expositor of stones, and trees, and clouds, and waters, of which he really knew much, he was, in his second volume, in far too great a hurry to fancy himself a hierophant, or oracle, in matters of a wholly different kind, of which he knew, or had really felt, little or nothing: and hence, to all appearance, that dash into Italy with his prejudices and his fancy alone fully awake—that prompt air of learned familiarity with little-known works, which he seems hardly to have looked at, coupled with a mild oblivion of most of the masterpieces; and hence (which is a far more serious matter) a profusion of rash dogmatism in metaphysics and religious morality, in a strain excellently well fitted to destroy cheerful freedom of conception and of heart, and natural sense of beauty; as we see so clearly exemplified in the works of those who have most given themselves up to his teaching.

But a few more words on the sacrificial style of rhetoric, before leaving that subject. The length to which it naturally runs is amusingly enough shown in an instance in which, having abased the Laocoon for the purpose of exalting M. Angelo, Mr. Ruskin, in the self-same matter, and for precisely the same cause, absolutely *nullifies* the work of M. Angelo, for the purpose of exalting Tintoretto. In the Laocoon, he tells us, there is no knowledge of serpents; and after elaborately testing the dreadful agents of Apollo's anger on strict zoological principles, he comes to the conclusion that they are "no better than pieces of tape with heads to them." But M. Angelo, in his 'Plague of Serpents,' he proceeds to say, renders the same circumstances accurately; and the grandeur of his treatment (which is dwelt on in a high strain) is attributed to "the greater knowledge and more faithful rendering of the truth." So far we are drawn on smoothly enough; but by-and-by the critic finds, it so happens, that his favourite Tintoret, in a picture of the very same subject, introduces, not serpents, but "little flying monsters, like lampreys with wings;" and this is at once hailed, with a plenitude of satisfaction, as truer to Scripture. "*The Lord sent fiery serpents, and they bit the people,*" observes Mr. Ruskin, quoting the sacred narrative, and next adding, "We are not told that they crushed the people to death. This," he goes on to say, "is also the most terrific conception. M. Angelo's would be terrific if one could believe in it; but our instinct tells us that boa-constrictors do not come in armies; and we look upon the picture with as little emotion as upon the handle of a vase, or any other form worked out by serpents, where there is no probability of serpents actually occurring." Thus M. Angelo's work, after all the former ardent praise (which is quite excessive, by the bye,), is quietly given up; and thus, in converting the serpents into winged reptiles, Mr. Ruskin does not hesitate to amend the Scripture narrative, on no grounds whatever except his intense anxiety for serpentine verisimilitude. He insists inflexibly on zoological accuracy in a miracle, and on no other terms will he permit himself to be moved for a moment. Now all this we take to be simply an illustration of the writer's want of imaginative sympathy, of his deficiency of the feeling requisite to enable him to conceive subjects in a poetical spirit.

Else, touched by these sublime representations of human suffering, he would, at such a moment, have troubled his head somewhat less about zoology, or, remembering that the *events* were miraculous, have thought that the *instruments* might possibly be so too; that, peradventure, Divine anger may send other agents and ministers than such as a Pre-Raphaelite can make diligent and faithful studies of piecemeal in the Zoological Gardens.

This restless, over-exacting matter-of-factism in Art, which, encouraged by Mr. Ruskin, has recently so much spread amongst us, is the chief of those fatal errors from which our present melancholy decline ensues. It is, indeed, the vital question, inasmuch as it supersedes all freedom of conception, and fritters away the mind in a consideration of multitudes of minor things, often such as no cultivated man cares to look at a second time. Its pedantry is extreme, and without remorse. Proud of a mere smattering of scientific knowledge, recently acquired in a scientific age, it heaps contempt on the great artists of an earlier and more imaginative age, who had not yet attained that smattering. The Laocoon is elaborately despised because of the want of serpentine information which it exhibits. A want of zoological accuracy in artists of ancient days, in which zoology was little known, is, by virtue of a little dabbling in knowledge acquired in an age in which zoology is highly cultivated, confidently assumed as a ground for handing over the masterpieces of Art to contempt. Here the critic's ignorance of the limit of what can reasonably be expected from the Art of different ages, is far more reprehensible than the sculptor's paucity of reptile erudition. Flaxman, or Westmacott (it was one or the other, we do not remember which), knew better, when remarking upon certain anatomical inaccuracies in the Elgin marbles, he no whit the less considered them the finest things he knew of. An artist's like a poet's conceptions are necessarily much limited by the knowledge to which his age has attained; it is his to give the most beautiful and imaginative shape and expression to that knowledge; he will even make considerable additions to it, but you cannot expect him to be the Argus-eyed discoverer of all the appearances and phenomena of nature in such objects as he introduces.

Michael Angelo (to whom the Bacchus first brought us) had a purgatorial rather than a heavenly imagination. It had height, most profound depth, but less of breadth, less of horizontal human extension and capacity. His subjects requiring dramatic variety and pliability (his 'Crucifixion of St. Peter,' for instance, lately engraved in this Journal, and gentler Madonna themes) are too commonly mere displays of elaborate artificial posturing, fantastical, and even weak of conception, beside the mark, and it must be added, beneath it. There was a certain dash of pride, exclusiveness, and unsociability in his noble independent character, which may in some degree account for this imperfect range of his sympathies. He would not, or he could not, easily descend from his solitary height; hence his assumed contempt for the graces and ornaments of Art, for oil-painting itself, which (confounding smallness and delicacy with littleness) he absurdly pronounced fit only for women and children. There was even some alloy of churlish jealousy, quite unworthy of him, in his utterly unfounded assertion in a letter discovered some years back, that whatever Raphael knew in the Art, he knew from him. A remarkable contrast this to Raphael's declaration, recorded by Condivi, that he esteemed himself fortunate to have been born in the same age with Michael Angelo; that it was his greatest honour that Michael Angelo would deign to enter into competition with him. But, after all, these mighty men should both be hailed with pure unalloyed thankfulness, as the complement of each other. As we may say of our own Milton and Shakspere, what one had not, the other possessed; and the two together fill the great circle of their sphere—are as the twin coursers of Apollo's car, that suffice for his whole orbit. If Michael Angelo could not embody the divine tenderness of the New Testament, in portraying with awful solemnity the prophetic spirit of the older dispensation he is utterly unapproachable. Titans, too, condemned in a kind of limbo to infinite meditations, Michael Angelo immortalizes in our imaginations most sublimely. We seldom read that passage in Milton in which are described the ruined angels on a hill retired, reasoning of foreknowledge, will, and fate, without thinking what a subject it would have been for Buonaroti. Perhaps, after all, his supreme creations are to be found in his own Florence. Of all places of pilgrimage there, the grandest is assuredly San Lorenzo, where rise before you his monuments of two of the later Medici. Few figures in Art exercise so powerful a sway over the imagination as that of the Duke Lorenzo. Majestically he sits over the sarcophagus, not merely deep in thought, but revolving questions unspeakably momentous and awful. His finger over his upper lip, he looks forth with a severe, fixed, melancholy gaze, which, seen but dimly under the shadow of his projecting helmet, strangely rivets the beholder, acts like a spell on him, and sends imagination wandering through solemn unearthly ways of thought. Beneath him, Morning and Evening are locked in meditation on his tomb; Morning, a primordial, profound, astonishing female figure, drawing herself up with the first movement that follows sleep, is waking to thoughts of sorrow and pain; for craft, unhallowed power, and tyranny without remorse, prevail in the lovely world, as never they prevailed before; not buried with *him* who sits above, but perpetuated more darkly by his evil spirit infusing itself into the issue of his loins.

Rogers has very finely touched the figure of the duke; but when he says that "he meditates, *his head upon his hand*," he scarcely marks the sinister regardfulness and vigilance that characterize it: so some potentate, in his close heart hostile to England, may be freely conceived as sitting, steadfastly gazing towards the low flats of some Sussex or Devonshire bay, stealing the rifled cannon into his fleet, and then hesitating, because the murmur of public opinion, or rather the hum of defensive preparation, like the distant sound of an awakened ocean, strikes and troubles his ear. But when the poet in his description next asks whether that which scowls beneath "the helm-like bonnet" is "a face, or but an eyeless skull," he is perhaps undesirably vague even for poetry. Deeply impressed by Michael Angelo's mysterious spirituality, we know that no works disdain interpretation so much as his; but looking at the very remarkable character of the prince thus commemorated by his sepulchral chisel, we cannot resist the impression that something of pointed moral portraiture and comment were here within his purpose. For who was this Duke Lorenzo? One whom an acute Venetian envoy of the time considered scarcely inferior to Cæsar Borgia himself in cunning and ability; and to whom Macchiavelli specially dedicated his treatise of "The Prince." As represented here, he is said to have been of a noble presence, and not without courage, but destitute of every generous heroic quality. His latter years were spent in the shameless acquisition of the duchy of Urbino, with the aid of his uncle, Leo X., a pontiff as unscrupulous, and even cruel, in his political manœuvres, as he was good-natured and liberal in personal intercourse with his boon companions; but even as the nephew, step by step, move by move, was gaining the coveted prize, so his body was gradually wasted away by his licentious life, and save for a few brief months, his ducal throne is *here*.

This family of Medici, from the noblest and most munificent of merchants, degenerated most gradually into the vilest and basest of princes; steadily becoming worse and worse, from the judicious and comparatively moderate Cosmo down to the blushless mulatto, Alessandro, by nice gradations, which seem natural and explicable enough, when we consider that the princes of each generation were more and more nurtured in the maxims of selfish ambition, and unscrupulous despotism. The shrewdness of the counting-house thus by degrees darkened in their bosoms to that statecraft which became the favourite problem of Macchiavelli, and the prime pattern of the depraved ambition, which in that age built up everywhere abstruse and pitiless tyranny on the ruins of the mediæval communes and aristocracies. To us it seems that Michael Angelo here had in his mind an ideal representation of the bold and sinister craft of these Italian princes, "who conquered sitting," yet by means far different from those of the *ancient* Italians who originated that magnificent saying. But on what does this Duke Lorenzo meditate? that is the question we continually ask ourselves, whilst contemplating his ominous figure. Has he not now, with that fixed look, some astrological prescience of the twofold mischief to issue from his loins, in the shape of his son, and his daughter,—his son, the bastard Allessandro, future tyrant of Florence, loathed for a Moorish licentiousness* and cruelty, the murderer and the murdered;—his daughter, Catherine de Medici, prime mover, on the Eve of St. Bartholomew, of the re-establishment of priestcraft and kingcraft, combined in full iniquity. Or is he devising the death of his uncle, whose statue is opposite? for this he is believed to have done, to clear the way for his own elevation. Even these meditations seem not strange and awful enough; and sitting with that dark-plotting, almost spectral look, he calls to mind those of whom Dante speaks as still living in Florence, their forms animated by demons long after their souls had been hurled to their last account. These are all mysteries; but one thing we may affirm with confidence. With no fulsome, unambiguous, allegoric lie, insulting to outraged virtue, has Michael Angelo deigned to adorn the tomb of one of the vile caterpillars of his country. All is marked with that deep sense of the predominance of evil power, which is distinctly avowed in the sonnet he addressed to Strozzi on one of these monuments.

The figure on the other, of Leo X.'s brother, Giuliano, the best of the later Medici, is mildly majestic; and beneath him Night and Day recline—Night dreaming of sad and fatal things, and Day, a Titan, looking forth with vigilance. In these two monuments, beyond comparison his finest sculptures, we see how little Michael Angelo owed to the ancients in the formation of his style, or in the way of direct imitation. The little that he did derive from them in these respects was from works of a somewhat violent and extravagant character, and therefore little accordant with that serener grace and beauty by which they were chiefly distinguished. Heedless of these things, Michael Angelo's anatomy is frequently exaggerated, and even puffy; and his proportions

* Scandal, however, believed, and with more probability, that this cobra-capella of a man, Alessandro, was the offspring of Pope Clement VII., by a maid-servant.

(as if he had been rapidly careless in setting his points, no less than impetuous in his strokes) are sometimes even widely wrong, as in the leg of this most profound and sublime figure of Night. His magnificent fantasies of strange posture sometimes give way to an extravagance, which can only be liked on the supposition that *oddness* is one cause of the mingled sensations which arise on entering that unearthly purgatorial hall, that limbo populous with inexplicable genii, to which his mighty spirit conducts us; but where we are spellbound by results, we may as well not trouble ourselves too much about strange means. The architectural adjuncts in the sacristy of San Lorenzo, designed also by Buonaroti, are of a chaste, simple, but not wholly unornate beauty, and somewhat small, so as not to detract by comparison from the size and importance of the sculptures. The whole is a scene *unique;* architecture ministering modestly, but with dignity, to sculpture; and sculpture so quickened by thought and mysterious spirituality as to become, in this instance, a thing by itself alone, occupying, independently, a height not inferior to that of any works by the ancients which have been preserved for us.

The mausoleum of the Medici adjoins—a domed octagon, encased everywhere with variegated marbles; but with all its enormous costliness, the general effect is dull and heavy. Only when you look closely into details are you much interested; when you examine the shields of the different cities subject to Florence in the richest pietra-dura, heightened by gems, the funeral urns, and the ponderous sarcophagi, ranged all around, of the wretched family that thinned itself away, hastened its own extinction by murdering each other. The corporal remains of these foxes (so often fox-destroyed!) were, during some recent repairs, unearthed for a few moments, and found, most of them, to be in astonishing preservation. Very delectable vestiges of their *minds*, on the other hand, have been exhumed from the depths of the adjacent Laurentian library; for these princes, from the morbid form into which intense selfishness and egotism will run, and the moral callousness and obtuseness which accompany the pride of merely intellectual craft, indulged the highly curious habit of treasuring up records and little memoranda of their own iniquity, which are still preserved. It wanted, perhaps, not very much of their keeping, with instincts inherited from merchant sires, a ledger of dark outgoings with their returns, duly posted, debtor and creditor, complete and neat. But even as it was, in this unconscious service of justice, they hoarded up for future ages, with extraordinary care and diligence, evidences of many a secret intrigue and dark crime, which otherwise might have been forgotten.

And in Titian's portrait of him in the Pitti (whither we will now hasten for a few moments, to sun our imaginations in the glow of Venetian colour) there is indeed a latent fierceness hinting him not incapable even of such things as this. His tastes were far more for arms than mass books; yet he was a munificent patron of Art, and not only encouraged literature, but practised it, by translating a Second Book of the Æneid. In fact, in the true Medicean way, he patronized every good thing except religion and morality. Titian, therefore, with a commendable propriety, has represented him most unclerically in his uniform as commander of the Pope's Hungarian legion,—a costume which reminds one of a splendid Persian hunting-dress, a javelin in one hand, the other on his sword. He is handsome, swarthy, obviously of a passionate haughty temperament, though at present, very magnificently, under calm dignified self-command. His cousin Alessandro, absolute Lord of Florence, solicited their common friend, the celebrated burlesque poet Berni, to poison him; but the bard, unhandsomely shirking the suggestion, was himself poisoned. Nevertheless, the cardinal in a few months met with the required fate at the hands of his relative. The tone of this portrait of him is magnificent: with that tunic of most memorably sumptuous madder-brown, and sunburnt, nay, passion-burnt, complexion, it is a Titianesque approach towards the glowing depth of Rembrandt. There is no collection of Titian's portraits comparable to that in the Pitti Palace; nor are any memorials more interesting than these of the very thought and life of so many different characters of Italy's highly refined period. How admirable amongst them is the Pietro Aretino! Yet the long grey-black beard, large dark features, and rough insolent look would almost do for Shylock standing up in court for justice. So formidable an expression must have been felt as flattering by this bully of the quill—the Scourge of Princes, as he called himself, although in all his works not a word against any prince is to be found; so effectually did bribes, or fears, restrain him. He wears the gold collar sent him by Francis I., and a rich mulberry-coloured silk robe, glossed in the most masterly manner by two or three brave filmy streaks of the pencil. The whole is painted and toned with the most refined force and mastery Art ever attained.

In the Pitti Palace, which contains by far the finest collection of portraits in the world, it is especially interesting to compare those by the two grandest of portrait painters, Titian and Raphael. Titian's, we see, proceeded from a mind habituated to take a grand view of the intellectual nature as qualified by the *sensuous*, by a rich and noble development of certain physical elements of our composition; Raphael's, on the other hand, rising more to the intellectual, as qualified by the *spirit*. The Venetian's point of regard was, no doubt, much determined by his predominant feeling for colour, which is allied to the sensuous, as seen in the fervid glow of the cheek and brow,—the furtive gleam and liquid sparkle of the eye, rich as the sunset on the rosy-russet palaces of old Venice, on her fair swelling domes around, and distant snows of Julian Alps, limpidly lustrous as the twinkle which the oar of the sunburnt arm wakes even in shadowy places of her dark green waters. And Titian's notions of human character and deportment were no less qualified by his every-day subjects of contemplation at Venice. To even foreign sitters he would give the calm, but keen, subtle, and self-commanding tone of a procurator of St. Mark: to even nymphs and goddesses he would impart the sunny looks and ample proportions of those Signoras whose fancies and wits were more active than their limbs; so that what with lounging in gondolas, and walking so little, and that daintily too, in chopines, their charms attained the very limit of that exuberance which Venus would allow of in her nymphs in waiting. We simply mean that were they but a little fatter, there would be considerable risk of the goddess sending them about their business. Turn we to Raphael's portraits, and we find gifts and experiences of a different kind—an art directed rather to that full and noble representation of *form*, which is more important than colour in the expression of pure intellect and spirit; an imagination able and apt to rise above local and conventional influences, and body forth more openly the inner essential nature of the personages depicted. But the consideration of Raphael's portraits here must be reserved for some other occasion.

W. P. B.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE MAID OF SARAGOSSA.

Wilkie, Painter. W. Greatbach, Engraver.
Size of the picture, 4 ft. 7½ in. by 3 ft. 6½ in.

Fruitful as the history of Spain is in deeds of almost chivalric heroism, there are few passages in the annals of the country exhibiting more endurance under privation and disease, and greater courage against a brave and persevering enemy, than the records of the city of Saragossa during what is known as the "Peninsular war," in the early part of the present century, when it sustained two sieges by the French armies, in the last of which, after a most obstinate resistance, it was compelled to surrender. Still later, in March, 1838, Cabanero, one of the generals of Don Carlos, succeeded in penetrating at night into the city, and taking possession of the principal posts. The people, however, were not disheartened. Without chiefs, and badly armed, they fell upon their assailants, made two thousand prisoners, and expelled the remainder from the place.

It was in the spring of 1808 that the French troops first invested the city. Having appointed Palafox as their commander, the inhabitants determined to defend themselves to the last extremity, and to perish rather than submit. The French general summoned Palafox to surrender, in the following laconic terms:—"Head-quarters, Santa Engratia. Capitulate." The Spanish general replied in a sentence equally laconic:—"Head-quarters, Saragossa. War to the knife." A council was at once held by the Spanish commanders, and a resolution adopted, to which the inhabitants agreed unanimously, that the French should be attacked without further delay. On the night of the same day the first onset was made on the invaders, and with irresistible fury; for eleven days it continued almost without intermission, till the French general, finding he could no longer hold that portion of the city to which he had advanced, raised the siege, with the loss of several thousand men. In the autumn of the same year Saragossa was again invested. For nearly three months its heroic defenders resisted all their efforts, till reduced in numbers by the prolongation of the contest, by famine and fever, they agreed to an honourable capitulation. It was in this second siege that the Maid of Saragossa, the name by which this brave young woman is now known in history, obtained for herself imperishable renown as a second Joan of Arc.

Wilkie painted this picture in Spain, in 1827, but it was not exhibited till 1829, at the Royal Academy, when it appeared under the title of 'The Defence of Saragossa,' a more appropriate one than that which it has since received, and which we have adopted. Wilkie himself thus describes the composition:—"The heroine Augustina is here represented in the battery in front of the convent of Santa Engratia, where her husband"—some writers say it was her lover—"being slain, she found her way to the station he had occupied, stepped over his body, took his place at the gun, and declared she would herself avenge his death. The principal persons engaged in placing the gun are Don Joseph Palafox, who commanded the garrison during the memorable siege, but who is here represented in the habit of a volunteer. In front of him is the Reverend Father Concolacion, an Augustin friar, who served with great ability as an engineer, and who, with the crucifix in his hand, is directing at what object the cannon should be pointed. On the left side of the picture is seen Basilico Boggiero, a priest, who was tutor to Palafox, celebrated for his share in the defence, and for his cruel fate when he fell into the hands of the enemy; he is writing a despatch to be sent by a carrier-pigeon, to inform their distant friends of the unsubdued energies of the place."

This picture is so familiar to the public, and is so justly appreciated, that any comment is almost superfluous. It is, perhaps, the best work of a strictly historical character Wilkie ever painted, most spirited in design and careful in execution; the movement and expression of the figures are exceedingly animated, so much so that the spectator seems to wait breathlessly for the roar of the cannon.

It is in the Royal Collection at Buckingham Palace.



TURNING POINTS IN THE LIVES OF GREAT ARTISTS.

No. 3.—The Triumph of Phidias.

BY WALTER THORNBURY,

AUTHOR OF "TURKISH LIFE AND CHARACTER," AND "BRITISH ARTISTS, FROM HOGARTH TO TURNER."

It is the eve of the Olympic games, and the people of Elis, who have charge of the rites that celebrate the victories of Jupiter over the Titans, are swarming in from the neighbouring country: the olive-gatherers are coming from all those parts of Peloponnesus lying west of Arcadia, along the hill roads, the mountain paths, the bridle tracks, through the valleys, where the wild laurel grows greenest; the fishermen from the banks of the rivers Larissus and Neda—the silver-fringing frontiers of Achaia and Messenia—are hastening into Olympia, having on their shoulders nets full of the glittering Erinthus fish, for the consumption of the visitors. There are hunters, too, of the wild boar and the deer, from the shores of the Alpheus and Erymanthus rivers; and every third man of them carries his myrtle-wood spear in one hand as a staff, while he bears a string of quails on his back, or a fawn or kid, with the fore and hind feet bound together with bands of green hemp, or thongs of the fibrous Colyrian plant. There are vine-dressers, also, with hands still dark-stained with the grape-pressing—for the Olympian festival is only held every five years, and the olive crown is a prize envied throughout all Greece.

Within the unwalled cluster of villages that constitute the town of Olympia, the streets are thronged with robed men—quiet citizens as well as brawny wrestlers, sinewy boxers, lithe leapers, keen-eyed charioteers, and broad-backed youths, naked all but a short tunic, and who swing rings of steel in either hand. Those dark-eyed, long-robed men, who mutter to themselves at street corners, or who read to friends from crumpled parchments, are poets and orators, who, in subtler and more difficult, though less bloody, combat, are also going to contend for the olive crown. That full-browed dark man, sitting under the statue of Mercury, is Monymus, the Corinthian orator, and his lean, sharp-featured, yellow friend is Evagoras, the Athenian poet. They are talking of that great sculptor Phidias, who, four years ago, was banished from Athens on a charge of impiety, and who has sought refuge in Elis, where he has executed a statue of Jupiter, which is to be unveiled at these very games. But let me describe where these two men and Phaselis, the young Spartan athlete who has just joined them, are sitting: they are not far from the olive grove of Jupiter, and about a quarter of a mile from the plain where the games this day begin to be celebrated. It is a quiet, shady spot, with olive-trees planted here and there, and on its verge a small mule-path, winding between scrub, myrtle bushes, and here and there a shining laurel, whose bright green leaves are gilded by the sunshine. It is midsummer, and the ground between the olive-trees is dusty, white, and split in dark veins with the heat; into these and from these flit and glide the dust-coloured lizards, while now and then a tortoise trots across the path, or a snake springs at and bears off an outlying grasshopper. There is a bleached ox's skull nailed up against the split and twisted olive-tree under which the three competitors sit, and upon the dry leaves over head the cicalas chirp. As Phaselis is rubbing the wrestlers' oil into his arms, to make them lithe for the coming contest for the olive-crown, Evagoras, the Athenian orator, putting up the roll he had been conning, says, "Now, by the gods, O Phaselis! tell me, I beseech, the forms and ceremonies of these Olympian games, for I come hither from Athens as ignorant of them as if I were indeed a mere barbarian, and had never heard of Jove, or of how he overwhelmed the Titans with the might of his terrible right hand; but out of mercy to the athletes of Elis, lad, do not make thyself more slippery than the Ægean dolphin."

"Why, thou serpent-tongued leader of the people, dost thou not know we always rub our hands with dust before we begin the *Pentathlon?* How could a——?"

"'Twas but to vex thee, thou choleric drinker of black broth. Did I not, when even such a lad as thee, bear the famous Cypselus of Platæa, with the Cestus, at the Theban Heraclea? and is not the brazen tripod I won still on my cypress writing-table, in my house in Æolus Street, in the city of Minerva? I have heard, but vaguely, I confess, of the ritual of these games."

"Well, by Bacchus! man, thou art now so fat and scant of breath that a tortoise would outrun thee, a child outleap thee, since all the strength of thy arms seems to have passed into thy tongue, which is untiring as the cicala. Know then, O ignorant orator! that the two judges of the games, stripped like athletes, sit at one end of our *stadium* on ivory chairs, holding the olive wreaths before them; and on either side, robed in white and purple, stand the *aleutai*, to see that no woman is present, that order be kept, and that the sacrifices to Jove be duly performed; the cymbal men and flute-players, too, are near the judges' thrones. The judges then first take the oath not to receive bribes, to act impartially, and not to disclose their reasons for rejecting any combatant—"

"Not even why Phaselis, with two black eyes and only half his teeth, was sent away limping and without a crown."

"Nay, by Saturn! but I'll unteeth one or two rogues first," says the young Spartan, laughing, and striking out at the unoffending air in pure fun with his tremendous iron-bound arms; "but how can I get on if I am perpetually interrupted?"

"Be quiet there, you chattering cicala," says the orator, smiling at the youth's impatience; "and you, tortoise yonder, don't keep clicking your shelly back against that big stone, for it is a nut you will never crack, and Phaselis here, the hero of Sparta, bears no interruption."

"If thou dost not be quiet, I'll leave thee in ignorance," says Phaselis. "The wrestlers are then appointed by lot, having first sworn that they have been at least ten months in exercise, that they are not criminals or impious men, and that they will use no unfair means to win the victory. We then (O how I shall tremble with anxiety when it comes to me!) throw each small dice inscribed with certain letters into a silver urn held and shaken by the *alutarkes*—those who draw the same letter fight together, and he who has the odd letter fights the winner. O Jove! grant me the odd letter, that I may vanquish a champion who has vanquished others."

"So should I pray," said Monymus, "so he would come to me beaten to a purple pulp, and half blind, and with flagging arms; O if I ever have to fight, give me no dusty-leafed olive-crown, but a good gold tripod, or a chariot inlaid with silver!"

"Ha! thou low-minded creature of earth, to whom honour and glory are no more than dusty leaves! But now it is for me to question: is it true, O Evagoras! that this Phidias of yours, who unveils his statue to-day, did indeed execute such a glorious image of Minerva for Pericles, the old enemy of Lacedæmon? I know him well, this Phidias, and meet him daily on the plain where we exercise. They say he comes to see our athletes run and wrestle, that he may imitate the bend and curve of their muscles in ivory. Pray Jove, he imitate not the long legs of Evander, or the crooked arms of little Thrasyllus! This Phidias is regarded by our Olympians with suspicion, for they know not for what dark crimes he fled hither from Athens. We have this week rumours of the great gold and ivory statue he has made, and the next week we hear he is howled and pelted out of the city. Thy nation is a fickle nation, Evagoras, and well did they take the restless, chattering, improvident grasshopper for their emblem."

"It is not for us," says Evagoras, "being friends together here, and also guests of Olympia, to recommence the Peloponnesian war, and fight it out between ourselves—were indeed an old poet and a young warrior at all equal combatants; but since thou desirest to hear of Phidias, I will tell thee till it is time for us to go to the games—that last shout, I think, warns us that the judges have already mounted their thrones. If thou hast not visited the sacred city, thou at least hast heard that after the Persian war our great Pericles rebuilt and enlarged the temple of Minerva, on that rock of the Acropolis that is seen from the sea. The statue was made of ivory and gold; the bust of ivory, the armour of gold. Vulcan and Mercury themselves could not have excelled this work; it seemed indeed as if a lifetime could not have accomplished such a labour. On one side of her shield was wrought the battle of the Amazons, on the other the wars of the gods and the giants; on her sandals the Centaurs and Lapithæ fought and struggled; on her breastplate a Medusa's head with snaky locks almost petrified you with horror. On the base of the statue, finally, the birth of Pandora was figured, with twenty of the gods appearing as bystanders."

"O excellent artificer!" exclaim the two listeners.

"But did not this Phidias steal some of the gold consecrated to the statue?" says the Corinthian; "some such rumour certain merchants brought to Corinth."

"O Discord, sister of Nemesis and the Parcæ! what lies thou sowest over the earth! Phidias was a good man and an honest citizen, for Monymus here defended him in the suit, and he paid him full weight. It was not so. The sculptors of Athens, envious of his fame, did truly accuse him of having stolen some gold, upon which he removed it (for, by the wise advice of Pericles, he had made the ornaments of the statue movable), weighed it, and so proved his innocence."

"Well, and that quitted him?" say the orator and the athlete in one breath.

"No, friends, by no means quitted him; for then all the envious gold-workers and marble-chippers in Athens rose in arms, and howling like wolves, came together on Mars Hill, that little mound near our Acropolis, to discuss Phidias and his crimes."

"Were you there among those yelping curs, that wanted Pericles to whip them back to their kennels?" says the young Spartan, rubbing the oil fiercely into his already supple knee-joints.

"Yes, I was there, hoping to find materials in that noisy rabble for a poem in a Doric measure on the 'fickleness of the populace.' There they were, rolling and seething about, heads together, eyes squinting with envy and bloodshot with rage—all the jewellers from Mercury Street, and all the figure-head carvers from the Piræus, some with shipwright axes, others with chisels ground sharp as daggers, some with augers, and others with mallets still white with marble dust—a dark, pale, scurvy mob as ever I saw, with the banishing shells in their hands, ready to throw into the air."

"They would not have murdered the great

Phidias," says Monymus; "no, by Minerva! the Furies had never prompted them to such baseness as that?"

"Murdered! no, indeed; but banished. Yes: but they would have dispersed quietly, when up gets me a little dark, yellow, pert man, with a rough voice and restless, bad eye—a public informer, as I took it—who swears that only yesterday, being engaged in studying the beauty of the great statue of the goddess, he had discovered that the impious Phidias had introduced on the shield his own portrait and that of Pericles into his 'Battle of the Amazons.'"

"And off went the people to see for themselves, I suppose," said Phaselis, dashing his iron cestuses together with blows that would have crushed in a bull's skull, so deeply was his youthful enthusiasm and veneration for genius aroused.

"What! the people go and see for themselves?—not they; they listen to any liar who is glib and confident. No, at once, with the voice of Jove's thunder, and with brandished weapons, they shouted, 'Phidias ranks himself with Theseus and the demigods! let Phidias be banished!' At once, in spite of my leaping on a Hermes and trying to quiet them, some thousand of these noisy chick-pea and onion eaters ran to the house of the great Phidias, tore him from a statue at which they found him working, and drove him with slates and stones, ox bones and stale fish, pale, bleeding, half clothed, and scrip-less, on the road to Olympia."

"Was that the last you saw of him?" said Monymus. "Could not Pericles or the Archons interfere? was the Areopagus powerless? why did not the priests run in and soothe the people?"

"O that Minerva had flashed her Medusa on those curs!" said Phaselis, raising his armed hand to heaven.

"There was thunder heard over Corinth that day, and in a clear sky too," said the orator, "and our augurs held it as portending some evil to the city of the violet crown."

"The last I saw of Phidias," continued Evagoras, "was, looking back, as the mob tore on like a receding tide to Athens, I beheld a kneeling form, dark against the twilight sky; he was on a low earthy rock on the side of the road leading to Elis, and looking back towards the Parthenon, that stood out, its dark pillars barring the evening sky. I think he prayed to Jove, for at that moment there was thunder on his right hand, and the next instant lightning flashed over the Acropolis, and, as I have heard, struck Cratylus the informer dead, as he stood at the entrance of the Temple of Theseus, addressing the excited mob."

"Brave lightning," said Phaselis; "would it always did such good work."

"And now," said Monymus, "the banished man has executed a statue for these games, that, it is said, far surpasses his great work at Athens. Though somewhat unjustly suspicious of the cause that drove him to exile, our rulers of Elis have been kind to the sculptor—they have given him house and food, and above all a sheltered olive grove, with a shed, once a rope-maker's, where he and his workmen can work undisturbed. I have heard he has done his noblest in hope to render trivial his former statue, that he wrought for ungrateful and fickle Athens."

"Not fickle; look at——, be calm and temperate, Spartan."

"Yes! by the gods—fickle as a harlot—uncertain as the Siren—false as the Persian—and relentless as the Cyclops," says Phaselis, leaping up.

"Now, boy! I could strike thee, if—"

"Strike! by the god of Delphi! Strike!"

"In the name of all the gods at once, friends!" says the Corinthian, spreading his hands between the angry pair, "cease this senseless wraugling. You, Phaselis, will have throws enough presently; and as for Evagoras, he can ill spare the only two front teeth he has left."

"Rascal!"

"Nay, I will not fight, so rail on."

"Garlic eater, I defy you—my bitterest iambics shall denounce your infamy over all Greece."

"But no one will read the iambics."

"Faugh! may the Furies flog you—may Cerberus gnaw your lying flesh."

"Dog!"

[Evagoras strides off, beating about his robe, and spitting on the ground.]

"I have half a mind to go and tear out the dog's remainiug teeth," says Phaselis.

"Nay, leave him to the critics—they'll mumble him," says Monymus; "he cannot put together an hexameter correctly,—and his poems are only useful to wrap fish in. It is such poor parasites that drive Pericles to war with Sparta; but let him take care, the Doric spear has not yet lost its edge. I'll wager gold that rascal is in the pay of the Persian."

"But we must go, the games have commenced, I know, by those rolling shouts—that tell me the first boxer is struck down. Somebody has got his mouthful of Olympic sand. Pray Jove it be that swollen-faced Erosthenes—he is such a noisy bragger, one would think Hercules had come again."

"We shall see," says Monymus, girding up his loins to depart.

We move now to the Olympic plains, and stop not till we reach the very throne of the judges—who sit, bare as statues, surrounded by champions, flute-players, priest, &c., youths, *aleutai*, and wreath bearers. In front of them, permitted in consequence of illness, reclines Phidias, clad in a black robe, to typify the cloud of sorrow that always envelops the exile, a white hood over his head, to indicate his innocence. The old man is of a majestic presence, his eyes frank, full, piercing, yet calm and radiant. His white beard flows over his dark robe; silent and immovable he sits before the great veiled statue of Jupiter, upon which the judges are about to pronounce their verdict.

"The people of Elis have decreed," says one of the judges, as Phidias rises and stands before him, holding one end of the statue's veil, ready to give the smiling and eager workmen the signal to remove it—"that thou Phidias canst be admitted as a competitor for the crown in the Olympic games now holding."

There is a burst of applause, and Phidias bows his head.

"But, upon the conditions, that the oracle of Delphis, which they have consulted, pronounces thee free from stain. Messenger to Delphis, step forward and read the oracle."

The crowd separates—a lithe youth, pale with fatigue, his feet dusty, and his robe torn, advances with a roll.

"Read"—

"Phidias is pure and stainless. Phidias is beloved by the gods. To-day he will attain the greatest blessing that Jove can bestow on man."

Again the people shout, and Phidias kneels in grateful prayer to Jove.

"I knew it," said Phaselis; "I feel so happy now, I could beat out the brains of ten Athenians, and heavy armed, too."

"It is now the fitting time," says Evagoras, stepping forward, "to acquaint the good people of Elis, that I come from Athens to invite Phidias to return, and to offer him, in compensation for his unjust banishment, house and land, wealth and honour."

"Bear my thanks, good messenger," said Phidias, "to my countrymen in Athens, but tell them I will never leave my foster-mother Elis."

"True," said an augur, "thou *wilt* never leave Elis, Phidias."

"Fickle as leaves, those accursed Athenians," whispered Phaselis; "yet still I forgive that shy, scurvy poet, for bringing such a message to our good Phidias, and I will box with him out of pure love."

"Let the statue be unveiled," says the judge.

"They say it has two heads and no ears, like the Cretan statues of Jove," says a tattling barber in the crowd.

"A very poor piece of work, I have heard," says a marble cutter and rival exhibitor.

The crowd lulls to silence. The judge speaks again. "But first let the cestus-contest be decided—the second on the list, between Phaselis the Spartan, and Cratylus of Rhodes."

At these words, Phaselis, who is kissing the hand of Phidias, which rests on the good lad's head, leaps up like a deer, tightens the thongs of his cestuses, and sprinkles his body with dust. And seeing such a stripling advance to meet him, the insolent Rhodian giant runs beating the air with whistling blows, and claims the olive wreath. Then, at the stern rebuke of the judge, he advances with shouting triumph towards the young Spartan, the seven thongs of iron conspicuous on his tremendous fists.

Then with leopard stealth and receding head, watchful eye and warding hand, the Spartan advances on his bull-like antagonist. He steals round his enemy—he resists his bull-like rushes—he prepares for the leap and the blow at an unguarded place. The moment comes, he leaps in; but his foot slipping in the blood of the last combatant, he falls heavily on his breast.

But that fall heated his blood, and gave him supernatural rage—now he runs, leaps, and strikes, like a second Theseus. The Rhodian is smoking at the nostrils, Phaselis drives him here and there, though now and then a blow of the Rhodian sweeps down on his ribs. But the Spartan's blows fall in showers on the unlucky Rhodian's face, which is now the colour of a ripe and rather smashy fig. A bound, a fierce blow across the eyes—one more in the mouth, and the Rhodian falls senseless in a pool of blood and teeth upon the sand. Phaselis has won the crown.

And now—almost before the smiling youth has been congratulated by Phidias, Monymus, Evagoras, and his other friends—the cry comes again to unveil the statue of Jupiter Olympus, Phidias's statue.

The cords are pulled—the veil falls—the statue shines out in the sun, with its fifty cubits of gold and ivory. It is a seated figure of the king of the gods, and it is placed upon a throne of ivory and gold. The god is naked to the waist, to signify that to the deities of Olympus he is visible, but to men below unseen. His robe is adorned with golden lilies and asphodel; the eagle with outspread wings is at his feet; on his august head is a crown of olive, and in his right hand a sceptre of cypress wood. But the face of that colossal image! it is radiant with divinity—a glory floats about those locks that age never thins; there is serene majesty in those eyes, so calm, so royal, so pure and wise, yet so awful. "The god—the very god!" shout ten thousand people, and kneel in adoration.

"The crown is Phidias's," says the judge, in the first lull of silence; "for who can compete with Phidias? O happy people of Elis, ye have at last a Jupiter more divine than even the Minerva of the Acropolis! Rise, Phidias, and receive the crown."

But why sits Phidias still there, silent, with

head bent and features fixed? Does excessive joy hold him in a dumb trance?

"O ye gods! our Phidias is dead!" says Phaselis, as he looks nearer at the cold, fixed face, and the drooping jaw.

The gods had granted to Phidias that day the greatest blessing they can confer on man—DEATH.

On the dead Phidias they placed the triumphant wreath.

THE NEW FOREIGN OFFICE.

THE QUESTION OF STYLE.

WHATEVER may be the opinion of the Premier, it is evident that in the instance of the New Foreign Office the "battle of the styles" is very far from having been fought out and decided. Potent indeed is a vote of the House of Commons, and Lord Palmerston is mighty as a minister; and both minister and House of Commons have declared war to the knife against that architecture which bears the name of Gothic. The vote has been gravely recorded against the Gothic, and the premier has smiled over its apparent catastrophe. Alas! poor Gothic! Even Gilbert Scott has yielded to a command to prepare for the New Foreign Office a design that shall be something essentially classic, or at any rate thoroughly Italian; and which shall not in any respect or degree be such a compromise, as might be accomplished on the (architecturally speaking) neutral ground of Lombardy. For ourselves, we incline to regard Lombardy as an integral of Italy, and so we should not refuse to comprehend the Lombard Romanesque within the range of Italian architecture. Lord Palmerston, however, couples Mr. Scott's Gothic and his Romanesque together, and he peremptorily rejects them both. His Foreign Office must be classic in earnest, and neither pseudo-classic nor classic in a condition of fusion. Mr. Scott, therefore, is at work for Lord Palmerston upon what that noble lord may accept as a classic design. Happily, some little interval must intervene between the completion of that design and the commencement of the building itself; for the site has to be cleared, and then to be prepared; and we hear of a year or two, or perhaps even more, that must be devoted to the formation of foundations: thus Mr. Scott will have ample time to add to his series another Gothic design—unless, after all (the Palmerstonian episode having been duly consigned to becoming oblivion), he should eventually have to fall back upon his original conception. So, while the foundations are gradually growing into massive and enduring solidity, Lord Palmerston's Foreign Office may be superseded by an edifice that shall be national in its style and character, and from its architectural nobleness worthy of the English nation.

Meanwhile, a fresh campaign in the "war" (not "battle") "of the styles" has been opened in the pleasantest and most promising manner imaginable. Our notice of the Foreign Office question in the *Art-Journal* for August last has elicited from an able and highly respected correspondent the communication which appeared in our last number—that for September: and now our present reply to "J. S." is a second movement upon a ground that still remains as available as ever for the evolutions and the blows of a sharply-contested conflict. The letter of "J. S." places the "Gothic question" in a position which imperatively demands the complete reconsideration of that question. For the present our architectural contemporaries are silent. "J. S." says that their silence is evidently the result of their "feeling the subject to be one of considerable difficulty." It is only necessary for this subject to be brought resolutely forward, and our contemporaries will be constrained to face whatever difficulties may attend its discussion, and to speak out. Thus much, at any rate, is certain, that if our architectural contemporaries are silent upon the Gothic question in consequence of the difficulty which they feel in dealing with it, that question is very far from having been decided and disposed of. Were such the case, it would be easy enough to refer to the decision, and to point out the issue. We accept the candid admission that the question still is difficult, and therefore that it remains to be considered, discussed, and decided. But "J. S." does much more than enable us to draw an inference from what he declares to be the cause of the silence of our architectural contemporaries upon *the* architectural question of the day. He plainly, and in so many words, admits that the Gothic and Classic controversy yet awaits further discussion even *ab limine*. He asks us to "explain the essential element of the Gothic," and to set forth "the principles" of the style. Consequently "J. S." seeks for those antecedent definitions, which precede the actual controversy between the Gothic and any rival style: that is to say, our correspondent confesses he has yet to learn what Gothic Art may be, and he applies to us to provide for him the information which he requires. We presume "J. S." to represent a considerable portion of our readers, since he tells us that what he himself seeks from us in the matter of Gothic Art "is exactly what is wanted;" and he adds, that if the facts we may adduce be fairly stated, if our inductions be legitimate and our reasonings sound, we thus shall "*enable* our readers to become defenders of Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds." We certainly fear that the Gothic has had and has still to encounter the opposition of opponents, who rest their hostility upon anything rather than upon "intelligent grounds." "J. S." himself is evidently not "a defender of the Gothic;" or, rather, he is without doubt one of the many whose architectural views assimilate to those of the Premier and the Chief Commissioner of Public Works; and yet, from his own writing, it is certain that he is very far from clear in his ideas as to what that Gothic is, which he opposes and rejects. In this respect "J. S.," as we believe, differs but little from every other intelligent individual, whose opposition and hostility to the Gothic are *not* based upon "intelligent grounds." He opposes and is hostile; and he asks to be told what are the "essential elements" of the object of his opposition and hostility. This objection and hostility we accordingly attribute simply to the fact of his requiring information upon these "essential elements." "J. S." does not understand the Gothic: that is quite a sufficient reason for opposition and hostility. Neither Lord Palmerston nor Mr. Cowper understand the Gothic; they have not the remotest conception of its "essential elements," nor are they disposed to trouble themselves about any such thing, as either defence or opposition based "upon intelligent grounds." We remember one of our architectural contemporaries,—the *Building News*,—not very long ago to have expressed a doubt as to the possibility of educating the chief commissioner up to the architectural point of understanding at least something about the facts and realities of Gothic Art; but, whatever the capabilities of that right honourable gentleman, he is not more likely to submit them to the test of a high-pressure study of the Gothic, than is his equally venerable and jocose chief. Here "J. S." stands superior to these "great officers of state." They may be alike in ranging themselves in the ranks of the opponents of the Gothic; but "J. S." does fairly and honourably stand forward and asks for an explanation of Gothic principles, and he avows himself ready to accept conviction, and to defend, if he can "become a defender of the Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds." Not so the premier, and his official and parliamentary supporters. They are content to substitute prejudice for reasoning; and, while tenacious of their own personal tastes and speculations, they leave a knowledge of facts—architectural facts—to those who may attach any value to them, and may have leisure and inclination to search them out.

We confess that we regret finding such a writer as "J. S." to have formed his opinion upon the Gothic question first, and afterwards to have made inquiries concerning Gothic "essential elements," and "principles," and so forth. We should have preferred to have seen him reversing his process—to have seen him inquiring as a preliminary to deciding. At the same time, we admire the straightforward and frank tone of our correspondent's communication, and we readily undertake (to a certain extent, at any rate) to respond to the appeal that he has made to us. In doing this, we must in the first instance remind both "J. S." and our readers in general, that our correspondent's letter comprehends a wide range of subject, and that consequently any such reply as would be calculated either to prove satisfactory to him or to do justice to ourselves must be both comprehensive and explicit. We cannot write in answer to "J. S." without entering into details; and we cannot enter into details without writing at some considerable length. It will not be possible for us, therefore, to include within the limits of a single article all that we propose to write. We do not consider it necessary to reprint our correspondent's letter in full, but shall content ourselves with generally referring to it, and quoting from it such passages as may appear to be necessary.

A reply to the letter of "J. S." can be nothing else than an essay on Gothic Art. It must also be such an essay as will deal with the Gothic as an Art that has been revived, and is required to be expressed in action in conformity with the circumstances of the present day. He says to us:—1. "Explain the essential element of Gothic—that inherent idea on which modern modifications can be implanted without destroying it." He proceeds—2. "Show us what kind of modifications will express present sentiments, and the principles upon which the connection between the modifications and the sentiments is based, as also what these sentiments are." 3. In the third place, he requires from us a "demonstration" of the superior fitness of the Gothic, when inspired with fresh life and animated with renewed vigour, and at the same time when modified and expressed in conformity with the spirit of our own age,—its "superior fitness and worthiness for the production of every important English building, as well civil as ecclesiastical," and in particular "for the production of a New Foreign Office." And he adds that we are "bound to give the public the benefit of the reasons upon which our own opinions rest, in a question so generally interesting and so amply talked about." The "demonstration" that he seeks from us our correspondent declares to be "exactly what is wanted," and he avows, that in common with our readers in general, he looks to our statement of facts, our reasonings and inductions, with the view to being enabled to "become a defender of the Gothic upon something like intelligent grounds."

Before we enter directly upon the first of the four points which "J. S." thus has proposed for our consideration, it appears to be desirable to dispose of a few other incidental matters to which in his letter our able correspondent

refers. In the opening of his letter, "J. S." most correctly states, that the third paragraph of our own former article on the "New Foreign Office" (*Art-Journal*, for August, p. 237), is devoted to a reproduction of certain "exploded fallacies and often-refuted misrepresentations," which again were coolly adduced in a recent parliamentary debate as facts and arguments of weight against Gothic architecture. We desire now to preface our present remarks with a plain statement of two or three of these said "fallacies and misrepresentations." The premier and his supporters asserted that —1. A Gothic building, as such, must necessarily be *darker* than a corresponding Classic edifice. 2. That it must be internally *inconvenient*, and externally *sombre and gloomy*. 3. That, in comparison with a Classic building of the same architectural character and affording the same amount of accommodation, a Gothic Foreign Office would inevitably require a very considerably *larger outlay* of the public money. And—4. That the Gothic, if admitted to be a suitable style for ecclesiastical structures, was altogether unfitted for the production of those buildings which were destined for civil or administrative purposes.

The first of these objections is simply contrary to the fact. The Gothic style, as such, is better calculated to admit light than the classic. Its architectural elasticity leaves the architect free to introduce windows in any position, and to extend their dimensions and to modify their light-admitting arrangements absolutely at his pleasure. In recently erected Gothic buildings, designed and built for various secular purposes, the proportion of clear window-light has been found, on actual examination and measurement, to be greater than in other corresponding buildings in other styles: that is, the proportion of clear window-light to external wall-surface, and also to enclosed internal space, has been proved to be considerably in favour of the Gothic.

The question of internal convenience of structural arrangements we hold to be independent of architectural style, except so far as style may determine certain external forms upon which the internal arrangements of necessity are dependent. Otherwise, this is a matter resting entirely with the architect of every building. So long as he is permitted independent freedom of action, the architect alone is responsible for the convenience or inconvenience of his structural arrangements. This is not primarily or essentially a question of style. And, yet this question may be affected by style, since style may in some degree control an architect. And, here again, as in the instance of lighting, the elastic nature of the Gothic turns the scale in its own favour, and leaves the Gothic architect to expatiate at will, while his classic brother is fettered by rules and precedents, and by the established usages of his style. Thus, an able architect will always produce good arrangements; but an able Gothic architect, having greater freedom and more versatile resources, will produce the best possible arrangements. In the subordinate matter of fittings, the case is precisely the same.

The question of comparative cost, of course, is of paramount importance. And this is the point that the partizans of the classic usually assume to be their ground of vantage. They take it for granted that the Gothic must be, and so they assert that it is, the most costly of styles. Probably the Gothic is the most costly style for cottage building, but it is not so for palace building. True, an architecture claiming to be entitled Gothic, may be so treated that it shall be pre-eminent in costliness. On the other hand, however, an architecture equally true as Gothic, may be without a rival in cheapness. But the real question is not one of extremes or of probabilities. It relates to the comparative costliness of noble Gothic and noble Classic for an important public building. Here we affirm that the most careful of calculations have demonstrated that, if not the less costly, *the Gothic is not the more costly style*. We believe that, in the instance before us, the conditions being equal, the balance would incline in favour of the Gothic on the question of cost, no less than on those of light and convenience. By way of illustration, we may refer to the recently constructed new rooms and the alterations at the National Gallery in Trafalgar Square. We now express no opinion upon these works in their architectural capacity; but we challenge the entire classic confederacy to gainsay our assertion, that the very same works might have been produced in the Gothic style by a first-rate Gothic architect, for a sum considerably smaller than that which was actually expended upon what has been actually done.

The *dictum* that the Gothic, as Gothic, is not and cannot be accepted as any other than an ecclesiastical style, is at best the expression of an opinion. We hold an opinion to the contrary effect. We know that in the great architectural times that have long passed away, the same style that produced the cathedral produced the palace. We know that the Gothic has proved itself equally competent to produce the best of secular and the best ecclesiastical structures. We object to any such severance of ecclesiastical buildings from other contemporary structures as must be inseparable from the recognition of a distinct ecclesiastical style, as we object to that form of Christianity which is active on Sundays and lies dormant throughout the rest of the week. We know that the *hotels-de-ville* of the continental cities are as good architecture and as appropriate and as admirable, as their cathedrals; and we believe that cathedral and *hotel-de-ville* mutually enhance each other's architectural impressiveness, through the fact of their identity of style. And besides, we know that Mr. G. G. Scott's Gothic *hotel-de-ville* for Hamburgh, is as good and appropriate and admirable, as his Gothic cathedral for that city. And with reference to our own country, when we hear a genuine argument, or have our attention directed to a positive fact, in support of the view that the Gothic is ecclesiastical, and is not secular as a style, we then shall feel called upon to adduce some reasons for holding and maintaining, as we hold and maintain, that the Gothic is the style that is "not only the noblest in itself, but the best adapted for *every* important English building."

"J. S." inquires whether "this," the question of Gothic or Classic, "is a question of Art or Architecture, or, if mixed, in what proportion each is represented in its proper settlement?"

We have ever regarded Architecture as an Art, indeed, as the greatest of the Arts; and, consequently, we are unable to comprehend our correspondent's inquiry, when he draws a broad line of distinction between Art and Architecture. Does he use the term Architecture to signify mere construction—the building processes and details, by means of which an architectural design is carried into effect? If so, we must remind him that Architecture comprehends both the thought that originates, and the agency which realizes. It is the Art that first creates an edifice in the ethereal realms of mental vision, and then builds up the material fabric into a palpable reality. The question of Gothic or Classic is not a question of "Art *or* Architecture." In the fullest acceptation of that term, it is a question of the Art *of* Architecture. It is a question of STYLE IN ARCHITECTURE,—of style, in its "essential elements and principles," in its practical expression also, and its actual application. We are aware that our pages have generally devoted a limited space only to this noble Art of Architecture; but this has resulted, not at all from our having regarded Architecture as the Art which possessed no claims, or subordinate claims only, upon the *Art-Journal*, and much less from our having supposed any distinction to exist between Art and Architecture. On the contrary, always entertaining for Architecture a high admiration and a profound reverence, always regarding it also (as we now have styled it) the greatest of the Arts, we have hitherto for the most part been content to leave Architecture to those talented contemporaries, who devote themselves almost exclusively to treating of it. We now gladly vindicate our own sentiments with regard to Architecture, and give it a more prominent place in the *Art-Journal*. This is not to be supposed to imply either that we are less disposed than heretofore to entrust Architecture to our architectural contemporaries, or that other Art-subjects have less abundant or less urgent claims upon us than has been their wont. We are not disposed to permit the *Art-Journal* to neglect any of the Arts; and at the present moment we feel it to be our especial duty to devote attention in an unusual degree to the Art of Architecture, which in the present day is attracting so great attention, not only in the profession, but in the public mind also.

The remarks that "J. S." has made upon our statement, that the Gothic is rising in favour, as a style of Architecture, with "business men," we leave, with the rest of the subject, for future consideration. In so doing, we venture to suggest to our correspondent, and to those who think with him, that the best possible preparation for what we may have to say upon the "essential element of Gothic," will be found in chapter vi., page 151, of the second volume of Ruskin's "Stones of Venice." Will "J. S." read what is there written upon "The Nature of Gothic?"

THE BRIDGING AND EMBANKING OF THE THAMES.

In Rome, the Pontiff Cæsar, on the cope
Of the Sublician Bridge, invoked the host
Of gods. In later days, the Pontiff Pope,
"Father Bridge-maker," and his monks, could boast
Of lands made one by their pontifical aid;
Of bridges o'er all Europe's rivers laid.
So mighty were such works, and holy deemed
In those old hours; and thus the Rhone and Rhine
Reflect the multitudinous design
Of beauty breathed in stone, which Art had dreamed.
But London! history too long condemns
What thou hast done—and not done—for thy river,
Prolific Page!* *Pontifex* of the Thames,
Cleanse thou this blot, and crown thy fame for ever!

B.

[NOTE.—Dr. Johnson ridiculed Milton's derivation of the word *pontifex* from *pons* and *facio*, "Bridge-maker," and characterised it as a sarcastic reflection upon the mission of the papacy. But it truly demands no great stretch of imagination to conceive that the annual consecration of the *Pons Sublicius* by the *Pontifex Maximus*, symbolized the fact that the head of the church and state is the keystone of the social arch. It is matter of history, too, that the monastic orders generally, not merely the bridge-building monks specially so called, did devote themselves to the material mission thus indicated, and were a sort of unpaid "Board of Works" for all Europe; and it is but a truism to affirm that the moral as well as physical unification of the nations is promoted by facilities for crossing the rivers which divide them, even as now the railway is levelling the mountains of prejudice as well as of nature.]

* Thomas Page, the eminent engineer.

ROME, AND HER WORKS OF ART.

PART XIV.—THE GALLERIES FARNESE AND DORIA.

THE family of Farnese occupies a prominent position in the annals of the modern states of Italy. Originally feudatories of the territory of Farnese and Montalta in the papal dominions, their power and splendour received a large accession by the advancement in 1534, of Cardinal Alessandro Farnese to the popedom, by the title of Paul III. This pope had an illegitimate son, whom he raised to the dignity of a sovereign prince, by creating him first of all Duke of Castro, and subsequently Duke of Parma and Piacenza. But the duke was a man of the most depraved life and conduct; his vices and oppression led to a conspiracy of his subjects against him, at the head of which was Count Anguissola, who stabbed the tyrant while at dinner in his palace at Piacenza, and threw his body out of the window, when it was mutilated and dragged through the city by the mob: this was in 1547. The descendants of the murdered prince continued to hold possession of the ducal territories till 1731, when the last duke, Antonio Farnese, having died without issue, the male line of the family became extinct; but Elizabeth Farnese, who had married Philip V. of Spain, claiming the duchy for her children, it was ultimately given, by the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, to her younger son, Don Filipo. The other provinces and the personal property of the Farnese, including the extensive museum and the noble palaces of Rome, were given to his brother, Don Carlos, King of the Two Sicilies; many of the finest statues and pictures in the museum of Naples, are derived from this inheritance, and the Kings of Naples have to this day nominally retained possession of the two palaces in Rome, known as the Farnese and the Farnesina: it is to the former of these we desire now to introduce the reader; the latter was briefly spoken of in a former paper, when noticing the works of Raffaelle, some of whose finest frescoes it contains.

The PALAZZO FARNESE ranks among the finest palatial edifices in Rome; it stands alone, and is approached by an extensive open square, known as the Piazza Farnese, in the area of which are two magnificent fountains, that seem to flank the entrance. These fountains correspond with each other in form and dimensions; they were discovered in the baths of Caracalla. The edifice was begun by the Cardinal Farnese, afterwards Paul III., who employed as the architect, Antonio da Sangallo; and it was completed by Michel Angelo and his pupil Giacomo della Porta, about the year 1526, under the direction of the pope's nephew, Cardinal Alessandro Farnese. On the opposite bank of the Tiber, is the Palazzo Farnesina, which is connected with the Palazzo Farnese by an arch thrown over the Via Giulia from the gardens of one palace to those of the other; both properties are thus united, though the river runs between them: the Neapolitan ambassador occupies—or we presume we may now say did occupy—the latter building, and the Neapolitan consul the former. The prelates for whom the Farnese was erected had the audacity to plunder the Coliseum of immense blocks of travertine, and to use them as materials for the structure—an act, for which the historian Gibbon says, "every traveller who views the Farnese palace may curse the sacrilege and luxury of these upstart princes." The enormous size of these blocks, and the precision with which they are fitted, cannot fail to attract the attention of all who examine them. The grand entrance is through a noble arched gateway, leading into a vestibule ornamented with twelve columns of Egyptian granite, which opens into the principal quadrangle, whose four façades, of equal length, are formed of a triple range of porticoes one above another—the basement of Doric columns, the second tier of Ionic, and the upper of Corinthian; the upper story is pierced with windows instead of arcades. This upper part of the building, with the fine entablature, is the work of Michel Angelo. The colonnades, in the time of Pius III., were the receptacle of a costly collection of antique works, among which, the most valuable, perhaps, were the celebrated statue of Glycon, now known as the Farnese Hercules, one of Flora, distinguished by the elegance of its drapery, and the famous group of Dirce, which now bears the title of the Farnese Bull—*Toro Farnese*—a wild bull forming the principal object in the group. The Hercules and the Dirce were found in the baths of Caracalla; the latter, with the Flora, is in the museum of Naples. The only work of ancient Art now in this spacious enclosure, is the sarcophagus of Cecilia Metella, wife of Crassus, which, says Sir George Head, "has been suffered, by a degree of apathy and neglect that seems unaccountable, to remain here no less a period than three hundred years in a state of utter abandonment. Notwithstanding that her mausoleum is one of the most magnificent monuments of the republic in existence, the receptacle which actually contained the remains of this noble Roman lady, placed on the western side of the cortile, close to the north-west angle, in a position with one end protruding from under the portico, entirely exposed to the weather, is subjected to all manner of unseemly desecration. . . . . So that one is compelled to view with averted eyes, an object whose beauty alone, to say nothing of the classical reminiscences attached to the relique, and the desecration of the rites of sepulture, might, if not entitle it to a place in a museum, render it at all events worthy of close examination."

The apartments exhibited to the public are three in number, all on the first story. The first of these, called especially "The Gallery," is oblong in form, and very lofty; it contains the celebrated frescoes painted by Annibal Carracci and his pupils, partially assisted by his brother Agostino: these subjects are known to many who have not seen the originals, by the engravings of Pietro Aquila and Belli. It would startle the patrons of modern Art, and artists themselves still more, to hear that for these works, which are numerous, and occupied eight years to complete, the sum of five hundred gold crowns, equal to about one hundred and twenty pounds of our money, was paid. The principal painting is in the centre of the ceiling; it represents the 'Triumph of Bacchus and Ariadne,' the former seated in a car drawn by panthers, the latter in one drawn by goats: the hero and heroine are preceded by Silenus, mounted on an ass, and are attended by a joyous and noisy troop of fauns, bacchantes, and satyrs: numerous cupids carry attributes of the vintage. Two octagonal shaped pictures are associated with this work, and are set in painted borders of rich ornament, heightened with gold; one of these, 'MERCURY GIVING THE GOLDEN APPLE TO PARIS,' is among the finest frescoes in the apartment; it is engraved on this page. The figure of the winged messenger of the gods is skilfully drawn, and very cleverly foreshortened, though the left arm is stiff and inelegant. The dog is introduced, less, perhaps, as an appropriate adjunct to the shepherd Paris, than as an object to give a pictorial balance to the composition. The other octagonal painting is 'Pan offering the Goat-skin to Diana.' In compartments at equal distances from the central fresco, are two others, representing respectively 'Apollo carrying off Hyacinthus,' and 'Jupiter, in the form of an Eagle, flying away with Ganymede.'



MERCURY GIVING THE GOLDEN APPLE TO PARIS.

Of the frescoes on the walls, of which there are several, we can only find room to point out the most remarkable. The first claiming attention is that of 'Galatea,' said by Bellori to have been painted by Agostino Carracci. The nymph is borne over the waters by a Triton; they are accompanied by other marine monsters, by nereids, and by cupids, some on the backs of dolphins, others flying in the air: the composition appears to divide itself into three groups, but they are so skilfully arranged, so symmetrically disposed, and so well balanced, that they form a most graceful union. All the figures are finely drawn, and bear evidence that the artist had been a diligent student in the school of anatomy, if not in that of morality, for there is in the treatment a sentiment of voluptuousness, which, if not absolutely indelicate, approaches very closely to that character.

Opposite the 'Galatea,' on the other side of the apartment, is 'Cephalus being carried off by Aurora in a Car,' a composition, which in elegance of design, as well as in its amorous sentiment, may be adequately compared with the other. Four smaller compositions, square in form, accompany, in pairs respectively, the two large paintings just spoken of; the subjects of these are 'Jupiter and Juno,' 'Diana and Endymion,' 'Anchises and Venus,' 'Hercules and Iole.' The pictures which decorate the two extremities of the ceiling, illustrate passages in the story of Polyphemus; in one, Polyphemus is playing on the pipes of Pan; in the other he is pursuing Acis, who has carried off Galatea. At each end of the gallery is also a large fresco; one representing Phineus and his companions petrified by the head of Medusa; the other the 'Deliverance of Andromeda.' Eight small frescoes and eight medallions complete the decorations of this magnificent apartment; they are said to be the work of Carracci's pupils, Domenichino and Lanfranco. Over the entrance door a singular fresco will attract the attention of the visitor;

it is an heraldic device of the house of Farnese, painted by Domenichino; the subject, a young girl caressing a unicorn.

In one of the rooms to which the public is admitted there are no pictures; the great object of attraction is a noble mantel-piece of enormous dimensions, composed of various kinds of marble. It "consists of a broad entablature, surmounted by a curved pediment, and supported by a pair of Atlantides, whose lower body terminates in a square pedestal. At the sides are a pair of colossal marble statues of 'Abundance' and 'Charity,' represented by female figures, which, sculptured by Della Porta for the tomb of Paul III., in St. Peter's, not being approved of by the superintending genius, Michel Angelo, were consigned to their present position, where they have remained ever since." The walls of the third room are painted in fresco, the artists employed being Daniel da Volterra, Salviati, Zucchari, and Vasari. The principal subjects represent 'The Treaty of Peace between Charles V. and Francis I.,' 'The Dispute of Luther and the Papal Nuncio, Cardinal Cajetari,' and 'The Expedition of Paul III. against the Lutherans.'

In an apartment not usually shown to visitors, are several fine frescoes by Annibal Carracci, the subjects of which are taken from the histories of Hercules and Ulysses. The roof is ornamented with a painting in oil by the same master; it represents 'Hercules between Virtue and Vice,' a copy of Carracci's picture which was removed from Rome to Naples.

The Palazzo Doria, or, as it is generally called, Doria-Pamphili, stands in the Corso. It belongs to the family of which Prince Doria is the head, and which is a branch of the ancient and noble Genoese family of the same name; one of whom, the celebrated Andrea Doria, became so distinguished in the annals of the republic of Genoa by his naval victories over the Turks and other enemies. Andrea was styled the "Father and Liberator of his Country," and certainly he was one of the greatest characters Italy produced during the



THE HOLY FAMILY.

middle ages. He was born at Oneglia, near Genoa, in 1466; and having lost his parents at an early age, he entered the military service of his country, distinguishing himself so greatly under various commanders throughout the wars then raging in Italy, that when he offered his sword on behalf of Francis I., this monarch gave him the command of his fleet in the Mediterranean: it was no uncommon thing in those days for the same officer to perform both military and naval duties; there were many who, with equal skill and success, led their troops in a charge on the battle-field, and their ships in breaking the line of the enemy's vessels. The republic of Genoa had been for a long time disturbed by factions, which had brought it under the protection of the Dukes of Milan. The French, having conquered the duchy of Milan, took possession of Genoa, and placed a garrison in it, the citizens submitting quietly, as a promise had been made them that their rights and privileges should be respected. Conquerors, however, do not always consider themselves pledged to keep faith with the vanquished, and the Genoese soon began to be painfully sensible of the presence of their masters. Doria remonstrated with the French governor on the oppressions to which his countrymen were subjected, and Francis, apprehensive that, from Andrea's popularity, he might successfully head an insurrection, sent secret orders for his arrest, just after his nephew, Filippino Doria, had gained an important victory for the French over the imperial fleet near the coast of Naples, in 1528; the armies of the former were then besieging the city of Naples. Barbezieux, a French naval officer, was detached with twelve galleys to Genoa to secure Doria, but the latter had gained information of the design, and retiring into the Gulf of La Spezia, sent for his nephew to join him with the ships he had fitted out at his own expense, and proffered his services to the Emperor Charles V., who most gladly accepted

them; Doria stipulated, at the same time, that as soon as Genoa was freed from the French, it should be restored to independence under the imperial protection. He also engaged to place at the service of the emperor a certain number of ships, armed and manned at his own charge, for which Charles agreed to pay him a considerable sum annually. The Genoese admiral soon appeared before his native city with a small squadron of vessels, and being aided by the inhabitants, anxious to rid themselves of their oppressors, drove the French out and took possession. It is said that Charles offered him the sovereignty of Genoa, but Doria was a true patriot, and refused the crown. After remodelling and placing on a more liberal foundation the constitution of the republic, he resumed his naval duties as admiral of Charles, and distinguished himself against the Turks and the pirates of Barbary. He accompanied Charles in his expedition to Tunis, in 1535, and contributed in no small degree to the capture of the place. Three years afterwards his ships were off Corfu in conjunction with the Venetian fleet, opposing the Turks under the command of the famous Barbarossa; blame was attached to Doria on this occasion because he did not attack the enemy, when it appeared he might have done so with every chance of success: it was surmised that secret instructions from Charles withheld him from acting. In 1541 the emperor, contrary to the advice of his admiral, undertook an expedition against Algiers: it failed, as was foreseen, and Doria was only able to save the monarch and the remnants of the army. He now returned to Genoa, and retired from active service, living in splendour among his fellow-citizens, and having great influence with them. Charles had created him Prince of Melfi and Tarsi, in the kingdom of Naples. In 1552, though at the age of eighty-five, we find him once more at sea, fighting against his old enemies the Turks, who were ravaging the Neapolitan coasts. He died in 1560, at the advanced age of ninety-four, retaining his richly-earned dignities and his influence in the councils of the Genoese till the last. His countrymen lamented his death as a public calamity, and paid the highest honours to his memory. A fine portrait of him, by Sebastian del Piombo, is in the gallery of which we are about to write. Another member of this noble family is alluded to by Byron in "Childe Harold:"—

> "Before St. Mark still glow his steeds of brass,
> Their gilded collars glittering in the sun;
> But is not Doria's menace come to pass?
> Are they not *bridled?*"

The reference is to Peter Doria, who commanded the forces of the Genoese against the Venetians, and defeated them. When the council of Venice sued for peace, Doria replied,—"Ye shall have no peace until we have first put a rein upon those unbridled horses of yours that are upon the porch of your evangelist, St. Mark. Wild as they may be, we will soon make them stand still."

The palace came into the possession of the Doria family by intermarriage with the Roman family of Pamphili, one of whom ascended the papal throne under the title of Innocent X., whose intrigues with his sister-in-law, the



THE MILL.

notorious and dissolute Olimpia Maidalchini Pamphili, are matters of history. A far different character was the late Princess Maria Doria, a daughter of our own noble house of Talbot—an alliance which renders the palace peculiarly interesting to the English visitor. The edifice, like most of the Roman buildings of a similar description, was erected at various times and by different architects. The first portion—that facing the Corso—was built by D. Camillo Pamphili, from the designs of Valvasori. The architecture is somewhat irregular, but the general effect is imposing: three entrances, each comprehending a spacious arch, lead into the inner quadrangle. The side which faces the Collegio Romana is of rather earlier date; the names of the architects Pietro da Cortona and Bonomini have been mentioned in connection with this portion. The part which fronts the Piazza di Venezia, being shut out by other buildings, is but little seen; it was erected from the designs of Paoli Amali, under the superintendence of the last Prince Pamphili. The interior of the palace recalls to the visitor the best periods of Art, while the exterior of the quadrangle, round which a fine colonnade runs, will remind him of the Loggie of the Vatican. It is on the first story, in a suite of richly-furnished and well-lighted apartments, that he finds the large collection of pictures, more than eight hundred in number—some of a high class, but the majority of inferior order. Except the chapel, with its elegant oratory, the whole of the palace,—including the throne-room, which in magnificence equals the most sumptuous saloons of Versailles, and the ball-room, light and elegant in its appearance,—seems dedicated to the exhibition of pictures and other works of Art possessed by this princely and wealthy family. Each one of the apartments would well repay examination; but those demanding most attention are the four galleries communicating with each other, and corresponding with the four sides of the quadrangle. The ceilings of these saloons are beautifully painted in fresco, with arabesque ornaments and figures. In a large room, somewhat lower in elevation than the preceding, is a series of grand landscapes, painted in distemper, by Gaspar Poussin, and a few oil pictures by the same master. This room is not usually shown to visitors. But we must proceed to point out some of the works in the Doria Gallery which bear the highest reputation, but without following implicitly the order in which they are hung.

In the third room is a fine representation of 'The Assumption,' by Annibal Carracci; the picture is arched at the top, is grand in design, and warm in colour. Another work by this master hangs in the same apartment; it is a '*Pietà*,' perhaps even more powerful and expressive than the preceding. At no great distance from this is a glorious landscape, called 'The Mill,' by Claude; it is engraved on this page. The name is derived from a small overshot mill, which appears almost in the centre of the composition; the scene is purely pastoral, and the numerous figures put into the foreground would entitle the composition to be termed a *fête champêtre*. It is undoubtedly one of the finest of Claude's works, and, as such, deserves all the encomiums bestowed upon it by Art-critics. The forms of the trees are less conventional than is

usual with this painter, and the figures more animated; the colour is highly luminous, and the distance soft and most skilfully graduated. During the life-time of Claude this well-known example of his pencil was considered one of his *chefs-d'œuvres*.

In a small cabinet to the left of this apartment are several portraits of the Doria-Pamphili family, and a marble bust of the English lady—the Princess Maria Doria. Two of the former demand especial notice: that of the great Genoese admiral, Andrea Doria, by Sebastian del Piombo, already referred to, a noble head and face—resolute, dignified, and ingenuous; the other, a portrait, superbly painted, by Velasquez, of Innocent X. Looking at this picture, one cannot but regret to see such glorious Art-work bestowed on a countenance so repugnant to the feelings; it may be called villanous, if craft, sensuality, and coarseness of features can justify the application of the word. But the Roman people were not wrong in regarding it as a wonderful portrait; it was carried in triumphal procession through the streets of the city, recalling the homage paid in earlier times to Raffaelle's portrait of Leo X.; Titian's, of Paul III.; and, at a yet earlier date, to Cimabue's celebrated 'Madonna' in the streets of Florence. Great artists in those days were looked upon as men of renown, and sometimes received ovations from the people, scarcely less enthusiastic than those offered to the victor returning from the battle-field: the honour accorded to them now is little enough—the world is "too poor to do them reverence."

Another room, near the grand gallery, contains several good pictures of the Italian school; among these the most remarkable are a 'Galatea,' by P. del Vaga, which, in some respects, may be compared with Raffaelle's painting of the same subject, though less vigorous and animated; a 'Descent from the Cross,' by Padovino, or, as he is sometimes called, Varotari—a composition of considerable power; 'The Visitation of St. Elizabeth'—a good specimen of the refined character of Garofolo's pencil; and a 'Holy Family,' by Giovanni Battista Salvi, generally called Sassoferrato; an engraving of it appears on a preceding page. This painter, who was a pupil of Domenichino, and who died towards the close of the seventeenth century, was celebrated for his single figure of the Madonna, with whom he sometimes associated the infant Christ; it was very rarely he introduced a third figure, as in this composition. The grouping of the trio is good, and the attitude of the sleeping child true to nature, but the prevailing sentiment or expression given to the two principals is that of mendicancy; they seem as if they were soliciting charity by the way-side; if the painter had intended to convey such an idea, he could scarcely have succeeded better. There are in this apartment two pictures, by Andrea del Sarto, of the Holy Family, which were at one time exceedingly good; but they are spoiled, or nearly so, by being retouched.

The northern schools are represented in the Doria Gallery by a few examples only; one or two have been already noticed, but there are others which must not be passed over. The most remarkable, perhaps, is 'The Deposition from the Cross,' by the early painter, Hemling, or Memling, as some writers call him, whom recent researches into Art-histories have discovered to be identical



THE REPOSE IN EGYPT.

with Hemmelinck. This picture was purchased at Venice by Prince Doria Pamphili, for the sum of two thousand francs. There are five figures in the composition, all of which manifest a deep religious sentiment, such as is seen in the works of Van Eyck, and the early painters of the German school; the Virgin is supporting the dead body of Christ at the base of the Cross. It is an excellent specimen of the master, and of the style of Art of the period and country to which Hemmelinck belongs. A curious picture of that strange painter, Breughel, will attract attention; the subject is 'The Creation of the Animals.' A repetition of Quentin Matsys' 'Two Misers' is also here, and a good landscape by Paul Brill, with figures by Bassano. Two portraits by Holbein hang in what is called "the second room;" one of himself at the age of forty, the other of his wife at the age of thirty-six, as the dates on each state. They were painted in 1545. 'A Village Fête,' by Teniers, will repay examination.

The Franco-Italian painter, Claude, shines conspicuously among the landscape artists whose works are in the Doria Palace. Among several pictures which adorn the walls, the two most celebrated are 'The Mill' and 'The Repose in Egypt.' The former has already been referred to; the latter is engraved in this page. As in nearly all the works of this painter, the figures—painted, it is said, by Filippo Lauri—occupy but an insignificant portion of this picture, and seem to have been introduced only for the purpose of giving vitality to the landscape; and, certainly, they add greatly to its interest. But the anachronism of placing the Israelitish fugitives in the midst of Italian scenery, and then calling the work 'The Repose in Egypt,' is too obvious to be overlooked. Apart, however, from the inconsistency of locality, the composition is one of tranquil beauty, the colour warm and bright, and the forms of the trees—like those in 'The Mill'—easy and natural. Another landscape by Claude, entitled 'The Temple of Apollo,' is scarcely less beautiful than those referred to.

'Virtue crowned by Glory,' a large unfinished sketch by Correggio, is curious as showing the manner in which that great master was accustomed to proceed in works of this kind. The canvas is scarcely half covered; one of the heads is only in the original chalk outline; two others are considerably advanced. Of portraits not hitherto spoken of, several by Titian deserve notice, as well as one or two pictures of sacred subjects by him. Of the latter, 'Abraham sacrificing Isaac' is the work possessing the highest merit. Two half-length portraits, in one frame, are ascribed to Raffaelle with more justice than the names of the individuals whom they are said to represent—the famous juri-consults, Baldo and Bartolo, who lived more than a century before the time of Raffaelle.

We have not exhausted by a long way these Roman private galleries, and shall find something more to say of them on future occasions, for they are replete with matters alike interesting to the lover of Art, the antiquarian, and the historian; the annals of Italy, during the middle ages, seem often to open up before us as we walk through the rooms where hang the portraits and the works of those long dead.

James Dafforne.

THE

ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. III.

"Den Zigeunerinnen hat man es grösstentheils zu verdanken dass dieser Aberglaube auf Wahrsagerei noch immer in den köpfen meherer millionen gemeiner meuschen herrschend ist."

"We have mostly to thank the female gipsies that the superstition of fortune-telling still runs in the heads of many millions of the common people."

Grellman's *Histor. Versuch*, 1787, p. 90.

HAVING in our first chapter connected playing cards with cheating and trickery, and in chap. ii. with Bohemia, it may now, in the progress of our inquiry, be time to consider their connection with that enigmatical race of people which we call gipsies, but whose more diffused appellation is that of *des Bohemiens*, in German *Zigeuner*, corrupted in Italian and Spanish, &c., into *Zincali*, or *Zingari*.

We gave at the conclusion of the first chapter the French question—

"Sorciers, bateleurs, et filous,
Gais Bohemiens, d'où venez vous?"

where, coupling this people with cheaters and fortune-tellers, but more pointedly as regards the thimble-rigger from Court de Gebelin's pack, with *les bateleurs*, we do not coincide with the answer there given:—

"D'où nous venons?
L'on n'en sait rien,
Dites-nous-le
D'où nous vient elle?"

It will, however, be necessary first to pass in a succinct review the various and often conflicting opinions as to the origin and native country of this curious race, before we come to what we consider, upon differing grounds, a satisfactory answer to the question.

Their original settlements, as seems generally admitted, have been in the East; but special and varying claims are put in for China, the peninsula of Hindostan, for Egypt, and for Arabia; and each is severally pointed out as the land from which they issued to overrun thence all Europe and the intervening countries.

This is the so universally received opinion that Count Cicognara, possibly the latest foreign authority on the subject, in his "Memorie spettante alla Storia della Calcografia," Prato, 1831, in his *parte seconda, delle Carte da Giuco*, p. 111, after a very full consideration of all the authors who have written upon the subject of cards and their origin, containing many references unknown to English writers, proceeds, p. 119:—"Non a caso abbiamo fatto questo cenno intorno alla coltura e ai passatempi degl' Arabi poiche risalendo all' interpretatione della parole *naibi* non cui gli Spagnoli denominarono anticamente le carte da giuoco tutti gli scrittori d'accordo convennero, che l'etimologia di questo vocabolo viene dalla voce orientale adottata in Europa all' epoca dell' invasione degl' Arabi nelle Spagna." And, p. 120, citing Pulci's († 1487) "Morgante," 67th stanza *dell 1mo. libro*—

"Gridava il gigante
Tu sei que *Re de Naibi*, o di scacchi
Col mio battaglia convien ch'io t'ammachi."

To show, however, the great interest exhibited on the question, we will adduce the following passage from the extreme opposite portion of Europe, from the Russian Virgil, Puskin, and we regret not being able to offer the original, for which there are so few Saxon readers that we must substitute the version, though spirited, by Dupont:—

"Savez vous d'où sortit cette race nomade,
Nation dont partout crie quelque peuplade?
Demandez leur d'où il vient leur race de paiens;
S'il sortirent des murs de Thèbes la divine,
De l'Inde, ce vieux trone, ou tout prend sa racine,
Ou bien, s'il faut chercher leur source qu'on perdit
Parmi les Juifs de Tyr, comme eux, peuple maudi—
Ils l'ignorent—pour eux les temps sont un mystère,
Comme l'oiseau des airs, ils passent sur la terre:
Qu'ont ils besoin de plus, et que leur fait au fond,
Qu'ils viennent de l'aurore ou du couchant?"

When, however, it is necessary to point out a special country of the East as the gipsy cradle, the opinions are very contradictory.

The *Chinese* assertion of their right has been already given from Breitkopf and Chatto, with many intervening authorities, based upon the great predilection of that people for gaming, and the alleged antiquity of their suits of cards, as shown in chap. i. But these seem so entirely different from our modern playing cards, our present sole inquiry, that we may pass them over.

The demands of *Hindostan* base themselves upon the remarkable affinity of the gipsy or Romani language with that of the Sanscrit. This similarity has been frequently asserted and proved by an extended comparison of the two languages. In fact, the works written upon the subject are so numerous that we only mention some of the principal, or the most accessible in England. Marsden, in the "Archæologia," vol. vii. pp. 382—86, in a letter to Sir Joseph Banks, supposed himself the first discoverer, though Grellmann, in 1783—two years earlier—had published his "Historischer Versuch uber die Zigeuner," in which, from pp. 286 to 312, we have a comparative vocabulary of nearly a thousand words in the gipsy and Hindostanee languages, with German explanations. He adds, p. 313:—"The comparison thus far will, I believe, convince every one of the truth of my assertion that the language of the gipsies is Hindostanee. Let any one again look through the list, and he will find that on the average more than every third word of the gipsy language is pure Hindostanee; or, speaking more correctly, that among thirty words of this latter, twelve or thirteen are Hindostanee."

But by far the most important and most searching investigation into the subject was made by Dr. A. Pott, of Halle, in his work, "Die Zigeuner in Europa und Asien" (2 vols. 8vo., Halle, 1844). Part I. contains the introduction and the grammar; the second a dictionary. His results are prejudged at p. 58 of the introduction:—"We believe we can now, at the commencement, assure our readers that the Romany type of language is an *Indian*, which, by a close affinity, not so much to Sanscrit as to other less cultivated forms of Indian dialects, must therefore be looked upon as having proceeded *from* India."

In 1848 the Provincial Society of Utrecht for Art and Science instituted a prize for an "historical investigation of the so-called heathens (*heidens*), or Egyptians, in the Netherlands," which was competed for by Mr. J. Dirks, to whom was awarded the silver prize. The essay was published in the Transactions of the Society at Utrecht in 1840, pp. 160. This investigation is drawn up with extreme care, and with the notices of nearly every authority, which are neatly classified under different heads in two parts. The first, under sixteen subdivisions of these heathen in general:—I. Of the Bibliography. II. Of their First Arrival in Europe (for which he brings authorities for Hessen in 1414, and for the margravedom of Meissen for 1416, which is his earliest period). III. Their Nomenclature. IV. Their Stature and Appearance. V. Their Mode of Life. VI. Their Dress. VII. Their Household Matters. VIII. Their Manner of Trading. IX. Their Marriages. X. Sickness, Death, and Burying Customs. XI. Their Government. XII. Their Religious Views. XIII. Their Character. XIV. Their Origin. XV. Their Numbers. XVI. Transactions with other Countries besides Holland. The second part is specially occupied with the gipsies in the different provinces; this has not the general interest which the former maintains, and need not therefore be particularised. There is a third division, being a *résumé* of the facts and results of the previous chapters.

Their chief had the title of *graf* (as at Hamburgh) in Arnheim, but in Utrecht they advanced him to that of duke. But the state soon began to tire of these strangers, and from 1604 the ordinances against them are frequent and severe. As we, however, are only interested in them as far as regards their connection with cards, we must leave this author with the testimony that whenever a popular contribution to the knowledge of man is given—and which an investigation of this nomadic race of gipsies would greatly advance—Herr Dirk's essay would form a valuable basis and useful supplement to Dr. Pott's work, whom he mostly follows in his dates.

The *Egyptian* dreams of Court de Gebelin have been discussed in the first chapter, and Egypt would scarcely have appeared on the competitive list, had not a very pious and zealous clergyman of our own country, the Rev. Samuel Roberts, lately re-asserted the same opinion, though not on the same data. His principal authority is the Bible, *e. g.* Ezekiel, chs. xxix. and xxx., denouncing the curse of Jehovah against Pharaoh for his treachery to Israel, the desolation of Egypt, and the restoration thereof after forty years, &c.; and he must therefore necessarily contest the opinions of Mr. J. Hoyland, of Sheffield, and a fellow-townsman, that the gipsies are the Indian low caste of the Soudras, driven out of the peninsula by the arms of Timour Beg in 1408. The reverend author looks upon the continued dispersion of these Egyptians as more miraculous even than that of the Jews. He gives full evidence of their general moral character; but the originality, at least, of his opinions may be found in the assertion at p. 202, that the gipsy leaders are lineal descendants of King Pharaoh, and that they are the aborigines of England. It is, however, strange that an Egyptian origin should still be popularly believed in Spain—as Borrow's "Zincali" informs us—and even as remote as Eastern Prussia (Heister, p. 147). The name we give them as gipsies might be some excuse for our own popular opinion to the same effect, which we also learn from Borrow's competent authority.

Fortunate for us it is, and for the object of our present inquiry, that we have not to decide upon these and other conflicting opinions. Our search is limited to modern playing cards, the date of their introduction, the source of the present suits, and the names and numbers of their court-cards, with the undoubted traces which the old tarots have left on the games played now, both at home and on the Continent.

In a very trivial work of French railway-literature, by Paul Boiteau Amblay, entitled "Cartes à Jouer," &c., amongst much that is superficial we meet (p. 2) at least one sensible remark,—speaking of the country whence the gipsies came, he says, "On ne sait pas très nettement d'où ils viennent: et c'est facheux; si on le savait, on saurait, de même coup, d'où nous sont venues les cartes." ("We do not exactly know whence they came; and this is awkward, for if we knew whence they came, we should also know the parentage of cards.")

Chatto (p. 10) says, "That cheating is nearly coeval with gaming cannot admit of a doubt; and it is highly probable that this mode of giving an eccentric motion to Fortune's wheel was discovered, if not actually practised at the first regular bout under the oaks of Dodona, or elsewhere, before the flood of Thessaly." An opinion that is confirmed by a note in Dr. Thomas Hyde's "De Ludis Orientalibus," who says "he is inclined to think the name of Astragali was known from the time of the general deluge."

If, with such small appliances as dice or sheep's astragali, gaming was practised and profitable, we may be sure that it would not be neglected with the superior opportunities which cards would afford. But the meaning of the more offensive term cheating, and its very different origin, is so curious that its derivation, on the authority of Archdeacon Nares, in his "Glossary," s. v., may be permitted.

"*Cheater* is said in many modern notes to have been synonymous with *gamester*, but it meant always one who played with false dice; though the name is said to have been originally assumed by those gentry themselves:—

'He's no swaggerer, hostess; a tame *cheater* he.'

The hostess immediately contrasts the expression with *honest man*—

'*Cheater* call you him? I will bar no honest man my house, nor no *cheater*.'
Henry IV., Act ii. Scene 4.

In several old books it is said that the term was borrowed from the lawyer's casual profits to a lord of the manor being called *escheats*, or *cheats*, and the officer who exacted them *escheater*, or *cheater*. An officer of the exchequer employed to exact such forfeitures, and therefore held in no good repute, was apparently so called, at least by the common people.

'I will be *cheater* to them both, and they shall be exchequers to me.'—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Scene 3."

It is somewhat unfortunate for the legal profession that this popular opinion of unfairness should still hang to them and their practice in the very unam-

biguous meaning attached now to the word *conveyancing*; though, as ancient Pistol cloaks his filching propensities under such a decent cover, it must have been common in the times of the immortal Shakspere:—

> "*Convey* the wise call it. Steal! foh, a fico for the phrase!"—*Merry Wives of Windsor*, Act i. Scene 3.

The great question, however, of the paternity of cards will be best arrived at by ascertaining the *dates* at which we first find them noted; for, as their use is so seductive, it is not probable that they would be passed over without some mention as soon as invented; and thus, finding the earliest date, we may have some ground to fix there the invention. Confessedly, little has been hitherto done in this respect. "Mr. Leber," Chatto says, "contemplates answers to three grand questions:—Where do cards come from? what are they? what do they say? and what ought we to think of them? But the parties he has questioned all stand mute. In short, Mr. Leber, notwithstanding his diligence as a collector of cards, and his chiffonier-like gathering of scraps concerning them, has left their history pretty nearly the same as he found them. In the spirit of a genuine collector, he still longs for more cards; but then, how to find them? Such precious relics are not to be found by mere labour; they turn up fortuitously, mostly in the covers of old books, and as none that have hitherto (1848) been discovered explain their origin and presumed emblematic meaning, it is a *chance* that the materials for a full and complete history of playing cards will ever be obtained."

As Mr. Chatto is our latest indigenous investigator, it was under the disadvantage of this almost preclusive dictum that we have undertaken the task to give a consistent and satisfactory solution to what he deems beyond inquiry. We have been certainly assisted by the *chance* he contemplates of fresh discoveries of old cards, some of which are shown in chapter ii., and others will appear subsequently, greatly confirmatory. These we mean to substantiate by fresh verbal proof and unattempted combinations; but *imprimis* of the dates discovered when gipsies are first mentioned. We will trace them chronologically upwards.

In chap. i. p. 249, we have already excluded the date 1240 from our English card-annals from any reference to cards, believing the synodal prohibition there against "ludos de Rege et Regina" to refer only to the kings and queens of Twelfth Night; as, otherwise, this would be the earliest mention of playing cards in any part of Europe. Equally, too, we shall have to reject their mention of Italy, 1299, which both Singer and Cicognara adduce from a MS. by Pipozzo di Landro, in "Trattate de Governo della Famiglia," first discovered by Tiraboschi. The general opinion is that the date is a century wrong, and should be 1399; for the silence of Petrarch, who would, in his numerous writings and poems, have had some allusion to them, seems to preclude any knowledge of them in Italy so early; and our Chaucer would certainly have mentioned them when, towards the end of the fourteenth century, he was sent ambassador to various republics and courts of Italy, and where he gained such a perfect knowledge of the Italian poets and the country as he himself adduces, since he quotes Dante, the most difficult of them all, in "The Wife of Bath's Tale:"—

> "Well can the wyse poet of Florence,
> That hatte Daunt, spoke of this sentence."

In the cook's prologue to the tale of "Gamelyn" we have the following lines:

> "Now telle on, Roger, and look if it be good,
> For many a pastey hastow lete blood,
> And many a Jakk of Dover hastow sold
> That hath be twyes hoot and twyes cold."

This has been thought by some to have an allusion to cards, which possibly the names of Roger and Jack, as particular and generic for the knaves of our packs, may have given rise to. I must confess that my opinion is, that the poet here but refers to some forgotten dainty, well suited to the calling of the kitchen narrator.

The earliest *undoubted* mention of cards for England is only of the date of 1463, in the reign of Edward IV., when by an act of parliament passed in that year the importation of playing cards was expressly prohibited. This act, according to Anderson ("Hist. of Commerce," vol. i. p. 483), was passed in consequence of the manufacturers and tradesmen of London, and other parts of England, having made heavy complaints against foreign manufactured wares, which greatly obstructed their own employment.

In the reign of Elizabeth, according to the "Naval History of Great Britain," &c., London, 1779, the making and sale of cards became a crown monopoly.

A similar prohibition to that of the English parliament in 1463 had been given by the Venetian senate; so that, as far as earliest invention is concerned, the probability is that neither England nor Venice could claim it: for both, however, these enactments bear evidence that the seductions of games of cards had then taken deep root. For England, we have additional evidence of the fact, in the letter which Margery Paston wrote to her husband, John Paston, Friday, 24th December, 1484:—

"Right worshipful husband, I recommend me unto you. Please it you to weet (*know*) that I sent your eldest son John to Lady Morley, to have knowledge of what sports were used in her house in the Christmas next following after the decease of my lord her husband; and she said that there were none disguisings, nor harpings, nor luting, nor singing, nor none loud disports, but playing at the tables, and chess, and *cards:* such disports she gave her folks leave to play, and none other. Your son did his errand right well, as ye shall hear after this. I sent your younger son to the Lady Stapleton, and she said according to my Lady Morley's saying in that, and as she had seen used in places of worship (*respectable houses*) thereat she had been."

1392 is the usual date given for the discovery by all French writers since Menestrier, in his "Bibliothèque Curieuse," tom. ii. p. 174, first published it from an account of the payment of fifty-six sous to Jacquemin Gringonneur, a painter, for three packs (*jeux*) of cards for the amusement of Charles VI., during his unfortunate malady. In the hundred prints of cards published by the Societé des Bibliophiles Français, 1844, under the title of "Jeux de Cartes Tarots et de Cartes Numérales" (large fol.), we have plates 2—18, copies of seventeen of such a pack from the originals in the Cabinet des Etampes, at Paris, which the editors say, "On présume généralement que ces cartes precieuses font partie de l'un des trois jeux peints en 1390-92-93, pour l'ebattement de notre infortuné roi Charles VI., par Jacquemin Gringonneur."

But, independently that these cards are *tarots*, which we have no present dealings with, they give us no first date of introduction. Jansen, in "Hist. de la Gravure," tom. i. p. 99, mentions the use of cards as early as 1361; and the same author carries the knowledge of cards even twenty years earlier. He says, "Graces à M. Van Praet, nous pouvons du moins faire remontrer l'usage des cartes à jouer en France jusqu'en 1341. Voici ce qu'on trouve au folio 95 d'un MS. de M. Lancelot, intitulé 'Renart le Contrefait,' qu'il a bien voulu nous indiquer—

> 'Si comme fols et folles sont
> Que pour gagner au bordel vont;
> Jouent aux dez, aux *cartes*, aux tables,
> Que à Dieu ne sont delectables.'

Le roman de 'Renart le Contrefait,' qui est envers, a été composé par un anouyme qui paroit être de Champagne. Il nous apprends au folio 83 le temps où il l'a écrit:—

> 'Celui que ce roman ecript,
> Et qui le fist sans faire faire,
> Et sans prendre autre exemplaire
> Tant y pensa et jour et nuit,
> En l'an mil ij cent xxviij.
> En analant y mist sa cure,
> Et continua l'écriture
> Plus de xxiij ans y mist au faire,
> Ainsoit que il le pense par faire
> Bien poet veoir la manière.'"

It is evident, however, that if the poet took twenty-eight years in finishing and perfecting his poems, his mention of cards may be placed even earlier than 1341, as we find him mentioning matters to that date, such as speaking of Philip de Valois, who died in 1350, as still alive.

After thus investigating the claims of all the countries which have hitherto put forward pretensions to the honour (if honour it be) of inventing cards, we must still give the palm to Germany. It was the great industry of the Leipsig printer, Johnan Gottlob Imman Breitkopf, in the work already cited, who first published (p. 9, note 9) the express testimony of a German writer. In "Das guldin Spiel, gedrucht bey Ginther Zeiner, zu Augsburg" (fol. 1472, tit. 5), we find, "Nun ist das spil wol untrew, und, als ich gelesen hein, so ist es kommen in Teutschland der ersten, in der jar, da man zalt von Christ geburt tausend dreihundert jar." ("The Golden Looking-Glass, printed by Günther Zeiner, in Augsburg." "But the game is full of deceit, and, as I have read, was first brought into Germany in the year in which we count thirteen hundred from Christ's birth.")

Breitkopf lays great stress upon this authority as referring only to cards, as he says, "We may fairly depend upon this account, as it agrees with proofs which we gather from old German municipal accounts, in which playing cards at certain dates are either not mentioned or expressly named. Thus, in the Stadtbook of Augsburg of 1275, cards are not mentioned with other games; and in an old book of ordinances at Nürnberg, which mentions the prohibition betwixt 1286 and 1290 against excessive gambling, we have no mention of cards, and equally as little in one of 1299; but in a subsequent one from 1380 to 1384, cards are mentioned amongst the permitted games, which allows us to suppose a considerable number of years previously for their introduction." Heinecken ("Idées générales," p. 241), gives this passage in a note from Breitkopf (p. 241), but is incredulous for the fixing of any date for the introduction: "Cependant il reste toujours impossible d'en déterminer exactement l'époque."

It may therefore be necessary to seek for some confirmation of this date, as well as to meet the doubt of such an excellent and diligent inquirer, and this we conceive will be best effected by giving proof of the coetaneous appearance of the gipsies in Europe with this oldest date.

Liber, who, in his "Collections," has given such curious elucidations on cards and their introduction, says (vol. x. p. 386):—"Il est certain que l'époque où l'usage des cartes a commencé en Europe correspond avec celle où les premiers Bohemiens y sont montrés."

Sir Thomas Browne, in his essay on vulgar errors, states the first arrival of gipsies in Germany in 1409, in Switzerland in 1418, in Italy 1420, and in France he gives the date, even to the exact day, as 17th August, 1427.

Grellman gives these dates with a slight variation: they were seen in Hungary in 1417, in Switzerland 1418, according to Ersch and Gruber, and 1422 in Italy; but he considers their first entrance into Southern Europe was from the countries around the Caspian and Black Seas, as we shall find confirmed by the latest and most trustworthy authority.

Some of the most curious accounts are, however, found in an Hamburgh chronicle, edited by Archivarius Lappenberg, who has given us an excellent early English history, which, as the extracts offer some curious particulars concerning this nomadic race, deserves the attention of the reader—"Anno 1417, sind erstens die Tartaren in düsse Land gekommen die vorhin hir nicht gewandert haben." ("Anno 1417, the Tartars are first come into this land, that never before have wandered hither.") The denomination of Tartars here given the gipsies is curious, and confirmatory of an Eastern immigration through the vast steppes of Asia: the following entries from the same contemporaneous chronicle are a curious evidence of the respect with which they were treated, and the presents that were given them on their first arrival:—

1434—30 sol. comiti Johann de parvo Egyptio.
1431—6 Thaler dom. comiti Tartarorum de parvo Egyptio propinata.
1443—4 Thal. Tartaris propter deum erogata.
1444—2 Thal. Tartaris propter deum propinata.
1445—4 Thal., &c. &c.

These are large sums for the period, and since entered merely as *pour boires*, are such only as would be offered to princely visitants, in which rank the title of *comes* would seem to place them.

We have, however, an excellent account of the gipsy migration from the earliest period on the fully competent authority of Sir Henry Rawlinson, which is entirely in agreement with the earliest date we have found for notices of cards, in 1300, in Germany, and which we give therefore at some length.

At a meeting of the Geographical Society, held

February 22nd, 1856—when a paper was read by Consul Gardner on the gipsies, or Zingaris, of Moldavia, stating them at 120,000 souls, as intelligent and industrious, but prædial slaves, and with an Indian origin, established from the agreement of their language with that of Hindostan—Sir Henry Rawlinson gave a very interesting outline of gipsy emigration, and confirmed the author's opinion of their Indian origin. "Their first immigration was from the Indies in the fourth century, whence they proceeded to Beloochistan. From thence they reached Susiana, and, in the sixth century, they occupied the Chaldean marshes, from whence they moved to the Cilician gates, and continued to inhabit north Syria till the Greek emperor moved them to Iconium. *In the thirteenth century they had reached the Bosphorus, and were first heard of in Europe in the fourteenth century*, when we find them in Moldavia. Everywhere their language corresponds with the Hindostani, and in Aleppo they can be conversed with in that language without difficulty." This account we have condensed from the report of the meeting given in the *Athenæum*, but as to the language, it is confirmed very recently by a writer in *Notes and Queries*, 26th February, 1858, from India, under the signature "Exul." He says, "Having frequently heard and *seen* it asserted that Indian officers have been able to understand the gipsy language by means of their knowledge of Hindostance, the writer wishes for a gipsy vocabulary."

Before, however, making all the deductions Sir Henry's account offers, we may inquire if the first settlement of the gipsies may not extend beyond the Indus and Ganges, and stretch even to the utmost bounds of South Asia—may become, in fact, another link to the many found with the increase of our acquaintance, connecting Europe with our most southern colony of New Zealand. The following extract from "Zealand Past and Present, Savage and Civilized," by Arthur S. Thompson, M.D., copied from the *Athenæum*, Sept. 15, 1860, deserves, at least, our attention. "Dr. Thompson traces the New Zealanders to the Malayan Islands and Peninsula, devoting an interesting chapter to the speculations on the subject, and even delineating on a map the route of the Malayan emigration, fixing their arrival as having been about simultaneous with that of the gipsies in Europe."

Some more extended information on the manners and language of the New Zealanders must be obtained before we can establish an identity of races in these two simultaneous emigrations, caused by some violent revolution in India, which could not have been the invasion by Timour, as Grellman supposes, and fixes with the taking of Delhi, 8th January, 1399; and still less the assumption of Hoyland, that the gipsies are the Soudra caste of Hindoos driven out by Timour, 1408-9, for this would not allow any time for the migration of so large a body for the assumed distance. A more probable date, and a more violent revolutionary disruption of the Indian government, would be the invasion and conquest of the country by Zengisch Khan in the first half of the thirteenth century, which would give about seventy years for the long march. It may be that the gipsies are latent under the following notice, which fully agrees with Sir Henry Rawlinson's route and date, 1241. Orthœgul obtains from Aleddin, Sultan of Iconium, a settlement between the Sanegarius and Mount Olympus for four hundred families, who had been driven from Khorasan by Zengisch Khan: from these the Ottomans are descended. This would give an unexpected affinity between the gipsies and the once martial Turk. It is not impossible that the elements of fortitude and valour are now repressed in the European gipsy by having to contend against a more potent enemy than the Ottoman met in the enervated East, and which, to our cost, still find aroused in the Maori savage of New Zealand.

We may now review the points hitherto gained in furtherance of our argument, that the first mention of playing cards, in 1300, for Germany is coincident with the best ascertained date of the arrival of the gipsies on the countries watered by the mighty Donau, and thence their advance inland for the space of about seventy years; and our conclusion is, therefore—particularly in the absence of any better theory, or rather, in fact, with no other consistent theory—that cards were the invention of this wandering, houseless race, for the special purpose of aiding them in the cheating and trickery by which they hoped to make the western nations their tributaries—as probably another branch, the Ottoman, on a less difficult field, subjected the eastern provinces of the Roman empire by their valour. They may have brought with them the first conception of cards as the most convenient instrument for their practices; but these were utterly changed in form and arrangement, to suit the tastes or wants of the people amongst whom they found themselves. This would fully tally with the ideas of Borrow, in his "Zincali"—than whom few have known the gipsies more intimately—which I have quoted as the motto to my second chapter:—"*In all their cheating they only seize in a more subtle way the superstitions of the nations they are among.*" Is it not, therefore, remarkably confirmatory of Borrow's judgment, and of our own theory, that we find one of the oldest and best-known legends of Germany seized upon by this subtle race, as the most fitting in which to dress their new instruments of deception? This legend still lives in various parts of the country, though in varied forms, but still with the principal features of the original stories. Near Vienna Rübezahl has changed his appellative to Karl, who still watches for good or evil on the Holl, and near the spring at Lieoring, accordingly as he is treated; as we learn from Bernalaken's "Mythen und Bräuche des Volkes in Oesterreich" (Wien, 1859):—

"Once on a time two jovial students wandered up to the spring, and a third walked in deep meditation behind them. They were met by a lad with a pitcher of the water on his shoulder, who said to the two foremost, 'You surely are going up to the spring to look for lottery numbers in it?'—'What business is that of thine?' said they bluntly, and strode forward. The same inquiry was put by the boy to the third, who followed at some distance in deep distress, and he replied, 'I should like to take a look if I thought it would help my luck.' The lad took down the pitcher from his shoulder, and said to the student, 'Look into it, and put your hand upon the numbers you see in it.' The student did so, and gained sufficient to make him a rich man. That boy was no other than Karl, who is sure to found the fortune of those who treat him properly."

The confident assertion of Cicognara ("Memorie," p. 128),—"Non trovando si—ne in Ispagna, ne in Italia, ne in Germana, ne in Inghilterra nessum monumento anteriore alla Chronica del Petit Jean de Saintre ove si parti de giuocche di carte, cosicche ascriverabbe la loro origine contra la realta di non non poche fatti, all' 1375,"—will be met by the investigations of Sir Henry Rawlinson, already cited, who brings the gipsies to the Bosphorus in 1230, which would give, in seventy years, ample time for them to have spread over the entire Austrian dominions before 1300, to have seized the legend, and invented such cards as suited with it.

Bohemia, in a general sense, is often used for the aggregate of the dominions of the house of Hapsburg. Thus, in 1741, when Maria Theresa was *de facto* merely Queen of Hungary, she is styled the Bohemian, and in "The House of Hanover," p. 189, we have the copy of a print from the excellent burin of Mr. F. W. Fairholt, where, in the background, is shown the bombarding of Prague; and the empress is represented as a ragged gipsy (une Bohémienne), kneeling before the King of France, to whom she offers her jewels with the prayer, "Sire, ayez pitié d'une pauvre Bohémienne."

This consideration may be, however, of still greater value; it may remove the imputation against Shakspere that he was so ignorant of geography as to make Bohemia a maritime country—an imputation I am in some measure more particularly called on to refute, as otherwise it would militate against the theory I have advocated in my "Shakspere's Puck and his Folks' Lore," that our great poet passed a considerable portion of his early life in Germany. It would totally overturn my argument if he could, with such long experience of the country, believe that Bohemia could be reached from Sicily by sea.

The case against Shakspere is this: in the "Winter's Tale," Act iv. Scene 3, the scene is laid as—*Bohemia, a desert country near the sea.* Enter *Antigonus* with the child, and a mariner:

"*Ant.* Thou art perfect then, our ship hath touch'd the deserts of Bohemia."

Nor can any error arise in the name, for we have it mentioned repeatedly. The vision to *Antigonus* tells him, in regard to the infant—

"*Places remote enough are in Bohemia:*
There weep and leave it crying;"

and *Time*, as *Chorus*, says—

"Imagine me,
Gentle spectators, that I now may be
In fair Bohemia"—

besides other passages: but it is certain that the special locality must have been some portion of the eastern shore of the Adriatic Sea, always, however, following the fate of the kingdom of Hungary, which, since the unfortunate battle of Mohatcz, in 1526, had been an integral portion of the Austrian dominions. It seems, therefore, so far from Shakspere's want of a knowledge of continental geography being attested in the above play, that it proves a much better acquaintance with it than the commentators possess, who have brought the charge against him. In using Bohemia as a generic, as an aggregate for the states united under the double-headed eagle, he has not merely poetical license in his favour, but an admitted usage.

But there is another consideration, from the use of the name of Bohemia in our English annals, that is not quite foreign to our subject. Shakspere may have been led to use this geographical term as the aggregate of the Austrian dominions from the same view taken of it by English writers when they call the queen of Richard II. Anne of Bohemia. She was married to the young king, January 13, 1382, and was sister to Winceslaus, Emperor of Germany and King of Bohemia. As, however, in his former capacity he was only an archduke of Austria, and his title of emperor was merely elective, not hereditary, the title of king was personally of a higher dignity, and would cover all his other hereditary dominions; and so it might be used when, in 1526, Hungary was annexed, and Shakspere, in 1586, could learn the fact in the country.

Other continental geographical niceties will fully bear out this consideration. In 1702, the then Elector of Brandenburg, as Elector Frederic III., wishing, from the size and extent of his dominions, to have the title of king, could, according to the then public polity of the empire, take such title from no part of his electoral dominions, which, as portions of the Germanic confederation, were considered as fiefs under the emperor. Prussia, however, which was wholly behind the Vistula, and beyond the pale of the double eagle, offered a refuge. That grand-duchy might become a kingdom irrespectively of Germany, though the aggregate of the other dominions of the Elector gave the kingdom its greatest weight in European politics. So the Elector Frederic III. proclaiming himself King of Prussia as Frederic I., was crowned as such at Königsberg, the capital of Prussia; and this is the reason why, in the present month of October, his present majesty of Prussia is crowned there, and not in his real capital of Berlin. But would any one at the present day be considered ignorant of geography who called Westphalia or the Rhenish provinces Prussia?

A similar instance is found directly south. The districts of Piedmont and Savoy were, like the electorate of Brandenburg, fiefs of the empire: from simple margraves their rulers were, in 1416, created by the Emperor Sigismund Dukes of Savoy, and with equal aspirations and difficulty as his contemporary the King of Prussia, Victor Amadeus II., was elevated to the kingly dignity the 2nd of November, 1718, by a title differing from that of any portion of the imperial fiefs, as King of Sardinia; his successor being now *de facto* King of Italy, may kick down the footstool which raised him to sovereignty, and he may contemplate parting without reluctance with the island on which his first regal title was based.

Having thus fixed a date and a locality for the gipsies' appearance coincident with the first mention of cards, in prosecution of our views as to the connection of both, we must in the subsequent chapters exhibit the confirmation of this theory from a closer consideration of the figures on the oldest packs that have been hitherto discovered—of the names for the suits independently of what has been already shown, as also from some curious reminiscences of older games in those with which we now play.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

THE SHIPWRECK.

Engraved by W. Miller.

THERE are few, if any, pictures by Turner which have tended more to enhance his reputation by showing the versality of his genius, than this grand composition—one of such power and daring, that the mind almost intuitively shrinks from the contemplation of a scene so full of horrors mingled with so much of the terrible majesty of nature, and marvels at the intellect which created it out of the stores of imagination, aided, possibly, by the recollection of being an eye-witness of some similar catastrophe. The picture has been long known to thousands, through Mr. C. Turner's large mezzotint engraving, but it was never publicly exhibited till it became national property. It was painted in 1805, for Sir John F. Leicester, afterwards created Lord De Tabley, who subsequently exchanged it for another, 'The Sun Rising in Vapour,' by desire of Lady De Tabley; this lady, having lost a favourite nephew during a storm at sea, objected to a subject that constantly reminded her of the sad event.

The ship that is wrecked, lies almost broadside to the spectator on the right, and is, apparently a large Indiaman:—

"A gorgeous freight that broad-sailed vessel bore—
The blazing diamond and the blushing ore;
Spices that sighed their incense, till the sails
Were fanned along on aromatic gales
From Orient lands." REID.

She has struck on a rock somewhere on the British coast, as is evidenced by the fishing-boats proceeding to assist in rescuing the crew and passengers, some of whom, with their luggage, are already in a large row-boat, and being borne through the "yeast of waves," with small chance, as it would seem, of ultimate escape. The two boats on each side are proceeding to the wreck; one lifted high on the crest of a huge wave, the other scarcely visible as she sinks down in the trough of the sea. Other vessels are seen standing off the immense hull, from the bowsprit of which figures are dropping into a smaller boat below. In the immediate foreground is the rudder of the Indiaman, tossed like a twig on the wild wilderness of waters. But all these are comparatively insignificant portions of the picture, it is the wonderful "seascape" which must strike every beholder with astonishment—the waves tumbling, and boiling, and rushing madly over each other, now forming lofty, impenetrable walls, now sinking into deep gulfs, here white with foam and spray, there almost of inky blackness; and above all, the storm-clouds driving in fierce anger, the ministers of terror and destruction: the marvel is, that amid such a hurricane of the elements above and below, seamen, even with all the daring and hardihood which seems to be theirs naturally, could be found tempting the death that appears inevitable in the yawning chasms of water.

"The vessel now tossed
Through the low trailing track of the tempest, is lost
In the skirts of the thunder-cloud: now down the sweep
Of the wind-cloven wave to the chasm of the deep;
It sinks, and the walls of the watery vale
Whose depths of dread calm are unmoved by the gale,
Dim mirrors of ruin, hang gleaming about;
While the surf-like chaos of stars, like a rout
Of death flames, like whirlpools of fire-flowing iron,
With splendour and terror the black ship environ."
KEATS.

The picture has in it but little colour, it is painted almost throughout in a grey leaden tone, which time has rendered darker and more opaque. The light falls chiefly on the foreground, the tan-coloured sail of the boat on the right being the "point;" it is repeated, however, on the crests of the distant waves ere they are lost amid the falling ruin. The whole scene vividly recalls to mind Shakspere's lines in the *Tempest*—

"O, I have suffered
With those I saw suffer, a brave vessel
Which had, no doubt, some noble creatures in her,
Dashed all to pieces. O, the cry did knock
Against my very heart!"

The 'Shipwreck' is in the National Gallery at Kensington.

THE BELGIAN ARTISTIC CONGRESS.

THERE were great doings in Antwerp in the month of August last, when the authorities and inhabitants of the "City of Rubens" opened their doors to receive and entertain a multitude of artists, and numerous distinguished literary men from all parts of Europe, who chose to avail themselves of the invitation which had been previously made publicly known through the columns of the various journals, both here and on the continent.

Upwards of one thousand individuals, according to the list printed by the conductors of this artistic *fête* or congress, gave their "adherence" to the object proposed, and of these a very large number was present to participate in it. The arrivals from England were far fewer than might have been anticipated, considering that at this season of the year the majority of our artists are anywhere but in their studios at home. The representatives of the Royal Academy were—Mr. J. P. Knight, Secretary, Messrs. David Roberts, E. M. Ward, and Doo; of the Society of British Artists, Mr. Hurlstone, President, and Mr. Salter; of the New Society of Painters in Water-Colours, Mr. H. Warren, President, Messrs. Louis Haghe (a Belgian by birth), Fahey, Secretary, and Wehnert; the Old Society of Water-Colour Painters was altogether unrepresented. From the Royal Institute of British Architects went Professor Donaldson, Mr. James Ferguson, Mr. George Godwin, and Mr. Digby Wyatt; Mr. Ferguson and Mr. Godwin also, with Mr. E. Antrobus, represented the Art-Union of London; Mr. H. Ottley, Secretary of the Society for the Encouragement of Art, was there on the part of that institution; Mr. W. Cave Thomas was the only artist from Britain, except those mentioned, who made his appearance among the assembled guests. Germany had its representatives in Achenbach, Becker, Cretius, Eggers, Förster, Hübner, Schirmer, Tidemann, Von Gossler, Von Hackländer, Von Kleuze, Von Schwind, and Stubenrauch; France, in E. About, A. Achard de Caumont, Champfleury, R. Fleury, Gudin, the Baron Taylor, and others; Holland, in Hofdyk, Van Elfen, and Van Lennep. Italy, the old land of Art, could find no modern artist to represent her; but Denmark was seen in the persons of Beranger and Klas Groth. Belgium had, of course, all her greatest men, and not a small number of inferior note there. M. Rogier, the Belgian prime-minister, acted as president. Antwerp was crowded with visitors during the three days devoted to the Art *fêtes*. These were commenced on the afternoon of August the 17th, with the inauguration of the statues of Boduagnat and Pierre Condenberg, natives of the city, the former of whom fell in battle, according to the tradition of the country, against the Romans, when the legions of Cæsar invaded the country; the latter was an eminent chemist and botanist, who lived in the sixteenth century. At half-past two o'clock the communal administration and the section of the *Arts Plastique* of the *Cercle Artistique* walked in procession, accompanied by flags and banners, to the Boulevard Leopold, where the statue of Boduagnat, by M. Ducaju, was uncovered with loud acclamations. The procession then moved on to the *Promenade du Glacis*, where the same ceremony was performed with the statue of Conderberg, which is by M. de Cuyper. Both figures are works of very considerable merit.

On the evening of the same day, the guests assembled at the *Cercle Artistique*, an institution the object of which is signified by its name, where the guests were met and welcomed by the vice-president, M. Delvaux; after which the whole body marched in procession to the *Hôtel de Ville*, with bands of music, preceded and accompanied by torch-bearers. As the procession moved along through the *Grande Place* and by the noble cathedral, whose lofty spire stood out boldly against the clear, moonlit sky, the scene became one of a most picturesque and exciting character, the populace in large numbers joining the ranks and exhibiting the liveliest interest in all that was taking place. Arrived at the Town Hall, guests and people entered it almost indiscriminately, filling the rooms to the exclusion of many of the former. Here the Burgomaster, M. Loos, welcomed the assembly, Professor Donaldson and Mr. Cave Thomas replying on the part of their countrymen.

The next day being Sunday, the morning was ushered in, or perhaps we should rather say the *fêtes* were inaugurated, by high mass in the cathedral, followed by the *Procession de Notre Dame*. During some hours of the middle of the day, under a hot sun, the priests and other officers of the church, paraded the streets of Antwerp in imposing array, and bearing banners of golden embroidery, of great value, and a figure of the Virgin blazing with diamonds and gorgeously apparelled, the jewels alone being valued at upwards of £30,000. Having reached the *Grande Place*, the dean left his canopy, and bestowed a benediction amid clouds of incense, which rose up and filled the air with its fragrance. This ceremonial, however, was intended more for the people of Antwerp than for the guests, who for the most part occupied their time with visiting the *Société Royal pour l'Encouragement des Beaux Arts*, or what we should call the "Belgian Royal Academy," where about fifteen hundred works of Art invited the attention of the visitors, among which were some by the most eminent artists of the country,—De Keyser, president of the institution, H. Leys, Braekeleer, Verboeckhoven, Gallait, Dykmans, Willems, Jacobs, Cermak, and others. In the afternoon of the day, a banquet was given to the visitors, by the inhabitants of the city, in the *Théâtre des Variétés*, the stage and ball-room at the back being included in the space set apart for the entertainment, and the whole admirably fitted up and decorated. The *département de cuisine* was excellently served, hot, to a dinner-party of twelve hundred and fifty. Two toasts only were given, that of "The King," and "The Foreign Artists." After the banquet came a *fête-champêtre*, given by the *Société Royale d'Harmonie d'Anvers* in their pretty gardens, which were illuminated, outside the ramparts. The music, principally choral, was executed by members of the Lyrical Society of Brussels.

Among the numerous transparencies that ornamented the gardens, was one representing the Genius of Immortality inscribing on a marble slab the names of artists belonging to the various countries represented at the congress. For Italy (absent) Raffaelle and Michel Angelo; for Belgium, Van Eyck and Rubens; for Germany, Albert Dürer and Holbein; Holland, Van Leyden and Rembrandt; France, Poussin and Lesueur; Spain (also absent), Murillo and Velasquez; for England, Hogarth and Reynolds.

Hitherto all had been feasting and revelry, but on the morning of the 19th, the more sober business of the congress commenced by the inauguration, with suitable religious ceremonies, of some mural paintings in St. George's Church. At the conclusion, a public meeting of the Academy of Antwerp was held in the large gallery of the museum. The audience present on this occasion was most select, including the Belgian Minister of the Interior, the Burgomaster, and many high officials, besides the most distinguished of the foreign visitors. From a raised platform, under some fine pictures by Rubens and Vandyke, M. De



Keyser delivered a short but very interesting address, and Mr. Henry Leys read a "report." Afterwards the members of the Academy attended service in the cathedral, where the dean and the clergy received them with due formality, and preceded them to their appointed seats. Then followed the opening of the congress in the great hall of the *cité*; the Burgomaster presided, and the Duke de Brabant, unable to be present, showed his interest in the proceedings by sending a letter of approval. The *bureau* was formed, and a vice-president elected for each country, Mr. Donaldson being appointed for England. A long discussion then took place with reference to the order of the programme, where questions of *material* interest were placed before those of *philosophical* interest. The matter was warmly debated, chiefly between the French and German visitors, the former ranging themselves on the side of *material*, or positive, and the latter on that of the ideal, or æsthetic. It was, however, explained that both would be discussed simultaneously in the sections. The members then elected in which section they should work, and proceeded to business. The great point referred to in the "material" section was that of copyright; and the first day was occupied in determining whether or not the question of *perpetuity* of right, on the part of one who has originated, or created, a work of Art, might be discussed: this point was settled in the affirmative. In the evening the visitors were entertained by the musical section of the Antwerp Society of Arts with an excellent concert of classic compositions, which was honoured by the presence of the King of Bavaria,—who, like his father, is a liberal patron of the Fine Arts,—and all the local aristocracy and commercial magnates of the district who were in the city or its vicinity at the time. In this concert a large number of ladies of Antwerp, amateur singers, all elegantly dressed in costume nearly, if not quite, alike, with about three times as many gentlemen, formed the choir.

On Tuesday the congress resumed its sittings, occupying the greater part of the day in discussing questions of style in architecture, of Art-copyright, and of legislation as affecting Art in general. "From such discussions," says the correspondent of the *Times*, "it could scarcely be expected that any important practical results should issue, but it could not be otherwise than interesting to see men so distinguished in so many different ways, and representing so many nationalities and institutions, concurring in the friendliest and yet most earnest agitation of the points upon which universal interests might be recognised as superseding national and individual." We may, hereafter, find more to say upon the respective subjects brought under notice; one introduced by the Baron Taylor, that "the idea belongs to the author of it in perpetuity," was disposed of in the negative.

The *fêtes*, but not the congress, concluded with a grand ball at the *Théâtre des Variétés*, with illuminations and fireworks on the Glacis, the spire of the cathedral being splendidly illuminated with Bengal lights, producing a most beautiful effect. In the afternoon of the day, the population of Antwerp was delighted, as it usually is, with the "Procession of the Giants," or Ommeganck, as it is there called. Most of our readers will doubtless recollect the engraving published in the *Art-Journal* some time since, from the picture by Baron Wappers, representing this "Lord Mayor's Show" of the old city of Belgium.

All our countrymen present on the occasion of the *fêtes* and congress express themselves in the warmest terms of the kindness, courtesy, and hospitality of the inhabitants, and of the efforts made by all classes to do honour to their guests.

THE NEW GROSVENOR HOTEL.

Palace building may be a very honourable and also an eminently distinguished occupation for an architect, but it certainly, at the same time, is a hazardous one. For, unless he be a man of thoroughly palatial powers, the palace-builder may sometimes be subjected to the incouvenient comparisons and contrasts which observers will not fail to draw between the palace, and whatever new edifices of importance may rise from time to time in its neighbourhood. In England, to be sure, the rule obtains to prevent as far as possible the highest architectural engagements from being placed in the ablest architectural hands; so that in this country a man may build or add to a palace, without any exalted expectations ever being formed about his work. And thus if the palace-building be only moderately bad as architecture, why there is supposed to be sufficient material for congratulation to stifle any tendencies towards dissatisfaction. But still, people there are who will obstinately persist in estimating even palaces by their actual merits, instead of weighing them in the uneven balance of contingent circumstances; and who also are no less determined to compare palaces and other buildings as contemporary examples, not of architectural patronage, but of architecture. Thus, at the present moment, a very instructive lesson may be derived from an independent and fair comparison between what royal architects have achieved for the honour of the crown and the nation in Buckingham Palace, and the humbler efforts of such a man as Mr. Knowles, when he is commissioned by a company to erect for them a railway-hotel. Hotels, to be sure, may be expected to aspire to becoming palaces of a certain order; and yet the Royal Palace of England might also be no less naturally expected to possess and to retain an appropriate architectural supremacy. In the instance of the immense edifice that is thrust, wedge fashion, as close as might be to the western front of Westminster Abbey, Buckingham Palace will endure a comparison without any peril. That "Westminster Palace" hotel apparently was designed expressly to show Mr. Pennythorne that something might be done on a grand scale in aristocratic Westminster, with which the latest additions to royal residence in the metropolis might be favourably contrasted.

Not so, however, the new Grosvenor Hotel, which Mr. Knowles is bringing forward, rapidly and with steady energy and admirable skill, towards its completion, in connection with the scarcely finished group of railway termini, known collectively as the "Victoria Station." Situated in close proximity to the palace, the "Grosvenor" is a building of a very different order from both the "Westminster Palace" hotel and the Palace itself. It is simply as worthy of its aim and purpose as the palace is unworthy of its title and its associations—and this is saying a great deal, and yet not a syllable too much, for the "Grosvenor." We do not care to pronounce any opinion relative to the comparative qualities and merits of the brick and stone masonry and the chisel-wrought decorations of the "Grosvenor," and either the stucco insipidities of the "Westminster," or the monstrous absurdity of its stone doorway. Nor have we any intention to follow out the comparison that we have rather suggested than drawn between the palace and the "Grosvenor." Our present purpose is to record our admiration for the manner in which Mr. Knowles is adorning his hotel with sculpture and carving; and this we feel it to be impossible to do, without, at least, intimating the contrast that is so palpable between the hotel architecture and the palace architecture, and between the architecture of one new Westminster hotel and that of another. We confess that we should have rejoiced had the "Westminster" been such a building as might have stood near the abbey without outraging the *genius loci*—indeed, such an one as would have grouped well with the abbey and the hall and the palace of the legislature. And the royal standard we should have preferred to have seen floating over a truly regal edifice—not over anything in the style of Buckingham Palace. In a word, we would have had all the Victorian architecture of Westminster worthy both of the age which produced it, and of the several purposes which might have called it into existence. As it is, we are able to look with satisfaction amongst buildings of the first order of importance, only to Sir Charles Barry's grand pile, and to the new "Grosvenor" hotel of Mr. Knowles.

At present the narrowness of the streets almost precludes the possibility of seeing to advantage the front and the two ends of the "Grosvenor." The back of the hotel adjoins, and indeed constitutes a part of the railway terminus. The plan of the building is simple and most effective, consisting of an unbroken central range, with a wing at either end, which advances to the front of the main line, and also rises higher than the central mass, and has its roof crowned after the Italian manner now in favour. The effect of the exterior is obtained by the judicious adaptation and aggroupment of the component parts and details, and in no unimportant degree by the elaborate richness of the decorative carving. The openings for the doorways and windows are all arched with round arches, except the windows of the third floor range: these are square-headed in the masonry, but the windows themselves are surmounted, within the masonry, with flat segmental curves enriched with pierced carving. In every instance, the heads of the windows are enriched within, and generally in a subordinate plane from the window-arches, with rich pierced carved work. The spandrels of the arches throughout the spacious structure are profusely adorned with sculptured foliage; in addition to which, two long rows of circular panels extend along the entire front and traverse the two ends of the building, from each of which a bust projects boldly, sculptured in salient relief. The fronts of the two wings have each a full-length statue; and the strings, the cornice with its bold corbelling, the parapet, and the window and door arches have all their own becoming enrichment from the chisel. The architectural composition has been most carefully studied, and it tells well. The only point which appears to us to fall short of the prevailing excellence is the isolation of the windows of the second floor, each of which, with its flat projecting canopy and its rich carving, stands quite distinct by itself; whereas the two ranges of windows both below and above are all connected, either by true structural arcades, or by the aggroupment of their details. The uppermost range of windows below the parapet (there are two higher ranges above, in the roof) is of two lights, the lights themselves being arched beneath a boldly recessed single arch. The windows of the first, second, third, and fourth ranges are single lights. This window arrangement commands our warmest admiration. The strings also have been placed with equal success between the window ranges. They project boldly to form balconies, and their varied enrichment is at once judiciously adjusted and thoroughly effective. In the centre of the grand front, in the projecting fronts of the two wings, and along the ends, a lion's head is sculptured between each pair of arched openings, while rich wreaths of flowers are festooned in the solid stone from arch to arch. The wings have an additional band of splendid roses and rose-foliage carved immediately beneath their cornices, forming friezes of floral work. Mr. Knowles has not forgotten to adjust the scale as well as the style of his carving to its elevation above the spectator's eye, and also to its relative position and associations amongst the component parts and details of the building.

This carving, which is by far more profuse in its quantity than in any other building (with the sole exception of the palace of the parliament) in London, must always constitute the grand distinguishing feature of the building which it so happily adorns. Instead of once more repeating the long worn-out conventionalisms which so many of his professional brethren still suppose to be the only legitimate forms of architectural decoration, Mr. Knowles has expatiated in the free use of the beautiful forms of natural foliage and flowers, and has dealt with them as models for his carvers with masterly ability. The heavy festoons above the central and end arches, of the lowermost range, and the lions' heads are the only objects we are not able to admire. These festoons, though admirably executed and as well designed for festoons, are painfully opposed in the strained stiffness of their positively conventional arrangement to the free growth of the spandrel and frieze foliage; and the lions' heads have no meaning whatever: nor can they be regarded in any other light than as intruders, who have lost their way and established themselves in their present quarters under

a mistake. The busts are sculptured with a free and bold hand, though as examples of portrait-sculpture they might have been more successful. The crown that encircles the royal brow sufficiently distinguishes the Queen; and Lord Clyde cannot be mistaken; and there are several other heads that at once proclaim their own individuality. The foliage carving has been executed in a manner that exemplifies most honourably the abilities of our architectural carvers, and it must have fully realized the intentions of the architect. Such work can scarcely fail to inaugurate a better system of architectural decoration, and to introduce into general use a natural style of design in the place of the wretched conventionalities that ought long ago to have been obsolete.

The exterior of the "Grosvenor" will soon be completed, and the works are being pushed rapidly forward in the interior. The central hall will correspond in its enrichments with the external carvings; and the spacious edifice, throughout its numerous apartments and corridors, is receiving suitable adornment, designed in harmony with the prevailing character of the architecture. When the whole is complete, we shall again advert to this most valuable accession to the street architecture of London. We now tender to Mr. Knowles our congratulations upon the success which has attended his efforts to associate excellent sculpture with his excellent architecture; and the directors of the "Grosvenor Hotel Company," we trust, will share our own feeling of admiration for the noble edifice that their architect has provided for them. Our only serious regret with reference to the decorative construction of the "Grosvenor" arises from the total absence of colour. We should have wished to have seen both warm terra-cottas grouped with the pale carvings, and variously coloured marbles intermixed with the stone-work of the arches. Perhaps in his next great work Mr. Knowles may act upon this suggestion.

CARTES-DE-VISITE.

Never was a nomenclature based upon the principle of *lucus a non lucendo* exemplified in a more characteristic manner, than in the instance of the delightful photographic miniatures that now are universally popular under the title of *Cartes-de-Visite*. They are neither regarded nor used as visiting cards, nor does any one think of applying to them a plain English designation to that effect: and yet everybody understands a *Carte-de-Visite* to be a small photographic portrait, generally a full length, mounted on a card; and everybody is also equally anxious both to obtain his or her own miniature, executed in this style, and to form a collection of these *Cartes-de-Visite*—the portraits of everybody else. For the present, apparently, the most popular, the most deservedly popular also, and by far the most numerous class of English portraits must be content to be known by an inapplicable and indeed an unmeaning French name: perhaps, in due time, the *carte-de-visite* fashion of to-day may subside into what we certainly hope will prove to be an enduring admiration for sun-miniatures—portraits, that is, of precisely the same order, but bearing a simple and becoming English title.

Meanwhile, however strange the misapplication of the term *carte-de-visite* may have become in its prevailing use, the photographic miniatures themselves, certainly, are most felicitous expressions of the photographer's wonderful art. They are such true portraits, and they are so readily obtainable, and so easily re-produced, that they may well aspire to become absolutely universal. Few, indeed, are the individuals whose personal lineaments are not regarded with especial sympathy by at least a small group of loving friends; and, on the other hand, no less limited is the number of those persons who do not cherish the associations that are best conveyed by means of the portraits of the loved, and esteemed, and honoured. And then we all have a peculiar liking for our own portraits, and we always like them to be liked. So sun-miniatures are certain to prevail. Already they have attained to a position in the front rank of the Art-productions of the day, and, from their present eminent condition of popular approval, they are constantly making still further advances; and they will, in all probability, continue to increase in public esteem so long as they are executed with skill and feeling, and they remain true to the simple fidelity of genuine portraiture.

It seems but the other day that Photography itself first appeared amongst us, sent as on a fresh sunbeam, and took its place with the most recent of the Arts; and now we see several distinct classes of photographs, to each of which may be properly assigned the rank of an independent branch of photography. These *cartes-de-visite* in themselves constitute what we may even entitle an Art. They multiply national portrait galleries *ad infinitum*. They produce the family portraits of the entire community. They form portrait collections, on a miniature scale, but with an unlimited range and in every possible variety—family collections, collections of the portraits of friends, and of celebrities of every rank and order, both foreign and of our own country. Nobody now needs to inquire what such-or-such a person may be like, or to be left to such surmises as written descriptions may convey of features and figures that cannot be actually seen. An ubiquitous *carte-de-visite* can always find its way with certainty and speed, and it is the best of all possible introductions, as it is the most agreeable of reminiscences. When our friends leave us, they leave with us these precious images which we can always and everywhere carry about with us, to feast our bodily eyes with their graphic representations, as memory is able to treasure up and to pass in mental review incidents that the past has taken with it, and words whose echoes have long ago died away. And when fresh connections are formed, or when new links are added to old chains, the ever-available *carte-de-visite* is ready to make known to us here at home, *in propriâ personâ*, a far-away new daughter-in-law, or the number one (or the number whatever-you-please) of another generation. We now look with commingled surprise and scorn at the painful efforts at family portraiture that preceded the photographic era, and which resulted in either pallid libels, brush-produced upon ivory, or black paper reductions of shadows in profile, cut out with scissors, and closely allied to architectural sections. These black paper enormities admonish us that but a single step intervened between that first tracing of a much loved shadow on the wall at Corinth, and the almost breathing and sentient portrait of the *carte-de-visite*. And, let us be duly grateful to him; the same sun that inspired the Greeks with the happy thought of fixing a shadow, now gives us our perfect portraits—portraits that would have turned the very brain of Apelles himself, and which in common justice we ought to have called, not photo, but helio-graphs. And not only in the case of black profiles and feeble miniature "likenesses" does the *carte-de-visite* at once effect the most marvellous of revolutions in collectious of family portraits, but also in comparison with the highest orders of miniature-pictures the little sun-portraits are well able to maintain their reputation. Thorburn gave up his miniatures just at the right time, as if influenced by a prescient impulse that an artist more potent even than himself would soon be at work, executing first-class miniatures for the million, and reproducing them with a corresponding ease and rapidity. Elaborately painted miniatures now are artistic curiosities, few in their numbers, and rather calculated to associate the present with the past, than to convey ideas in conformity with the spirit of an age that looks forward with so ardent a gaze. Very beautiful little objects are those miniature paintings, when they are really the work of true artists, and they always will be regarded with a loving admiration; but, reversing the process that acclimatises plants, they have grown into exotics, while the *cartes-de-visite* are favourites that find a congenial soil in every spot, and flourish in every region, multiplying their numbers daily by tens of thousands.

In addition to what they accomplish in providing for us all such delightful miniatures of our families and friends, and of our own selves also, *cartes-de-visite* confer positive blessings in supplying us with faithful and thoroughly artistic portraits of individuals for whom, without including them in the ranks of our personal friends, we entertain a profound respect and perhaps a warm regard. And the same feeling which invests with their own peculiar charm the portraits of those whose lot in life is cast in close connection with our own, expresses itself with a suitably modified earnestness in reference to the portraits of the honoured, the respected, and the admired. Second only in our esteem to our private portrait collection, is what we distinguish as our collection of portraits of public personages. Here *cartes-de-visite* expatiate in a field that positively knows no limits; and here also they exhibit in the most striking aspect their peculiar faculty of uniformly excellent reproduction. The production and the reproduction and the diffusion of the *carte-de-visite* portraits of Her Majesty the Queen, and of the various members of the Royal Family, would furnish materials for no ordinary chapter in the history of popular Art. A second series of these truly royal and truly national gems of sun-miniature painting has just made its appearance, and the new group raises still higher the reputation achieved by Mr. Mayall by means of their predecessors. It would be difficult to form an estimate of the extent to which these beautiful little portraits may be reproduced. Without a doubt they will be required in tens of thousands. They will have to find their way into every quarter of our Sovereign's wide dominions, and into every city and town, both at home and in the colonies, and into families innumerable. And they must be welcome always, and they must always be regarded as equally excellent both as portraits and as works of Art. These royal *cartes-de-visite* leave far behind them all other agencies for enshrining our Sovereign's person and her family in the homes of her people. They do for everybody, as much as Winterhalter can do for the Prince Consort himself.

We do not now insist upon the positive good that results from the universal diffusion of the *carte-de-visite* portraits of the Queen and the Royal Family, but we do cordially congratulate the nation upon possessing such a means for realizing the popular ideal of our Sovereign, and of the Princes and Princesses of England. While thus rendering a well-deserved tribute of admiration to Mayall's royal series, we are not disposed to forget to assign their own becoming praise to the other portraits of the same exalted personages which have just been executed and published by Mr. Silvy. This able artist has been eminently successful in his royal *cartes-de-visite*. They are first-rate, both as pictures and as portraits. The portraits of the Princess Royal (we still adhere to the English title of the royal lady, who was born "the eldest daughter of England"), the Princess Alice, and the Prince of Wales (the productions of Mr. John Watkins), have not been surpassed.

Then there are foreign princes, and men and women of eminence, together with the distinguished personages who share with ourselves the prized and honoured home of England, whose counterfeit resemblances these same photographic miniatures bring to us from every quarter. Whatever our special taste in Art, or literature, or science, we can select *cartes-de-visite* which will form for us our own collection of the portraits of the artists, the authors, or the philosophers whose names to us are as "household words." It is the same in politics—a *carte-de-visite* is equally ready for us, whether we prefer Derby or Palmerston, Lyndhurst or Brougham, and in either case the portrait sets before us the very man. We might multiply examples in every possible department of public life; we might single out our most eminent officers and our ablest civilians—we might select the individuals who signally adorn the professions, whether of the church, the bar, or of medicine, and we might pass on to public favourites of every varied calling; but, without attempting any such detailed illustrations of the versatile capacities of *carte-de-visite* miniatures, we are content to refer to the personal introductions which these wonderful portraits have effected for us to two individuals only—two men, not Englishmen, but men whom Englishmen delight to honour, the one still living in the fulness of his fame, and the other lamented as well as honoured—Garibaldi and Cavour.

The extraordinary popularity of the photographic miniatures we are considering, naturally has produced a very numerous array of professing artists, ready to execute whatever *carte-de-visite* may be required. In London alone many hundreds of establishments of this class exist, and the greater number of them flourish; and, in like manner, scarcely a town can be found which does not possess its own

resident photographer. It must not be supposed that all these artists by any means approximate to a common standard of excellence in their several works. We are not able to express any opinion relative to very many provincial photographers; but we certainly have seen many *cartes-de-visite* from the provinces, that are highly creditable to the artists by whom they have been executed. In London there are many photographers of the highest eminence, all of whom produce in vast numbers these ever-attractive miniatures; and the able artists are well diffused over the metropolis, so that there exists no difficulty in finding out an establishment at which even a stranger to London may have his miniature well taken in photography. *Cartes-de-visite* are executed in first-rate style at the Crystal Palace also; and we presume that a strong staff of photographers, with every appliance for their efficient action, will be attached to the Great Exhibition of next year. Even more numerous than the establishments for producing them are those at which *cartes-de-visite* are offered to the public for sale. They enjoy, too, a peculiar reputation, as it would seem, which leads them into a strange association with other objects, with which they would apparently have no kind or degree of sympathy. These photographic miniatures are exhibited and sold by persons whose establishments have no other connection with works of Art. They are in universal request, however, and so everybody thinks that he may quite consistently take a part in providing the requisite supply; and, if these portraits thus often find themselves in unexpected association with objects between which and themselves there can exist no possible sympathy, still more singular is that association which is apparent in the portraits displayed by *cartes-de-visite*, where they stand at the windows in long rows, tier above tier. The windows of the Photographic Institution, adjoining Bow Church, in the City, for example, afford abundant materials for reflection upon the contingencies of unexpected aggroupment. There, and in many other places also, the most curious contrasts may be drawn, and the most startling combinations effected. Of course all these combinations are purely casual; but it is their casual origin that constitutes their singularity; and, after all, when even the most hurried of passing glances reveals to us fac-simile images of Lord Shaftesbury and Cardinal Wiseman, and of the French Emperor and Sims Reeves side by side, with those of Florence Nightingale and Blondin and Professor Owen forming a trio, we are reminded in a manner the most impressive that *carte-de-visite* miniatures are creations of the present day, portraits of our own actual contemporaries. These photographs are essentially novelties—they belong to the present; with the past, except with so much of it as has been very recently the present, they have no connection whatever; as we have said, they are contemporary portraits—portraits of the men, and women, and children of the living generation. And the strange composition of many groups of these *carte-de-visite* portraits may not inaptly suggest to the originals that they, like their portraits, might take no harm from associations which now they probably would regard with sentiments of aversion and even of horror: indeed, much of mutual benefit might be derived from very many persons coming into contact one with another, who now stand sternly apart; and certainly, very many persons might confer most important benefits, even though they received nothing more than a fresh lesson in experience, through occasional association with both classes and individuals that now are absolutely unknown by them.

We cannot take leave, for a time, of these most interesting photographs, without adverting to the skilful manner in which albums and other receptacles for the portraits have been produced. The novelty of the arrangements for introducing the cards, and the felicitous manner in which the portraits are at once displayed and preserved, merit the strongest commendation. These books and cases abound, in every variety of form and size, and style of embellishment. Like the stereoscope, at least one of them must find its way into every family circle; and, without doubt, both the stereoscope and the *carte-de-visite* album will never cease to enjoy the hearty and cordial sympathy of every intelligent individual.

THE STATUES FOR THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

In the fourth report of the Fine Arts Commissioners a scheme was propounded for the distribution of the series of British sovereigns, which it was determined to add to the enrichments of the Houses of Parliament; but, as it has been found inexpedient to carry out the dispositions then resolved on, a committee, consisting of his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, Earl Stanhope, and Lord Llanover, was appointed to examine the available localities, and to decide on the places for the statues. The committee was also required to determine the height of the statues, and the material in which they should be executed; and now that the rooms, galleries, and landing-places appointed to receive them are all constructed, the dispositions will be much better understood than the former arrangement, which was made before the Houses were built.

This report begins by proposing that the series of British sovereigns, ending with the statue of Queen Victoria in the Princes' Chamber, should occupy the Royal Gallery, the Queen's Robing-Room, the principal landing-place of the staircase, with the adjoining Norman porch, and the lower landing-place of the same staircase. It is proposed that twelve statues be placed in the Royal Gallery in the following order—the statues of William IV. and George IV. at the sides of the doorway at the north end of the gallery, the statue of William IV. being on the east side of the doorway; those of George III., Anne, William III., and James II. on the east side of the gallery. Those of George II., George I., Mary II. (wife of William III.), and Charles II. on the west side. On each side of the doorway at the south end, Charles I. and James I., the former being on the east side. The arrangement thus far comprehends the sovereigns of the Houses of Brunswick and Stuart.

In the Queen's Robing-Room five statues are to be placed; those of Elizabeth and Mary, one on each side of the throne, the statue of Elizabeth being on the south side. On each side of the fire-place a statue—that of Henry VIII. on the south side, that of Henry VII. on the north; and in the centre of the south side, between the windows, the statue of Edward VI. These statues constitute the Tudor series. To the principal landing-place and the Norman porch adjoining sixteen statues are allotted; they are to be placed on the pedestals provided by the architect. These are Richard III., Edward V., Edward IV., Henry VI., Henry V., Henry IV., Richard II., Edward III., Edward II., Edward I., Henry III., John, Richard Cœur-de-Lion, Henry II., Stephen, and Henry I. On the lower landing-place it is intended to place, as representations of the Saxon and Norman lines, Edward the Confessor and Harold, William the Conqueror and William Rufus. The sixteen statues, from Henry I. to Richard III. are to be arranged as follows—that of Henry I. at the head of the staircase on the north side, and the others disposed in chronological order along the north side, and so on round the walls, the statue of Henry V. being on the west side, at the head of the staircase, opposite that of Henry I. Henry VI. will be placed on the north-west side of the insulated clustered column in the centre; Edward IV. on the north-east side of the column; Edward V. on the south-east side of the column, and the statue of Richard III. on the south-west side of the same column. The Saxons and Normans on the lower-landing place will stand as follows—Edward the Confessor in the south-west angle, Harold in the south-east angle, William the Conqueror in the north-west angle, and William Rufus in the north-east angle.

The number, therefore, of the statues thus provided for are thirty-eight, which are thus distributed—in the Princes' Chamber, one, that of the Queen, being the statue by Gibson, already placed there; in the Royal Gallery twelve; in the Queen's Robing-Room five; in the principal landing-place and Norman porch sixteen, and in the lower landing-place four. With respect to the height of the statues and the material in which they should be executed, the committee propose a stature not less than heroic—seven feet, subject to the consideration of the natural stature of the persons to be represented. The pedestals already in the gallery are not considered suitable for the proper display of the contemplated statues, therefore it is recommended that others be furnished. It is recommended that the sixteen statues on the principal landing-place and space adjoining, as well as the four others on the lower landing-place, should, on account of their position and their more decorative character, be of metal, and not more than five feet ten inches in height; for these, the pedestals already placed would suffice. For the marble statues in the Royal Gallery and in the Robing Room, £800 each is the price fixed. For the metal statues no price is fixed, as that must depend on the manner of their execution; it is, however, recommended that, having been carefully modelled, they be produced in metal by the electrotype process; and finally it is recommended that William Theed be invited to undertake two of the marble statues proposed to be placed in the Royal Gallery—those of William IV. and George IV.—on the conditions respecting price, material, dimensions, and place before specified, and that Thomas Thornycroft be invited to undertake other two of the statues proposed for that locality—those of Charles I. and James I.—on corresponding conditions. Cromwell is not admitted into the kingly series—though some member of the House of Commons raised his voice in favour of the Protector.

The persons of all our sovereigns are well known back to Henry VII.; our conceptions of him are somewhat misty, but all beyond is positively obscure. It is well for many reasons, but especially for the sake of Art, that the Houses of Parliament were not burnt down fifty years before the conflagration actually took place—nothing could have prevented the sculptors of that day from presenting all our kings as demigods, heroes, and Cæsars. If Dr. Johnson was entitled at the hands of Bacon to be reproduced in St. Paul's as a brother of the Farnese Hercules, the same spirit would have bequeathed us Charles II. as Bacchus, and William III. as Mars, in preference to intelligible portrait statues. The whole of the figures, therefore, of the kings anterior to Henry VII. will be imaginary, and therefore by no means so interesting as those of the Tudor and the subsequent lines; but as there is ample authority for arriving at the fashions of the costume of the early kings, this, at least, will be correct; and there are certain data for the persons of some of the subjects; but such descriptions as would assist the artist in modelling the person would be of little use for the head and features. In these cases the sculptors will not fall into the infirmity of making the subjects "too like the life"—a phrase which in Art has a strong signification; and it is to be deprecated that those with whose passions and features we are so well acquainted should be made too like. Our idea, for instance, of James I. may be met and respectively supported without making him a driveller.

We have given the names of two sculptors who are appointed to initiate the series—behind them there is yet a list of men of talent, who it is to be hoped will participate in the work.

THE

PILGRIMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

Part I.

THE fashion of going on pilgrimage seems to have sprung up in the fourth century. The first object of pilgrimage was the Holy Land. Jerome said, at the outset, the most powerful thing which can be said against it, viz.: that the way to heaven is as short from Britain as from Jerusalem—a consolatory reflection to those who were obliged, or who preferred, to stay at home; but it did not succeed in quenching the zeal of those many thousands who desired to see, with their own eyes, the places which had been hallowed by the presence and the deeds of their Lord—to tread, with their own footsteps,—

> "Those holy fields
> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet,
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage on the bitter cross;"*

to kneel down and pray for pardon for their sins upon that very spot where the Great Sacrifice for sin was actually offered up; to stand upon the summit of Mount Olivet, and gaze up into that very pathway through the sky by which He ascended to his kingdom in Heaven.

We should, however, open up too wide a field if we were to enter into the subject of the early pilgrims to the Holy Land: to trace their route from Britain, usually *viâ* Rome, by sea and land; to describe how a pilgrim passenger-traffic sprung up, of which adventurous ship-owners took advantage; how hospitals were founded here and there along the road to give refuge to the weary pilgrims, until they reached the Hospital *par excellence*, which stood beside the Church of the Holy Sepulchre; how the Order of the Knights of the Temple was founded to escort the caravans of pilgrims from one to another of the holy places, and protect them from marauding Saracens and Arabs. This part of the subject of pilgrimage, involving the history of the Crusades, would occupy too much of our space here, and besides is sufficiently familiar to the general reader. We cannot, indeed, omit some reference to the Holy Land pilgrimages; but our special object is to give a sketch of the less known portion of the subject, which relates to the pilgrimages which sprung up in after times, when the veneration for the holy places had extended to the shrines of saints, and when, at length, veneration had run wild into the grossest superstition, and crowds of sane men and women flocked to relic worships, which would be ludicrous, if they were not so pitiable and humiliating. This part of the subject forms a chapter in the history of the manners of the middle ages, which is little known to any but the antiquarian student, but which is an important chapter to all who desire thoroughly to understand what were the modes of thought, and habits of life, of our English forefathers in the middle ages.



TWO DISCIPLES AT EMMAUS. (Nero, C. iv. 13th century.)

* King Henry IV. Pt. i.; Act i. Sc. 7.

The most usual foreign pilgrimages were to the Holy Land, the scene of our Lord's earthly life; to Rome, the centre of western Christianity; and to the shrine of St. James at Compostella.*

The number of pilgrims to these places must have been comparatively limited; for a man who had any regular business or profession, could not well undertake so long an absence from home. The rich of no occupation could afford the leisure and the cost; and the poor who chose to abandon their lawful occupation, could make these pilgrimages at the cost of others; for the pilgrim was sure of entertainment at every hospital, or monastery, or priory, probably at every parish priest's, and every gentleman's hall, on his way; and there were not a few poor men and women who indulged a vagabond humour in a pilgrim's life. The poor pilgrim repaid his entertainer's hospitality by bringing the news of the countries through which he had passed, and by amusing the household after supper with marvellous saintly legends, and traveller's tales. He raised a little money for his inevitable travelling expenses, by retailing holy trifles and curiosities, such as were sold wholesale at all the shrines frequented by pilgrims, and which were usually supposed to have some saintly efficacy attached to them. Sometimes the pilgrim would take a bolder flight, and carry with him some fragment of a relic—a joint of a bone, or a pinch of dust, or a nail-paring, or a couple of hairs of the saint, or a rag of his clothing; and the people gladly paid the pilgrim for thus bringing to their doors some of the advantages of the holy shrines which he had visited. Thus Chaucer's Pardoner—"That strait was comen from the Court of Rome—"

> "In his mail† he had a pilwebere,‡
> Which as he saide was oure Lady's veil:
> He said he had a gobbet of the sail
> Thatte St. Peter had whan that he went
> Upon the sea, till Jesu Christ him hent.§
> He had a crois of laton full of stones;‖
> And in a glass he hadde pigges bones.¶
> But with these relics whanne that he fond
> A poure parson dwelling upon lond;
> Upon a day he gat him more monie
> Than that the parson gat in monthes twelve.
> And thus with feined flattering and japes,
> He made the parson and the people his apes."

But those who could not spare time or money to go to Jerusalem, or Rome, or Compostella, could spare both for a shorter expedition; and pilgrimages to English shrines appear to have been very common. By far the most popular of our English pilgrimages was to the shrine of St. Thomas-à-Becket, at Canterbury, and it was popular not only in England, but all over Europe. The one which stood next in popular estimation, was the pilgrimage to Our Lady of Walsingham. But nearly every cathedral and great monastery, and many a parish church besides, had its famous saint to whom the people resorted. There was St. Cuthbert at Durham, and St. William at York, and little St. William at Norwich, and St. Hugh at Lincoln, and St. Edward Confessor at Westminster, and St. Erkenwald in the cathedral of London, and St. Wulstan at Worcester, and St. Swithin, at Winchester, and St. Edmund at Bury, and SS. Etheldreda and Withburga at Ely, and many more, whose remains were esteemed holy relics, and whose shrines were frequented by the devout. Some came to pray at the tomb for the intercession of the saint in their behalf; or to seek the cure of disease by the touch of the relic; or to offer up thanks for deliverance believed to have been vouchsafed in time of peril through the saint's prayers; or to obtain the number of days pardon, —*i.e.* of remission of their time in purgatory—offered to those who should pray at the tomb. Then there were famous roods, the Rood of Chester and of Bromholme; and statues of the Virgin, as Our Lady of Wilsden, and of Boxley, and of this, that, and the other place. There were scores of holy wells besides, under saintly invocations, of which St. Winifred's well with her chapel over it still remains an excellent example.**

* At the marriage of our Edward I. in 1254, with Leonora, sister of Alonzo of Castile, a protection to English pilgrims was stipulated for, but they came in such numbers as to alarm the French, and difficulties were thrown in the way. In the fifteenth century, Rymer mentions 916 licences to make the pilgrimage to Santiago granted in 1428, and 2,460 in 1434.

† Wallet. ‡ Pillow covering.

§ Called, or took.

‖ *i.e.* Latten (a kind of bronze) set with (mock) precious stones.

¶ Pretending them to be relics of some saint.

** See "Archæological Journal," vol. iii. p. 149.

Some of these were springs of medicinal water, and were doubtless of some efficacy in the cures for which they were noted; in others a saint had baptized his converts; others had simply afforded water to a saint in his neighbouring cell.*

Before any man went on pilgrimage, he first went to his church, and received the Church's blessing on his pious enterprise, and her prayers for his good success and safe return. The office of pilgrims (*officium peregrinorum*) may be found in the old service-books. We give a few notes of it from a Sarum missal, date 1554, in the British Museum.† The pilgrim is previously to have confessed. At the opening of the service he lies prostrate before the altar, while the priest and choir sing over him certain appropriate psalms, viz., the 24th, 50th, and 90th. Then follow some versicles, and three collects, for safety, &c., in which the pilgrim is mentioned by name, "thy servant, N." Then he rises, and there follows the benediction of his scrip and staff; and the priest sprinkles the scrip with holy water, and places it on the neck of the pilgrim, saying, "In the name of, &c., take this scrip, the habit of your pilgrimage, that, corrected and saved, you may be worthy to reach the thresholds of the saints to which you desire to go, and, your journey done, may return to us in safety." Then the priest delivers the staff, saying, "Take this staff, the support of your journey, and of the labour of your pilgrimage, that you may be able to conquer all the bands of the enemy, and to come safely to the threshold of the saints to which you desire to go, and, your journey obediently performed, may return to us with joy." If any one of the pilgrims present is going to Jerusalem, he is to bring a habit signed with the cross, and the priest here blesses it:—"* * we pray that Thou wilt vouchsafe to bless this cross, that the banner of the sacred cross, whose figure is signed upon him, may be to Thy servant an invincible strength against the evil temptations of the old enemy, a defence by the way, a protection in Thy house, and may be to us everywhere a guard, through our Lord, &c." Then he sprinkles the habit with holy water, and gives it to the pilgrim, saying, "Take this habit, signed with the cross of the Lord our Saviour, that by it you may come safely to his sepulchre, who, with the Father," &c. Then follows mass; and after mass, certain prayers over the pilgrims, prostrate at the altar; then, "let them communicate, and so depart in the name of the Lord." The service runs in the plural, as if there were usually a number of pilgrims to be despatched together.

There was a certain costume appropriate to the pilgrim, which old writers speak of under the title of pilgrims' weeds; the illustrations of this paper will give examples of it. It consisted of a robe and hat, a staff and scrip. The robe, called *sclavina* by Du Cange and other writers, is said to have been always of wool, and sometimes of shaggy stuff, like that represented in the accompanying woodcut of



LYDGATE'S PILGRIM.

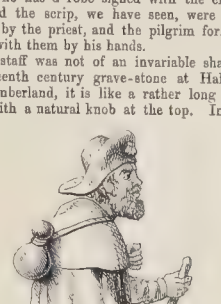
* Mr. Taylor, in his edition of "Blomfield's Norfolk," enumerates no less than seventy places of pilgrimage in Norfolk alone.

† Marked 3395 d. 4to.

the latter part of the fourteenth century, from the Harleian MS.,* 4826. It seems intended to represent St. John Baptist's robe of camel's hair. Its colour does not appear in the illuminations, but old writers speak of it as grey. The hat seems to be commonly a round hat, of felt, and, apparently, does not differ from the hats which travellers not uncommonly wore over their hoods in those days.

The pilgrim who was sent on pilgrimage as a penance seems usually to have been ordered to go barefoot, and probably many others voluntarily inflicted this hardship upon themselves in order to heighten the merit and efficacy of their good deed. They often also made a vow not to cut the hair or beard until the pilgrimage had been accomplished. But the special insignia of a pilgrim were the staff and scrip. In the religious service with which the pilgrims initiated their journey, we have seen that the staff and scrip are the only insignia mentioned, except in the case of one going to the Holy Land, who has a robe signed with the cross; the staff and the scrip, we have seen, were specially blessed by the priest, and the pilgrim formally invested with them by his hands.

The staff was not of an invariable shape. On a fourteenth century grave-stone at Haltwhistle, Northumberland, it is like a rather long walking-stick, with a natural knob at the top. In the cut



FROM ERASMUS'S "PRAISE OF FOLLY."

from Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," which forms the frontispiece of Mr. Nichols' "Pilgrimages of Canterbury and Walsingham," it is a similar walking-stick; but, usually, it was a long staff, some five, six, or seven feet long, turned in the lathe, with a knob at the top, and another about a foot lower down. Sometimes, a little below the lower knob, there is a hook or a staple, to which we occasionally find a water-bottle or a small bundle attached. Sir John Hawkins tells us,† that the staff was sometimes hollowed out into a kind of flute, on which the pilgrim could play. The same kind of staff we find in illuminated MSS. in the hands of beggars and shepherds, as well as pilgrims.

The scrip was a small bag, slung at the side by a cord over the shoulder, to contain the pilgrim's few necessaries. Sometimes it was made of leather; but probably the material varied according to the taste and wealth of the pilgrim. We find it of different shape and size in different examples. In the monumental effigy of a pilgrim of rank, at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, the scrip is rather long, widest at bottom, and is ornamented with three tassels at the bottom, something like the bag in which the Lord Chancellor carries the great seal, and it has scallop shells fixed upon its front. In the grave-stone of a knight at Haltwistle, already alluded to, the knight's arms, sculptured upon the shield on one side of his grave cross, are a *fess* between three *garbs* (*i. e.* wheat-sheaves); and a *garb* is represented upon his scrip, which is square and otherwise plain. The tomb of Abbot Chillenham, at Tewkesbury, has the pilgrim's staff and scrip sculptured upon it as an architectural ornament; the scrip is like the mediæval purse, with a scallop shell on the front of it.‡ The pilgrim is sometimes represented with a bottle, often with a rosary, and sometimes with other conveniences for travelling or helps to devotion. There is a very good example in Hans Burgmaier's "Images de Saints, &c., de la Famille de l' Emp. Maximilian I." fol. 112, an engraving of which will be given in the sequel to this paper.

But though the conventional pilgrim is always represented with robe, and hat, and staff, and scrip, the actual pilgrim seems sometimes to have dispensed with some, if not with all, of these insignia. For example, Chaucer minutely describes the costume of the principal personages in his company of Canterbury Pilgrims, and he not only does not describe what would have been so marked and picturesque features in their appearance, but his description seems to preclude the pilgrim's robe and hood. His knight is described in the ordinary jupon,

> "Of fustian he wered a jupon."

And the squire—

> "Short was his gowne with sleves long and wide."

And the yeoman—

> "Was clad in cote and hood of green."

And the serjeant of the law—

> "Rode lut h mely in a medlee cote,
> Girt with a seint* of silk with barres small."

The merchant was in motley—

> "And on his hed a Flaundrish bever hat."

And so with all the rest, they are clearly described in the ordinary dress of their class, which the pilgrim's robe would have concealed.

It seems very doubtful whether they even bore the especial insignia of staff and scrip. Perhaps when men and women went their pilgrimage on horseback, they did not go through the mere form of carrying a long walking-staff. The equestrian pilgrim, of whom we shall give a woodcut hereafter, though he is very correctly habited in robe and hat, with pilgrim signs on each, and his rosary round his neck, does not carry the bourdon. The only trace of pilgrim costume about Chaucer's pilgrims, is in the Pardoner, "A vernicle hadde he sewed in his cappe," but that was a sign of a former pilgrimage to Rome; and it is enough to prove—if proof were needed—that Chaucer did not forget to clothe his personages in pilgrim weeds, but that they did not wear them.

But besides the ordinary insignia of pilgrimage, every pilgrimage had its special signs, which the pilgrim on his return wore conspicuously upon his hat, his scrip, or hanging round his neck, in token that he had accomplished that particular pilgrimage, The pilgrim who had made a long pilgrimage, paying his devotions at every shrine in his way, might come back as thickly decorated with signs as a modern soldier, who has been through a stirring campaign, is with medals and clasps.

The pilgrim to the Holy Land had this distinction above all others, that he wore a special sign from the very hour that he took the vow upon him to make that most honourable pilgrimage. This sign was a cross, formed of two strips of coloured cloth sewn upon the shoulder of the robe; the English pilgrim wore the cross of white, the French of red, the Flemish of green. Some, in their fierce earnestness, had the sacred sign cut into their flesh; in the romance of "Sir Isumbras," we read—

> "With a sharpe knyfe he share
> A cross upon his shoulder bare."

Others had it branded upon them with a hot iron; one pilgrim in the "Mirac. de S. Thomæ of Abbot Benedict" gives the obvious reason, that though his clothes should be torn away, no one should be able to tear the cross from his heart. At the end, however, of the *Officium peregrinorum*, which we have described, we find a rubric calling attention to the fact, that burning the cross in the flesh is forbidden by the canon law on pain of the greater excommunication; the prohibition is proof enough that at one time it was a not uncommon practice. But when the pilgrim reached the Holy Land, and had visited the usual round of the holy places, he became entitled to wear the palm in token of his accomplishment of that great pilgrimage; and from this badge he derived the name of Palmer. How the palm was borne does not quite certainly appear; some say that it was a branch of palm, which the returning pilgrim bore in his hand or affixed to the top of his staff;* but probably in the general case it was in the shape of sprigs of palm sewn crosswise upon the cap and scrip.

The Roman pilgrimage seems always to have ranked next in popular estimation to that of the Holy Land; and with reason, for Rome was then the great centre of the religion and the civilization of western Christendom. The plenary indulgence which Boniface VIII. published in 1300, to all who should make the Jubilee pilgrimage to Rome, no doubt had its effect in popularizing this pilgrimage *ad limina apostolorum*. Two hundred thousand pilgrims, it is said, visited Rome in one month during the first Jubilee: and succeeding popes shortened the interval between these great spiritual fairs, first to fifty, then to thirty-three, and lastly to twenty-five years. The pilgrim to Rome doubtless visited many shrines in that great Christian capital, and was entitled to wear as many signs; but the great signs of the Roman pilgrimage were a badge with the effigies of St. Peter and St. Paul, and the cross-keys, and the vernicle. Concerning the first, there is a grant from Innocent III. to the arch-priest and canons of St. Peter's at Rome,† which confirms to them (or to those to whom they shall concede it) the right to cast and to sell the lead or pewter signs, bearing the effigies of the Apostles Peter and Paul, with which those who have visited their threshold decorate themselves for the increase of their devotion and a testimony of their pilgrimage. Dr. Rock says‡ "that a friend of his has one of these Roman pilgrim signs, which was dug up at Launde Abbey, Leicestershire. It is of copper, in the shape of a quatrefoil, one and three-quarter inches in diameter, and has the cross-keys on one side, the other side being plain. An equestrian pilgrim represented in Hans Burgmaier's "Der Weise Kœnige," seems to bear on his cloak and his hat the cross-keys. The vernicle was the kerchief of Veroncia, with which, said a very popular legend, she wiped the brow of the Saviour, when he fainted under his cross in the Via Dolorosa, and which was found to have had miraculously transferred to it an imprint of the sacred countenance. Chaucer's Pardoner, as we have already seen—"Strait was comen from the Court of Rome," and, therefore, "a vernicle had he sewed upon his cap."

The sign of the Compostella pilgrimage was the scallop shell. The legend which the old Spanish writers give in explanation of the badge, is this: when the body of the saint was being miraculously conveyed in a ship without sails or oars, from Joppa to Galicia, it passed the village of Bonzas on the coast of Portugal, on the day that a marriage had been celebrated there. The bridegroom with his friends were amusing themselves on horseback on the sands, when his horse became unmanageable and plunged into the sea; whereupon the miraculous ship stopped in its voyage, and presently the bridegroom emerged, horse and man, close beside it. A conversation ensued between the knight and the saint's disciples on board, in which they apprized him that it was the saint who had saved him from a watery grave, and explained the Christian religion to him. He believed, and was baptized there and then. And immediately the ship resumed its voyage, and the knight came galloping back over the sea to rejoin his astonished friends. He told them all that had happened, and they too were converted, and the knight baptized his bride with his own hand. Now, when the knight emerged from the sea, both his dress and the trappings of his horse were covered with scallop shells; and, therefore, the Galicians took the scallop shell as the sign of St. James. The legend is found represented in churches dedicated to St. James, and in ancient illuminated MSS.§ The scallop shell is not unfre-

* British Museum. † "History of Music."
‡ Grose's "Gloucestershire," pl. lvii.

* Giraldc.

* One of the two pilgrims in our first cut carries a palm branch in his hand; it represents the two disciples at Emmaus, who were returning from Jerusalem.

† Innocents III., Epist. 536, lib. i., t. c., p. 305, ed. Baluzio. (Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers.")

‡ "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii. p. 438, note.

§ "Annles de Galicia," vol. i. p. 95. Southey's "Pilgrim to Compostella."

quently found in armorial bearings. It is hardly probable that it would be given to a man merely because he had made the common pilgrimage to Compostella; perhaps it was earned by service under the banner of Santiago, against the Moors in the Spanish crusades. The Popes Alexander III., Gregory IX., and Clement V., granted a faculty to the Archbishops of Compostella, to excommunicate those who sell these shells to pilgrims anywhere except in the city of Santiago, and they assign this reason, because the shells are the badge of the Apostle Santiago.* The badge was not always an actual shell, but sometimes a jewel made in the shape of a scallop shell. In the "Journal of the Archæological Association," iii. 126, is a woodcut of a scallop shell of silver gilt, with a circular piece of jet set in the middle, on which is carved an equestriau figure of Santiago.

The chief sign of the Canterbury pilgrimage was an ampul (*ampulla*, a flask); we are told all about its origin and meaning by Abbot Benedict, who wrote a book on the miracles of St. Thomas.† The monks had carefully collected from the pavement the blood of the martyr which had been shed upon it, and preserved it as one of the precious relics. A sick lady who visited the shrine, begged for a drop of this blood as a medicine; it worked a miraculous cure, and the fame of the miracle spread far and wide, and future pilgrims were not satisfied unless they too might be permitted the same high privilege. A drop of it used to be mixed with a chalice full of water, that the colour and flavour might not offend the senses, and they were allowed to taste of it. It wrought, says the abbot, miraculous cures; and so, not only vast crowds came to take this strange and unheard-of medicine, but those who came were anxious to take some of it home for their sick friends and neighbours. At first they put it into wooden vessels, but these were split by the liquid; and many of the fragments of these vessels were hung up about the martyr's tomb in token of this wonder. At last it came into the head of a certain young man to cast little flasks —*ampullæ*—of lead and pewter. And then the miracle of the breaking ceased, and they knew that it was the Divine will that the Canterbury medicine should be carried in these ampullæ throughout the world, and that these ampullæ should be recognised by all the world as the sign of this pilgrimage and these wonderful cures. At first the pilgrims had carried the wooden vases concealed under their clothes; but these ampullæ were carried suspended round the neck, and when the pilgrims reached home, says another authority,‡ they hung these ampullæ



THE CANTERBURY AMPULLÆ.

in their churches for sacred relics, that the glory of the blessed martyr might be known throughout the world. Some of these curious relics still exist. They are thin, flat on one side, and slightly rounded on the other, with two little ears or loops through which a cord might be passed to suspend them. The mouth might have been closed by solder, or even by folding over the edges of the metal. There is a little flask figured in Gardner's "History of Dunwich," pl. iii., which has a T upon the side of it, and which, may very probably have been one of these ampullæ. But one of a much more elaborate and interesting type is here engraved, from an example preserved in the museum at York. The principal figure is a somewhat stern representation of the blessed archbishop; above is a rude representation of his shrine; and round the margin is the rhyming legend—"Optimus egrorum: Medicus fit Thoma bonorum" (Thomas is the best physician for the pious sick). On the reverse of the ampul is a design whose intention is not very clear, two monks or priests are apparently saying some service out of a book, and one of them is laying down a pastoral staff; perhaps it represents the shrine with its attendants. From the style of Art, this ampul may be of the early part of the thirteenth century. But though this ampul is clearly designated by the monkish writers, whom we have quoted, as the special sign of the Canterbury pilgrimage, there was another sign which seems to have been peculiar to it, and that is a bell. Whether these bells were hand-bells, which the pilgrims carried in their hands, and rang from time to time, or whether they were little bells like hawks' bells, fastened to their dress—as such bells sometimes were to a canon's cope—does not certainly appear. W. Thorpe, in the passage hereafter quoted at length from Fox, speaks of "the noise of their singing, and the sound of their piping, and the jangling of their Canterbury bells," as a body of pilgrims passed through a town. One of the prettiest of our wild-flowers, the *Campanula rotundifolia*, which has clusters of blue, bell-like flowers, has obtained the common name of Canterbury Bells. There were other religious trinkets also sold and used by pilgrims as mementoes of their visit to the famous shrine. The most common of them seems to have been the head of St. Thomas,* cast in various ornamental devices, in silver or pewter; sometimes it was adapted to hang to a rosary,† more usually, in the examples which remain to us, it was made into a brooch to be fastened upon the cap or hood, or dress. In Mr. C. R. Smith's "Collectanea Antiqua," vol. i. pl. 31, 32, 33, and vol. ii., pl. 16, 17, 18, there are representations of no less than fifty-one English and foreign pilgrims' signs, of which a considerable proportion are heads of St. Thomas. The whole collection is very curious and interesting.‡

The ampul was not confined to St. Thomas of Canterbury. When his ampuls became so very popular, the guardians of the other famous shrines adopted it, and manufactured "waters," "aquæ reliquiarum," of their own. The relic of the saint, which they were so fortunate as to possess, was washed with or dipped in holy water, which was thereupon supposed to possess—diluted—the virtues of the relic itself. Thus there was a "Durham water," being the water in which the incorruptible body of St. Cuthbert had been washed at its last exposure; and Reginald of Durham, in his book on the admirable virtues of the blessed Cuthbert,§ tells us how it used to be carried away in ampuls, and mentions a special example in which a little of this pleasant medicine poured into the mouth of a sick man, cured him on the spot. The same old writer tells us how the water held in a bowl that once belonged to Editha, queen and saint, and in which a little bit of rag, which had once formed part of St. Cuthbert's garments, was then soaked, acquired from these two relics so much virtue that it brought back health and strength to a dying clerk who drank it. In Gardner's "History of Dunwich" (pl. iii.) we find drawings of ampullæ like those of St. Thomas, one of which has upon its front a W surmounted by a crown, which it is conjectured may be the pilgrim sign of Our Lady of Walsingham, and contained, perhaps, water from the holy wells at Walsingham, hereinafter described. Another has an R surmounted by one of the symbols of the Blessed Virgin, a lily in a pot; the author hazards a conjecture that it may be the sign of St. Richard of Chichester. The pilgrim who brought away one of these flasks of medicine, or one of these blessed relics, preserved it carefully in his house for use in time of sickness, and would often be applied to by a sick neighbour for the gift of a portion of the precious fluid out of his ampul, or for a touch of the trinket which had touched the saint. In the "Collectanea Antiqua," is a facsimile of a piece of paper bearing a rude woodcut of the adoration of the Magi, and an inscription setting forth that "Ces billets ont touché aux troi testes de saints Rois a Cologne: ils sont pour les voyageurs contre les malheurs des chemins, maux de teste, mal caduque, fièures, sorcellerie, toute sorte de malefice, et morte soubite." It was found upon the person of one William Jackson, who having been sentenced for murder in June 1748-9, was found dead in prison a few hours before the time of his execution. It was the charmed billet, doubtless, which preserved him from the more ignominious death.

We find a description of a pilgrim in full costume, and decorated with signs, in Piers Ploughman's vision; he was apparelled—

> "In pilgrym's wise.
> He bar a burdoun* y-bounde
> With a brood liste,
> In a withwinde-wise
> Y-wounden aboute;
> A bolle† and a bagge
> He bar by his side,
> And hundred of ampulles;
> On his hat seten
> Signes of Synay‡
> And shells of Galice,§
> And many a crouche‖ on his cloke,
> And keys of Rome,
> And the vernicle before,
> For men sholde knowe
> And se bi his signes,
> Whom he sought hadde.
> This folk prayed¶ hym first
> Fro whennes he came?
> 'Fram Syny,' he seide,
> 'And fram our Lordes Sepulcre;
> In Bethlem and in Babiloyne
> I have ben in bothe;
> In Armonye** and Alesaundre,
> In many other places.
> Ye may se by my signes,
> That setten in my hatte
> That I have walked ful wide
> In weet and in drye,
> And sought good seintes
> For my soules helthe.'"

The little bit of satire, for the sake of which this model pilgrim is introduced, is too telling—especially after the wretched superstitions which we have been noticing—to be omitted here. "Knowest thou," asks the Ploughman—

> "'Knowest thou aught a cer-saint††
> That men calle Truthe?
> Kondest thou aught weten‡‡ us the way
> Where that wight dwelleth?'
> 'Nay,' replies the much-travelled pilgrim,
> 'Nay, so me God helpe,
> I seigh§§ nevere palmere
> With pyke and with scrippe
> Ask after hym, er‖‖
> Til now in this place.'"

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* "Anales de Galicia," vol. i. p. 96, quoted by Southey, "Pilgrim to Compostella."

† Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," iii. 424.

‡ "Vita S. Thomæ and Willebald," folio Stephani, ed. Giles, i. 312.

* The veneration of the times was concentrated upon the blessed head which suffered the stroke of martyrdom; it was exhibited at the shrine and kissed by the pilgrims; there was an abbey in Derbyshire dedicated to the Beauchef (beautiful head), and still called Beauchief Abbey.

† The late T. Caldecot, Esq., of Dartford, possessed one of these.

‡ A very beautiful little pilgrim sign of lead found at Winchester, is engraved in the "Journal of the British Archæological Association," No. 32, p. 363.

§ Dr. Rock's "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii., p. 430.

* Fosbroke has fallen into the error of calling this a burden bound to the pilgrim's back with a list: it is the bourdon, the pilgrim's staff, round which a list, a long narrow strip of cloth, was wound cross-wise. We do not elsewhere meet with this list round the staff, and it does not appear what was its use or meaning. We may call to mind the list wound cross-wise round a barber's poll, and imagine that this list was attached to the pilgrim's staff for use, or we may remember that a vexillum, or banner, is attached to a bishop's staff, and that a long, narrow riband is often affixed to the cross-headed staff which is placed in our Saviour's hand in mediæval representations of the Resurrection. See the staff in our second cut.

† Fosbroke, and Wright, and Dr. Rock, all understand this to be a bowl. Was it a bottle to carry drink shaped something like a gourd, such as we not unfrequently find hung on the hook of a shepherd's staff in pictures of the annunciation to the shepherds, and such as the pilgrim from Erasmus's "Praise of Folly," bears on his back?

‡ Sinai.

§ Galice—Compostella in Galicia.

‖ Cross.

¶ Asked. People ask him first of all from whence he is come.

** Armenia.

†† Holy body, object of pilgrimage.

‡‡ Tell us.

§§ Saw.

‖‖ Ere—ever.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The recent death, in this city, of M. Aguado, Marquis de las Murismas del Guadalquiver, is much regretted in Art circles. He was the eldest son of the Spanish banker, who negotiated some years back the Spanish loan. This celebrated financier was immensely rich, and had a gallery of Spanish paintings which he prized highly, but they were sold at his death far below their estimated value. A considerable number of these pictures were engraved and published, about twenty years ago, under the title of "The Aguado Gallery:" an extended notice of the work, with a specimen of the engravings, appeared in the *Art-Journal* in the year 1846. The late M. Aguado was a great amateur of photography, and produced some excellent specimens; he had a large atelier at the top of his house in the *Place Vendôme*, and expended large sums on the art; the produce of the sale he gave away for charitable purposes.—The *Moniteur* of the 28th August says, "The Emperor has purchased that part of the Palatine Hill at Rome, called the Farnese Gardens, which belonged to the ex-King of Naples." This portion of the celebrated locality is the most considerable. In the grounds purchased are the famous ruins of the Temple of the Cæsars, of which two stories have been encumbered with rubbish and ruins for centuries: they are expected to contain statues, and other Art-works of high interest. M. Pietro Rosa has been named conservator of the palace, and director of the explorations: he is author of an archæological and topographical map of Latium. The works will be begun seriously and extensively in November next.—At a meeting of the *Institute*, the Marquis de Rougé read a paper on the excavations now making in Egypt, by order of the Viceroy; which have produced very interesting results. This gentleman, aided by M. Mariette, has been able to decipher many documents throwing light on the invasions of the wandering tribes of Asia: this people, who chose for their capital a town named Ha-Ouar, and who are represented as devastating barbarians, in the course of time found themselves absorbed by the superior civilization of the conquered people. This is the first point established by the new discoveries. The second relates to the history of Totmes III., called by some of the learned, Meris-Toutmosis. On a basso-relievo found at Karnac, are represented processions of one hundred and thirty vanquished nations. On another stone is engraved an address from the Theban deity, Ammon-Ra to the conqueror. M. de Rougé, after having examined several rolls of papyrus, states that long before Moses, the Egyptians had sacred hymns, epic poems, treatises on morality, and even novels.—Notwithstanding the death of M. Lassus, architect of *Notre Dame*, the works in that cathedral are being carried on with spirit; the restorations will render this a most magnificent edifice.—A large number of cases have arrived at the School of Fine Arts from Rome; we shall give an account of them in our next.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

GLASGOW.—After a lapse of some years, this city is once more astir to collect a gallery of pictures for exhibition, and to establish an "Institute of the Fine Arts." A committee, of which the Lord Provost is chairman, and which includes the names of a considerable number of gentlemen distinguished by their wealth and position in Glasgow and its vicinity, has been organized, and the corporation has granted the use of the civic galleries, erected specially for the exhibition of paintings, to the society. In the circular sent out by the committee, it is stated that—"From the strong interest evinced by many of our most influential citizens in the success of this movement—the amount of money yearly invested by gentlemen of Glasgow and the west of Scotland in works of Art—the vast population of this city, numbering nearly half a million of inhabitants—the extensive operations of the Art-Union of Glasgow, whose annual drawing of prizes takes place in December, and which has since its commencement expended upwards of £80,000 on works of Art, added to the circumstance of there not having been any public exhibition of the Fine Arts in Glasgow for several years; it is expected that the forthcoming exhibition will not only prove eminently successful, but present a more than usually favourable opportunity to artists for the disposal of works of a high class." We are glad to see this movement, and have little doubt of the result under such auspices as those of the gentlemen who have undertaken its direction. It is proposed to open the exhibition—of the works of living artists only—in the beginning of November, and to close it early in January, 1862. The time is therefore peculiarly opportune, as most of the other provincial galleries will then be closed, and pictures not otherwise *appropriated*, may be transferred from their respective localities to Glasgow. The time for receiving contributions at the gallery, Sauchiehall Street, is from the 21st of October to the 26th, both inclusive. Mr. J. A. Hutchison is secretary of the Institute.

BRIGHTON.—The Society of Artists in this town inaugurated—to adopt a somewhat meaningless word in common use—the opening of their new gallery in the Pavilion, by a banquet on the 3rd of last month. The chair was taken by the president of the society, Mr. Joseph Cordwell, and among the company were the Mayor of Brighton, Mr. Dodson, one of the county members, and Mr. White, one of the borough members, whose questionable remarks about Government Art-patronage, made at Plymouth some months ago, we have not forgotten: he spoke more advisedly and sensibly in the presence of a select audience of his Brighton constituents, complimenting the corporation for the liberal aid it had afforded towards the construction of the gallery, and expressing a hope that "the ratepayers would not begrudge a penny or twopence in the pound, when they had the gratification of witnessing the efforts of artists to glorify their common nature in the productions of their own fellow-townsmen." The gallery in which the pictures are exhibited, consists of two apartments unoccupied for a long time; they are on the ground floor, and have been fitted up expressly for the purpose; one being set apart for oil-pictures, and the other for water-colour drawings: both are well-lighted, amply ventilated, and offer every accommodation for visitors. The local papers speak in favourable terms of the collection of works exhibited this year: we know not what they are, but from a list of exhibitors now before us, there is a marked absence of the leading London artists. Among the most prominent names are those of H. Warren, Leitch, Carl Werner, Bartholomew Weigall, Shayer, Gosling, Zeitter, J. Callow, J. Cole, Cobbett, Harrison Weir, Knell, Scanlan, and Mrs. Oliver. The list is by no means a strong one, but with so many provincial exhibitions open at this season of the year, including those at Liverpool and Birmingham, much more could scarcely be expected, especially as it is probable that very many of the metropolitan painters are not fully aware of the advantages Brighton now offers for exhibiting their works. An Art-Union is being formed in connection with the Society.—The eighth report of the Science and Art Department gives the following information relative to the Brighton School of Art:—"The total number receiving instruction in drawing in or through the agency of the school during 1860 has been 1,459, showing a total increase of 602 since last year. This number includes 816 children of public schools, paying £30; 418 students of private schools, paying £79; 28 school-teachers and pupil-teachers, paying £6 17*s.* 6*d.*; and 197 students who have attended the central school, from whom £193 15*s.* 6*d.* has been received. The total amount of fees has been £309 13*s.*, showing an increase of £10 15*s.* 9*d.* over the sum received last year. The attendance at the classes has been:—Day classes—61 students, who have paid 10*s.* per month, and an entrance fee of 6*s.*; total, £123 11*s.* Evening classes—136 students, who have paid from 6*d.* to 7*s.* a month, and 1*s.* to 4*s.* entrance fee. The amount of these fees has been £70 4*s.* 6*d.* One student has qualified himself for a prize-studentship, and has received a certificate. Thirteen local medals, 20 second grade rewards, and 43 first grade rewards have been obtained. The school has expended from its own funds, £14 5*s.* 6d., on account of examples, besides the local expenses for rent, cleaning, firing, lighting, printing, &c. The amount of aid afforded to the school by the Department, has been £72 10*s.* 7*d.*, which sum includes the payments for the master's certificates and other allowances, the payments to Art pupil-teacher, also the grant on account of the children [of national and other public schools] who obtained rewards, aid in the purchase of examples, the cost of medals, &c."

WOLVERHAMPTON.—The annual meeting of the supporters of the School of Art in this town took place on September 2. The institution, we regret to find, is in such an unsatisfactory state, financially and numerically, that only the most unfavourable results can be anticipated. One of the local journals referring to the subject, says,—"We do not take upon ourselves to say that the end of the institution is already in view, but its end, we must declare, cannot be distant, unless by some means or other the people of Wolverhampton become convinced of the necessity of giving to it a greatly enlarged amount of support. . . . . We think, having at heart, as we hope we have, the true interests of our town, that the event was most humiliating, and particularly so when we reflect that the welfare of the place depends entirely on the prosperity of its manufacturers and its merchants, and that if the former cannot hold their own against their rivals in manufacturing art, assuredly the latter will soon stand at a great disadvantage—unless they remove their establishments to more favourable localities. The town at large, in the event of such a state of things coming to pass, must of necessity suffer. At the last annual meeting it appeared from the report that the school suffered from the want of support by subscriptions from the townspeople generally, rather than from the indifference of the class for whom such institutions have been established; but now the falling off appears to arise from the indifference of the very class whose benefit was contemplated, and we fear also from the indifference of the manufacturers themselves. . . . . There is, we feel confident, something wrong in this; it shows, we fear, a lack of that intelligent perception which is one of the leading characteristics of the middle classes of the present day, and which renders them conspicuous for energy, talent, and enterprise amongst their rivals throughout the civilized world. The state of the school is once more plainly placed before the town and its neighbourhood. Its relinquishment, unless aid is promptly given, is a certainty: from this disgrace, however, we do hope we may be spared." Any comments of our own, after such remarks as these from a resident in the town, would be superfluous; they appear to be perfectly justified by the fact that the school is indebted to Mr. C. B. Mander, who holds—or rather did hold, for he has now resigned them in consequence of the position in which he is placed—the joint offices of honorary secretary and treasurer, in the sum of nearly £288, independently of another of £200, for which he had made himself responsible to the bank. Moreover, the committee has been compelled to accept a donation of £50 offered, and with most commendable liberality, by Mr. Mückley, head master of the school, to assist in meeting the expenses of the last sessional year. The number of pupils has diminished considerably, and, as a sequence, the amount of fees has proportionately decreased. In fact, unless some vigorous measures are adopted to revivify the institution, its destruction is inevitable.

BIRMINGHAM.—The exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists, is of unusual excellence this year: Landseer's 'Flood in the Highlands,' is there, and Millais' 'Spring Time,' and Leslie's 'Christ Teaching Humility,' and Solomon's 'Drowned! Drowned!' and Wallis's 'Dead Stone-breaker.' Ansdell is represented by his 'Seville' and 'La Sante;' Herbert by a *replica* of his 'Brides of Venice;' D. Roberts by a picture of 'Edinburgh,' the property of Mr. Napier, M.P., and never exhibited; and Turner by two magnificent drawings, 'Bamborough Castle,' and 'Heidelberg.' Other well-known names which appear in the catalogue, are those of J. Phillip, R.A., A. Cooper, R.A., H. O'Neil, A.R.A., Buckner, Vicat Cole, Cobbett, Desanges, Duffield, J. Gilbert, Hemsley, Hulme, Holman Hunt, W. Hunt, Jutsum, W. H. Knight, Lance, Niemann, Syer, Weigall, and Wingfield.

BRISTOL.—An exhibition of industrial and ornamental Art has been recently opened in this city, the contributions to which are large, and of a rare and valuable order. It is held at the Fine Arts' Academy, in the Queen's Road, several rooms of which are filled with examples of furniture, pottery, metal-work, glass, jewellery, plate, enamels, bronzes, urns and armour, engravings, water-colour drawings, carvings, book-printing and binding, Egyptian antiquities, miniatures, &c. &c. We have not been able personally to inspect the exhibition, but from a very carefully compiled "Hand-book" to the contents, which has been forwarded to us, the selection of objects seems to have been made with judgment, and an appreciation of what would be really serviceable for the purposes of instruction. The proceeds of the exhibition are to be appropriated to the Bristol School of Art.

WINCHESTER.—The fine old tower of Winchester College Chapel, is said to be in an insecure state; so much so, that Mr. Butterfield, the architect, advises its being taken down and entirely rebuilt. A correspondent of the *Builder* asks if something cannot be done to remedy the evil without resorting to such an extremity.

JERSEY.—It is proposed to establish a School of Art in this island. A meeting, at which many of the principal inhabitants attended, was lately held in the Lyric Hall, St. Helier's. Dr. Henderson, president of the college, took the chair, and Mr. Sparkes, head-master of the Lambeth School, addressed the meeting on the object and management of Schools of Art.

OBITUARY.

MR. BENJAMIN WOODWARD.

On the 15th of May last, at Lyons, whither he had gone in search of such beneficial influences as might be obtained from its genial climate, died Benjamin Woodward, in the prime of life, a victim to consumption. Had he been spared to a prolonged life, what he has actually accomplished gives more than reasonable hope that he would have been recognised as the first of English, if not of European architects. Mr. Woodward, so honourably known as the junior partner in the firm of Deane and Woodward, of Dublin, has left as his fitting memorial, his great work, the new museum at Oxford —an edifice that knows no rival, and which will surely win for its lamented architect a becoming renown, as its own high character as a work of architectural art becomes more completely appreciated.

Mr. Woodward was pre-eminently an artist-architect. He was an enthusiast in his profession, and it is no trivial argument in support of the revived Gothic architecture of our day, that he was no less enthusiastic in his admiration and his love for that great style. In many respects Mr. Woodward reminded us of another able lover of the Gothic, the late Arthur Brandon, who died twelve years ago, at a still earlier period of a most promising career than Mr. Woodward himself. Both were men whom their profession could ill afford to spare, and of both the memory ought to be cherished as a precious heritage for those who follow them.

His delicate health prevented Mr. Woodward from such active labours as would have brought him prominently before the notice of the public; but those who saw his drawings in the exhibition of the competitive designs for the War and Foreign Offices in Westminster Hall, will not fail to remember their rare excellence, and they will accordingly understand what Mr. Woodward was able to produce; and so they will also be enabled suitably to mourn his loss. In the streets of London Mr. Woodward several years ago erected one building, which is eminently characteristic of his genius and his architectural feeling—we refer to the office of the "Crown" Assurance Company, in Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

We learn with much satisfaction that an influential committee has been already formed for the purpose of securing the erection of such a public memorial as may worthily commemorate Mr. Woodward. Amongst the names of this committee are those of Dean Liddell, of Christchurch, Mr. Street, and Mr. Holman Hunt. At present it would be premature to suggest any form for the proposed memorial, but we may at once declare our readiness to do all in our power to co-operate with the "Woodward Memorial Committee."

MR. JOHN FRANCIS.

Mr. Francis, who held a good position as a sculptor, died recently at the advanced age of eighty-one. He was a native of Lincoln, and became, at an early age, a farmer in that county, but with a natural talent in the direction which ultimately determined his career. His wife was a near relative of the great Lord Nelson. Early in life he became a pupil of Chantrey, and was subsequently introduced by the late Mr. Coke, of Norfolk, to the leading men of the Whig party, to whom he was, during the whole of his career, the special sculptor. He was a great favourite with William IV., and was patronised by the Duke of Sussex, the Dukes of Bedford, Norfolk, Sutherland, the Vernon family, and, generally speaking, others of the same political creed. The patronage of the late king was continued by her Majesty Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort. Mr. Francis lived to see his favourite pupils attain eminence. His daughter, Mrs. Thornycroft, is especially known by her admirable figures of the royal children and grandchildren, which are remarkable not only for the fidelity of the portraits, but also for artistic conception and execution. Mr. Thornycroft, her husband, is also known as a sculptor, whose aims are directed in the highest walks of his art. Joseph Durham and Matthew Noble, whose works are known far and wide, were also favourite pupils of Mr. Francis.

MR. THOMAS WITLAM ATKINSON.

We should accuse ourselves of a culpable neglect of duty, did we allow the death of this gentleman to pass without a brief record in our pages.

A remarkable man was Mr. Atkinson—one whose name will take a high rank among great English travellers. "He appears," says a notice of him in the *Builder*, "to have been either an ordinary mason or a carver, employed on the churches of the north." This in all probability led him to study architecture, and to the publication of a work on "Gothic Ornaments," the joint production of himself and another person of the same name, but not related to him. In process of time he commenced practice as an architect, and designed and superintended the erection of numerous buildings, public and private, especially in the midland counties, Manchester being for several years his head-quarters. In 1840, after some reverses, owing perhaps to a too liberal expenditure on works of Art, he was induced to quit Manchester. "Arrived in London, he was not more fortunate, and he eventually got to Hamburg, where his designs for the church which Mr. Scott was afterwards appointed to build stood a good chance, from the clever execution of the large perspective views. . . . . From Hamburg Atkinson got to Berlin, and lastly to St. Petersburg, where he abandoned architecture as a profession for the pursuits of a traveller and artist." It is from this point that our acquaintance with the labours of Mr. Atkinson commences. Furnished with letters from the Russian government, he started on a lengthened expedition into the most remote parts of Russia in Asia, including the Amoor River and the borders of Chinese Tartary. The difficulties, dangers, and deprivations he encountered on his travels would have deterred a man of less energy and perseverance than himself from proceeding; but he encountered and overcame all, returning eventually to England with a large store of geographical and geological information, and an immense number of valuable water-colour drawings, many of large size, the majority of which were entirely executed in the various localities. A selection of the most important of these was exhibited a few years ago at Messrs. Colnaghi's: a notice of them appeared in the *Art-Journal* at the time. The notes and observations made during the expedition were subsequently published in two volumes by Messrs. Hurst and Blackett, with numerous illustrations These books form a valuable addition to our standard geographical literature.

Mr. Atkinson, who was a fellow of the Geographical and Geological Societies, died in August last, at Lower Walmer, Kent, at the age of sixty-two.

Just as we were going to press with this sheet, we observed some remarks in the *Critic*, questioning the truth of Mr. Atkinson's travels in the Amoor country: the statement is certainly strange, and calls for explanation.

JOHANN DAVID PASSAVANT.

Our contemporary the *Athenæum* has reported the death of this well-known German writer on Art. "He died on the 12th of August, at Frankfort, where he held the office of Director at the Hädel Institution. Born in 1787, he attained his seventy-fourth year. Passavant had been destined for trade; but a long stay at Paris in 1810-13, where he made himself thoroughly acquainted with all the Art-treasures there, awoke in him the desire for a fuller understanding of Art. He began his studies at once, first under David, afterwards under Baron de Gros. At Rome he became acquainted with the young artists who gave a new impulse to German Art, and acquired fame in later years (Cornelius, Overbeck, &c.) He developed apologetically their principles in his 'Views on the Plastic Arts,' and he began to make a name for himself by his 'Designs for Grave Monuments.' But his reputation rests on his works of Art-history, especially on his 'Artistic Travel through England and Belgium,' and on his biographical work—'Raffael of Urbino, and his father Giovanni Santi.' We hear that he has left valuable manuscripts." Passavant's knowledge of the works of the old Dutch and Flemish masters especially, justifies the favour with which his opinions and criticisms have been received: his remarks are frequently quoted by other writers on Art.

ECCE HOMO!

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE LOUVRE.

L. Morales, Painter. Maillefer, Engraver.

NUMERICALLY considered, the pictures in the Gallery of the Louvre have an immense superiority over those in our National Gallery. To the mere lounger, a stroll through those long, and seemingly interminable corridors, is wearisome enough; but it is more than this to the lover of Art, who desires to see what is really good: it is a task almost beyond endurance, to pick out the gold from among the comparative dross which meets observation on all sides. Here is the vast accumulation of ages, so to speak—the treasures and the rubbish acquired by conquest, by purchase, and by gifts; for the French government seem to have considered everything as "fish" which came into their nets. Some idea may be formed of the magnitude of the collection from a report furnished ten or twelve years ago by the then Director of the National Museums, M. Jeanron, and in which reference is made to the various catalogues of works contained in the Louvre, but which do not include a large number of canvasses rolled up (*toiles roulées*). The most ancient is a catalogue of the first Royal Collection, arranged by Bailly, a volume, small folio size, dated 1722. The next in importance is a detailed catalogue, in eighteen volumes, large folio, made in the reign of the first Napoleon; it comprises a list of all the various objects of Art acquired by conquest since 1792; paintings, drawings, sculptures, gems, vases, cameos, &c. In addition to the enumeration, the name of the master, the title of the subject, the material, and dimensions, this catalogue contains the name of the place from which each object was taken, and its estimated value. But the most important of all is the general catalogue of the Royal Museums, arranged by the Civil List, after the law passed in 1832, and deposited in the Chambers; this consists of nineteen folio volumes, of which three are devoted to pictures, five to drawings and designs, two to sculptures, and the remainder to miscellaneous matters.

It would, of course, be quite unreasonable to expect that a museum of Art acquired, as this has been, almost without conditions as to excellence, and often without judgment and discrimination, should not have in it a very large preponderance of what is of indifferent quality, and much also of what is absolutely worthless, except as mere pictorial furniture. If our own National Gallery falls, as it does, infinitely below the Louvre in the number of works, there is absolutely nothing in it to which either of these terms can be justly applied. Still, the French collection includes many paintings bearing a world-wide reputation, some of the finest examples of the great masters of the European schools.

Of this class is the picture of the 'Ecce Homo!' by Louis de Morales, who acquired the epithet of *El Divino*, from the sacred character and beautiful treatment of his subjects. He was born at Badajos, in 1509, and died in 1586. Morales has always been ranked among the best painters of the Spanish school, in the peculiar style of art to which he attached himself. His largest works are in the churches and convents of his country, but his easel pictures, which are generally heads, or portions of the figure, of Christ, or of the Virgin, are found elsewhere, though not in abundance; very many ascribed to him are, undoubtedly, not true specimens. Though he is generally regarded as a painter of a contracted genius, and of barren invention, rarely venturing beyond the simple delineation of a head, it must be admitted that in this limited scope he has carried the art to a high state of perfection.

Intensity of anguish could scarcely be more truly and painfully depicted than in the picture engraved here: it is seen in the blood-stained forehead, in the half-closed eyes, in the parting lips, in the pale emaciated countenance; even the hands of the Saviour bear witness to his suffering and weakness, for they seem to hold but loosely the heavy burden under which he is sinking. The prophecy, "Surely he hath borne our griefs and carried our sorrows," is assuredly expressed in this most touching composition.



THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XXI.



BETWEEN the Bloomingdale Road and the Hudson, and Seventy-third and Seventy-fourth Streets, is the New York Orphan Asylum, one of the noblest charities in the land. It is designed for the care and culture of little children without parents or other protectors. Here a home and refuge are found for little ones who have been cast upon the cold charities of the world. From one hundred and fifty to two hundred of these children of misfortune are there continually, with their physical, moral, intellectual, and spiritual wants supplied. Their home is a beautiful one. The building is of stone, and the grounds around it, sloping to the river, comprise about fifteen acres. This institution is the child of the "Society for the Relief of Poor Widows with Small Children," founded in 1806 by several benevolent ladies, among whom were the sainted Isabella Graham, Mrs. Hamilton, wife of the eminent General Alexander Hamilton, and Mrs. Joanna Bethune, daughter of Mrs. Graham. It is supported by private bequests and annual subscriptions.

There is a similar establishment, called the Leake and Watts Orphan House, situated above the New York Asylum, on One Hundred and Eleventh and One Hundred and Twelfth Streets, between the Ninth and Tenth Avenues. It is surrounded by twenty-six acres of land, owned by the institution. The building, which was first opened for the reception of orphans in 1842, is capable of accommodating about two hundred and fifty children. It was founded by John George Leake, who bequeathed a large sum for the purpose. His executor,



ORPHAN ASYLUM.

John Watts, also made a liberal donation for the same object, and in honour of these benefactors the institution was named.

These comprise the chief public establishments for the unfortunate in the city of New York, near the Hudson river. There are many others in the metropolis, but they do not properly claim a place in these sketches.

Let us here turn towards the interior of the island, drive to the verge of Harlem Plains, and then make a brief tour through the finished portions of the Central Park. Our road will be a little unpleasant a part of the way, for this portion of the island is in a state of transition from original roughness to the symmetry produced by Art and Labour.

Here, on the southern verge of the plains, we will leave our waggon, and climb to the summit of a rocky bluff, by a winding path up a steep hill covered with bushes, and take our stand by the side of an old square tower of brick, built for a redoubt during the war of 1812, and now used as a powder-house. The view northward, over Harlem Plains, is delightful. From the road at our feet stretch away numerous "truck" gardens, from which the city draws vegetable supplies. On the left is seen Manhattanville and a glimpse of the Palisades beyond the Hudson. In the centre, upon the highest visible point, is the Convent of the Sacred Heart; and towards the right is the Croton Aqueduct, or High Bridge, over the Harlem river. The trees on the extreme right mark the line of the race-course, a mile in length, beginning at Luff's, the great resort for sportsmen. On this course, the trotting abilities of fast horses are tried by matches every fine day.

In our little view of the Plains and the high ground beyond, is included the theatre of stirring and very important events of the revolution, in the autumn of 1776. Here was fought the battle of Harlem Plains, that saved the American army on Harlem Heights; and yonder, in the distance, was the entrenched camp of the Americans between Manhattanville and Mount Washington, within which occurred most of the sanguinary scenes in the capture of Fort Washington by the British and Hessians.

Our rocky observatory, more than a hundred feet above tide-water, overlooking Harlem Plains, is included in the Central Park. Let us descend from it, ride along the verge of the Plain, and go up east of McGowan's Pass at about One Hundred and Ninth Street, where the remains of Forts Fish and Clinton are yet very prominent. These were built on the site of the fortifications of the revolution, during the war of 1812. Here we enter among the hundreds of men employed in fashioning the Central Park. What a chaos is presented! Men, teams, barrows, blasting, trenching, tunnelling, bridging, and every variety of labour needful in the transforming process. We pick our way over an almost impassable road among boulders and blasted rocks, to the great artificial basin of one hundred acres, now nearly completed, which is to be called the Lake of Man-a-hat-ta. It will really be only an immense tank



HARLEM PLAINS.

of Croton water, for the use of the city. We soon reach the finished portions of the park, and are delighted with the promises of future grandeur and beauty.

It is impossible, in the brief space allotted to these sketches, to give even a faint appreciative idea of the ultimate appearance of this park, according to the designs of Messrs. Olmstead and Vaux. We may only convey a few hints. The park was suggested by the late A. J. Downing, in 1851, when Kingsland, mayor of the city, gave it his official recommendation. Within a hundred days the legislature of the state of New York, granted the city permission to lay out a park; and in February, 1856, 733 acres of land, in the centre of the island, was in possession of the civic authorities for the purpose. Other purchases for



VIEW IN CENTRAL PARK.*

the same end were made, and, finally, the area of the park was extended in the direction of Harlem Plains, so as to include 843 acres. It is more than two and a-half miles long, and half a mile wide, between the Fifth and Eighth Avenues, and Fifty-ninth and One Hundred and Tenth Streets. A great portion of this space was little better than rocky hills and marshy hollows, much of it covered with tangled shrubs and vines. The rocks are chiefly upheavals of *gneiss*, and the soil is composed mostly of alluvial deposits filled with boulders. Already a wonderful change has been wrought. Many acres

* This is a view of a portion of the Skating-Pond from a high point of the Ramble.

have been beautified, and the visitor now has a clear idea of the general character of the park, when completed.

The primary purpose of the park is to provide the best practicable means of healthful recreation for the inhabitants of the city, of all classes. Its chief feature will be a Mall, or broad walk of gravel and grass, 208 feet wide, and a fourth of a mile long, planted with four rows of the magnificent American elm trees, with seats and other requisites for resting and lounging. This, as has been suggested, will be New York's great out-of-doors Hall of Re-union. There will be a carriage-way more than nine miles in length, a bridle-path or equestrian road more than five miles long, and walks for pedestrians full twenty-one miles in length. These will never cross each other. There will also be traffic-roads, crossing the park in straight lines from east to west, which will pass through trenches and tunnels, and be seldom seen by the pleasure-seekers in the park. The whole length of roads and walks will be almost forty miles.

The Croton water tanks already there, and the new one to be made, will jointly cover 150 acres. There are several other smaller bodies of water, in their natural basins. The principal of these is a beautiful, irregular lake, known as the Skating-Pond. Pleasure-boats glide over it in summer, and in winter it is thronged with skaters.* One portion of the Skating-Pond is devoted exclusively to females. These, of nearly all ages and conditions, throng the ice whenever the skating is good.

Open spaces are to be left for military parades, and large plats of turf for games, such as ball and cricket, will be laid down—about twenty acres for the former, and ten for the latter; and it is intended to have a beautiful meadow in the centre of the park.

There will be arches of cut stone, and numerous bridges of iron and stone (the latter handsomely ornamented and fashioned in the most costly style), spanning the traffic-roads, ravines, and ponds. One of the most remarkable of these, forming a central architectural feature, is the Terrace Bridge, at the north end of the Mall, already approaching completion. This bridge covers a broad arcade, where, in alternate niches, will be statues and fountains. Below will be a platform, 170 feet wide, extending to the border of the Skating-Pond. It will embrace a spacious basin, with a fine fountain jet in its centre. This structure will be composed of exquisitely wrought light brown freestone, and granite.

Such is a general idea of the park, the construction of which was begun at the beginning of 1858; it is expected to be completed in 1864—a period of only about six years. The entire cost will not fall much short of 12,000,000 dollars. As many as four thousand men and several hundred horses have been at work upon it at one time.

From the Central Park—where beauty and symmetry in the hands of Nature and Art are already performing noble æsthetic service for the citizens of New York—let us ride to "Jones's Woods," on the eastern borders of the island, where, until recently, the silence of the country forest might have been enjoyed almost within sound of the hum of the busy town. But here, as everywhere else, on the upper part of Manhattan Island, the early footprints in the march of improvement are seen. As we leave the beautiful arrangement of the lower



A SQUATTER VILLAGE.

portions of the park, the eye immediately encounters scenes of perfect chaos, where animated and inanimated nature combine in making pictures upon memory, never to be forgotten. The opening and grading of new streets produce many rugged bluffs of earth and rock; and upon these, whole villages of squatters, who are chiefly Irish, may be seen. These inhabitants have the most supreme disregard for law or custom in planting their dwellings. To them the land seems to "lie out of doors," without visible owners, bare and unproductive. Without inquiry they take full possession, erect cheap cabins upon the "public domains," and exercise "squatter sovereignty" in an eminent degree, until some innovating owner disturbs their repose and their title, by undermining their castles—for in New York, as in England, "every man's house is his *castle*." These form the advanced guard of the growing metropolis; and so eccentric is Fortune in the distribution of her favours in this land of general equality, that a dweller in these "suburban cottages," where swine and goats are seen instead of deer and blood-cattle, may, not many years in the future, occupy a palace upon Central Park—perhaps, upon the very spot where he now uses a pig for a pillow, and breakfasts upon the milk of she-goats. In a superb mansion, within an arrow's flight of Madison Park, lives a middle-aged man, whose childhood was thus spent among the former squatters in that quarter.

"Jones's Woods," formerly occupying the space between the Third Avenue and the East River, and Sixtieth and Eightieth streets, are rapidly disappearing.



PROVOOST'S TOMB—JONES'S WOODS.

Streets have been cut through them, clearings for buildings have been made, and that splendid grove of old forest trees a few years ago, has been changed to clumps, giving shade to large numbers of pleasure-seekers during the hot months of summer, and the delightful weeks of early autumn. There, in profound retirement, in an elegant mansion on the bank of the East River, lived David Provoost, better known to the inhabitants of New York—more than a hundred years ago—as "Ready-money Provoost." This title he acquired because of the sudden increase of his wealth by the illicit trade in which some of the colonists were then engaged, in spite of the vigilance of the mother country. He married the widow of James Alexander, and mother of Lord Stirling, an eminent American officer in the old war for independence. In a family vault, cut in a rocky knoll at the request of his first wife, he was buried, and his remains were removed only when it was evident that they would no longer be respected by the Commissioner of Streets. It is now a dilapidated ruin near the foot of Seventy-first Street. The marble slab that he placed over the vault in memory of his wife (and which commemorates him also) lies neglected, over the broken walls.* The fingers of destruction are busy there.

The old Provoost mansion is gone, and with it has departed the quiet of the scene. Near its site, large assemblages of people listen to music, hold festivals, dance, partake of refreshments of almost every kind, and fill the air with the voices of mirth. The Germans, who love the open air, go thither in large numbers; and tents wherein *lager bier* is sold, form conspicuous objects in that still half sylvan retreat. There Blondin walked his rope at fearful heights, among the tall tulip trees; and there, in autumn, the young people may yet gather nuts from the hickory trees, and gorgeous leaves from the birch, the chestnut, and the maple. But half a decade will not pass, before "Jones's Woods" will be among the things that have passed away.

A little beyond this, at Eighty-sixth Street, a road leads down to Astoria Ferry, on the East River, a short distance below the mouth of the Harlem River. This is a great thoroughfare, as it leads to many pleasant residences on Long Island, and the delightful roads in that vicinity. From this ferry

* A late number of the New York *Spirit of the Times*, referring to this lake, says:—"From the commencement of skating to the 24th day of February (1861) was sixty-three days; there was skating on forty-five days, and no skating on eighteen days. Of visitors to the pond, the least number on any one day was one hundred; the largest number on one day (Christmas) estimated at 100,000; aggregate number during the season, 540,000; average number on skating days, 12,000."

* The slab bears the following inscription: "JOANNAH RYNDERS, who was the most loving wife of David Provoost. It was her will to be interred in this hill. Obitus 8 Xember, 1749, aged 43 years." "Sacred to the memory of DAVID PROVOOST, who died Oct. 19th, 17⁂1, aged 90 years."

may be obtained a fine view of Mill Rock in the East River, Hallett's Point, the village of Astoria, and other places of interest in the vicinity of a dangerous whirlpool, named by the Dutch *Helle-gat* (Hell-hole), now called Hell-gate. It is no longer dangerous to navigators, the sunken rocks which formed the whirlpool, having been removed in 1852, by submarine blasting, in which electricity was employed. This is an interesting historic locality. Here the town records of Newport, Rhode Island, carried away by Sir Henry Clinton, were submerged in 1779, when the British vessel that bore them was wrecked near the vortex. They were recovered. Here, during the revolution, the British frigate *Huzzar* was wrecked, and sunk in deep water, having on board, it was believed, a large amount of specie, destined for the use of the British troops in America. On Mill Rock, a strong block-house was erected during the war of 1812; and on Hallett's Point, a military work called Fort Stevens was constructed at the same time.

Near Hell-gate the Harlem River enters the East River, and not far distant are Ward's and Randall's Islands. These belong to the corporation of New York. The former contains a spacious emigrants' hospital, and the latter nursery schools for poor children, and a penal house of refuge for juvenile delinquents.* This is a delightful portion of the East River, and here the lover of sport may find good fishing at proper seasons.

Near the southern border of "Jones's Woods" is "The Coloured Home," where the indigent, sick, and infirm of African blood have their physical, moral, and religious wants supplied. It is managed by an association of women, and is sustained by the willing hands of the benevolent.

A little further south, on the high bank of the East River, at Fifty-first Street, is the ancient family mansion of a branch of the Beekman family, whose ancestor accompanied Governor Stuyvesant to New Amsterdam, near New



VIEW NEAR HELL-GATE.

York. There General Howe made his head-quarters after the battle on Long Island and his invasion of New York, in 1776; and there he was made *Sir* William Howe, because of those events, by knightly ceremonies performed by brother officers, at the command of his king. Captain Nathan Hale, the spy, whose case and Major André's have been compared, was brought before General Howe at this place soon after his arrest. He was confined during the night in the conservatory, and the next morning, without even the form of a trial, was handed over to Cunningham, the inhuman provost marshal, who hanged him upon an apple-tree, under circumstances of peculiar cruelty. The act was intended to strike the minds of the Americans with terror; it only served to exasperate and strengthen them.†

The old Beekman mansion, with its rural surroundings, remained uninvaded by the Commissioner of Streets until about ten years ago. I remember with pleasure a part of the day that I spent there with the hospitable owner. Then there were fine lawns, with grand old trees, blooming gardens, a spacious conservatory, and an ancient sun-dial that had marked the hours for a century. Over the elaborately-wrought chimney-pieces in the drawing-room were the arms of the Beekman family; and in an outhouse was a coach bearing the same arms, that belonged to the first proprietor of the mansion. It was a fine old relic of New York aristocracy a hundred years ago, and one of only



THE BEEKMAN MANSION.

three or four coaches owned in the city at that time. Such was the prejudice against the name of coach—a sure sign of aristocracy—that Robert Murray, a wealthy Quaker merchant, called his "a leathern conveniency." But the beauty of the Beekman homestead has departed; the ground is reticulated by streets and avenues, and the mansion is left alone in its glory.

Directly opposite to the Beekman mansion is the lower end of Blackwell's Island, a narrow strip of land in the East River, extending to Eighty-eighth



TURTLE BAY AND BLACKWELL'S ISLAND.

Street, and containing 120 acres. Beyond it is seen the pretty village of Ravenswood, on the Long Island shore. The Indians called Blackwell's Island *Min-na-han-nock*. It was also named Manning Island, having been owned by Captain John Manning, who, in 1672, betrayed the fort at New York into the hands of the Dutch.* In 1828 it was purchased by the city of New York, of Joseph Blackwell, and appropriated to public uses. Upon it are located, under

* Ward's Island contains about 200 acres, and lies in the East River, from One Hundred and First to One Hundred and Fifteenth Streets inclusive. The Indians called it *Ten-ken-as*. It was purchased from them by First Director Van Twiller, in 1637. A portion of the island is a potter's field, where about 2,500 of the poor and strangers are buried annually. The island is supplied with Croton water. A ferry connects it with the city at One Hundred and Sixth Street. Randall's Island, nearly north from Ward's, close by the Westchester shore, was the residence of Jonathan Randall for almost fifty years: he purchased it in 1784. It has been called, at different times, Little Barn Island, Belle Isle, Talbot's Island, and Montressor's Island. The city purchased it, in 1835, for 50,000 dollars. The House of Refuge is on the southern part of the island, opposite One Hundred and Seventeenth Street. There youthful criminals are kept free from the contaminating influence of old offenders, are taught useful trades, and are continually subjected to reforming influences. Good homes are furnished them when they leave the institution, and in this way the children of depraved parents who have entered upon a career of crime, have their feet set in the paths of virtue, usefulness, and honour.

† Nathan Hale was an exemplary young man, of a good Connecticut family. Washington was anxious to ascertain the exact position and condition of the British army on Long Island, and Hale volunteered to obtain it. He was arrested, and consigned to Cunningham for execution. He was refused the services of a clergyman and the use of a Bible, and letters that he wrote during the night to his mother and sisters were destroyed by the inhuman marshal. His last words were,—"I only regret that I have but one life to give to my country."

* Manning was bribed to commit the treason. He escaped punishment through the intervention of his king, Charles II., who, it was believed, shared in the bribe.

the supervision of a board of ten governors, the almshouse, almshouse hospital, penitentiary hospital, New York city small-pox hospital, workhouse, city penitentiary, and New York lunatic asylum. There is a free ferry to the island, at the foot of Sixty-first Street.

Turtle Bay, at Forty-Seventh Street—from the southern border of which our sketch of Blackwell's Island was taken—was a theatre of some stirring scenes during the revolution. Until within a few years it remained in its primitive condition—a sheltered cove with a gravelly beach, and high rocky shores covered with trees and shrubbery. Here the British government had a magazine of military stores, and these the *Sons of Liberty*, as the early republicans were called, determined to seize, in July, 1775. A party, under the direction of active members of that association, proceeded stealthily by water, in the evening, from Greenwich, Connecticut, passed the dangerous vortex of Hell-gate at twilight, and at midnight surprised and captured the guard, and seized the stores. The old storehouse in which they were deposited is yet standing, a venerable relic of the past among the busy scenes of the present.

At Turtle Bay we fairly meet the city in its gradual movement along the shores of the East River. Below this point almost every relic of the past, in Nature and Art, has been swept away by pick and powder; and wharves, storehouses, manufactories, and dwellings, are occupying places where, only a few years ago, were pleasant country seats, far away from the noise of the town. Our ride in this direction will, therefore, have no special attractions, so let us turn towards the Hudson again, and visit some points of interest in the central and lower portions of the island within the limits of the regulated streets. The allotted space allows us to take only glimpses at some of the most prominent points and objects.

The great distributing reservoir of the Croton water, upon Murray Hill, between Fortieth and Forty-second Streets, and Fifth and Sixth Avenues, challenges our attention and admiration. Up to this point the Fifth Avenue—the street of magnificent palatial residences—is completed, scarcely a vacant



THE RESERVOIR, FIFTH AVENUE.

lot remaining upon its borders. The reservoir stands in solemn and marked contrast to these ornamental structures, and rich and gay accompaniments. Its walls, in Egyptian style, are of dark granite, and average forty-four feet in height above the adjacent streets. Upon the top of the wall, which is reached by massive steps, is a broad promenade, from which may be obtained very extensive views of the city and the surrounding country. This is made secure by a strong battlement of granite on the outside, and next to the water by an iron fence.

The reservoir covers an area of two acres, and its tank capacity is over twenty millions of gallons. The water was first let into it on the 4th of July, 1842. On the 14th of October following it was distributed over the town, and the event was celebrated on that day by an immense military and civic procession.* Such a display had never been seen in New York since the mingling of the waters of the Great Lake and the Hudson River, through the Erie Canal, was celebrated in 1825.

From the reservoir we ride down Fifth Avenue, the chief fashionable quarter of the metropolis. For two miles we may pass between houses of the most costly description, built chiefly of brown freestone, some of it elaborately carved. Travellers agree that in no city in the world can be found an equal number of really splendid mansions in a single street; they are furnished, also, in princely style. The side-walks are flagged with heavy blue stone, or granite, and the street is paved with blocks of the latter material. At Madison Square, beween Twenty-third and Twenty-sixth Streets, it is crossed diagonally by Broadway, and there, as an exception, are a few business establishments. At the intersection, and fronting Madison Park, is the magnificent Fifth Avenue Hotel, built of white marble, and said to be the largest and most elegant in the world. As we look up from near the St. Germain, this



FIFTH AVENUE HOTEL, MADISON PARK.

immense house, six stories in height, is seen on the left, and the trees of Madison Park on the right. In the middle distance is the Worth House, a large private boarding establishment, and near it the granite monument erected by the city of New York to the memory of the late General William J. Worth, of the United States army.

This is the only public monument in the city of New York, except a mural one to the memory of General Montgomery, in the front wall of St. Paul's



WORTH'S MONUMENT.

Church. It is of Quincy granite; the apex is fifty-one feet from the ground, and the smooth surface of the shaft is broken by raised bands, on which are the names of the battles in which General Worth had been engaged. On the lower section of the shaft are representations of military trophies in relief. General Worth was an *aide-de-camp* of General Scott in the battles of Chippewa and Niagara, in the summer of 1813, and went through the war with Mexico with distinction. His name holds an honourable place among the military heroes of his country. The monument was erected in 1858.

* The waters of the Croton flow from the dam to the distributing reservoir, forty miles and a half, through a covered canal, made of stone and brick, at an average depth of 2½ feet. The usual flow is about 30,000,000 of gallons a day; its capacity is 60,000,000. It passes through sixteen tunnels in rock, varying from 160 to 1,263 feet. In Westchester county it crosses twenty-five streams, from 12 to 70 feet below the line of grade, besides numerous small brooks furnished with culverts. After crossing the Harlem River over the high bridge already described, it passes the Manhattan valley by an inverted siphon of iron pipes, 4,180 feet in length, and the Clendening valley on an aqueduct 1,900 feet. It then enters the receiving reservoir, now in the Central Park, which has a capacity of 150,000,000 gallons. In a hygenic and economic view, the importance of this great work cannot be estimated; in insurance alone it has caused the reduction of 40 cents on every 100 dollars in the annual rates. It is estimated that the capacity of the Croton River is sufficient to supply the city with a population of 5,000,000. The ridge line, or water-shed, enclosing the Croton valley above the dam, is 101 miles in length. The stream is 39 miles in length, and its tributaries 136 miles. The total area of the valley is 352 square miles; within it are thirty-one natural lakes and ponds.

THE LIVERPOOL "ACADEMY" AND "SOCIETY."

The exhibitions of both are open, and both are good; the one is, perhaps, better calculated to gratify the general public, the other is more likely to give pleasure to the artist and those who are advanced in a knowledge of Art. Each contains several high-class works, with, of course, a large admixture of inferiority; but unquestionably we find here the usual results of competition. Both institutions have made great exertions, and both have been rewarded by more than ordinary success. The great attraction of the "Society" is Ward's great picture of 'The Antechamber at Whitehall during the Dying Moments of Charles II.,' to which, no doubt, the "prize" will be awarded; that of the other is the picture by J. F. Lewis, A.R.A., 'Waiting for the Ferry, Upper Egypt,' which has received from the Academy the "prize" of £50.

Those who have visited the London exhibitions are well acquainted with the leading works; they are none the less valuable in Liverpool on that account, for but few of its citizens have seen them; and occupying, as they do here, places of honour, they are shown to greater advantage than they were in Trafalgar Square.

Those that receive most notice in the Society's rooms (which, by the way, have been remodelled and greatly improved, the light being now everywhere well distributed), are—next to Mr. E. M. Ward's picture—John Faed's 'Queen Margaret's Defiance of the Scottish Parliament,' Tom Faed's 'Reapers Returning' (both the property of a liberal collector, Ralph Brocklebank, Esq.) Jacob Thompson's fine painting 'The Signal,' Hart's 'St. Elizabeth, Queen of Hungary, distributing Alms to the Poor,' with contributions by Creswick, Goodall, Frost, Sant, Solomon, Lance, Lear (his marvellous work, 'The Cedars of Lebanon'), D. Roberts, E. W. Cooke, F. R. Lee, with a long *et cetera* of eminent and popular artists. The exhibition is, moreover, greatly strengthened by the aid of foreign painters, many of whom have sent valuable works to a locality in which they have found a large amount of patronage.

On the whole, therefore, the exhibition of the Society is an exceedingly good one, perhaps the best they have had, and certainly one of the best we have ever seen out of the Metropolis. The committee have reason to be entirely satisfied with the result of their applications to artists and Art-patrons, who have aided them largely and liberally; and we have no doubt the issue will be to give greater stability and increased power to an institution, the members and supporters of which are influenced only by a desire to advance Art, and whose motives are beyond question, while they give much time, thought, and labour for the public good.

The Academy has also, as we have said, a good exhibition; perhaps the best they have ever had. It includes, besides the works of local artists, many of interest by our leading men. Mr. J. A. Horsley contributes his 'Lost and Found' (the Return of the Prodigal); Mr. Holman Hunt his 'Lantern-maker's Courtship;' Mr. Herbert, a "study for a figure" in his fresco now in progress at Westminster; Mr. Maclise, 'The Players' Reception of the Poor Author;' Mr. J. F. Lewis, 'Waiting for the Ferry—Upper Egypt,' and an 'Arab Sheikh;' Sir Edwin Landseer, 'Dogs and Dead Deer;' Mr. P. F. Poole, 'Ferdinand and Miranda,' and 'The Death of Cordelia;' Mr. Creswick, 'The Kingfisher's Haunt;' Mr. Anthony, 'Twilight;' Mr. Dyce, 'Christ in the Wilderness;' Mr. David Roberts, 'San Giovanni e Paolo, Venice;' Mr. Noel Paton, 'Luther at Erfurt;' Mr. Hurlstone, 'View of a Window at Granada;' Mr. Phillip, 'La Bolera;' Mr. Carl Werner, 'Venice in her Pride and Power;' the veteran William Hunt, two portraits of himself (1820 and 1860); Mr. Marks, 'The Franciscan Sculptor and his Model;' Mr. Holland, 'Fountain de St. George, Genoa,' and 'Rotterdam;' Mr. A. W. Hunt, 'Oberwesel, 1859.' The two institutions together exhibit upwards of two thousand pictures, while in Liverpool there are three or four minor collections "for sale."

Unfortunately, at this moment, "the state of things" in Liverpool operates prejudicially as regards Art. Until matters are settled in America, the purse-strings of its wealthy merchants will not be freely drawn; there will be a disposition to wait for a time—postponing the acquisition of Art treasures.

In Liverpool there are upwards of fifty collections of modern pictures, many of them extensive as well as excellent. The "princes" there are liberal patrons as well as sound judges of British Art; and it is certain that in this prosperous "city-town" a love of Art is making rapid progress. Our painters and sculptors will find their most productive "market" here. The knowledge that it is so, increases our regret that all attempts to make the *two* societies *one* have been failures; that all efforts at "amalgamation" have been frustrated, mainly, we believe, by the "will" of a single individual, whose unhappy predilections for the pre-Raffaelite school are notorious. Whatever, therefore, may be the merits of the exhibitions, it is most unlikely that either of them will yield an income sufficient for its support. The one is in debt, the other has expended nearly all its savings; and no result can be looked for except that which must be prejudicial to the patrons and the profession.

We do not desire to "rub the sore"—we are told that we have done so already; but we shall, by every means in our power, advocate a junction that would inevitably secure for Liverpool the best annual exhibition of pictures out of London, and greatly increase the prosperity of British Art not only there but throughout wealthy Lancashire.

The "Society" announces that arrangements are in progress to obtain a BUILDING FUND, and that, among other means to be adopted, there will be a bazaar in the spring of next year, for the sale of works of Art, and "other works," "of which there is every reason to anticipate a very liberal supply, as several artists and amateurs have expressed a cordial desire to contribute." Parties desirous to aid this project are requested to communicate with the Hon. Sec., Joseph Boult, Esq., North John Street, Liverpool.

Certainly it is to be regretted that the Fine Arts have literally no habitation in Liverpool, where so many glorious edifices have been raised for so many worthy objects. Music is better located there than in any other town of England—perhaps of the world. St. George's Hall is a building that merits the term magnificent; while few structures are more truly grand and beautiful than that which is known as the Free Library (devoted, however, to several useful purposes), erected by the munificent liberality of Colonel William Brown.

On the other hand, the dwellings in which provision is made for the Arts are mean and miserable, and utterly unworthy the wealthiest, most populous, and most "rising" city in the dominions of the crown. O that some generous and sympathizing soul would do for Art what Colonel Brown has done for Letters, and give to the people of Liverpool and their posterity another structure that, while it glorifies the great town, shall be a source of delight and instruction to the existing generation and to millions yet unborn!

THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY.

The trustees of the National Portrait Gallery have made their fourth annual report to the Lords of the Treasury, wherein it is stated that since the date of the last report (24th of April, 1860) up to that of the present, the number of meetings held by them is eight, and the entire number since they commenced their duties on the 9th of February, 1857, is forty-six. In their former reports the trustees have given a list of thirty-five donations offered and accepted; up to the present time the entire number is forty-two. It was not until the present year that busts were adjudged eligible; but the question came before the trustees in a practical form at their meeting of the 25th of February last by the proposal of sale of the bust of Moore the poet. Then, as the minutes of the day state, "after careful deliberation as to the extent to which the objects of the gallery might admit of various modes of portraiture, the trustees unanimously agreed to the purchase of the bust, being the first received in this collection." This bust is by a namesake of the poet, and should it ever be the fate of Lawrence's portrait of Moore to be placed in this collection, it is to be hoped that the bust will not be niched near it, for the portrait of Moore, if not altogether, it is very nearly, the finest man's head that Lawrence ever painted—that is, fine in his way, so fully gifted with small talk. Since that bust was added others have been purchased—as those of Hogarth, Cromwell, and Lord Jeffrey—all of which we have described.

In the Easter week of this year, as in that of last year, the gallery was open during the whole of the first three days, and arrangements were made for the reception of a large number of holiday visitors; but in consequence of the unfavourable weather, the number of visitors was less than had been anticipated. On the Monday there were 279; on the Tuesday, 228; and on the Wednesday, 286. The gallery is open only on Wednesdays and Saturdays, after midday, and it was necessary for persons desiring admission to procure tickets; but on relaxing this rule, and finding that the indulgence was not abused, the trustees, on the 14th of March last, passed a resolution dispensing with the tickets—the admission, therefore, is now as free as it is to the National Gallery. But the rooms allotted to this collection are already full, and serious inconveniences arise from the space at the disposal of the trustees being so limited. The apartments are too small for the convenient circulation of the visitors, and the pictures are necessarily hung with a view to make the most of the space, whereas it is desirable that they should be classed in chronological order; and with this view the trustees express a a hope that the question of larger and more commodious apartments for this growing collection may ere long engage the serious attention both of the government and the Houses of Parliament. The collection has outgrown the space allotted to it, but there is no probability of the proximate assignation of a permanent abiding-place for it. If it be determined ultimately to remove it to Brompton, that cannot be done until the termination of the Exhibition of 1862, for the building will be left standing and utilized as an addition to the Museum. If it be determined that it shall be placed in Trafalgar Square, its final establishment is yet more remote than if it were proposed to send it to the Museum.

Of the hundred and twenty-two portraits composing this collection, more than one-third are presentations; the rest have been purchased. Many of them are paintings of very inferior merit; but they are not estimable, in a collection like this, according to the perfection or imperfection of the art, but according to the presumption or proof of the genuineness of the portrait. There is time enough yet for presentations of Vandykes and Sir Joshuas; it is, however, surprising that, considering the number of the extant works of both, nothing yet by the former should have been acquired, and nothing as yet very remarkable by the latter.

Whenever we have a new edifice for the National Gallery, it may be presumed these pictures will be transferred to it—their proper place.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The Great Exhibition of 1862 promises to afford us the opportunity of estimating the progress of painting in Russia; the government of that country has determined to contribute examples of the art from the year 1764, commencing with Lossenko, the first Russian painter of distinctive character. This date places the foundation of the Russian school at about the same epoch as our own, assuming Reynolds to be, as he is generally considered, the founder.

The International Exhibition (1862) Illustrated Catalogue.—We announce our intention to issue with the *Art-Journal*, during eight months of the year 1862, an illustrated catalogue of the leading works of Industrial Art contained in the Exhibition—the Works of all Nations. Such a publication will be looked for—indeed, demanded—at our hands. It is unnecessary for us to remind our readers that the catalogue we issued in 1851 was, and continues to be, the most valuable record of that memorable year. We may be justified in affirming that it has been of great service in all the Art-works of the world; for there are few places, however distant, in which it is not kept as a "pattern-book." We have larger experience, and many additional aids, to enable us to compile in 1862 even a more valuable volume than that we produced in 1851: we believe we may anticipate confidence in the result. With our next number we shall issue a detailed prospectus, inviting Art-producers, not only in Great Britain, but of all countries, to assist our plan, by furnishing us with information, photographs, drawings, &c., premising that no charge whatever will be made to any manufacturer for the engravings we shall introduce into the catalogue, or for the descriptions and explanations that will accompany them.

The Commemoration Group, 1851.—Subscribers and the public will ere long receive definite information concerning this work—a commission for which some two years ago was given to Mr. Joseph Durham, the result of a "competition," which adjudged to him the prize, and the "order" for the group. It is to be placed in the grounds of the Horticultural Society, at South Kensington, adjacent to, though not actually on, the site occupied by the Crystal Palace in 1851. It is probable that we shall soon present to our readers more explanatory details: at present it must suffice to say, that the statue of the Queen is about to be cast in bronze, and has been "tried" in the place it is to occupy. It is a noble work: a work of the highest merit, beyond doubt the best statue of the Queen that has been yet produced; and justifies belief that the group, when completed, will be, in all respects, honourable to British Art.

The Statue of Crompton, to be erected in his native town, Bolton, is progressing in the hands of Calder Marshall. The citizens of that flourishing town subscribed liberally to do honour to the memory of their fellow-townsman—to whom, not only all Great Britain, but the whole world owes a debt of gratitude; for his invention of the "mule" has given employment to millions, and made the fortunes of thousands. The sum collected was £1,800, nearly the whole of which goes to the artist, who will be sure to produce an excellent work. The project, we believe, originated with Mr. Gilbert French, F.S.A., of Bolton, whose memoir of Crompton is one of the most interesting and instructive biographies that has ever issued from the press.

The National Gallery closes on the 1st of October, for the reception and hanging of the Turner Collection, which, we announced last month, it was determined to place here in order to confirm the claim of the nation to the property. Even with the new Italian Room, the space is by no means ample for the paintings that are already there, and how another large collection is to be hung, without withdrawing a considerable proportion of the old pictures, remains to be seen.

The Lions for Trafalgar Square ought to have been some time since *in situ*, considering the length of time the commission has been given. Sir E. Landseer has worked sedulously at the clay models, insomuch that Baron Marochetti, we believe, professes the modelling to be entirely by him. Be that as it may, from the hands of two such artists, the works must be of rare excellence when they do appear. The commission is legitimately that of a sculptor; but Sir Edwin Landseer has modelled dogs with great spirit—one especially, that remained in the clay, in the studio of Sir F. Chantrey, until it fell to pieces.

Mr. Rosetti has completed and just forwarded to its destination, Llandaff Cathedral, a picture, the subject of which is "Christ, sprung from high and low, in the one person of David, shepherd and king." It is a triptych, in the centre piece of which appears the Virgin with the infant Saviour, and an angel leading in a king and a shepherd to worship, while other angels are grouped around and above. On the right hand wing is seen David, the warrior king and sweet psalmist of Israel, as if resting after the fatigue of battle, and solacing himself with his harp. This wing is entitled "David Rex," the other "David Pastor," but the latter has yet to be painted. The subject is rather imaginary than authentic; it is brought forward with the utmost tenderness of feeling, which is remarkable, especially in the Virgin and Child—the former of whom is of a complexion somewhat darker than she is usually painted. The dimensions of the centre piece are eight feet in width and five in height.

The Prize Medal of 1862.—The design for the obverse of the prize medal for award to successful competitors in the Great Exhibition of next year, has been made by Mr. Maclise, and it is in the hands of Mr. L. C. Wyon for execution in the die. The centre figure, Britannia, is seated, and holds in her left hand an olive branch, and in her right a wreath, which she is about to give to one of the three figures before her that represent Machinery, Manufacture, and Raw Produce, who have brought with them specimens of their productions. Behind Britannia stand Painting, Sculpture, and Architecture, as assisting at the distribution. The treatment of Britannia contains a very happy allusion to the times; she is fully armed, but attached to the sword that is by her side is an olive sprig, and at her side is extended the lion. Not very many years ago, a design of this kind, according to the spirit of that time, would have been, if not pure Greek in taste, at least rampant allegory; instead of either of which we have a simple prose narrative, elegantly constructed and easy of interpretation. The drawing is extremely exact: this is particularly exemplified in the objects and machinery associated with the left group, and in its transfer to the medal, we doubt not that in the hands of such an artist as Mr. Wyon, that minute execution will receive ample justice. The design for the reverse is under consideration, but it is not yet determined on. The size of the medal will be identical with that of 1851, as will also be the material of which it is to be composed—bronze—but the composition of the new medal is more comprehensive than that of 1851.

International Exhibition of 1862.—The Royal Commissioners have given their sanction to a project emanating from the National Committee of Architecture, for forming, at the forthcoming exhibition, a "Court of High Class Decorative Art," containing examples, selected for their merit and beauty, of decorative works of all kinds, except sculpture and painting. The arrangement of this Court will, we understand, in no way interfere with the adjudication of medals, nor with the exhibition of similar works in their proper classes. The sub-committee, on whom has devolved the duty of superintending the project, consists of Messrs. E. M. Barry, A.R.A., J. Clarke, F.S.A., J. Edmeston, F.R.I.B.A., G. E. Street, F.S.A., and the Rev. B. Webb, M.A., who hold their meetings at the rooms of the Institute of British Architects, in Conduit Street.

"The Frescoes."—The observations made by Mr. B. Osborne in the House of Commons on the well-abused frescoes induced us to examine their condition, which is a state of decomposition, much advanced during the last twelve months. In Herbert's 'Lear,' the faces of Goneril and Regan have become of a flat, dirty brown tint, that has obliterated the drawing and the features; the colours also of the background are destroyed. In Watts' 'Red Cross Knight slaying the Dragon,' the subject remains visible enough, but much of the detail is indefinite, and large portions of the principal figure are gone. Cope's 'Griselda' and 'Lara' have both suffered much mischief; and in both of Armitage's nearly all the flesh tints are gone. Tenniel's 'St. Cecilia' seems to have suffered less than any of the others—much of the flesh painting remains pure and bright; and in Horsley's 'Adam and Eve' the draperies are yet brilliant, but in other parts the colour is flaking off. Thus it may be said these frescoes are destroyed, and their entire extinction is only a question of time. The first appearance of decay is a spotty discolouration of the tints, which spreads, and the coat of colour rises in minute blisters, that break and expose the white mortar on which the colour has been laid. Mr. Watts has offered to repeat his picture; but with what presumed improvements soever he might repaint it, it is all but certain that the result would be the same. It has been said that a scientific inquiry was to be instituted into the cause of the decay, but there has been as yet no report of any such inquiry.

The Female School of Art re-opens, for the autumnal session, on the 1st of the present month, at the house it now occupies, 43, Queen Square, Bloomsbury. A room has been specially prepared for the class of wood-engravers. The last report of the committee of management states that the subscriptions received towards the purchase of more commodious premises, amount to the sum of £2,037 19s.—the estimate required being £2,500, or more. It may not be considered out of place to remark that the Queen lately selected a design, by Miss Margaretta Clarke, a pupil in this school, for a Honiton lace flounce, composed of roses, ivy, and clematis, which will probably be exhibited at the International Exhibition next year. To Miss Clarke was awarded the national medal for design, at the recent distribution of prizes made at Kensington. The "Female School" took five national medals, and had five "honorable mentions;" a decided improvement upon last year, when only two national medals were obtained. Three of the pupils executed pages of Illuminations for the signatures of the Royal Family at the opening of the Horticultural Gardens, in June last: one was composed of a group of pansies, on which three of the young princesses, and two of the princes wrote their names; another of roses, with Prince of Wales' feathers, for the Prince of Wales; and the third was composed of a wreath of flowers, with scroll and coronet, for the members of the Cambridge family.

Statuette of Lord Elcho.—One of the best of the numerous and varied series of statuettes that have recently been produced, and which constitute in themselves a distinct and highly interesting class of works of Art, is a portrait of Lord Elcho, modelled and executed in parian, by Beattie. This very beautiful work, seventeen and a half inches in height, is at once an admirable and a most characteristic likeness, and a good example of miniature portrait sculpture. The amiable and popular nobleman is represented in the uniform of his volunteer corps, the London Scottish; and he appears, as he really is, a model volunteer. The delicate rendering of the features and hands in this statuette, is greatly enhanced by the skill with which the texture of the various components of the noble lord's uniform is treated. Without doubt, this statuette will find a place of honour in the homes, not only of many of the London Scottish, but of the zealous volunteers of every corps; nor will it fail to secure a corresponding number of admirers amongst those families who do not actually number a volunteer in their circle. As we write, two copies only of this work have been produced, at the Hill Pottery, Burslem: one has been presented to Lady Elcho, and the other is exhibited at the Crystal Palace (where it has been greatly admired) by the spirited and enterprising proprietors of the Porcelain Court, Messrs. Barnicott and Banfield. The Hill Pottery, formerly conducted by Mr. Alcock, has been recently taken and is now conducted by Messrs. Hill, nephews of Alderman Sir James Duke, M.P. We understand they are gentlemen of much taste and knowledge, and that ere long this establishment will rank among the best of the Potteries. We shall gladly hail a worthy addition to the "good men and true" of this important district.

The Polytechnic Institution.—When this favourite institution last year opened its doors to the public, after lying awhile in abeyance, we expressed our commingled surprise and regret at not finding at the head of the staff the gentleman under whose

direction the Polytechnic had acquired its reputation, and with whose name it was identified in the opinion of the public. It was a great mistake, by whomsoever it may have been made, to have omitted Mr. Pepper when the new arrangements were entered into at the Polytechnic: and we have much pleasure in recording the fact that this mistake has at length been rectified, and that Mr. Pepper is again in his place at the Polytechnic. There can be no doubt that this step on the part of the managing directors of the institution will be appreciated by the public; and we feel assured that Mr. Pepper's presence in his proper place in the institution he so long conducted with such high honour to himself and so completely to the satisfaction of all, will not fail to be attended with the most advantageous results.

The Parian Statue of Palissy.—This most remarkable work will be reproduced in the form of a statuette, so that the first heroic statue in parian, will be taught to assume the popular conditions associated with the beautiful material in which it was executed. We have learned with much satisfaction the determination of Mr. Daniell, to enable admirers of the model artist-workman of France, to possess reduced copies of the parian Palissy. This cannot fail to be a popular statuette, and we anticipate its appearance with no ordinary pleasure.

Mr. Thomas Agnew, the long eminent print publisher and dealer in pictures, of Manchester, has retired from business, and is succeeded by his sons, William and Thomas. No man connected with trade, either in the metropolis or the provinces, is better known or more universally respected than the gentleman to whom we give this cordial greeting at parting: and no man living is better entitled to the repose he is, we hope, destined to enjoy—"health, peace, and competence"—after a long life of useful and honourable labour. He leaves to his sons that valuable heritage, "a good name," the advantages that result from experience, and a "connection" second to none either in or out of London. Confidence has been obtained by systematic courtesy and integrity, and, as it is well known the sons, who are neither of them very young, have of late years mainly managed the business, we may safely anticipate for them a prosperous career in Manchester and Liverpool, where their large establishments are conducted. Those who are acquainted with the print publishing trade are aware that for a quarter of a century past, several of the best British engravings are the issues of this house. But the services rendered to Art by Mr. Agnew, are of a more important order than even the dissemination of good prints. The principal support of British Art proceeds from wealthy Lancashire. Some twenty years ago, the merchants and manufacturers there were collectors of "old masters"—they paid large sums for "names" with bad pictures. Of late, however, fabricators of Titians and Raphaels make no sales in that district: undoubtedly, the change was mainly effected by the judgment and energy of Mr. Agnew—whose perseverance has been rewarded by the knowledge that works of British artists are now the luxuries (they have become almost the necessaries) of the rich men of that rich county; and he may justly claim the gratitude of the many who have prospered by the transfer of Art-patronage from the dead to the living. His "dealings" have been just and true; and if they have made him prosperous, as we presume and believe they have, he has been the means of giving prosperity to a very large proportion of the great or the good painters of our time and country. We therefore with much pleasure make record of Mr. Thomas Agnew's retirement from business—a pleasure entirely unalloyed, for his sons will no doubt follow in the footsteps of the father, guided by his example, and, we trust, to retire in their turn with equal credit—to enjoy at ease and in comfort the remainder of a life well and usefully passed in the public service.

George Stephenson.—Mr. Lough's statue of George Stephenson, for Newcastle, is at length finished in the plaster, and is about to be cast in bronze. Having already described this work twice during its progress, it is not now necessary to speak of its details. The figure is eleven feet high, and at the four corners of the pedestal there are four figures typifying the four great departments contributive to the accomplishment of Stephenson's great enterprises—the pitman, the navvy, the smith, and the engineer. Before being removed to Newcastle, the monument will be placed in the International Exhibition—as will Mr. Lough's "Milo," which is also about to be cast in bronze. There are not many of the readers of the *Art-Journal* who may remember this work. It was modelled some thirty-five years ago, not long after Mr. Lough first settled in London, and was spoken of by the newspapers of the day in the most flattering terms. The composition is bold, exciting, and so daring as to remind the observer of Michael Angelo. Of the story of Milo, it exemplifies the worst passage for himself, but the best for the sculptor—his hand is fixed in the cleft tree, and the wild beast has sprung on him from behind.

The Hampton Court Pictures.—There are many of the pictures at Hampton Court not worth the cost of cleaning, and still less worth that of restoring. Since the idea of an exemplified history of Art has grown upon us, old pictures are regarded with more tenderness than formerly. It has been observed by the Baron de Triqueti, speaking of our National Gallery, that we now possess examples that are wanting to the Louvre collection, meaning early Italian and German pictures. There are at Hampton Court some interesting relics, but many of them have been terribly abused; for instance, fancy a creditable Lucas Van Leyden—a triptych, having its wings nailed up against the wall, the nails passing no matter where, perhaps through the head of a saint. Such a picture has been cleaned and restored by Mr. Buttery, of Soho Square—it is a "Crucifixion," in which any necessary retouching has been so judiciously done as to resemble very exactly the work of the master. The surface of the picture is perfect and without any treacherous inequalities. If the cleaning of the Hampton Court pictures be committed to Mr. Buttery alone, he may pray for a life-lease of a hundred years, for he will be occupied all that time in removing the megilp that the Dutch satellites of William III. in their ignorance spread over them.

The National Gallery has received an addition of five pictures, all of Italian schools. Three are from the collection of Mr. Barker, in Piccadilly, purchased at the cost of £2,500; the other two have been presented, one by Sir C. L. Eastlake, and the other by Mr. G. F. Watts. The three from the Barker Collection are 'St. Sebastian, St. Rock, and St. Demetrius,' by Benvenuti, called L'Ortolano; 'St. John and Six other Saints,' by Filippo Lippi, and the 'Beato Ferretti,' by Carlo Crevelli. The first is a large upright, with St. Sebastian in the middle, having St. Rock on his right, and St. Demetrius on his left. The last-named saint wears a full suit of plate armour, and stands with both hands resting on the hilt of his sword before him; over the armour is cast a red cloak. St. Rock wears a brown tunic with a blue cloak, and his left hand is on his breast. St. Sebastian is, as usual, a nude figure tied to a tree and pierced by arrows; the drawing is masterly, full of flowing and opposing lines, and there is an elegance in the form marked rather by the characteristics of the female than the male figure. It has been very carefully painted; the tints are well rounded, but, like the gradations of early works, the shades fall suddenly into black without the intermediation of greys. The background is an Italian landscape, with trees and buildings, better painted than were commonly the backgrounds of the time. Benvenuti was of the Farrarese school; he died in 1525. In the second, St. John is the centre figure; the other saints are disposed three on each side of him; all are seated. This work is by Filippo Lippi, as is also that presented by Sir Charles Eastlake; but between the two there can be no comparison, the latter being so much the finer picture. Both figures are in profile, the angel kneeling. The colouring and painting of the faces is extremely pure and delicate, and the composition full and elaborate: but the figures are deficient of the presence and grace that distinguish Lippi's best works, which are in Florence. This master benefited much by the study of Masaccio; but this is seen in his large compositions rather than in his small ones, for he was one of the first of the Florentine artists who painted life-sized figures. The 'Beato Ferretti,' by Crevelli, shows a monk kneeling and looking upwards. The composition is crowded with objects all striving for precedence. The Pontormo, Mr. Watts' picture, is a portrait of a Knight of Malta, of the size of life, and standing; his dress is a long black cloak, and on his head is a beret. But for the face, it might be pronounced by Titian; but the moment the eye rests on the features, it is at once felt that the lake glaze is not there. It looks entirely painted with light red and yellows, but admirable in its daylight breadth. There is also wanting the dignity that Titian was so fortunate in imparting to his figures; and we miss this the more that it would have so well become this personage, and the portrait would have gained so much by it. Pontormo had many masters, but the most memorable is Andrea del Sarto—memorable in association with Pontormo, because two of the beautiful frescoes in the loggia of the Santissima Annunziata are respectively by the master and the pupil—'The Birth of the Virgin' by the former, and 'The Visitation' by the latter.

Statue of Barry, R.A.—The subscriptions towards the erection of a statue to the memory of the late Sir Charles Barry, have reached nearly £950. The commission for the work has been given to Mr. Foley, R.A., a sure guarantee that the statue will be worthy of the Arts of the country and of the lamented architect whose genius it is intended to commemorate. After much consideration, and some correspondence between the committee and the Government authorities, it has been finally decided that the statue shall be erected in that part of the Houses of Parliament known as the "Witnesses' Lobby," which is, in fact, the landing at the foot of the staircase in the inner lobby, leading to the committee-rooms.

The Royal Panorama in Leicester Square, which has been so long an attraction to thousands, will still continue to be so notwithstanding the lamented decease of the late proprietor Mr. Burford. A new picture is now to be seen there, a view of the City and Bay of Naples, painted by Mr. H. C. Selous, for many years the efficient co-adjutor of Mr. Burford; the shipping introduced is the work of Mr. Knell, whose pictures of this class have been favourably noticed in the various Art-galleries of London for many years. The panoramic view offers a very correct representation of this noble yet wretched city, and the lovely country which environs it; but as a work of Art, it certainly appears somewhat inferior to those that have preceded it: the painting is hard, though brilliant in colour, and the light and shade is not effectively managed, and there is, therefore, an absence of power throughout. It is a beautiful scene, nevertheless, even more pleasant to look upon in Leicester Square, than is the reality with all its abominations of tyranny, licentiousness, poverty, and dirt. The price of admission to the Royal Panorama has been reduced: the whole of the pictures may now be seen on payment of a shilling.

A Meeting was held on the 10th of September, by the council of the proposed Institute of Sculptors, at 32, Sackville Street, when the laws of the society were read and discussed, and a resolution was passed to print a circular containing the names of the members, who are already about twenty or twenty-one in number.

On the 11th of October the sketching meetings will recommence for the usual term at the school at Langham Chambers, where also will be held the exhibition *soirées* that have been so well supported since their establishment.

According to the Report of the Examiners appointed to determine the merits of the drawings sent in competition for the national medallions awarded by the Department of Science and Art, there were 503 studies, the style and finish of which show a great advance upon those of former competitions. The studies from the life are stated to have been few, and faulty in circumstance, attributable to the fact that the students have in view design and decoration, rather than pictorial art.

The Royal Exchange Drinking-Fountain, executed by Messrs. Wills, Brothers, at the expense of Samuel Gurney, Esq., M.P., has been opened for public use. It consists of a pedestal and large circular basin, about five feet in diameter, of polished granite, and supported by three dolphins in bronze. Upon the basin is a circular plinth of white marble, with three carved heads of lions, forming a base for the bronze figure of "Temperance," which was engraved in the *Art-Journal* for the month of May.

REVIEWS.

History of St. Mary's Abbey, Melrose, the Monastery of Old Melrose, and the Town and Parish of Melrose. By James A. Wade. With numerous Illustrations by the Author. Published by Hamilton, Adams, and Co., London; T. C. Jack, Edinburgh.

Melrose is one of the great lions that Scotland exhibits to visitors: Walter Scott has given the grand old abbey an immortality of fame; and as in ages long past, pilgrims resorted thither for the good of their souls, or their bodies—for the loaves and fishes were plentiful among the Cistercian brotherhood who owned it—so travellers now seek it out to contemplate whatever time has left of its architectural magnificence. Canny chiels were those ancient Melrosian monks, a weel-to-do fraternity, having muckle, but yet giving liberally of their stores. To have been one among them towards the end of the thirteenth century, was no unenviable position, so far as the good things of this world are concerned, seeing that they then, according to Mr. Wade, "possessed more than one hundred saddle-horses, and as many more for agricultural and other purposes, and threefold the number of both in outlying mares and foals." They had two thousand acres of arable land, and one thousand acres of meadows in cultivation, under their own surveillance, besides fifteen thousand acres of forest, common, and pasturage lands; herdsmen, hinds, and labourers, with a numerous staff of lay brethren. Their live stock consisted of two hundred cows, three thousand head of oxen, eighty bulls, nearly as many calves under one year old, and upwards of twenty thousand sheep. Their forests were filled with deer, and their yards with swine, capons, and other kinds of fowl. Amidst all the religious duties required of them, they could yet find time for commercial transactions; they bought, sold, and exchanged lands; advanced money by way of mortgage on the security of landed property and of buildings; bestowed estates on their brotherhood, or those of the same order; they had access, free of tollage and dues, to markets all over the kingdom; were rearers of farming stock, and bought and sold horses, cows, oxen, sheep, and pigs; were dealers in fish, fruit, and grain of all kinds. They exported from Berwick, twenty thousand fleeces of wool in a single year, the produce of their own flocks; made and sold butter and cheese; held fisheries in the principal rivers, and even on the sea coast; had potteries, tile works, public mills, and ovens or bake-houses; church livings and benefices in all directions; granges and herd-houses in various localities, and private property almost everywhere. In fine, the holy fathers of Melrose seem to have been a vast agricultural, commercial, and manufacturing company of religionists, whose deed of partnership made no mention of limited liabilities, because such reservation of responsibility appeared not to be needful. But only imagine a community of ecclesiastics on this side of the Border,—for example, the Bishop of Durham, with his prebends and canons—doing the same amount of business in the present day; what a shock would it give to all our notions of propriety! It is well that the eighth Henry overthrew these temples of traffic, however honestly commerce may have been carried on, and cast down the tables of the money-changers, and drove out both buyers and sellers: for even a monastery was founded, and originally regarded, as a sacred edifice, and ought not to have been turned into a trading mart. But the wealth, luxury, pride, and licentiousness of these institutions worked their own downfall.

But we must not lose sight of the principal pictures of Mr. Wade's book, which gives a detailed history of Melrose Abbey, and of the beautiful, picturesque locality, whereof it is the chief attraction, with biographical sketches of the abbots of the monastery, from its foundation in about the middle of the twelfth century, till 1535, when James V. was invested with the administration of its revenues. The Reformation dispersed the monks, who saw their possessions alienated, their noble church in ruins, and their ancient halls and cloisters demolished. Large portions of the building were carried away at various epochs since the Reformation, to construct a tolbooth, and to repair mills and sluices. "Indeed, for a long time," says the author, "the ruins were looked upon by the inhabitants of the town and district as a sort of quarry, from which materials were to be obtained for repairing the neighbouring houses." Shame, we say, on the hands, whether of the religious fanatic, the robber, or the wanton destroyer, that shared in the destruction of this once glorious edifice, still beautiful in decay.

The author has divided his subject, with considerable judgment and method, into chapters, each treating of some especial matter, interspersing his historical and archæological descriptions with comments distinguished by right feeling and good sense. To the antiquarian, as well as to the tourist who visits the locality, the volume will be found an acquisition, while the view afforded of monastic life will interest the general reader. Mr. Wade has also handled his pencil skilfully; the numerous engravings scattered through the pages bear ample testimony to this.

The Human Foot and the Human Hand. By G. M. Humphry, M.D., F.R.S. Published by Macmillan & Co., London and Cambridge.

This small volume is the extension of two lectures delivered by Dr. Humphry at Cambridge, where he occupies the position of "Lecturer on Anatomy and Physiology" in the University. Sir Charles Bell, in his "Bridgewater Treatise," showed how much worth of study there is in a human hand; Dr. Humphry follows in his wake, with scarcely less interest, though within far narrower limits, preceding his remarks on this member by some of equal value on the foot; both portions being written for general information, and not for that of the young medical student only; and interesting as well as instructive reading these enlarged lectures are. From that on 'the Hand' we select a passage for the benefit of our artist-readers, especially portrait-painters.

"The kind of expression that lies in the hand, being much dependent on the effect of the muscles upon it, is very hard for the artist to catch, though very important to the excellence of the picture. Painters, usually, make the hand a subject of careful study, but rarely succeed in throwing the proper amount, either of animation, or of listlessness, into it. In portraits especially, the hands are a difficult part to treat satisfactorily; yet the artist feels that they are too important not to have a prominent place, and he commonly imposes upon himself the task of representing them both in full. I have seen them drawn held up in front, *like the paws of a kangaroo*,"—the italics are ours, not the author's,—"in an otherwise good picture. The stereotyped position in portraits is, that one hand lies upon a table, though it, probably, evinces an uneasiness there, while the other rests, perhaps equally uneasily, upon the arm of a chair. Vandyck, in whose paintings the hand usually forms a prominent feature, is considered to have peculiarly excelled in imparting to it a sentimental air imbued with deep pathos."

If artists would only consider how much the hand obeys, even sometimes quite unconsciously, the will, which operates upon every movement, they would not so frequently represent it in antagonistic motion to the expression of the face, which is regarded as the sole index of character or feeling: there should be complete harmony between the two, irrespective of the awkwardness pointed out by Dr. Humphry in the position given to the hand and arm.

Christian Fine Art Model Drawings. Part I. Published by J. Philp, London.

Such an elementary work as this for students in figure-drawing has long been considered desirable by all who look for something of a higher order of subject than the mannered and unmeaning examples, chiefly by French artists, with which we are so familiar. The title of the work before us indicates its character. This primary part contains three plates of studies from the works of Professor Deger, of the Academy of Dusseldorf. The first is the head of Mary Magdalene, we presume, from a picture of the 'Crucifixion;' the second, the head and hand of an aged man, from a picture of 'The Last Judgment;' and the third, the upturned face of a man, and a pair of *clasped* hands, from a picture of 'The Ascension.' The subjects are all life-size, and drawn on stone with much freedom of hand by Herr Uffers, of Dusseldorf. As mere drawing studies, therefore, irrespective of sentiment, they are exceedingly valuable; and if, in addition to this, we regard the feeling they express, it is quite evident they will be appreciated, inasmuch as our national character assimilates to that of the grave and thoughtful German—even in Art.

Our English Home: its Early History and Progress. With Notes on the Introduction of Domestic Inventions. Second Edition. Published by J. H. & Jas. Parker, London and Oxford.

"Home," says the writer of this book, "is emphatically the sweetest word in the English language, the object of our choicest care, and the most endearing recollections; yet our English home is without its popular history." In truth, few persons have the least idea how our houses have grown up to be what they are now, either externally or internally: the thousand and one things, large and small, that administer to the necessities, and contribute to the comforts, of domestic life, are, so far as concerns their origin and production, matters with which the young couple who are out on a "furnishing expedition" do not trouble themselves; they purchase them, have them sent home, put their houses in order, and then sit down to the full enjoyment of early married life. But the history of all these objects is singularly curious and instructive; as we mark, for example, the gradual change in the ordinary articles of furniture, from the rude unplained benches and settles on which even the Saxon noble seated himself, to the soft, damask-covered *fauteuil* into which the thriving citizen of the present day throws himself after dinner at his suburban villa, or to the wooden elbow chair left vacant for the artizan when his day's labours are over.

That our ancestors, three or four centuries ago, knew how to build and to furnish, is sufficiently evident from what they have left us as examples: the Tudor mansions and furniture still serve as models for the modern architect and cabinet-maker. Intercourse with the continent during the last century and that preceding it, introduced a different style of work into our houses, and *Renaissance*, as it is called, mingled with, and sometimes entirely superseded, that which is known as the "Elizabethan," in the decorations and furniture of our homes. And as wealth increased, and inventions multiplied, and our necessities, real or imaginary, demanded increased comforts or luxuries, so the supply proceeded in an equal degree; the result has been the introduction of novelties of every kind, in design, in materials, and in their application.

These matters are pleasantly talked about in this little volume; unpretending as it is, it is full of interesting details, gathered with much industry and antiquarian knowledge from the records of history, and from the objects brought to light by the researches of the archæologist. The domestic customs and habits of our forefathers, at various epochs, are placed before us in a form likely to attain the popularity the book deserves.

The Drawing-room Gallery of Eminent Personages. January to June, 1861. Engraved by D. J. Pound. With Memoirs by the most able Authors. Published by J. Thickbroom, London.

This handsomely "got-up" volume contains a series of portraits, published from time to time by the proprietors of the *Illustrated News of the World*. It contains twenty-six portraits engraved on steel, and in so satisfactory a manner as a whole, that if we had not ourselves some experience of such matters, we should wonder how the publication could be made to pay the proprietors. The volume opens with a full-length picture, but not a very pleasing likeness, of her Majesty; and with this august lady are associated other personages, whose title to "eminence" in the true and legitimate sense of the word may be considered as questionable. Great men and women are not born every week, and the conductors of the *Illustrated News* must give their subscribers a portrait with each Saturday's publication; we may therefore claim for them some indulgence, if every now and then there is one "somewhat beside the mark." Still, though the gathering is somewhat "motley," for this very reason the series of portraits must be popular, as it deserves to be: thousands will see here the "form and features" of those whom they probably know only by name and representation: and in the brief biographical notices which accompany the pictures, the outline of history shows the ladder by which the persons spoken of have reached the temple of fame.

Maps of the American States. Published by J. Wyld, London.

The interest with which we now regard every movement, political and military, in America, renders the assistance of such maps as those published by Mr. Wyld most acceptable; indeed, without such an accompaniment, we rise from the perusal of current American history deficient of information on very material points, so suddenly do obscure and unknown localities become at once famous by events. These maps show us at once the extent of country occupied by the Northern and Southern States, with their enormous extent of seaboard and frontier; their exports and imports; the population of the free states, as also that of the slave states; and a great mass of information indispensable to the perfect apprehension of events now passing in America.

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THE

PILGRIMS OF THE MIDDLE AGES.

BY THE REV. EDWARD L. CUTTS, B.A.

PART II.

WE shall not wonder that these various pilgrimages were so popular as they were, when we learn that there were not only physical panaceas to be obtained, and spiritual pardons and immunities to be procured at the shrines of the saints, but that moreover the journey to them was made a very pleasant holiday excursion.

Far be it from us to deny that there was many a pilgrim who undertook his pilgrimage in anything but a holiday spirit, and who made it anything but a gay excursion; many a man who sought, howbeit mistakenly, to atone for wrong done, by making himself an outcast upon earth, and submitting to the privations of mendicant pilgrimage; many a one who sought thus to escape out of reach of the stings of remorse; many a one who tore himself from home and the knowledge of friends, and plunged into the crowd to hide his shame from the



PILGRIM IN HAIR SHIRT AND CLOAK.

eyes of those who knew him. Certainly, here and there, there might have been met a man or woman, whose coarse sackcloth robe, girded to the naked skin, and unshod feet, were signs of real if mistaken penitence; and who carried grievous memories and a sad heart through every mile of their weary way. We give here, from Hans Burgmaier's "Images de Saints, &c., de la Famille de l'Empereur Maximilian I.," a very excellent illustration of a pilgrim of this class. But this was not the general character of the home pilgrimages of which we are especially speaking. In the great majority of cases it seems to have been little more than a pleasant religious holiday. No doubt the general intention was devotional; very likely it was often in a moment of religious fervour that the vow was taken; the religious ceremony with which the journey was begun, must have had a solemnizing effect; and doubtless, when the pilgrim knelt at the shrine, an unquestioning faith in all the tales which he had heard of its sanctity and occasional miraculous power, and the imposing effect of the scene, would affect his mind with an unusual religious warmth and exaltation; but between the beginning and the end of the pilgrimage there was a long interval, which we say—not in a censorious spirit—was usually occupied by a very pleasant excursion. The same fine work which has supplied us with so excellent an illustration of an ascetic pilgrim, affords us an equally valuable companion picture of a pilgrim of the more usual class. He travels on foot indeed, staff in hand, but he is comfortably shod and clad; and while the one girds his sackcloth shirt to his bare body with an iron chain, the other has his belt well furnished with little conveniences of travel. It is quite clear that the journey was not necessarily on foot, the voluntary pilgrims might ride if they preferred it.* Nor did they beg their bread as penitential pilgrims did; but put good store of money in their purse at starting, and ambled easily along the green roads, and lived well at the comfortable inns along their way.

In many instances when the time of pilgrimage is mentioned, we find that it was the spring; Chaucer's pilgrims started—

> "When that April with his showeres sote,
> The drouth of March had perced to the root;"

and Fosbroke "apprehends that Lent was the usual time for these pilgrimages."

It was the custom for the pilgrims to associate in companies; indeed, since they travelled the same roads about the same time of year, and stopped at the same inns and hospitals, it was inevitable; and they seem to have taken pains to make the journey agreeable to one another. Chaucer's "hoste of the Tabard" says to his guests:—

> "Ye go to Canterbury: God you speed,
> The blisful martyr quite you your mede;
> And well I wot, as ye go by the way,
> Ye shapen you to talken and to play;
> For trewely comfort and worthe is none,
> To riden by the way dumb as a stone."

Even the poor penitential pilgrim who travelled barefoot did not travel, all the way at least, on the hard and rough highway. Special roads seem to have been made to the great shrines. Thus the "Pilgrim's Road" may still be traced across Kent, almost from London to Canterbury; and if the Londoner wishes for a pleasant and interesting home excursion, he may put a scrip on his back, and take a bourdon in his hand, and make a summer's pilgrimage on the track of Chaucer's pilgrims. The pilgrim's road to Walsingham is still known as the "Palmer's Way" and the "Walsingham Green Way." It may be traced along the principal part of its course for sixty miles in the diocese of Norwich. The common people used to call the Milky Way the Walsingham Way.

Dr. Rock tells us† that "besides its badge, each pilgrimage had also its gathering cry, which the pilgrims shouted out as, at the grey of morn, they slowly crept through the town or hamlet where they had slept that night." By calling aloud upon God for help, and begging the intercession of that saint to whose shrine they were wending, they bade all their fellow pilgrims to come forth upon their road and begin another day's march.‡

After having said their prayers and told their beads, occasionally did they strive to shorten the weary length of the way by song and music. As often as a crowd of pilgrims started together from one place, they seem always to have hired a few singers, and one or two musicians to go with them. Just before reaching any town, they drew themselves up into a line, and thus walked through its streets in procession, singing and ringing their little handbells, with a player on the bagpipes at their head. They ought in strictness, perhaps, to have been psalms which they sung, and the tales with which they were accustomed to lighten the way ought to have been saintly legends and godly discourses; but in truth they were of very varied character, according to the character of the individual pilgrims. The songs were often love songs; and though Chaucer's poor parson of a town preached a sermon and was listened to, yet the romances of chivalry or the loose faiblieux which were current probably formed the majority of the real "Canterbury tales." In Foxe's "Acts and Monuments," we have a very graphic and amusing little sketch of a company of pilgrims passing through a town:—

W. Thorpe tells Archbishop Arundel, "When diverse men and women will go thus after their own willes, and finding out one pilgrimage, they will order with them before to have with them both men and women that can well synge wanton songes; and some other pilgrims will have with them bagge-pipes, so that every towne they come throwe, what with the noyse of their singing and with the sound of their pipyng, and with the janglinge of their Canterbury belles, and with barking out of dogges after them, that they make more noise than if the kinge came there awaye with all his clarions, and many other minstrelles. And if these men and women be a moneth on their pilgrimage, many of them shall be an half year after great janglers, tale-tellers, and liars." The archbishop defends the fashion, and gives us further information on the subject, saying "that pilgremys have with them both syngers and also pipers, that when one of them that goeth barefoote striketh his toe upon a stone, and hurteth him sore, and maketh him to blede, it is well done that he or his fellow begyn than a songe, or else take out of his bosom a bagge-pipe, for to drive away with such myrthe the hurte of his fellow; for with soche solace the travell and werinesse of pylgremes is lightly and merily broughte forth."

Erasmus's colloquy entitled "Peregrinatio Religionis ergo," enables us to follow the pilgrim to the shrine of Our Lady of Walsingham, and to accompany him in his devotions at the shrine. We shall throw together the most interesting portions of the narrative from Mr. J. G. Nichols' translation of it. "It is," he says, "the most celebrated place throughout all England,* nor could you easily find in that island the man who ventures to reckon on prosperity unless he yearly salute her with some small offering according to his ability." "The town of Walsingham," he says, "is maintained by scarcely anything else but the number of its visitors." The shrine of Our Lady was not within the priory church; but on the north side was the wooden chapel dedicated to "Our Lady," about twenty-three feet by thirteen, enclosed within a chapel of stone forty-eight feet by thirty, which Erasmus describes as unfinished. On the west of the church, was another wooden building, in which were two holy wells also dedicated to the Virgin. Erasmus describes these "holy places." "Within the church, which I have called unfinished, is a small chapel made of wainscot, and admitting the devotees on each side by a narrow little door. The light is small, indeed scarcely any but from the wax lights. A most grateful fragrance meets the nostrils. When you look in, you would say it was the mansion of the saints, so much does it glitter on all sides with jewels, gold, and silver. In the inner chapel one canon attends to receive and take charge of the offerings," which the pilgrims placed upon the altar. "To the east of this is a chapel full of wonders. Thither I go. Another guide receives me. There we worshipped for a short time. Presently the joint of a man's finger is exhibited to us, the largest of three; I kiss it; and then I ask whose relics were these? He says, St. Peter's. The Apostle? I ask. He said, Yes. Then observing the size of the joint, which might have been that of a giant, I remarked, Peter must have been a man of very large size. At this, one of my companions burst

* "I was a poor pilgrim," says one ("History of the Troubadours," p. 300), "when I came to your court; and have lived honestly and respectably in it on the wages you have given me; restore to me my mule, my wallet, and my staff, and I will return in the same manner as I came."

† "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii. p. 442.

‡ Thus Pope Calixtus tells us ("Sermones Bib. Pat.," ed. Bignio, xv. 330) that the pilgrims to Santiago were accustomed before dawn, at the top of each town, to cry with a loud voice, "Deus Adjuva!" "Sancte Jacobe!"—"God help!" "Santiago!"

* Surely he should have excepted St. Thomas's shrine?

into a laugh; which I certainly took ill, for if he had been quiet the attendant would have shown us all the relics. However, we pacified him by offering a few pence. Before the chapel was a shed, which they say was suddenly, in the winter season, when everything was covered with snow, brought thither from a great distance. Under this shed are two wells full to the brink; they say the spring is sacred to the Holy Virgin. The water is wonderfully cold, and efficacious in curing the pains of the head and stomach. We next turned towards the heavenly milk of the Blessed Virgin" (kept apparently in another chapel) "that milk is kept on the high altar; in the centre of which is Christ; at his right hand for honour's sake, his mother; for the milk personifies the mother. As soon as the canon in attendance saw us, he rose, put on his surplice, added the stole to his neck, prostrated himself with due ceremony, and worshipped; anon he stretched forth the thrice-holy milk to be kissed by us. On this, we also, on the lowest step of the altar, religiously fell prostrate; and having first called upon Christ, we addressed the Virgin with a little prayer like this, which I had prepared for the purpose. . . . .

"'A very pious prayer; what reply did she make?'

"Each appeared to assent, if my eyes were not deceived. For the holy milk seemed to leap a little, and the Eucharist shone somewhat brighter. Meanwhile the ministering canon approached us, saying nothing, but holding out a little box, such as are presented by the toll collectors on the bridges in Germany. I gave a few pence, which he offered to the Virgin."

The visitor on this occasion being a distinguished person, and performing a trifling service for the canons, was presented by the sub-prior with a relic. "He then drew from a bag a fragment of wood, cut from a beam on which the Virgin Mother had been seen to rest. A wonderful fragrance at once proved it to be a thing extremely sacred. For my part, having received so distinguished a present, prostrate and with uncovered head, I kissed it three or four times with the highest veneration, and placed it in my purse. I would not exchange this fragment, small as it is, for all the gold in the Tagus. I will enclose it in gold, but so that it may shine through crystal."

He is also shown some relics, not shown to ordinary visitors. "Several wax candles are lighted, and a small image is produced, neither excelling in material nor workmanship; but in virtue most efficacious. He then exhibited the golden and silver statues. 'This one,' says he, 'is entirely of gold; this is silver gilt;' he added the weight of each, its value, and the name of the donor.* Then he drew forth from the altar itself, a world of admirable things, the individual articles of which, if I were to proceed to describe, this day would not suffice for the relation. So that pilgrimage terminated most fortunately for me. I was abundantly gratified with sights; and I bring away this inestimable gift, a token bestowed by the Virgin herself.

"'Have you made no trial of the powers of your wood?'

"I have: in an inn, before the end of three days, I found a man afflicted in mind, for whom charms were then in preparation. This piece of wood was placed under his pillow, unknown to himself; he fell into a sleep equally deep and prolonged; in the morning he rose of whole mind."

Chaucer left his account of the Canterbury Pilgrimage incomplete; but another author, soon after Chaucer's death, wrote a supplement to his great work, which, however inferior in genius to the work of the great master, yet admirably serves our purpose of giving a graphic contemporary picture of the doings of a company of pilgrims to St. Thomas, when arrived at their destination. Erasmus, too, in the colloquy already so largely quoted, enables us to add some details to the picture. The pilgrims of Chaucer's continuator arrived in Canterbury at "mydmorowe." Erasmus tells us what they saw as they approached the city. "The church dedicated to St. Thomas, erects itself to heaven with such majesty, that even from a distance it strikes religious awe into the beholders. . . . . There are two vast towers that seem to salute the visitor from afar, and make the surrounding country far and wide resound with the wonderful booming of their brazen bells." Being arrived, they took up their lodging at the "Chequers."*

"They toke their In and loggit them at midmorowe
I trowe
Atte Cheker of the hope, that many a man doth
know."

And mine host of the "Tabard," in Southwark, their guide, having given the necessary orders for their dinner, they all proceeded to the cathedral to make their offerings at the shrine of St. Thomas. At the church door they were sprinkled with holy water as they entered. The knight and the better sort of the company went straight to their devotions; but some of the pilgrims of a less educated class, began to wander about the nave of the church, curiously admiring all the objects around them. The miller and his companions entered into a warm discussion concerning the arms in the painted glass windows. At length the host of the "Tabard" called them together and reproved them for their negligence, whereupon they hastened to make their offerings:—

"Then passed they forth boystly gogling with their hedds
Kneeled down to-fore the shrine, and hertily their beads
They prayed to St. Thomas, in such wise as they couth;
And sith the holy relikes each man with his mouth
Kissed, as a goodly monk the names told and taught.
And sith to other places of holyness they raught,
And were in their devocioune tyl service were al done."

Erasmus gives a very detailed account of these "holy relikes," and of the "other places of holiness":—

"On your entrance [by the south porch] the edifice at once displays itself in all its spaciousness and majesty. To that part any one is admitted. There are some books fixed to the pillars, and the monument of I know not whom. The iron screens stop further progress, but yet admit a view of the whole space, from the choir to the end of the church. To the choir, you mount by many steps, under which is a passage leading to the north. At that spot is shown a wooden altar, dedicated to the Virgin, but mean, nor remarkable in any respect, unless as a monument of antiquity, putting to shame the extravagance of these times. There the pious old man is said to have breathed his last farewell to the Virgin when his death was at hand. On the altar is the point of the sword with which the head of the most excellent prelate was cleft, and his brain stirred, that he might be the more instantly despatched. The sacred rust of this iron, through love of the martyr, we religiously kissed. Leaving this spot, we descended to the crypt. It has its own priests. There was first exhibited the perforated skull of the martyr, the forehead is left bare to be kissed, while the other parts are covered with silver. At the same time is shown a slip of lead, engraved with his name *Thomas Acrensis*.* There also hang in the dark the hair shirts, the girdles and bandages with which that prelate subdued his flesh; striking horror with their very appearance, and reproaching us with our indulgence and our luxuries. From hence we returned into the choir. On the north *side* the aumbries were unlocked. It is wonderful to tell what a quantity of bones was there brought out: skulls, jaw-bones, teeth, hands, fingers, entire arms; on all which we devoutly bestowed our kisses; and the exhibition seemed likely to last for ever, if my somewhat unmanageable companion in that pilgrimage, had not interrupted the zeal of the showman.

"'Did he offend the priest?'

"When an arm was brought forward which had still the bloody flesh adhering, he drew back from kissing it, and even betrayed some weariness. The priest presently shut up his treasures. We next viewed the table of the altar, and its ornaments, and then the articles which are kept under the altar, all most sumptuous; you would say Midas and Crœsus were beggars if you saw that vast assemblage of gold and silver. After this we were led into the sacristy. What a display was there of silken vestments, what an array of golden candlesticks! . . . . From this place we were conducted back to the upper floor, for behind the high altar you ascend again as into a new church. There, in a little chapel, is shown the whole figure of the excellent man, gilt and adorned with many jewels. Then the head priest (prior) came forward. He opened to us the shrine in which what is left of the body of the holy man is said to rest. A wooden canopy covers the shrine, and when that is drawn up with ropes, inestimable treasures are opened to view. The least valuable part was gold; every part glistened, shone, and sparkled with rare and very large jewels, some of them exceeding the size of a goose's egg. There some monks stood around with much veneration; the cover being raised we all worshipped. The prior with a white rod pointed out each jewel, telling its name in French, its

* In the *Guardian* newspaper last year (Sept. 5, 1860), a visitor to Rome gives a description of the exhibition of relics there, which forms an interesting parallel with the account in the text:—"Shortly before Ash-Wednesday a public notice ('Invito Sagro') is issued by authority, setting forth that inasmuch as certain of the principal relics and 'sacra immagini' are to be exposed during the ensuing season of Lent, in certain churches specified, the confraternities of Rome are exhorted by the pope to resort in procession to those churches. . . . . The ceremony is soon described. The procession entered slowly at the west door, moved up towards the altar, and when the foremost were within a few yards of it, all knelt down for a few minutes on the pavement of the church to worship. At a signal given by one of the party, they rose, and slowly defiled off in the direction of the chapel wherein is preserved the column of the flagellation (?). By the way, no one of the other sex may ever enter that chapel, except on one day in the year—the very day of which I am speaking; and on *that* day men are as rigorously excluded. Well, all knelt again for a few minutes, then rose, and moved slowly towards the door, departing as they came, and making way for another procession to enter. It was altogether a most interesting and agreeable spectacle. Utterly alien to our English tastes and habits certainly; but the institution evidently suited the tastes of the people exactly, and I dare say may be conducive to piety, and recommend itself to their religious instincts Coming from their several parishes, and returning, they chant psalms.

"It follows naturally to speak a little more particularly about the adoration of relics, for this is just another of those many definite religious acts which make up the sum of popular devotion, and supply the void occasioned by the entire discontinuance of the old breviary offices. In the 'Diario Romano' (a little book describing what is publicly transacted, of a religious character, during every day in the year), daily throughout Lent, and indeed on every occasion of unusual solemnity (of which, I think, there are eighty-five in all), you read 'Stazione,' at such a church. This (whatever it may imply beside) denotes that relics are displayed for adoration in that church on the day indicated. The pavement is accordingly strewed with box, lights burn on the altar, and there is a constant influx of visitors to that church throughout the day. For example, at S. Prisca's, a little church on the Aventine, there was a 'Stazione,' 3rd April. In the Romish Missal you will perceive that on the Feria tertia Majoris hebdomadæ (this year April 3), there is *Statio ad S. Priscam*. A very interesting church, by the way, it proved, being evidently built on a site of immense antiquity—traditionally said to be the house of Prisca. You descend by thirty-one steps into the subterranean edifice. At this little out-of-the-way church, there were strangers arriving all the time we were there. Thirty young Dominicans from S. Sabina, hard by, streamed down into the crypt, knelt for a time, and then repaired to perform a similar act of worship above, at the altar. The friend who conducted me to the spot, showed me, in the vineyard immediately opposite, some extraordinary remains of the wall of Servius Tullius. On our return, we observed fresh parties straggling towards the church, bent on performing their 'visits.' It should, perhaps, be mentioned that prayers have been put forth by authority, to be used on such occasions.

"I must not pass by this subject of relics so slightly, for it evidently occupies a considerable place in the public devotions of a Roman Catholic. Thus the 'Invito Sagro,' already adverted to, specifies *which* relics will be displayed in each of the six churches enumerated—(*e. g.* the heads of SS. Peter and Paul, their chains, some wood of the cross, &c.)—granting seven years of indulgence for every visit, by whomsoever paid; and promising plenary indulgence to every person who, after confessing and communicating, shall thrice visit each of the aforesaid churches, and pray for awhile on behalf of holy church. There are besides, on nine chief festivals, as many great displays of relics at Rome, the particulars of which may be seen in the 'Année Liturgique,' pp. 189—206. I witnessed *one*, somewhat leisurely, at the Church of the Twelve Apostles, on the afternoon of the 1st of May. There was a congregation of about two or three hundred in church, while somebody in a lofty gallery displayed the relics, his companion proclaiming with a loud voice what each was. 'Questo e il braccio,' &c. &c., which such an one gave to this 'alma basilica,'—the formula being in every instance very sonorously intoned. There was part of the arm of S. Bartholomew and of S. James the Less; part of S. Andrew's leg, arm, and cross; part of one of S. Paul's fingers; one of the nails with which S. Peter was crucified; S. Philip's right foot; liquid blood of S. James; some of the remains of S. John the Evangelist, of the Baptist, of Joseph, and of the Blessed Virgin; together with part of the manger, cradle, cross, and tomb of our Lord, &c. &c. . . . . I have dwelt somewhat disproportionally on relics, but they play so conspicuous a part in the religious system of the country, that, in enumerating the several substitutes which have been invented for the old breviary services, it would not be nearly enough to have discussed the subject in a few lines. A visit paid to a church where such objects are exposed, is a distinct as well as popular religious exercise; and it always seemed to me to be performed with great reverence and devotion."

* From Mr. Wright's "Archæological Album," p. 19.

* This slip of lead had probably been put into his coffin. He is sometimes called Thomas of Acre.

value, and the name of its donor, for the principal of them were offerings sent by sovereign princes. . . . . From hence we returned to the crypt, where the Virgin Mother has her abode, but a somewhat dark one, being hedged in by more than one screen."

"'What was she afraid of?'

"Nothing, I imagine, but thieves; for I have never seen anything more burdened with riches. When lamps were brought, we beheld a more than royal spectacle. . . . . Lastly we were conducted back to the sacristy; there was brought out a box covered with black leather; it was laid upon the table and opened; immediately all knelt and worshipped.

"'What was in it?'

"Some torn fragments of linen, and most of them retaining marks of dirt. . . . . After offering us a cup of wine, the prior courteously dismissed us."

When Chaucer's pilgrims had seen such of this magnificence as existed in their earlier time, noon approaching, they gathered together and went to their dinner. Before they left the church, however, they bought signs "as the manner was," to show to all men that they had performed this meritorious act.

"There as manere and custom is, signes there they bought
For men of contre' should know whom they had sought.
Each man set his silver in such thing as they liked,
And in the meen while the miller had y-piked
His bosom full of signys of Canterbury brooches.
Others set their signys upon their hedes, and some upon their cap,
And sith to dinner-ward they gan for to stapp."



FEMALE PILGRIM. (Strutt, pl. 134).

We have hitherto spoken of male pilgrims; but it must be borne in mind that women of all ranks were frequently to be found on pilgrimage; and all that has been said of the costume and habits of the one sex applies equally to the other. We give here a cut of a female pilgrim with scrip, staff, and hat, from Pl. 134 of Strutt's "Dresses and Habits of the People of England," who professes to take it from the Harleian MS., 621. We have also given,



PILGRIM ON HORSEBACK. (Burgmaier's Der Weise Koenig.)

on the third column, a picture of a pilgrim monk, who bears the staff and scrip, but is otherwise habited in the proper costume of his order.

When the pilgrim had returned safely home, it was but natural and proper that as he had been sent forth with the blessing and prayers of the church, he should present himself again in church to give thanks for the accomplishment of his pilgrimage and his safe return. We do not find in the service-books—as we might have expected—any special service for this occasion, but we find sufficient indications that it was the practice. Knighton tells us, for example, of the famous Guy, Earl of Warwick, that on his return from his pilgrimage to the Holy Land, before he took any refreshment, he went to all the churches in the city to return thanks. Du Cange tells us that palmers were received on their return home with ecclesiastical processions; but perhaps this was only in the case of men of some social importance. We have the details of one such occasion on record:* William de Mandeville, Earl of Essex, assumed the cross, and after procuring suitable necessaries, took with him a retinue, and among them a chaplain to perform divine offices, for all of whom he kept a daily table. Before he set out he went to Gilbert, Bishop of London, for his licence and benediction. He travelled by land as far as Rome, over France, Burgundy, and the Alps, leaving his horses at Mantua. He visited every holy place in Jerusalem and on his route; made his prayers and offerings at each; and so returned. Upon his arrival, he made presents of silk cloths to all the churches of his see, for copes or coverings of the altars. The monks of Walden met him in procession, in albes and copes, singing, "Blessed is he who cometh in the name of the Lord;" and the earl coming to the high altar, and there prostrating himself, the prior gave him the benediction. After this he rose, and kneeling, offered some precious relics in an ivory box, which he had obtained in Jerusalem and elsewhere. This offering concluded, he rose, and stood before the altar, the prior and convent singing the *Te Deum*. Leaving the church he went to the chapter, to give and receive the kiss of peace from the prior and monks. A sumptuous entertainment followed for himself and his suite; and the succeeding days were passed in visits to relatives and friends, who congratulated him on his safe return.

Hans Burgmaier's "Images de Saints," &c., affords us a very excellent contemporary illustration of a pilgrim of high rank with his attendants, all in pilgrim costume, and wearing the signs which show us that their pilgrimage has been successfully accomplished.

Du Cange says that palmers used to present their scrips and staves to their parish churches. And Coryatt† says that he saw cockle and mussel shells, and beads, and other religious relics, hung up over the door of a little chapel in a nunnery, which, says Fosbroke, were offerings made by pilgrims on their return from Compostella.

Those who had taken any of the greater pilgrimages would probably be regarded with a certain respect and reverence by their untravelled neighbours, and the aguomen of Palmer or Pilgrim, which would naturally be added to their Christian name—as William the Palmer, or John the Pilgrim—is doubtless the origin of two sufficiently common surnames. The tokens of pilgrimage sometimes even accompanied a man to his grave, and were sculptured on his monument. Shells have not unfrequently been found in stone coffins, and are taken with great probability to be relics of the pilgrimage, which the deceased had once taken to Compostella, and which as sacred things, and having a certain religious virtue, were strewed over him as he was carried upon his bier in the funeral procession, and were placed with him in his grave. For example, when the grave of Bishop Mayhew, who died in 1516, in Hereford Cathedral, was opened some years ago, there was found lying by his side, a common, rough, hazel wand, between four and five feet long, and about as thick as a man's finger; and with it a mussel and a few oyster-shells. Four other instances of such hazel rods, without accompanying shells, buried with ecclesiastics, had previously been observed in the same cathedral.* The tomb of Abbot Cheltenham, at Tewkesbury, has the spandrels ornamented with shields charged with scallop shells, and the pilgrim staff and scrip are sculptured on the bosses of the groining of the canopy over the tomb. There is a gravestone at Haltwhistle, Northumberland, to which we have already more than once had occasion to refer,† on which is the usual device of a cross sculptured in relief, and on one side of the shaft of the cross are laid a sword and shield, charged with the arms of Blenkinsop, a fess between three garbs, indicating, we presume, that the deceased was a knight; on the other side of the shaft of the cross are laid a palmer's staff, and a scrip, bearing also garbs, and indicating that the knight had been a pilgrim.

In the church of Ashby-de-la Zouch, Leicestershire, there is under a monumental arch in the wall of the north aisle, a recumbent effigy, a good deal defaced, of a man in pilgrim weeds. A tunic or gown reaches half-way down between the knee and ankle, and he has short pointed laced boots; a hat with its margin decorated with scallop-shells lies under his head, his scrip tasselled and charged with scallop shells is at his right side, and his rosary on his left, and his staff is laid diagonally across the body. The costly style of the monument,‡ the lion at his feet, and above all a collar of SS. round his neck, prove that the person thus commemorated was a person of distinction.

In the churchyard of Llanfihangel-Aber-Corvin, Carmarthenshire, there are three graves,§ which



PILGRIM MONK. (Cotton. MS. Tiberius, a. 7.)

are assigned by the local tradition to three holy palmers, "who wandered thither in poverty and distress, and being about to perish for want, slew each

* Dugdale's "Monasticon."
† "Crudities," p. 18.

* The shells indicate a pilgrimage accomplished, but the rod may not have been intended to represent the pilgrim's bourdon. In the Harl. MS., 5,102, fol. 68, a MS. of the beginning of the thirteenth century, is a bishop holding a slender rod (not a pastoral staff), and at fol. 17 of the same MS. one is putting a similar rod into a bishop's coffin. The priors of small cathedrals bore a staff without crook, and had the privilege of being arrayed in pontificals for mass; choir-rulers often bore staves. Dr. Rock, in the "Church of our Fathers," vol. iii., pt. 11, p. 224, gives a cut from a late Flemish Book of Hours, in which a priest, sitting at confession, bears a long rod.

† It is engraved in Mr. Boutell's "Christian Monuments in England and Wales," p. 79.

‡ Engraved in Nichols' "Leicestershire," vol. iii., pl. ii., p. 623.

§ Engraved in the "Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses," by the Rev. E. L. Cutts, pl. lxxiii.

other: the last survivor burying himself in one of the graves which they had prepared, and pulling the stone over him, left it, as it is, ill-adjusted." Two of the headstones have very rude demi-effigies, with a cross pateé sculptured upon them. In one of the graves were found, some years ago, the bones of a female or youth, and half-a-dozen scallop-shells. There are also, among the curious symbols which appear on mediæval coffin-stones, some which are very likely intended for pilgrim staves. There is one at Woodhorn, Northumberland, engraved in the "Manual of Sepulchral Slabs and Crosses," and another at Aldwick-le-Street, Yorkshire, is engraved in Gough's "Sepulchral Monuments," vol. i. It may be that these were men who had made a vow of perpetual pilgrimage, or who died in the midst of an unfinished pilgrimage; and therefore the pilgrim insignia were placed upon their monuments. If every man and woman who had made a pilgrimage had had its badges carved upon their tombs, we should surely have found many other tombs thus designated; but, indeed, we have the tombs of men who we know had accomplished pilgrimages to Jerusalem, but have no pilgrim insignia upon their tombs.

Having followed the pilgrim to his very tomb, there we pause. We cannot but satirise the troops of mere religious holiday-makers, who rode a pleasant summer holiday through the green roads of merry England; feasting at the inns; singing amorous songs, and telling loose stories by the way; going through a round of sight-seeing at the end of it; and drinking foul water in which a dead man's blood had been mingled, or a dead man's bones had been washed. But let us be allowed to indulge the hope that every act of real, honest self-denial—however mistaken—in remorse for sin, for the sake of purity, or the honour of religion, did benefit the honest, though mistaken devotee. Is our religion so perfect and so pure, and is our practice so exactly accordant with it, that we can afford to sit in severe judgment upon honest, self-denying error?

THE SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM IN 1862.

It has frequently been our business to note the large accumulation of works of Fine Art in private hands in England. We do not allude to pictures, but to all that comes under the wide category of Decorative Art as applied to *articles de luxe*, or of utility. So little knowledge had the world in general of the number of these collectors, and the value of the objects in their possession, that it may fairly be said it was not until the establishment of the South Kensington Museum that either fact was fully felt, except by the small body of *virtuosi* themselves. It is true we had occasional gatherings on loan from these Art treasures, which gave a notion of the quantity and quality of them; but their intrinsic value, or their historic importance, was scarcely felt by those uninitiated to auctions and dealers. Now the grants of public money for the purchase of such works, and their exhibition with prices attached, accompanied by cheap catalogues pointing out their history and peculiarities, as is done at this museum, have been the means of giving the world in general clearer ideas on a subject which a very few years ago was confined to a few wealthy individuals.

We can trace all this—as well as the growth and permanence of the Science and Art Department of the government educational scheme, together with that of the various schools and museums in London and the provinces—to the exhibition, in 1849, held in the rooms of the Society of Arts, in the Adelphi, of a series of specimens of ancient and mediæval Art selected from private collections, commencing with that of her most gracious Majesty. It produced at the time considerable surprise and interest, and its important practical effect is to be gathered from its ultimate consequences as we see them in one of our most popular museums, the historic interest, general utility, and money value of which already rivals that of many continental collections, exceeds the larger number of them, and bids fair to surpass both, although established but a few years.

The increase of a taste for collecting, which has been generated by the awakened sense of the public to the beauty and interest of ancient Art-workmanship, has had a corresponding increase in the market value of such articles at home and abroad. Consequently, objects that could be purchased, and were thought dear, some twenty years ago, by the outlay of a five-pound note, could not now be purchased for six times the sum. The continent has been scoured by dealers anxious to obtain from quiet country towns objects little valued there, and upon which the most extraordinary profits might be readily realized. Instances are by no means uncommon, though of course comparatively rare, where ten pounds judiciously expended has been by this means multiplied into a hundred or more. The wealth in the English market has naturally drawn to our island the best of all such works, and commissions for their purchase have been so liberally given that few sale-rooms abroad, or few private collections are offered, however privately, for sale, without the best articles in them being secured for ourselves. Since the Society of Arts encouraged the movement, collectors have been frequently induced to allow their treasures to pass temporarily from their cabinets to the public gaze, and it may be truly said that nothing is more popular than such exhibitions, which form a feature more or less developed at most literary and artistic *soirées*, or, as recently at Ironmongers' Hall, become the great attraction of the evening, or, earlier, at the great gathering of Fine Arts in Manchester, where the great hall was devoted to their display.

It is therefore with singular propriety that the South Kensington Museum should be selected next year for the exhibition of a special collection of works of Art, in categories analogous to those represented in that establishment, with the view, more especially, of bringing together for temporary exhibition the finest known specimens of their several kinds in this country. This museum, so immediately contiguous to the Great Exhibition building, will naturally attract a large share of its visitors, and, it will not be too much to say, will include all its foreign ones. It is therefore the place peculiarly adapted for the purpose now in view. Though a large collection will be thus formed, it will be comparatively a small one, when the number of collections in England is taken into consideration, as it is very properly proposed to borrow from each only the finest of its specimens. The aggregate thus obtained will, we venture to predict, astonish even those who are in some degree aware of the fine antiques hidden in the private houses of our countrymen. The selection will comprise specimens of decorative works in metal of the mediæval and more recent periods, including bronzes and enriched examples of arms and armour; as well as the most important works of that class in gold and silver plate, than which no finer specimens exist than can be shown in England, and many exhibited at Manchester. Antique jewellery is, in reality, one of the finest arts of the olden time, and has a place of honour awarded to it. Enamels, always precious, rare, and beautiful, will also be gathered sedulously; carvings in ivory and other materials will successfully exert their claims to the attention of the connoisseur. The artistic works of porcelain and earthenware manufacturers—often curious, still more frequently eminently beautiful, and occasionally more valuable than works of the same size in precious metals—will be submitted to public examination. Decorative furniture, which appeals so successfully to all, claiming an admiration most willingly accorded, will also be a prominent feature in the collection. In addition to all this the smaller objects, such as miniatures, personal ornaments, and the numerous articles that come under the general and comprehensive term *vertu*, will fill the cases and cabinets.

The due exhibition of all these treasures will inaugurate new halls at present erecting in the midst of the South Kensington Museum; these will form the grand centre of the permanent buildings gradually forming there. They are expected to be completed soon after Christmas next; between that time and the opening of the Great National Exhibition beside it, this gathering of antique Art-workmanship will be arranged in them and opened to the public simultaneously. One of these halls is supported by pillars of iron, from which spandrels of the same material bear up the roof—the design being much more beautiful than metal-work of this kind usually exhibits. The roof of each hall will be entirely of glass; a central gallery is constructed in one of them, leading into the sculptured singing-gallery from Santa Maria Novello, in Florence, which has already been placed over the doorway of communication between the halls.

These central halls, when completed, will communicate with the side galleries, where the Soulages and other collections are now located—with the picture galleries, and the galleries erecting on the eastern, or opposite side, by means of open arcades. In advance of them, and upon the ground now occupied by the ugly temporary triplicate of iron and glass galleries, which are popularly known as "the Brompton boilers," the series of permanent buildings will be erected, in conformity with the general design to be thus gradually carried out.

After the first temporary use of these halls for the exhibition of 1862, they will be devoted to the permanent exhibition of works of sculpture,—casts such as that of Michael Angelo's 'David,' from Florence, and the more ponderous articles which now inconveniently crowd the small rooms, to the detriment of the objects themselves. Very many new works the public have not yet seen, and which there is at present no available space to display, will thus find a proper resting-place. Among them are several fine and celebrated productions obtained in Italy—all being most useful as a series exhibiting the progress of sculpture, particularly during the important period generally known as that of the Renaissance. We have hitherto no such series in England, a country almost alone in its neglect of this most important branch of Fine Art. The works of Della Robbia, and the noble specimens of decorative enrichments in glazed and coloured earthenware or terra-cotta which originated in his studio, will be found of great importance and beauty, connecting as they do the minor labours of the potter with the higher works of the sculptor.

Before bidding adieu for the present to this museum, it may be well to note some of the loans recently deposited there. Chief among them in point of value and interest is the vase of rare "faience de Henri II.," and the Moorish lamp, enamelled and gilt, made for Sultan Hassan, 1356-9, both belonging to H. Magniac, Esq. Three very large dishes in Limoges enamel by Jean Court, 1556, and his daughter, the property of J. Majoribanks, M.P., are very remarkable works of their class; this gentleman has also lent some fine *plaques* by Flaxman, the original models from which Wedgwood executed his porcelain copies. Mr. Barker has contributed a case filled with rare and exquisite works in crystal, as well as some specimens of Chelsea china, larger and finer in character than we remember to have met before. Mr. Naylor has, however, a few examples as fine in Art, but not quite so imposing; they altogether show how admirable was the work occasionally sent out from this short-lived factory. Mr. Webb, one of our most distinguished dealers in *vertu*, has contributed some of his recent acquisitions from the Soltykoff Collection, comprising two *olifaunts*, or ivory hunting-horns—one a work of the twelfth century, elaborately sculptured with grotesque figures, the other much later, but most intricate in its design and execution. A ewer, with foliage and flowers in relief, cut from one piece of rock crystal, and a well-filled case of antique metal-work, ranging in date from the eleventh to the fourteenth centuries, are also added from his stores. Indeed, the series of cases already filled with fine works on loan are a sufficient guarantee for the abundance and quality to be expected in the new halls next year.

The willingness on the part of proprietors of rare objects to exhibit them for the general use of students, and the gratification of the public, is a wholesome deviation from the "exclusive" plan of past times; when the very idea of lifting an antique out of a glass case would have been met by strong objection, and all idea of an entire removal scouted with horror. The safety which has characterised all transmissions of the kind to Kensington, and the great experience and scrupulous carefulness in packing and returning antiques, hitherto so satisfactory to lenders, will doubtless obviate all difficulty in obtaining, from any quarter, such valuable examples of the Arts of past ages as will ensure to the proposed exhibition a position and an *éclat*, which will not be confined to England only.

BRITISH ARTISTS:
THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. LVII.—HENRY FUSELI, R.A.

WHATEVER complaints foreigners may make against the character and actions of Englishmen, they can never charge us with neglecting the men of genius who come here from other countries: patronage is as liberally bestowed on them as on those of our own blood, very frequently far more lavishly, and especially on foreign artists. In proof of this we need only mention the names, to go no farther back than the middle of the last century, of Zuccharelli, Cipriani, Meyer, Kauffman, Serres, Bartolozzi, Carlini, Roubiliac, Nollekens, Zoffani, West, Fuseli, Allston, Winterhalter, Marochetti, the majority of whom were members of our Royal Academy; others also might be added to the list, some better known than those enumerated, and some as deserving of being known. It is in no churlish spirit that England acknowledges the merits of those who are aliens to her in blood, and with no niggard hand that she repays their services.

Among those just named, Henry Fuseli occupies a prominent position. Possibly an objection might be taken to our placing him among our British artists; but as he was naturalised here, practised his Art here exclusively, and was a member of our Academy, he earned without doubt the title we claim for him. The early part of Fuseli's life differed in a remarkable manner from that which occupied its following years. He was born at Zurich, in Switzerland, on the 7th of February, 1741, of a family, several of whom had distinguished themselves as painters; his father, John Caspar Fuseli, had especially gained reputation both as an author and an actor: among other works he published was the "Lives of the Helvetic Painters." Gessner, also celebrated as a writer and painter, stood sponsor for the infant Henry at his baptism, so that it may be said he was ushered into the world under the most favourable auspices as regarded his future career.

Enthusiastically attached as the elder Fuseli was to Art, he was disinclined to allow his son to follow it as a profession, and discouraged to the utmost of his power every attempt the boy made to pursue it. Knowles, in his "Life and Writings of Henry Fuseli," to whom he was executor, says, "Perhaps, too, the elder Fuseli's dislike to his son's being an artist, may also have arisen from the notion that he would never excel in the mechanical part of painting; for in youth, he had so great an awkwardness of hands, that his parents would not permit him to touch anything liable to be broken or injured. His father has often exclaimed when such things were shown to his visitors, 'Take care of that boy, for he destroys or spoils whatever he touches.'" But young Fuseli's love of drawing could not be checked by any parental effort; with his small allowance of pocket-money he bought pencils, paper, candles, and other necessaries to enable him to draw, when his father and mother thought he slept soundly in his bed. These juvenile specimens he sold to his companions, thus realizing sums which were expended in the purchase of other materials. Knowles, who had in his possession many of Fuseli's early productions, describes them as manifesting great powers of invention, with a firm and bold outline, yet the figures are not to be commended for proportion or elegance, and their mannerism was considered hazardous for a student to follow. The designs, founded on German models, indicate the style which distinguished his productions in later years. To another favourite study of his boyhood may be traced some of the peculiarities of Fuseli's compositions—this was entomology, in which he was assisted by his elder brother, Caspar, who subsequently wrote several valuable works on the subject.

But the church was the profession for which the elder Fuseli intended his son; and to qualify him for this the latter had passed through a regular course of classical instruction previously to entering the College Caroline, at Zurich, where he became acquainted with Lavater and others, who were afterwards distinguished in the world of science or literature. Having taken his degree as Master of Arts, he and Lavater entered into holy orders, and the former attracted considerable notice as a preacher. With the recollection of all he said and did when he had doffed his sacerdotal robes, it is not difficult



THE NIGHTMARE.

to believe that even as a young divine his feelings were little in harmony with his sacred office; and certain it is that neither tongue nor temper were such as would be deemed becoming in a Christian minister. The painter of *diablerie* and Satan's hobgoblins, as Peter Pindar designated him, must have been a strange teacher of scriptural doctrines and morality, unless his views and opinions had undergone some extraordinary change after, or even before, he had renounced the pulpit.

It soon became evident that nature never intended Fuseli for the church: such a peaceful calling comported not with a restless, busy disposition. He and his friend Lavater wrote a pamphlet, in which the conduct of an unjust magistrate was exposed and punished; but in order to escape the vengeance of the disgraced official's friends, who were persons of influence in the city, Fuseli thought it prudent to retire from it, at least for a time. After travelling in Germany for a considerable period, he came, in 1763, to England, furnished with letters of introduction by Sir A. Mitchell, the British minister at the court of Prussia. His principal object in this was to further the plan of some German men of letters, to establish a regular channel of literary communication between the two countries, he having by this time made considerable proficiency in the English language. On his arrival here, he was compelled to rely principally for support on the booksellers, two of whom,

especially Mr. Miller, the predecessor of the late Mr. Cadell, and Mr. Johnson, also eminent in the trade, employed him in translating German, French, and Italian into English, and English into German. Among the latter translations were Lady Mary Wortley Montague's "Letters." In 1765, he published a translation of Winckelmann's "Reflections on the Painting and Sculpture of the Ancients." In the year following, he accompanied Lord Chewton, eldest son of Earl Waldegrave, to the Continent, as travelling tutor, but soon resigned his post and returned to England.

The establishment of the Royal Academy a year or two after this, seems to have reawakened in his mind that love of Art which had developed itself at an early age, and which had never been quite forgotten, inasmuch as, while engaged in literary pursuits, he yet occasionally employed his pencil in making drawings and designs. Some of these he took, about the time just spoken of, to Sir Joshua Reynolds, who, according to the testimony of his biographer Knowles, remarked, on seeing them, that "Were he at his age and endowed with the ability of producing such works, if any one were to offer him an estate of one thousand pounds a year, on condition of being anything but a painter, he would, without the least hesitation, reject the offer." Knowles, in all probability, had this from Fuseli himself, who, we should think, must have interpreted whatever commendation Reynolds may have bestowed on his performances, far more favourably than was intended. However this may be, the encouragement offered by the president induced Fuseli to devote himself to the study of painting, cultivating at the same time the friendship of many celebrated literary characters of the age, and "by his labours, critical and polemical, maintaining a high place even among them as an author."

In 1770 he set out for Italy to study the works of the old painters of that country: he there changed his name from Fuseoli, by which he had hitherto been known, to Fuseli, to suit the Italian pronunciation, as he alleged; this form he always after retained. Nine years elapsed ere he returned to England; on his way hither he paid a short visit to his native city. We have no record of what he did during his long absence in Italy, Knowles' three octavo volumes, over which Fuseli's biography is spread out, give little or no information on a matter which, considering the man and his subsequent works, would undoubtedly afford some curious, if not instructive, narration. One would like to know the Switzer's opinion of the great Italian masters, whose works formed his favourite study; but we learn little else than that,—"Although he paid minute attention to the works of Raphael, Correggio, Titian, and the other great men whom Italy has produced, yet he considered the antique and Michael Angelo as his masters, and formed his style upon their principles;" nor did he "spend his time in measuring the proportions of the several antique statues, or in copying the fresco or oil pictures of the great masters of modern times, but in studying intensely the principles upon which they had worked, in order to infuse some of their power and spirit into his own productions." But the artists he chiefly imitated were Spranghen and Goltzius.

Among the earliest works painted by Fuseli on his return to England, were



MIRANDA, PROSPERO, AND CALIBAN.

ten pictures commissioned by Alderman Boydell, for the celebrated engraved work, the "Shakspere Gallery;" these compositions were favourably received by the public. His pen, too, was also busily occupied; he contributed to the *Analytical Review*, edited an English edition of Lavater's "Physiognomy," and assisted the poet Cowper, in his translation of "Homer;" in this last work, Fuseli, whom Cowper styles "the ingenious and learned Mr. Fuseli," showed his intimate acquaintance with the Greek language and literature. In 1788 he was elected Associate of the Royal Academy, not, as Knowles intimates, because the recipient of the honour considered it a dignity conferred upon him; but because, having recently married, he had an eye to the pension bestowed by the Academy on the widows of deceased members. Two years afterwards he was elevated to the rank of Academician, much to the annoyance of Reynolds, who wished the architect Bonomi to fill the vacancy. Reynolds, in a moment of disappointment, resigned the presidentship, but was afterwards induced to alter his determination; he never once, however, allowed his feelings of vexation to be a barrier to the kindness and good will he entertained towards the fortunate candidate.

In the same year of Fuseli's election into the Academy, he commenced a series of pictures illustrative of the poetry of Milton: he executed forty paintings, which occupied him during nine years, and in May, 1799, opened an exhibition of them to the public, under the title of the "Milton Gallery." But the project was a failure—entirely so; and the feeling, from some cause or other, was so strong against the works, that some of the papers of the day absolutely refused to insert the artist's advertisements; we much doubt whether such an exercise of management on the part of the public press would be met with in the present day, in reference to any subject not of a manifest immoral character; and certainly not to the exclusion of an announcement of a work of Art. But the public could not understand Fuseli's German style, and had no relish for his strange, incomprehensible, and supernatural designs. In the following year he opened the gallery again, with the addition of some other paintings, but it met with even less patronage than on the former occasion.

The quarrel of Barry with his brother academicians was followed by his expulsion from the society in 1801: the chair of the Professor of Painting being thus vacant, Fuseli was unanimously elected in his place, and delivered his first course of lectures in the winter of that year: Opie had announced himself as a candidate, but resigned as soon as he heard that Fuseli had determined to stand. The lectures were published soon after delivery, and in a short time were translated into French, German, and Italian. In 1804 he resigned this appointment, and was chosen Keeper, Opie succeeding him in the chair of painting; but the latter not having prepared, in 1806, his course of lectures, Fuseli undertook to deliver a second series. In the following year Opie died rather unexpectedly, and was succeeded in his post by Trensham, who resigned in 1810. A wish was then very generally expressed by the Academy that Fuseli should hold both appointments, notwithstanding the rules of the society forbad it; a resolution was passed rescinding the law in this particular case, and he was installed into the two offices,—a tribute to what may be considered his peculiar fitness for both, and certainly a compliment than which none could be higher. A third course of lectures followed in the ensuing winter: in them were embodied numerous valuable remarks made during a visit to Paris to examine the pictures carried there from the

various continental countries by the spoliating hands of the armies of Napoleon.

In 1805, Fuseli had undertaken and brought out a new edition of Pilkington's "Lives of the Painters;" in 1810 he published another, and in every way a more valuable, edition, with a large accession of names: this work, however, has been entirely superseded by Bryan's "Dictionary of Painters and Engravers," which has also recently undergone great improvement under the judicious editorship of Mr. Stanley.

The last pictures exhibited by Fuseli were,—'Amoret delivered by Britomart from the spell of Busyrane,' in 1824; and 'Comus' and 'Psyche,' in 1825: but before the public saw the latter, the veteran painter was in his grave: they were described in the catalogue of the Academy for that year as the works of "the late H. Fuseli." In the early part of the spring of 1825, he said to his friend Knowles,—"My friend, I am fast going to that bourne whence no traveller returns." The truth of the observation was soon realized, for he died, in the eighty-fifth year of his age, on the 16th of April, "at the residence of his steadfast friend, the Countess Guildford, who, with her two daughters, soothed, as much as it was in human power to do, the severity of his mortal sufferings." On the 25th of the same month his remains were deposited in a vault in St. Paul's Cathedral, between the graves of Reynolds and Opie.

Mr. Thornbury, in an article entitled "Fuseli at Somerset House," published in the last volume of the *Art-Journal*, drew with a full and powerful pencil not an unreal portrait of the old painter, and spoke of a large number of his pictures. What has become of these, the labours of a long-protracted lifetime, is not easy to say; we never hear of them, never see them: now and then a canvas covered with strange, unearthly looking figures, appears against his name in the catalogue of the auctioneer's sale, but the authenticity of the work is more than doubtful. We cannot call to mind any private gallery of note which includes an example of Fuseli, neither does Dr. Waagen, in his "Art and Artists in England," which describes all the public and private collections in the country of any importance, allude to a single picture by him. The truth is, they have never been popular, and, as a consequence, have not been coveted by collectors; wherever they hang, the probability is that their owners regard them as mere "wall-furniture," too valueless to be much esteemed, and yet worthy of being retained. It would only be going over the ground so recently trodden by Mr. Thornbury to give a list of Fuseli's principal pictures, and we would therefore refer the reader desirous of knowing what they are to the paper in question. The three engravings introduced here show the painter's style: the pictures of 'The Nightmare' and 'Titania' are among his most famous works.

Fuseli, however, was a very remarkable man, gifted with talents of no common order, both literary and artistic, and had he used the latter with



TITANIA.

discretion and judgment, he might have risen to a high position. He made the works of Michael Angelo his chief study, but not having paid so much attention to drawing, in his early years, as that great master had, the proportions of his figures are often exaggerated, and their action violent and intemperate: but his compositions are always animated, and the characters introduced vigorously portrayed, and earnest in what they are engaged upon; however trivial this may be, they set to work, so to speak, with an energy so far beyond the occasion as to be almost absurd, straining every limb, joint, and muscle. His colouring is of a subdued tone, heavy and sickly, and is evidently laid on with a quick, unskilful touch: if his imagination had been less fertile, and his natural disposition—for this was expressed in his paintings—more quiescent, we should undoubtedly have had some great works as the result. It seems singular that Fuseli, like many artists, could not see in his own pictures the faults he was accustomed to note in others.

Fuseli's literary acquirements and his theoretical knowledge of Art eminently qualified him for a teacher. In point of elegance of composition and comprehensiveness of subject, his lectures must be considered inferior to those of Reynolds, but they manifest a deep insight into the principles of Art, which he explains clearly, definitely, and earnestly. "As a teacher of the Fine Arts," says his biographer, "whether he be considered in his capacity of professor of painting, or in that of master in the schools of the Royal Academy, his knowledge stands unrivalled; in the first, for critical acumen, and in the second, which now more properly comes under consideration, for the soundness of his judgment, for the accuracy of his eye, and for the extensive knowledge he possessed of the works of the ancient and modern masters. To students he was a sure guide and able master, ever ready to assist by his instructions modest merit, and to repress assumption; and if he felt convinced that a youth was not likely to arrive at eminence as an artist, he was the first to persuade him to relinquish that pursuit, rather than proceed in the path which would only end in ruin or disappointment. . . . . That the English school of design gained great advantages by his appointment of Keeper of the Academy" —the duty of the keeper is to direct and overlook the studies of the pupils— "cannot be doubted; and to be convinced of this, it is only necessary to refer to the able works of living artists, Hilton, Etty, Wilkie, Leslie, Mulready, Haydon, Briggs, and others, who were his pupils." This was written thirty years ago; Mulready is now the only survivor of the list of great names enumerated by Knowles.

James Dafforne.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE GIPSY.

J. Phillip, R.A. Painter. T. Sherratt, Jun., Engraver.
Size of the Picture 2 ft. 1 in. by 1 ft. 9 in.

WITHOUT assuming there to be any national affinity between Scotchmen and Spaniards, it is quite certain that the Scottish School of Art has always had a strong Spanish tendency, as to feeling and colour. How far Wilkie's influence may have conduced to prolong a style which prevailed long before his time we will not undertake to say; very probably it had much to do with it: but be this as it may, the fact will scarcely be questioned by any one who has carefully studied the works of the greatest painters born and brought up north of the Tweed.

But though Spanish Art, as a distinctive type, is gradually losing ground with the Scottish painters, the country is yet visited by some of them for subjects. If David Roberts has not exhausted its picturesque architectural treasures, he has shown us many of its richest; and what he has done for the edifices of Spain, Phillip has done, and is doing, for its inhabitants. Both these artists, though long resident in London, and members of the Royal Academy here, are natives of Scotland. Spain is a land which equals, if it does not excel, all other European countries in pictorial material: we are often surprised, considering its attractions, that the country is not more frequently visited than it is by the artists of Britain.

Mr. Phillip, unlike some of his brethren, is not satisfied with representing Spanish life as described in the pages of "Don Quixote" and "Gil Blas," and dressing his characters in the cast-off wardrobe which once was included in the "properties" of some theatrical manager: he has studied both at the fountain-head, and produced pictures of both as attractive in their general interest to those who know not what good Art is, as they are to the connoisseur by their fine artistic qualities.

Were it not for the prickly shrub of the *cactus* tribe—a plant that grows in wild luxuriance in many parts of Spain—which the artist has introduced into this picture, it might almost be presumed that the sketch of it was made in any other country; for the gipsies—*Gitanas* they are called in Spain—have a nationality of their own, independent of the land of their birth. The gipsy type, with but slight modifications, is everywhere the same, but, perhaps, in no country does it differ so little from the true native type, so to speak, as there, where these wandering people are found, especially in the southern parts, in very large numbers: it is computed that considerably more than forty thousand gipsies are resident in Spain. This is in all probability owing to the contiguity of the country to that from which the majority of them migrated—Egypt—early in the fifteenth century. Since their exodus from the East they have spread themselves over every country in Europe, though Spain still retains by far the larger proportion in comparison with its entire population. In England they have greatly decreased within the last quarter of a century, in consequence, doubtless, of the acts for the enclosure of waste lands interfering with their wandering habits. In Hungary and Transylvania the gipsies have fixed habitations, following trades and engaging in useful, humanizing occupations. The Empress Maria Theresa, of Austria, ordered those in her dominions to be instructed in husbandry, with the view of inducing them to settle down as agriculturists, but her well-meant endeavours were not very successful. The whole history of this singular people has been agreeably narrated in Mr. Borrow's "Bible in Spain."

The "Gipsy" was exhibited at the British Institution in 1853, shortly after the artist's first visit to the country. It is evidently a portrait; for later pictures by Mr. Phillip show his careful study of this singular race of people. There is nothing in the face of the woman indicative of craft and imposition; it is a handsome, intelligent, and pleasing countenance; sunburnt though it be it is clear in complexion, and seems almost fair against the long, shining, black hair. The picture is painted with great substantiality, and is throughout powerful in colour, warm and transparent.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

STEREOCHROMY, OR WATER-GLASS PAINTING.

IT was stated in the *Art-Journal* some time since that Mr. Maclise had visited Berlin with a view to make himself acquainted with the process of Water-Glass painting, which has been practised with so much success by Kaulbach and his pupils. Some ten years ago, when Herr Kaulbach was painting the staircase of the New Museum, at Berlin, the brilliancy and substance of 'The Destruction of Jerusalem,' and 'The Battle of the Romans and the Huns,' impressed visitors at once as having been attained by some novel technicalities. To this new means of Art the Germans have given the name of Stereochromy. We know not whether the process was, or was not, commonly known to German artists when Kaulbach was painting in the museum. It was certainly unknown to strangers, and the effect was regarded with curiosity and admiration. To persons accustomed to the flat, thin, and airy tints of Italian fresco, it was obvious that these works were not fresco; as they possessed qualities common to both oil and water-colour painting. But they did not look as if they would be permanent; yet it was impossible to believe that such works could have been commissioned under any doubt of the durability of the process. The question, however, of permanence seems to be satisfactorily settled, as the series of these grand pictures has been continued to the number of six compositions. So long as the practice of stereochromy was limited to an exceptional number of examples in certain of the German cities, it might be regarded as an ingenious experiment, of which the results could be conveniently awaited; but since it has been determined to confide to this method Maclise's noble picture of 'The Meeting of Wellington and Blucher after the Battle of Waterloo,' we cannot help feeling a very warm interest in a new method of painting thus brought home to us. Yet, with respect to the permanence of a new method of Art which may yet be considered on its trial, we have abundant reason to be cautious, remembering the signal failure that has attended fresco-painting on a solid wall in the Houses of Parliament.

The preparation for the *intonaco* for fresco is an affair of delicacy and deliberation rather than of difficulty; and as no more of the surface must be laid at once than can be painted while it is wet, the plastering and painting proceed *pari passu* day by day, and errors can only be effectively rectified by cutting out the plaster and re-preparing the surface. Hence it will be understood that the mechanical niceties are of a kind that cannot be accomplished without practice. The preparation of a wall for water-glass painting is independent of considerations indispensable to fresco. The entire surface is prepared at once, and the painting may be commenced at any time; it may also be discontinued and resumed at pleasure. To essayists in a new art, who have been previously accustomed only to oil-painting, these are immense advantages; but yet paramount to these is the option of re-touching, strengthening, and even glazing. What degree soever of executive ability an oil-painter may possess, it avails him nothing in the mechanism of either fresco or stereochromy; of either that he may desire to master, he must be content to study the principles from the first to the last. The inventor of water-glass painting says of it, that "failures, owing perhaps to faulty manipulation, frequently caused it to be abandoned before it had been put to a fair test."[1] It has, therefore, its peculiar difficulties—difficulties which some artists accustomed to oil-painting have not the patience to overcome. But fresco and stereochromy are both water-colour painting—a circumstance that ought to give English artists a superior power in dealing with either.

The method is detailed in a pamphlet "On the Manufacture, Properties, and Application of Water-Glass (Soluble Alkaline Silicate), including a Process of Stereochromic Painting, by Dr. John N. Von Fuchs," which was translated from the German and printed by order of H.R.H. the Prince Consort, for private circulation. Mr. Maclise makes an ingenuous and quaint confession of his embarrassment on a first perusal of the pamphlet. His disappointment was inexpressible: what was chemistry to him, or he to chemistry? He knew that quartz was quartz, that flint was flint; and although he was told that there was such a thing as fluid glass, it was yet impossible for him to conceive of such a solution. "A flint," he says, "in fluid form was to me a mystery, even though I was told on good authority it was a fact; and the fluidity of a flinty mass, as having been effected by combination with an alkali, such as potass, soda, or lime, appeared to me a state of such matter rendering it wholly unfit to effect the desiderata of fixity and indelibility for a painting on a wall. The state of watery glass, even while I was looking at it, still no less than the state of stony water, seemed impossible."

Miniature painters and other professors of water-colour art have for years been using a (so-called) glass medium, and many, perhaps, without inquiring its nature. In like manner the existence of the German water-glass painting has for years been known, but it has only interested those who practised it, and, according to the admission of Dr. Von Fuchs, many have failed of success in its application—as will certainly all who are not skilful painters. In such a case we might have expected an outburst of the stilted technology of science, or of the "loving" cant of Art. All this, it is most refreshing to escape, in Maclise's simple confession of temporary embarrassment. It was enough for him that by the alchemy of his art his canvas became gold—he had no need to summon to his aid any of the Eastern genii to turn flint into water, and return the water into flint. He regarded the story of the flint-water as a pleasant fable, and he may have looked upon the reality as a profitless curiosity. One artist, great in his own and in all time, pronounced oil-painting to be fit only for women. Perhaps Maclise considered the water-glass as a toy fit only for children. But the curiosity proved attractive to Kaulbach, and he has shown that there was something in it. Many men have not the magnanimity to receive instruction after their school days, but Maclise has been great enough to go to school again.

Mr. Maclise's first trial of the water-glass was made on a tablet of unprepared milled board—that is, we presume, the raw brown surface of the material sized to prevent the absorption of the liquid. He attempted to use the medium as megilp by mixing colour with it, but found that his purpose was defeated by the brush becoming rigid, and as it were petrified by the rapid vitrifaction of the vehicle. This experiment, however, satisfied him of the binding nature of the material.

The next trial was made in a manner more conformable to the practice of mural painting. An *intonaco* was laid on a wooden frame barred with laths, and on a base of mortar. This prepared surface was only one-tenth of an inch in thickness, and consisted of sand and lime in the proportion of one of the latter to two of the former. When this surface was dry and was supposed to be sufficiently absorbent, a figure was painted in colours mixed with water-glass diluted, and the result proved, that while the fluid admitted of the painting being executed with more facility than in the former trial, yet



FROM THE PICTURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTI

this was at the expense of the fixing qualities—"for the painting, on becoming dry, showed that only a few parts of it were set, while all the rest, the greater portion of it, allowed of being disturbed by touch, and the groundwork could be readily laid bare with a wet sponge." This, therefore, was also a failure, but different in kind from the first. The picture became discoloured, especially where the vehicle had flowed down on the surface. An attempt was made to fix it by passing over the surface water-glass diluted with two parts water, and this secured the greater portion of it; but after a short time an efflorescence appeared on the dark hues—which, however, was easily removable. Mr. Maclise attributes his failure to the imperfect preparation of the ground, and the over-dilution of the vehicle. After many essays with greater or less success, he determined to visit Berlin in order to see the method practised by Kaulbach.

On examining these works, he expresses much surprise at the excessive coarseness of the surface. He could only suppose this condition favourable as ensuring the absorption of the liquid; and this supposition was confirmed on inquiry. In order, however, to secure absorption, it was found that roughness of surface was not indispensable. It must be perfectly intelligible to all who are acquainted with Mr. Maclise's feeling in the execution of his oil-pictures, that this coarseness of surface would be highly objectionable to him, as being not only in itself rugged, but its inequalities became more conspicuous by rendering the colouring spotty. In order to remedy this blemish, recourse was had to what is technically called hatching; which, thus applied, was agreeable in effect, as "it served the purpose for which glazing is adopted in oil-painting, and because of the colours having been laid on in long transparent lines, in conformity with the subjects delineated beneath, the first laid hues of these became modified as by the fusion of tints observable in the rainbow—blue passing into purple, red into orange, and yellow into green." It was also found that a rough surface caught the dust, and so falsified the tones of the shaded passages and dark colours. The evil effect of this is fully exemplified in all the old frescoes in Italy, the fields of which are not even vertical planes. The dust of centuries has at length become incorporated with the ground of the pictures, to the entire falsification of colour and effect.

At Berlin Mr. Maclise continued his experiments, aided by the suggestions of those German artists who had been employed on the works of the New Museum. By the kind offices of the Baron Von Olfers, the director of the Museum, he procured a moderately rough plaster tablet, on which he painted a figure, using this time distilled water to dilute the colours. The tablet had been slightly moistened with the water-glass, and allowed to dry before he began to paint upon it: but it was necessary to keep the work wet, in order that the colours might be exactly matched; but a too forcible application of moisture must be guarded against, as the tints at this stage are easily washed off. This picture was begun and completed on a scaffolding in presence of the artists employed on the Kaulbach designs, and they afforded all necessary information during its progress.

It appears that the inventor and the professed practitioners of this new method of painting are not agreed as to the utility of certain of the prescriptions laid down by the former. This was not to be expected—such differences have existed ever since the dawn of Art. Masters have ever laid down rules of practice which they would have absolute; but he is the wisest writer on the practice of Art who, having detailed his own manner of working, is not unwilling that students should pursue any other which may to them be the most available for arriving at an understood end. The rough surface has been insisted on as a condition necessary to success, but Maclise, not being able to reconcile himself to it, determined to make trial of a surface of smooth plaster, with a view to the painting of his own large picture on a similar surface. This experiment was made in Munich, where, on a ground prepared as if for fresco, but with more sand, a picture was completed and fixed, which, by those artists who seemed best acquainted with the process, was pronounced to be all that could be desired. It was denied, moreover, that it was at all necessary, according to the instructions of the inventor, to saturate the plaster in order to fix the painting. It was asserted that this object was attainable by using the water-glass with judgment over the completed picture; and in support of this assertion works so treated were instanced. Herr Kaulbach does not literally pursue the instructions of Dr. Von Fuchs, but he insists on the necessity of a rough ground:—"It should feel," he says, "like a coarse rasp." But in opposition again to this opinion both Director Zimmerman (Kœnigl. Central Gallerie, Munich) and Professor Buchner declared that such a surface was by no means requisite for any *stereochromic* reason, and instanced works perfectly successful that had been executed on smooth grounds. All artists who practise the art rejoice in the fact that they may retouch their work; and whereas all frescoes exposed to the outward atmosphere in Germany are as readily effaced as they would be in England, it cannot be matter for marvel that they should enthusiastically recommend a method comparatively easier of execution, and at the same time so qualified as to withstand the influence of weather.

From experience and inquiry, Mr. Maclise is of opinion that between stereochromy and the ceramic art there is a close analogy, while fresco has nothing immediately in common with either, save that it is a water-colour art. The fixing of pigments by water-glass on a plaster wall is subject to conditions similar to those of the fixing of colours on an article of pottery. In both operations it is due to the presence of silica (quartz) in the materials of the groundwork that the painting can be rendered permanently indissoluble, although vitrifaction is in each case effected by different means.

The last experiment made by Mr. Maclise, and that which he considers his most successful one, we describe in his own words:—"The picture is painted on a tablet formed of laths covered with three coatings of mortar; the two under coatings, of lime and river sand, consisted of one part lime to three of sand; the *intonaco*, one-tenth inch in thickness, of one part lime to three of fine siliceous sand, such as is used by the artists in the New Palace at Westminster. This upper stratum has been hand-floated rather roughly; my object had been to make this surface, and the whole composition of the tablet, to resemble as closely as possible the large panel in the Royal Gallery, so that it might fairly serve in regard to the process I shall have to adopt there. Before I commenced painting on it, I wetted it over with a solution of lime-water, and while it was still wet, I began the figure, finishing as I progressed, and in half an hour, the ground having become dry, I could see the effect of the portion I had completed. I then again wetted an adjoining piece, and so on to the end. In the mode of working, I found I could freely, carelessly use a stiff hog-hair brush to re-wet what I had painted, without risk of displacing the colour, or in any degree injuring what I had finished. In one spot I wished to restore the ground after I had coloured it, and it was with some difficulty, and only by frequent and forcible use of a stiff brush and a sponge that I could remove the colour. When quite dry, next day, a solution of water-glass was formed of two parts water and one of the concentrated liquor imported from Berlin, and this solution having been twice applied to the painting, is now perfectly fixed. I have also to remark that in this case the water-glass for fixing the picture had been freely passed over it with a large flat water-colour brush, and I may further add that I have tried to use in its full force crimson lake (said to be particularly perishable), and as yet it remains without any apparent deterioration. This specimen having been thinly painted, water freely used, and the ground rendered very absorbent, I note these three conditions to be principal among the causes of the success of the experiment."

The water-glass is thrown on the picture by means of a syringe, to which is attached a reservoir, whence the fluid is ejected by means of air-pressure.

In the course of his trials, Mr. Maclise has arrived at the conclusion that the rough ground recommended in the pamphlet of Dr. Fuchs, and employed by Kaulbach, is not necessary for the absorption of the colours. A tracing over black or red paper on a rough wall cannot be made available, but when the surface is smooth the line is clear.

A ground of Portand cement, without the admixture of sand, is extremely absorbent, yet a painting on such a surface is very difficult to fix, and when fixed appears many degrees darker than when first painted. The execution of the painting is rendered difficult in consequence of the wet colour being instantly sucked dry from the brush. After a picture has been fixed, it can be corrected or worked on again, and refixed.

The quality of *impasto*, valuable in oil flesh-painting, cannot well be effected either in fresco or in stereochromy. If attempted in either the effect is not that which makes it desirable in oil-painting. If, however, the painter should deem the impasted surface necessary, it would be safer to have the raised surface secured to him by the plasterer in the preparation of the wall, because an impasto of colour is liable to fall away.

The granulated surface procured in oil-painting by rubbing transparent colour over a rough texture is easily obtainable in stereochromy.

If the water-glass be thrown profusely on the picture, it will cause it to shine like a varnished oil-picture, which, by the way, is one of the objections urged against oil-painting in the Houses of Parliament. It has also the effect of darkening it, which it will be necessary to take into account, by leaving the work some tones lighter than it is intended to be ultimately.

The result, then, of these experiments by Mr. Maclise is, that he has succeeded in mastering this new method of mural painting, insomuch that we shall see it exemplified in his great picture in the Royal Gallery. Briefly to recapitulate the advantages of stereochromy over the old methods of mural painting, they are:—that the wall may be prepared at once, and the preparation completed before the picture is commenced; that, if correction be necessary, it can be effected without cutting out a portion of the wall; that the picture can be retouched and strengthened to a degree of depth equal to that of oil or enamel-painting; that those examples of stereochromy which have been painted on walls exposed to the outward atmosphere do not seem to be affected by the weather; and lastly, it is to be expected that water-glass painting will retain all the freshness of its primitive colouring, like enamel. These, according to this report, are its points of superiority over both fresco and oil for

mural painting. Much has been said about the unfitness of oil-painting for the Houses of Parliament, in consequence of its reflection; yet that flat, unreflecting surface that artists labour so much to obtain in fresco, finds no favour with the public. In interior painting it will not be necessary to coat pictures so profusely with the water-glass as to produce a high degree of reflection. Kaulbach's works are not offensively glossy, nor is it necessary that any within the Houses of Parliament should be so.

It is probable that Mr. Maclise's great picture will be the first production we shall see in this country coated with the water-glass. When that shall be accessible, we shall be glad of an opportunity of reverting to the subject, as this method of painting appears to us to be susceptible of an extensive development in decorative Art.

THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1862.

The preparation of every grand work or project may be divided into two periods. In the former of these periods the various agencies, whose combined action is eventually to realize the desired plans, are at work apart from one another; but during the second period, on the other hand, they all act in concert. The preparation for next year's Great International Exhibition may now be said to be passing from the former to the latter of these two periods. The edifice destined to contain the Exhibition is sufficiently advanced towards its completion to admit of its being associated with the arrangements for the formation of the Exhibition itself; and, while still devoted to the production of the actual objects which they may severally contribute, the time is come for the exhibitors to adjust their operations to the plans of the Commissioners and to the space within the Exhibition building that will be at their disposal, and also to aggroup their respective collections one with another. The steady progress of the arrangements made by the Royal Commissioners demands a corresponding advance on the part of intending exhibitors, and of all persons who propose to take any share in the Exhibition when it shall have become complete; and, in like manner, the determined and sustained energy of the contractors significantly admonishes those who are to fill their rapidly-growing building to emulate the spirit in which they themselves are working. We do not entertain any suspicion lest the zeal and resolution of the exhibitors should require to be stimulated; still, when we see how well sustained and how completely satisfactory is the progress of those components of the general preparations which depend immediately upon the Commissioners and the contractors, we are anxious to invite special attention to this progress; and in so doing we desire to impress more and more earnestly upon every intending exhibitor the conviction that, like the contractors, he has no time to lose, if he would have his preparation completed both in the right manner and at the right time.

The building makes truly wonderful advances in the course of each passing week—advances which make their accomplishment felt by observant visitors who periodically inspect the works; and every fresh phase of its preparatory existence brings with it some incidental illustration of its ultimate successful applicability to the purpose for which it is being erected. Thus, the portion of the great galleries for the pictures, which has been roofed in, and has received its windows, demonstrates that this eminently important compartment of the edifice will be admirably qualified to exhibit advantageously the works of Art that will be displayed upon its walls. The light in the picture galleries, as already is apparent, is distributed in the happiest manner, the principle of its distribution being the same as that which was adopted by Mr. Sheepshanks in his private gallery at Rutland Gate, and from thence introduced by Captain Fowke into the South Kensington Museum. The Commissioners have just decided to erect a second temporary structure, or "*annexe*," upon the three acres of open ground to the east of the gardens of the Royal Horticultural Society, upon the same plan as what we may distinguish as the "western *annexe*," but with an open court for the reception of large masses of minerals and similar objects. When still farther progress shall have been accomplished, we shall again enter somewhat fully into a descriptive notice of the group of Exhibition buildings; at the present time we are content to express our hopes that the least satisfactory parts of the structure, as they evidently are to be constructed, may be pushed forward with all possible speed during favourable weather. We refer to the pair of enormous domes, which might as well have been left out of the working plans, but which, if they must be raised, ought not to be left to the doubly and trebly dangerous contingencies of slippery scaffoldings and severe cold. The architectural character of the exterior of the permanent structure, so far as it may be understood from the long range of massive brickwork which stretches westward from the South Kensington Museum grounds, is simply a subject for regret. It differs altogether from what we should have desired and hoped to have seen it. But there it stands, unquestionably real in tens of thousands of bricks and sundry tons of mortar, and we can do no more than recognise its existence as Captain Fowke and the Royal Commissioners have been pleased to produce it. The architectural question, if discussed at all now that the bricks and mortar are *in situ*, had far better be left for future consideration. What ought to occupy the present attention of all who are really interested in the success, not of a great building, but of the Great Exhibition, is the Exhibition itself—the building, the general arrangements, the various departments, and the collections and objects to be exhibited, being all regarded as components of one grand whole, and as such forming a subject for thoughtful contemplation.

We observe with much satisfaction the attention bestowed upon the subject of the Exhibition by our contemporaries of the daily press, and their judicious remarks. One circumstance only of grave importance we have not seen to have been noticed, although it certainly demands the serious attention both of the Commissioners and of the public: this is the *approach* to the Exhibition building, as well leading to its principal front, as on its eastern side towards the Museum. All the published representations of the building convey the idea that it stands surrounded by a broad open space, available for free access on all sides to the entrances, and for no less ready departure. This would have been indeed a most desirable condition of the building; but it is very far from being the fact. On the contrary, the building is painfully hedged in almost on every quarter. The road that passes its eastern end, and goes on past the principal entrance to the gardens of the Horticultural Society is very narrow, has no outlet to the right or left, and altogether is as ill-adapted as may be for the movements of either vehicles or pedestrians in large numbers. All that can be said in its favour, is that it leads direct from the Cromwell Road (which passes the front of the South Kensington Museum, and of the new Great Exhibition permanent building) to the high road that runs along the southern border of Hyde Park, and debouches upon Piccadilly. Then, the main front of the vast edifice is now confronted *vis-à-vis* by a series of attached residences in massive blocks, all of them lofty and many-windowed, that have grown up with the growth of Captain Fowke's brick-masonry, as if they had constituted an integral part of his design. Thus the open ground in front of the grand central entrance to the Exhibition has been reduced to the breadth and the ordinary conditions of a suburban London street. It will be necessary to adopt and carry out some plans of the most effective character, which may remedy (since they cannot obviate) the obstacles and difficulties which must inevitably result from this most unfortunate narrowness of the approaches and means for departure, by which visitors may reach and may wend their way from the Great International Exhibition.

And thoroughly "international" the Exhibition promises to become. Grave as may be the aspect of the world's political horizon everywhere, except where the Union-Jack floats in the breeze, there still are abroad sure indications of a deep, as well as a widely pervading, interest in the peaceful gathering at which London invites the presence of the civilized world in the spring and summer of the next year. The owners of precious works of Art, emulating the example of the Queen, are making liberal offers of the loan of their choicest treasures. The Manufactures, as well as the living Arts of the United Kingdom, will be fully and faithfully represented. With the sole exception of Newfoundland, which as yet has "made no sign," the British colonies are taking active steps to compensate in 1862 for their prevailing indifference in 1851. India will furnish a grand, as well as a "great," exhibition by herself. China will take up a position side by side with our own oriental empire, and Japan will hold its rank with China. The Sandwich Islanders will demonstrate the advances which they have made in civilization; and Western and Southern Africa will send characteristic specimens, as well of native as of colonial skill. And, to return to our own quarter of the globe, Europe, from north to south, and from east to west, is at work, actively preparing to exemplify what each country and each city claims to be peculiarly its own.

The applications for space, amounting in round numbers to about 10,000, have exceeded by one-fifth those which were made in anticipation of the Exhibition of 1851; and, were they all to be conceded in full, they would require about six times the large amount of space at the disposal of the Commissioners. It is probable, however, that the allotments made to the several claimants may prove on the whole to be by far more satisfactory to them than might at first sight have been supposed. The entire space for exhibitors has been assigned, in due proportions, to the various classes into which the Exhibition itself has been divided and subdivided, the space for each class being placed under the control of its own committee, by whom the ultimate arrangements are made. In the instance of classes which have a national interest, such as the appliances of railways; machinery of every description; engineering, whether civil, naval, or military; educational apparatus; architecture; and the constructive arts, &c., committees have been appointed, through whom the allotments are made to applicants from all parts of the country. For other classes of objects, metropolitan trade committees and local committees perform the same duties. The metropolitan trade committees have to determine upon the claims of those applicants who desire to exhibit in classes which are not represented by national committees, and who are removed to an inconvenient distance from any town which has appointed its own local committee. By means of such careful adminis-

trative agencies the whole of the important arrangements contingent upon the allotment of space are certain to be adjusted upon the best, and also the fairest principles. In the exercise of their large discretionary powers, the committees must necessarily find their duties both difficult and delicate; the grand objects before them, however, are the real advantages of the Exhibition as a whole, and the utmost possible degree of concession to the just and legitimate wishes of individual exhibitors. Upon these two points their duty is marked out very clearly before them. In the first place, they must resolutely expunge from the list all applications that are made for the admission of objects which have no proper place or interest in an Industrial and Fine-Art Exhibition, or which fail fairly to represent their own department of either Art or Manufactures; and then, in the second place, they must determine that the applications taken by them into consideration be *bonâ fide* applications—that is to say, that they are not made in excess of the actual requirements of the intending exhibitors, under the idea that the space to be allotted to them would be in proportion to that demanded. And again, so far as the general classification may admit, it is of the utmost importance that the committees, in their allotments of space, should keep carefully in view facilities for such an arrangement of the exhibited objects as will admit of a comparison between different examples of the same class of object and between specimens of the same object.

With reference to the objects for which space will be provided and secured, we trust that the exhibitors themselves will cordially co-operate with the committees in determining them to be such as both ought to appear and ought not to be excluded. This Exhibition, if it would realize its becoming aim and purpose, is to be, not a multitudinous assemblage of the rarest and most precious and most diversified curiosities, but a vast gathering of *representative works*. It is, so to speak, to be the parliament of the artistic and industrial resources of the United Kingdom, of the British Colonies, and of the civilized world. Each and every component of the magnificent whole must have some reason for its presence—must exemplify and represent an art or an industry, as well as bear the impress of intrinsic worthiness. Works of Art, accordingly, are to represent, first, schools; then, periods; and thirdly, artists. Industrial productions are to show the excellences of their several orders: they are to indicate what can be done, each in its own department, *under ordinary circumstances and conditions*,—not to be exceptional achievements, works that stand alone, and are devoid of any association with those requirements and uses which have called their particular manufacture into being, and sustain it in action. The objects that we hope to see in this Exhibition will thus be specimens of their several classes, and by no means exceptions (save in their singular excellence) from the ordinary productions of their classes. Even this excellence must not be exceptional, only its degree. It must not be attained by any departure from the prevailing system of production, or at any rate, from such a system of production as might prevail and ought to prevail. It may rightly indicate a superiority over whatever has been already accomplished; but still this very superiority must be generally attainable hereafter, and thus the excellence of any exhibited specimen is to give a lesson in the art of perfecting every similar production.

Experiments have been made for *lighting* the Exhibition, with the view to its being open in the evening as well as during the day. We strongly advocate such a project, provided that it be attained with safety. The evening opening of every institution that may convey sound instruction—as a Museum of Art and Industry conveys sound instruction—is precisely the one thing that is so urgently needed in order to enable these institutions thoroughly to do their work and to fulfil their mission. A very large proportion of the visitors, who would learn the most, and who would make the most advantageous use of what they learn, are those who can visit the Exhibition of next year, or any museum, only during the hours of the evening, except with difficulty and perhaps with the loss of what they can ill afford to lose, and certainly with inconvenience and under disadvantages. If possible, then, by all means let the Exhibition be open as well between the hours of 6 and 10 P.M., as throughout the day.

Whatever may be the official arrangements for the production and cheap sale of popular catalogues, it is of the utmost importance that every department and class, and every object also, should be *distinctly labelled* in plain and easily intelligible language. And besides this ever available, this always understandable description of the classes and departments that make up the Exhibition, and of the objects that constitute the classes and departments, we trust that her Majesty's Commissioners will consider it to be a part, and by no means an unimportant part of their duties, to provide for popular oral descriptions of the works exhibited, to be given on the spot, under such arrangements as may appear to them to be best calculated to develop the teaching powers of the unrivalled collections over which they must assuredly find that they will preside. We have more to say hereafter upon popular catalogues and popular descriptions; but we are anxious, at the present time, to advert and to invite attention to those subjects, and to urge their importance upon the Royal Commissioners, the exhibitors, and the public at large.

The following are the most important of the decisions that have been announced by her Majesty's Commissioners, with reference to the prizes or rewards of merit, which will be given in the form of medals:—

(*a.*) These medals will be of one class, for merit, without any distinction or degree.

(*b.*) No exhibitor will receive more than one medal in any class or sub-class.

(*c.*) An international jury will be formed for each class, and sub-class, of the exhibition, by whom the medals will be adjudged.

(*d.*) Each foreign commission will be at liberty to name one member of the jury for each class, and sub-class, in which staple industries of their country, and its dependencies, are represented.

(*e.*) The British jurors will be chosen in the following manner:—Every exhibitor will name three persons to act on the jury for each class, or sub-class, in which he exhibits, and, from the persons so named, her Majesty's Commissioners will select three members of the jury for each class, or sub-class.

The names of the jurors will be published in March, 1862. The awards of the juries are to be submitted to the Commissioners before the last day of May. These awards will be published in the Exhibition building, at a public ceremony, early in June; after which they will be conspicuously attached to the works of the successful exhibitors, *the grounds of each award being also briefly stated*. The medals will be presented on the last day of the Exhibition.

We have much satisfaction in adding, that, besides making arrangements for showing machinery in motion, and illustrating it by processes, the Commissioners consider it desirable for the general public to see certain handicrafts in actual operation; and they accordingly will show a practical illustration of type casting, type printing by hand, lithographic printing, copper-plate printing, earthenware printing, porcelain printing, a potter's wheel, glass blowing, turning in metal, wood, and ivory, engine turning, gold chain making, steel pen making, and various other processes, all of them of the utmost general interest in their several departments of national industry, and, therefore, of national prosperity.

THE PORTRAIT GALLERY AT THE EXHIBITION OF 1862.

Whilst, within and without its walls, our Exhibition of next year will collect from every region upon earth assemblages of men and women, of all shades of colour, and all forms of feature, sufficient in variety to please the most diligent ethnographer, and to gratify the most zealous philanthropist on such an occasion, it will doubtless occur to the providers of the intellectual fraternization of the "whole race of mankind" to present, in the accumulated masses of Art, all that the painter, the sculptor, and the engraver may have done to give a lasting character to the human form divine.

The "*Os homini sublime dedit*," that excellent text of the Roman poet, never had so good an opportunity of application. This vast gallery will offer evidence of the real value of a better way to see into character than the tentative systems of Lavater and Spurzheim are at length adjudged to be. The superb portraits in our palaces by Holbein, by Michael Angelo, by Velasquez — their precursors in the illuminated miniatures, the statues, the coins and gems of antiquity and of the middle ages—their graceful imitators in later times, along with well-selected works by living artists in all lands, will furnish the noblest groups; whilst the marvels of the photographer and of his alliances will complete the scene.

Our National Portrait Commission may here advantageously bring its new zeal in aid of the design. A spur is wanted to the fitting progress of its own task. The House of Commons votes annual grants to the portrait commission, with some slight murmuring. The multitudinous subjects belonging to the domain of that commission, scattered in all quarters, and awaiting a home, are not yet seen to crowd its halls. This gallery of 1862 will bring the high utility of national portraits into public view.

It will not be possible to show together all the masterpieces of portrait painting, now the pride of great collections abroad and at home. But engravings of them already executed, or to be made, and easily to be obtained, will produce a great effect. If we cannot have at Kensington, the Vittoria Colonna of Michael Angelo—priced but lately at the fabulous sum of £2,000—the fine engraving of that rare model of female dignity is at command. The original painting of Wicliffe at Knole, in Kent, may be too precious for removal, but the engraver White in the seventeenth century produced its noble lineaments in perfection; and a copy of his work can be had to illustrate how curiously tradition, after the lapse of two hundred years, enabled the great painter of the sixteenth century to reproduce the great reformer of the fourteenth to the life, and with the sublimest intelligence.*

There will be no difficulty in enriching our gallery of 1862 from the Chinese and Tartar works of portraiture. From the early eastern civilization to the latest found savage life in all quarters of the globe, the possession of elements of Art shows an universal capability of improvement, just as the study of the heart of the most simple of the human race demonstrates the same capability, whatever sciolists may infer from the shape of the skull, or from the varying facial outline.

To those among us who from boyhood have been

* This print of Wicliffe's portrait, as *painted* so long after his death, being obtained from earlier genuine likenesses which may be lost, seems to have been just noticed by the editor of the collection published by the Useful Knowledge Society. Mr. Lodge had left Wicliffe out of his fine collection, for want probably of the Knole painting.

familiar with the portraits of Ignatius Sancho, the redeemed negro, the refined writer, and the friend of Sterne; of poor Prince Lee Boo from the Pelew Islands, where his people protected our shipwrecked mariners; and, with a hundred other examples proving *the unity of the human heart*, such a collection of savage men's lineaments will be as welcome as more valuable products and curious memorials. In these respects, indeed, a good collection of portraits from the less civilized tribes will elucidate a very interesting topic. "Such portraits, taken at different stages of the intercourse of those tribes with us, establish their in-born powers beyond all contradiction. From Africa, for instance, we now possess examples of progress of several generations of Hottentots, and it is known that the grandson's features change materially for the better by habits of cleanliness, and good food, and culture. This one of the many elements belonging to the cause of good government, is not to be despised by the statesman or by the more professed philanthropist.

It was a sublime event in Roman story when the conscript fathers received the warriors of Gaul in solemn senate, prepared to be the first sacrifice to barbarism. The triumph of its heroes was a triumph of civilization. In our gallery of the world's portraits, in 1862, another lesson may be taught. There we can show that in every land, among all people, there are germs of good; and the lesson will be well learned if the end be the repression of the evil passions still too violent among the more advanced nations for the peaceful growth of those good germs.

All great historical painters are known to be skilful painters of portraits; and portraits are notoriously the favourites in all exhibitions. The imaginative professor of modern history at Cambridge, Mr. Kingsley, has been said to have given biography too large a space in his estimate of the components of history. Whoever reads his powerful inaugural lecture with attention will see that this error is unfairly imputed to him; and he is undoubtedly right in his statement, that individual character wonderfully sways the affairs of nations. This unquestionable fact raises the study of portraits from artistic to social importance, and it may be hoped that the present opportunity will not be lost of making our exhibition of 1862, in this respect, *tell* as a peaceful contribution to social improvement, whatever else may befal mankind in the coming year.

ART IN IRELAND AND THE PROVINCES.

Cork.—The committee of the School of Art in this city has recently issued a report extending over a period of the last two years: it speaks favourably of the operations of the institution. Eighty drawings by pupils have been exhibited during the time, twenty medals awarded, and eleven drawings were forwarded to London for the national competition.

Stoke-on-Trent.—We regret exceedingly to know that the financial condition of the school of Art in this place is such as to threaten the closing up of the institution at no very distant date, unless efficient aid be rendered it. An appeal to the inhabitants of the Potteries and the adjacent districts has been made for such assistance. The printed circular issued by the committee states, "that the government inspector reported to the Central Department, after his last examination, 'that there had been a marked improvement in the studies of the pupils.' Whilst, however, the Committee have reason to be satisfied with the progress made by the students, the financial condition of the school is a subject of great and increasing anxiety. For some years past, the school has been mainly supported by the liberality of Messrs. Minton and Co., who, in addition to an annual subscription of £25, and the payments of the fees of the students from their Manufactory, have in the last five years made donations amounting altogether to £600, to enable the committee to meet their engagements. Notwithstanding this assistance, there is still a balance of £238 14s. 5d. due to 31st December last, which Messrs. Minton have promised to liquidate. They have, however, given notice that in future they will increase their annual subscription to £50, but that they will not be answerable for any further deficiency after the end of this year, from which period also they will relinquish the payment of any fees for pupils. The committee have been obliged to give notice that at the expiration of three months, the services of the Modelling Master and the Elementary Master would be dispensed with; but even with this reduction of expenditure, they will be totally unable to carry on the school without further assistance. . . . If the appeal be not responded to, the committee will have no alternative but to close the school altogether, at the earliest possible opportunity,—a step which they will take with extreme reluctance and regret, as they are persuaded that schools of Art have been, and are likely to be, of great service to the district; and there are peculiar reasons for regretting the extinction of the Stoke School, which combines the advantages of a central situation, commodious rooms, expressly designed for the purpose, a highly-efficient staff of masters, and an excellent collection of drawings, models, and other apparatus, which, if once removed and dispersed, may never be recovered." We cannot account for such indifference and apathy, especially in a manufacturing district, towards an object which seems to be almost essential to the well-being of the community among whom it is placed. It may be mentioned that at the last examination six pupils were awarded national medallions, and twenty-six local medals were distributed, besides numerous other prizes.

Southampton.—The annual examination, presided over by Mr. Eyre Crowe, one of the Government Inspectors, of the pupils in the Schools of Art at Southampton and its adjacent towns, took place at the commencement of the last month, when ten medals were awarded, four candidates received "honourable mention," and seven drawings were selected for the national competition of next year.

Gloucester.—A monument in memory of the martyr-bishop Hooper, burnt in this city, is being erected here: the design is similar to that of the Oxford "Martyr's Memorial," except that it will contain but one figure, a statue of the venerable prelate, instead of four. The origin of this monument, says a local paper, "is somewhat curious, and breathes more the air of shrewd commercial speculation than of an impulsive movement, springing from an earnest, soul-felt attachment to the great principles of religious toleration which Bishop Hooper illustrated in his life, and dignified and strengthened in his cruel death. The proprietor of a newspaper (one of the so-called 'cheap' publications, partly printed in London) conceived the idea—one which, in shrewdness, might have emanated from the fertile brain of Brother Jonathan—of adding a halfpenny to the price of his newspaper, and appropriating the first £50 thus raised by the augmentation of price, as the 'nest-egg' of a fund for the erection of a suitable monument. The scheme, at first, we are told, was coldly received by the people of Gloucester; but its author persevered, for it is said that the circulation of the paper largely increased, and as time rolled on some zealous Protestants gave it their countenance and support."

Liverpool.—It having been determined to place a statue of the late Duke of Wellington on the column now in course of erection in Liverpool as a "Wellington Memorial," sculptors were invited to compete for the work: six models were accordingly sent in, and that by Mr. Lawson, of Edinburgh, has been selected by the committee. The statue will be twelve feet high, and of bronze; the column on which it is to stand is to be one hundred and ten feet in height.

Falmouth.—The twenty-ninth annual exhibition of the Royal Cornwall Polytechnic Society, was opened in this town on the 17th of September. More than seven hundred and fifty objects of various kinds were displayed; of these upwards of three hundred came under the denomination of Fine Art works, paintings predominating, the majority of which were lent for the occasion by their owners, who chiefly resided in the locality. The general contents of the rooms were not of so interesting a character as they have heretofore been; but some of the drawings by the pupils of the Penzance School of Art, show that the institution is making favourable progress in that department.

Preston.—A small collection of modern English pictures, water-colour drawings, and sculpture, the property of Mr. H. N. Pedder, of Ashton-on-Ribble, was recently disposed of by auction in this town. The works which realized the highest prices were—'Robinson Crusoe reading the Bible,' C. R. Leslie, R.A. (engraved), 120 gs.; 'Dr. Johnson in the Ante-room of Lord Chesterfield's,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 156 gs.; 'Prospero, Miranda, Ferdinand, and Caliban,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 72 gs.; 'Cattle and Sheep in Canterbury Meadows,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 95 gs.; 'Sherwood Forest,' a water-colour drawing by D. Cox, £104. Other attractive drawings by the same artist, and by Stanfield, Cattermole, S. Prout, S. Palmer, W. Hunt, Topham, and Jenkins, were sold at good, but not large prices.

THE TURNER GALLERY.

A FROSTY MORNING—SUNRISE.

Engraved by R. Brandard.

Whether the "Fallacies of Hope," assumed to be written by Turner, and of which passages were so frequently applied to the title of his pictures, qualify him to be classed among the poets, he was evidently a lover and reader of poetry, and possessed a mind richly imbued with its essential attributes. Every scene of nature, however simple in character, he placed on the canvas, manifests a poetical feeling as beautiful as it is true, sometimes gathered from the stores of his own luxuriant imagination, and sometimes suggested by—or perhaps it should rather be said, allied with—the ideas of others. The motto attached to the picture of 'A Frosty Morning,' when exhibited at the Royal Academy in 1813, was a line taken from Thomson's *Seasons*,—

"The rigid hoar-frost melts before his beam."

The entire passage is descriptive of sunrise on the first frosty morning in autumn; and, however much the departure of the summer with all her glorious array of verdant beauty and brilliant sunshine may be deplored, and however unwelcome is the approach of winter when he lays his cold fingers on the last flowers left us by the autumn, who cannot but admire the appearance of hedgerow, and forest-tree, and dwarfish herbage, fringed, as it were, with clusters of pearls formed by the early frost?

The following sonnet, apostrophising the frost as an artist who has decorated the window-pane, is beautifully descriptive, and seems perfectly appropriate to a winter picture:—

"Artist unseen! that, dipp'd in frozen dew
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,—
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,
And, hung in air, hoar trees of branching shade,
That liquid pearl distil: thy scenes renew,
Whate'er old bards, or later fictions feign,
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,
Where Nereids roof with spar the amber cave;
Or bowers of bliss where sport the fairy train,
Who, frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen,
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green."

Southey.

The first thing which would naturally strike the spectator on looking at Turner's picture, is the simplicity and paucity of the subject-matter, so different from all we are accustomed to see in the majority of his compositions. To the left is a high road, indicated by a stage-coach looming in the distance through the cold, misty atmosphere, not yet dispersed by the rising sun; on the right is a patch of open ground, which leads through a low dilapidated gateway into a field; skirting the road and the fields beyond is a high bank with a leafless tree here and there, and an occasional shrub; on the other side of the bank, in the middle distance, is a solitary cow; in the foreground is a cart, which the farm-labourers are evidently preparing to load with earth or gravel, for a man is removing the tail-board, and his barrow, pick-axe, spade, and other implements for such work, are close at hand: a man with a gun and a little girl carrying a hare over her shoulders look on, and behind them is a boy who seems as if intended to try if the ice on the surface of a pool of water would "bear." There is in all this nothing, as we just stated, but the most ordinary material, and yet all is brought forward with so much truth of nature, and is so admirably represented in its elaborate details, that the character of the subject assumes a degree of pictorial dignity from the manner in which it is delineated.

The tone of colour throughout the picture is excellent; the sky, and whatever distant objects are visible, are tinged with a yellowish hue, as they are usually seen when the sunbeams break through the cold, white mists of wintry morning; for, inasmuch as there is not a single leaf on tree or hedge, the artist must have been thinking of winter rather than late autumn when he composed this work, though he appended to it Thomson's description of an autumnal hoar-frost.

The picture, which is of large dimensions—too large, perhaps, for so slight a subject—is in the National Collection at Kensington.



GOTHIC METAL WORK.*

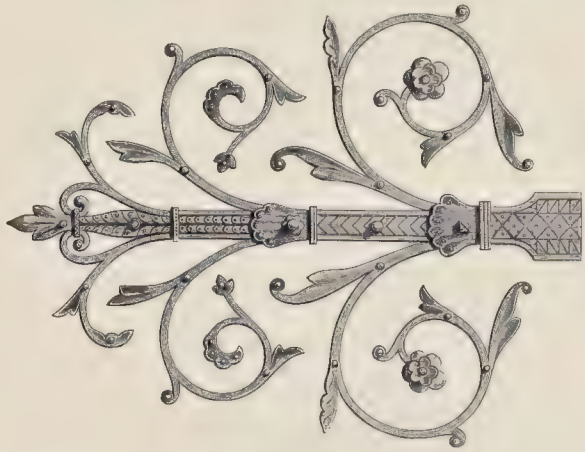
It will be understood that, in selecting examples of modern Gothic metal work to which we wish to direct public attention, we are careful to avoid any works that are either exceptional (however artistically excellent) in their character, or that are rather curious than meritorious. The ecclesiastical metal work that is produced for Mr. Butterfield, after his own designs, by Potter, of South Molton Street, for example, is always admirable; and yet, like the able architect himself, there is an air of mystery about it, and it is carefully kept out of sight, except for the privileged few, so that it would seem to have been made expressly under such conditions as would prevent its being appreciated by the general public. This is not the modern Gothic metal work that will do much good to the Gothic revival. Neither do we care to adduce it as showing the ability of



(Ex. 1.) By Peard.

modern metal workers, or the powers of Gothic Art. Its exclusiveness goes a great way to neutralise its intrinsic worth—its worth, both to exemplify and to teach Gothic Art. The same remarks are generally applicable to the productions of another clever and skilful metal worker, Keith, of the City Road. He chiefly produces works from designs which have been made by architects and placed in his hands; and he also does much which purposely is not intended to be popular. Let us be understood, however, to speak in decided terms of the abilities, both as artists and as manufacturing producers, of Mr. Keith, and of the Messrs. Potter. Neither of them would work for Mr. Butterfield, if they were not masters of their craft: and very many are the works of first-rate excellence that have proceeded from either establishment. The Messrs. Johnston, Brothers, of Holborn, hold an honourable position amongst these metal-workers of our own day, who are pleased to designate themselves "mediæval." Their productions are executed with skill and much Gothic feeling. In the matter of design, we believe that they are generally dependent upon persons not connected with their establishment, and consequently, they must be regarded more particularly as producers, than as designers, of artistic metal work in the Gothic style.

It is a characteristic of the Gothic metal workers, that they combine, each in his own establishment, the vocations of the goldsmith and the smith properly so called; that is to say, they all work as well in the precious as in the hard metals. Such appears at present to be a necessity of their position as artist-manufacturers, and assuredly, in the present condition of Gothic Art, it is most desirable that all Gothic metal work should bear the impress of the same thought and the same feeling, and should exhibit the same treatment also. It is impossible, however, that every Gothic metal worker should feel the same delight in his works in gold and silver, and in brass and iron. Some must have rather the goldsmith's instinct, in preference to that of the more direct descendant of Vulcan; and, on the other hand, the treatment of brass and iron must necessarily, to some workers, be the favourite department of their art. We have much satisfaction in introducing into our columns a few specimens of the works, executed in the hard metals by a young member of the Gothic fraternity, who really loves the brass and the iron, and who deals with them lovingly in the true Gothic spirit. Mr. T. Peard, of High Holborn, is a skilful worker in the precious metals, but the hard metals are peculiarly the materials that command his sympathies. Mr. Peard worked for a considerable time in the establishment (and, as we may justly entitle it, the school) of the Messrs. Hart, and now he has taken up an independent position of his own. His productions, those in iron in a pre-eminent degree, are such as to command our warmest approval. They are perfectly Gothic, and they belong altogether to our own era. Mr. Peard has a true feeling for Gothic iron-work; he knows what the metal ought to accomplish, and he knows also how to develop its capacities. Mr. Peard works either from his own designs, or from such designs as architects may entrust to him. In either case his productions show that he works as a Gothic artist, who understands and sympathises with his art. His works comprehend every variety of object, as well the most dignified and elaborate examples of ecclesiastical metal work, as the simplest and commonest articles that are daily in requisition for domestic uses. As will be seen, we have selected for our illustrations examples of several distinct classes of Mr. Peard's works in brass and iron, our special object having been to exemplify from his productions Gothic metal work in its simpler



(Ex. 2.)

aspect, and without any ecclesiastical associations. Example 1 is a grille, or piece of open screen-work, hand-wrought throughout in iron, and equally admirable in design and execution. The flow of the lines could not be improved, and the distribution of the details is most masterly. Example 2 is a rich hinge, also in wrought iron, worthy to rank with the screen, and equally characteristic of the producer's powers. Examples 3, 4, 5, and 6, are objects executed by the hand in burnished brass; example 4 is a gas-bracket, singularly graceful, and of the utmost simplicity; example 3 is a reading-desk for the table; example 6 is a door-lock with its handle; and example 5 is a bell-lever. These works speak for themselves. We may add that Mr. Peard has published a richly illustrated catalogue of many of his works, in the brief preface to which he has introduced the following judicious remarks. The examples which he has figured, he says, are not placed by him before the public as "'stock patterns,' to be used anywhere and everywhere, when articles of the kind are required, but simply to show that the principles upon which metal work should be designed and executed have been carefully studied." . . . . He adds,—"In all cases attention is devoted to the giving in each example, as far as practicable, that variety of treatment and expression, for which, in Gothic Art, there is an almost unlimited scope." With but few exceptions, in his catalogue Mr. Peard has preferred to rest his claims for support upon designs which are "simple in character, but of good outline, and with a reality about them, each serving the purpose and indicating the use which its form suggests." "The extent of this catalogue" (and it is tolerably comprehensive in its range), he declares "but barely enters the field open for the effective treatment of almost every description of metal work, whether for the more strict purposes of architectural enrichment, or the still commoner requirements of domestic use; for, although there is nothing so noble and grand, but the more elevated capabilities of the Art may be devoted to its service, yet at the same time there is nothing so mean as to be below its legitimate application." When we express our hope that a long and prosperous career may be before Mr. Peard, we do no more than declare that we desire to see Gothic metal work popular because meriting popularity.

With Mr. Peard's works we associate a second group of miscellaneous examples, from the collections of the Messrs. Hart, thus enabling our readers the more readily to institute a comparison between the productions of what we may entitle the parent establishment and its most promising off-set. As in the former instance, we have avoided the more costly and elaborate works, in order to direct especial attention to such as are of simpler character, and more calculated to be in general demand. It is unnecessary for us to comment upon the particular merits of each individual of the following examples: of

* Continued from page 284.

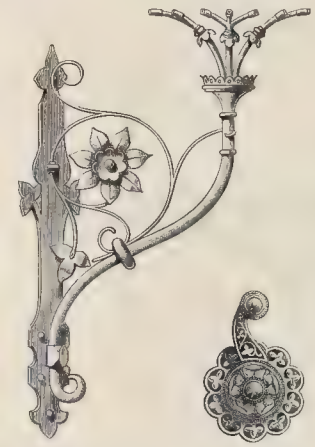
the general characteristics of the Messrs. Hart's works, and of their own deservedly high reputation as Gothic metal workers, we have already spoken at length. Example 9 is a grille, or panel of open screen-work in wrought iron; example 7, also a work executed in wrought iron, is a guard for the front of a balcony, which may be very significantly contrasted with the wretched objects in cast iron that are so generally in use. Example 8 is a candle-bracket, of exceedingly effective design;



(Ex. 3.) By Peard.

example 10 is a watch-stand for the mantel-shelf, or the library, or toilette table, constructed of burnished brass and wood. Example 11 is a card-tray; and examples 12 and 13 are salvers, the metal work being gilt and elaborately enriched with enamel and jewels.

Another metal worker of first-rate ability is Mr. Benham, of Wigmore Street, or rather we ought to speak in the plural number, when we refer to



(Ex. 4.) (Ex. 5.)

the Gothic metal works of Messrs. Benham and Sons. These gentlemen have formed a distinct department for objects produced by them in the Gothic style, and they have erected and fitted up an appropriate Gothic gallery, for the express purpose of receiving and exhibiting their Gothic productions. The gallery itself has been constructed from the designs and under the direction of an architect, than whom none of the Gothic revivers is more earnestly



(Ex. 6)

devoted to the style, or more thoroughly imbued with its spirit. The Messrs. Benham have also most judiciously secured the systematic co-operation of the same talented gentleman, Mr. Norman Shaw, as a designer of objects in the metals, and as the general Art-director of their establishment. We regret not having been enabled, on the present occasion, to add any specimens of the Messrs. Benham's metal work to our series of illustrations; we trust, however, at no distant period to supply this deficiency. Meanwhile we may congratulate both the Messrs. Benham themselves on the complete success of their plans in the Gothic department of their metal works, and also all true lovers of Gothic Art on having such a valuable accession, as the Wigmore Street gallery, to the small series of establishments that are devoted to the production of metal work in the true feeling of Gothic Art.

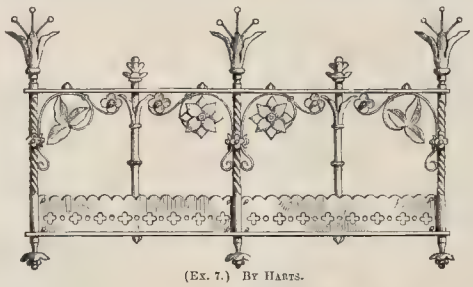
Before we invite our readers to follow us out of London to examine the productions of two other Gothic metal workers who are established, the one towards the north, and the other westward of the metropolis, we may not pass over without becoming recognition a veteran of the craft, Mr. Debaufer, who still maintains in his establishment in the city the reputation which he won several years ago, early in the period of the Gothic revival.

And now, reserving the greatest and most important of the Gothic metal workers to conclude our group, we propose to travel to Coventry, by way of Frome, in Somersetshire, that on our route we may pay a visit to Mr. Singer, in that pleasant little country town. Like the first Skidmore, Mr. Singer was brought up to be a watchmaker and silversmith, and he turned his attention to Gothic metal work, because the noble churches of Somersetshire (which he delighted to visit) had taught him to love Gothic Art; and then he was commissioned to make some brass candlesticks, so he at once took to such working in brass, as he knew to have been in favour



(Ex. 8.)

with the great Gothic artists of the middle ages. Not having acquired in earlier life more than very rudimentary instruction in drawing, Mr. Singer now



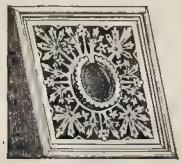
(Ex. 7.) By Harts.

finds himself (as he expresses it) unable to do more than make very rough designs, and thus he is constrained to *think his work out in the process of making*. We are disposed to consider it would have been well for many who believe themselves to be pro-



(Ex. 9.)

ficients as draughtsmen, if they were to be compelled to conform to Mr. Singer's system of "thinking out" their productions. This "thinking out" is the very essence of the Gothic spirit, and it is just what our artist-manufacturers of every class and order must regard as the one thing, which in these days at once is most needed and least practised. Mr. Singer has found the value of *mental drawing*, and he now has a small but most efficient factory as a metal worker, every person employed in it being a native of Frome. Many works of high excellence



(Ex. 10.)

have already proceeded from this singularly interesting establishment, and we have no doubt that Mr. Singer will secure for his works a reputation of the most distinguished order. We have engraved, as



(Ex. 11.)

specimens of the Gothic metal of Frome, example 14, a circular font-cover, the metal work of which is executed in wrought iron; example 18, an elegant and effective gas-bracket; and, example 17, the head of a standard for communion-railing, which is distinguished for its skilful arrangement of details and

for masterly workmanship. Among his other most successful works we may specify a very beautiful brass lectern, designed and executed by Mr. Singer, various communion-rails, and gas-standards and brackets, coronæ, &c.

From Frome to Coventry (a journey now easy of accomplishment), and we find ourselves with Mr. Skidmore, in the noble establishment of which



(Ex. 12.) By Harts.

he is the head, and which promises to accomplish so much, not only for Gothic Art as it is revived amongst us, but also for Coventry itself. Mr. Skidmore had already made his own Gothic metal works famous, when he consented to associate himself and his establishment with a project, set on foot and organized by some of his powerful neighbours, in the hope that it might be the means of introducing



(Ex. 13.)

upon an extensive scale a new industry among the distressed and destitute artisans of Coventry. Accordingly, at the present moment Mr. Skidmore's Gothic metal work is peculiarly interesting, from the circumstance that it is holding out to his fellow-townsmen hope of a successful career in a new and honourable calling. The Coventry establishment is one of great extent, and of almost unlimited powers



(Ex. 14.) By Singer.

for producing the works to which it is devoted. Architectural details, both primarily constructive and accessories of construction, are produced on a grand scale, and in great abundance and variety. Iron architecture, properly so called, here is beginning to develop its capabilities. And, at the same time, the most delicate and refined objects are designed and executed with becoming care, under the same roof with the largest and the boldest works that the architect can require from the metal worker. We give, as an illustration of his skilful treatment of the precious metals, a group of sacramental plate in silver, example 15, in which Mr. Skidmore has shown himself a perfect master both of Gothic Art and of its peculiar adaptation to this class of objects in metal. The decoration of this group comprehends the most beautiful of the decorative processes that may be applied to the enrichment of the precious metals, together with elaborate ornamentation executed in the silver itself. The decorative metal work of the new Museum at Oxford was produced by Mr. Skidmore, and it alone would be more than sufficient to have placed him amongst the most accomplished artist-manufacturers of his time. We have preferred to give, as illustrations of his architectural metal work, a panel of a rich wrought iron screen, which Mr. Skidmore has produced under the direction of Mr. G. G. Scott, R.A., for the restorations of Lichfield Cathedral, example 16. This beautiful work shows at a glance the masterly treatment which has made it what it is; and the more minutely and thoughtfully it is studied, the more thoroughly will its distinguished qualities as a work of Gothic Art be appreciated. We might have multiplied examples to any extent, and in every conceivable department of metal work; and in every instance we should have had a fresh illustration of the ability which is directing and conducting the noble establishment for the production of Gothic metal work at Coventry. We need only add that Mr. Skidmore has produced a numerous series of important works in metal for the colonies, as well as those which are destined to remain in the mother country.

It will be apparent to the thoughtful observer,



(Ex. 15.) By Skidmore.

that even in the richest and most elaborate examples of Gothic metal work, no less than in the more simple objects, there is a reality and a significance about the entire work that may be sought for in vain from metal workers in other styles. The Gothic ornamentation is always part of the design. Every detail is a development of the leading idea. In Mr. Skidmore's Lichfield screens there is not one minutest portion of the work that could be removed, without its loss being felt by the whole. Everything is an integral of the entire work. It is precisely the same with our other examples. And, more than this, the decorative details in these pieces of Gothic metal work, besides growing out of the leading lines and constituting essential components of the design, are exactly the right things in the right places. They are all in perfect harmony with one another, and with the entire design. Consequently, each one of them tells effectively. And again, in these works everything is constructively true and positive. Apparent rivets are real rivets, that are absolutely necessary. Each detail has its own part in forming and consolidating the whole, as well as in enriching and decorating it. These are conditions of Gothic metal work, that can be really understood only by comparison with metal work of the highest order, but which is not Gothic. Thus, the portion of the celebrated *renaissance* iron gates from Hampton Court, which has been so rightly placed in the South Kensington Museum, will at once, and in a most characteristic manner, demonstrate the value of what we have termed "reality

and significance" in Gothic. The heads, and terminal figures and scroll-foliage of the *renaissance* iron-work have nothing in common, nor do they take any other than fortuitous parts in the composition in which they appear. They do not grow out of the construction, and form components of it; and even if they did, their growth could only be considered eccentric and grotesque, if not absolutely inconsistent and unnatural. They have nothing whatever to do with either iron-work in general, or these gates in particular. The *renaissance* metal worker was a first-rate workman. His manipulation was excellent. He knew how to use his hammer, and he used it well and skilfully. But, if his hands were free to impart the artist's touch to the iron, his thoughts were fettered by the style in which he worked, and so he could accomplish no more than a masterpiece of workmanship —an elaborate incongruity; rich, but not effective; wonderful as work in iron, but wanting altogether in the true spirit of iron-work. In like manner, in all *renaissance* metal work there is no feeling for the metal. Neither style nor treatment sympathise with the material. The details and ornaments, if removed, might have their places equally well supplied with anything else, or their absence might not at all be felt. And, what is truly remarkable, whenever metal work is really well treated, it involuntarily assimilates with that which is truly Gothic; and, the better it is as metal work, the nearer is its approach to the Gothic type. Nothing can be artistically worse than the great mass of what is ordinarily termed, with a species of sarcastic facetiousness, decorative—no, decorated, metal work. Go through a gas-fitter's crowded show-rooms, for example, and examine the achievements of metal decorators, who know just a little worse than nothing about the metals and the right method of treating them. It is to be hoped that the time is at hand, which will witness the general recognition of true Art in metal work. We are now conscious of the value and importance of the metals for the production of objects, which a few years ago would never have been associated with materials of their order. What remains for us to accomplish is to recognise the true Art of working in metal. The Gothic metal workers are teaching this art in the best and most effectual manner—that is, by their practice of it. Their Gothic metal works show the grand distinction that exists between decorative and decorated construction; they bring into operation the best and most perfect processes of treatment, availing themselves always (except when they perversely mediævalize and persist in copying the imperfections which the men of the middle ages were *unable* to overcome) of the improved and improving appliances and implements of modern science; and they raise the character of their workmen as workmen, because the work which they place in their hands requires in its treatment and execution no common degree of observant skill.



(Ex. 17.) By Singer.

The Gothic metal workers are teaching all designers and producers in other styles, to aim at a continual substitution of more artistic, in the place of more artificial, processes and agencies. Gothic metal work, to be true to itself, must be hand-wrought: and so the Gothic metal workers are habitually devising and investigating improvements in implements and processes adapted to handwork; and thus they strengthen their existing means for producing, as well their simplest, as their most ambitious works. And improved processes, in addition to simplifying work and rendering it more perfect, also act beneficially upon workmen. Here the Gothic metal workers are accomplishing great and most effectual results for good, in leading actual workmen to rise in their ranks. They require handwork, and they provide for their workmen fresh implements and more potent processes: and thus they improve the workmen themselves. To cut a design in metal, or to beat it out, requires more of thought and of power of touch, than is requisite to enable a workman dextrously to finish off castwork with the file or with sand-paper. That species of attrition rubs away mental energy quite as keenly as it removes imperfections from metallic castings. The man who is able to execute artistic designs, which comprehend an ever-fresh variety of treatment and expression, must necessarily work thoughtfully: and the thoughtful workman produces thought-impressed work: and such work, by an easy process of transition, leads the worker to "think out" designs —it makes the man an artist, because from the first it had required him to be an artist-workman.

To our Gothic metal workers themselves we recommend sustained perseverance in their study of the style in its essential principles and their appropriate application, and more particularly we would urge upon them the constant consideration of the powerful appeals ever made by true Gothic Art to direct nature-teaching. The more keenly these appeals are felt by our metal workers, certainly in that same degree will their works rise continually higher in their Art-capacity, and also in esteem and popularity. The Gothic metal worker must be a diligent and loving student of nature. He must aspire too to be no less faithful as a votary of Art.





(Ex. 18.)

He must be a man of scientific acquirements also. Such being the necessary qualifications of producers of Gothic metal work, the artistic qualities which distinguish their productions follow as natural consequences. We trust that the merits of both the Gothic metal workers and their works will soon be adequately appreciated by the public: and, on the other hand, we feel assured that the artists in the metals, whose works we have been considering, will ever continue their efforts to advance still further in their course, and so to strengthen their claims upon popular sympathy, admiration, and support.

THE

ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. IV.

"Au bout du comte ils trouvent par destin
Qu'ils sont venus d'Ægypte à ce festin."
Beneath Callot's Encampment of Gipsies.

IN this chapter we shall consider the assistance our theory—that the first European playing cards were based upon a Bohemian legend for the purposes of deception—may receive from various kinds of ancient cards beyond those given in previous chapters, which have recently been discovered, or which are still in common use.

We shall begin with the SUITS, the names they have been called by, and the figures they have borne at various periods and in different localities. They have undergone very great changes, arising from various causes, by misapprehension of the original characters, or by misconception and mistranslation of the words of the original language into foreign ones of like sound but of a different meaning, of which some curious instances will be given. Another cause of confusion is the circumstance that



No. 1.

the number of suits is not that now generally recognised of four; for Burtsch "Peinteur Graveur" (vol. x. p. 70) describes a pack of round ones with five suits, viz.—

1. *Des Parroquets*—Parrots.
2. *Des Pieds d'Alouettes*—Ranunculus.
3. *Des Œillets*—Pinks.
4. *Des Roses*—Roses.
5. *Des Lièvres*—Hares.

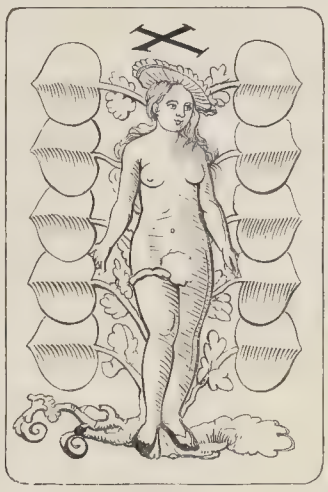
Each suit is of thirteen cards, so that an entire pack counts up to sixty-five.

The Dutch have, however, preserved the original nomenclature most entire, as they retained much of the original German language previous to Luther's translation of the Bible, which settled his dialect as the modern German and the book language of the present day. The Dutch names are—

1. *Hart*—our Hearts.
2. *Ruyt*—a lozenge-shaped figure; a diamond-shaped figure; our Diamonds.
3. *Klaver*—trefoil; our Clubs.
4. *Schop*—a spade or shovel; our Spades.

We shall find all these answering, in some respects, to the story of Rübezahl for explanation or illustration of the tale. To show, however, the connection, it will be most convenient to begin with an earlier set of the seventeenth century, as we have proof that they are in use to the present day:

for a friend who lately took his degree at Cambridge, and passed the vacation of last year (1860) on the continent, one rainy day in the Tyrol endeavouring to while away the dreariness of a moun-



No. 2.

tain *herberge* by a game of *écarté* with a fellow-traveller, could only obtain from the innkeeper a similar pack, with no queen but with a king, and Ober and Unter for the court cards, and with the pip cards only from the seven. Of such an old pack the best description is by Heinecken ("Idées générales," p. 239):—

"Les quatre couleurs s'appellent *roth, schellen, eicheln, grün*; ce que les François ont changé en *cœur, carreau, trefle, et pique*. Il y a dans chaque couleur un officier supérieur nommé *Ober*, et un bas officier, *Unter*. On les appelle encore dans l'Empire, où les mots Français ne sont pas si en vogue; *Oberleute* et *Unterleute*. Le bas officier des Glands est nommé en Allemand, *der grosse Wentzel*; et

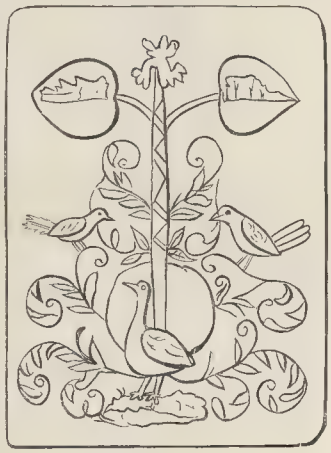


No. 3.

celui de verd, *der kleine Wentzel*." Perhaps our best definition of these two figure cards for England is Chatto's (p. 230) "Jack and Jack's Man."

We give their figures from Breitkopf's Plate V., where in the centre we have the cavalier as Ober, and the drummer-boy as the Unter; but they are *fac-similes* of the four sevens of each suit respectively, as Leaves, Acorns, Pomegranates, and Roses.

Admitting, however, the probability of change from earlier figures, it will be necessary to show how these have been misunderstood from original faulty designs or misconception of their names; we begin with LEAVES (No. 1), which thus figured are plain enough; but the earliest forms were of a very different botanical variety, as (No. 2) the ten



No. 4.

of Leaves from a very old pack, found recently behind the wainscoting of an old house at Nürnberg, where the earliest cards are believed to have been made. How easily they have become our



No. 5.

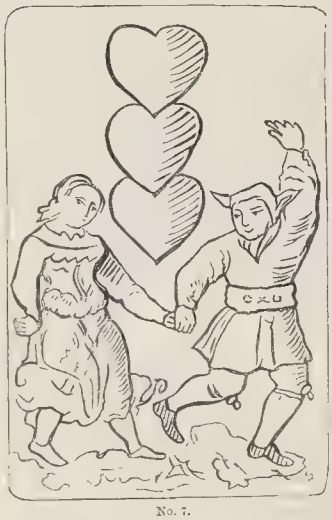
modern *Hearts*, the view of this pack will fully show, and will be strengthened by the Dutch title of *Hart*, which we shall subsequently show may have been the origin of the *Hares* so frequently found on old cards, as in the following (No. 3) from the same pack, and (No. 4) which may be called a transition card from Leaves to Hearts, as the colouring of the leaves is green in the copy. The two knaves (Nos. 5 and 6), from two different packs, might be thought to leave the matter doubtful, but

in Nos. 7 and 8—the tray and knave of two other packs from Nürnberg—the Heart becomes conclusive, as in the coloured originals this distinctive mark is coloured red; and the joyousness of the girl and fool below the first, may have reference to the gaiety of heart of persons at play, whether at cards or any other game. The introduction, however, of the fool in this and many other cards, with his bells, as in No. 9, must have been an easy and



No. 6.

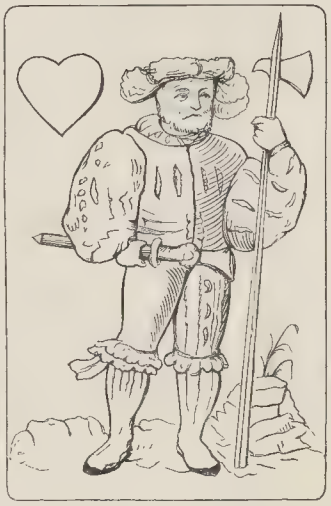
a favourite change from the fooled Rübezahl and his turnips, with their leaves and the other assonances to the tale we have already given, as we shall subsequently find. To finish these figures of hearts from leaves, we give (No. 10) a four from the same Nürnberg discovery, all of which are now in the German Central Museum of that city, with an inscription below in a very old Teutonic dialect—"Ich edels plut dat wenig



No. 7.

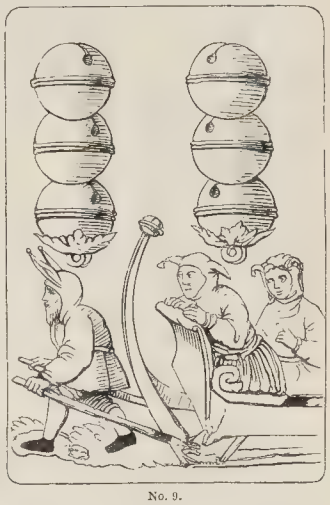
gebint und viel bertut" (I, noble blood, that little win and much spend): as here the form and the allusion to it by these words leave no room for doubt. Mr. Chatto (p. 266) says that in various parts of Ireland, but particularly in the county of Kilkenny, the six of Hearts is known as the "*Grace card.*" As I have not access to this card of the old suit in the Germanic Museum, I do not know whether a six was amongst those found, and if with any characteristic label like the present; but the "edels plut" of this four is not very distantly allied to the idea of *grace* in a conventional sense for nobility, so that the coincidence may have been more than casual, and whilst it explains the Irish idea, gives some proof that that may have had a Teutonic origin. The last we give in explanation of Breitkopf's leaf suit is also a Heart four (No. 11), which has a coat of arms below, being the dimidiated imperial eagle impaled, with a quartering of bars; but as my copy has not the tinctures, I cannot say whether they are the yellow and sable bars of Saxony without the strawberry leaves with German heralds the rue chaplet (*der Rautenkranz*), or an old blazon of the Nürnberg arms before the introduction of the present *goldene gekrönte Jungfer-adler im blaüen beiweilen grüneren Felde* (a crowned eagle virgin *or*, in a field *azure*, sometimes *vert*), which is exactly the cognizance of the Earl of Oxford, at Hadleigh, in Essex, though the tinctures may possibly not be identical; two hammers saltierwise, in Stukeley's pack, the Saxon miner's arms in a shield, incline me to the latter opinion.

Breitkopf's second suit is that of ACORNS (No. 12), the modern German name for which is *Eichel*,



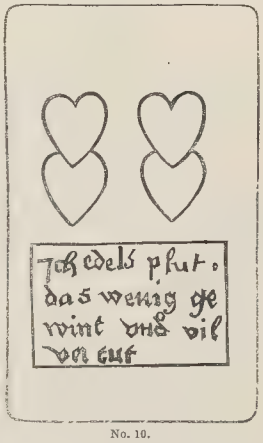
No. 8.

of which the variants are curious and instructive: in Dutch and low German, *Eekel*; Danish, *Aeggern*; Anglo-Saxon, *Accaeren*, *Acorn*, *Aeceren*; Islandic, *Akern*; Greek, δρυὸς ἄκρα. Hence we find our present name for this supposed to be our earliest esculent, identical in Anglo-Saxon and Islandic, and perhaps easily resolvable into *Oak-corn*,—as in the contested derivation of the name of *Armagh*, the latter syllable representing the German *Eich* or *Aich*, is universally admitted to mean the ancient oaks under which the earliest pagan priests performed their rites, and gave the place a local sanctity readily seized on by the Christian hierarchy as its metropolitan seat. But it is from its low German form *Ecke* or *Eckern*, that we principally owe its transformation to our present *diamond* suit. It needs but little knowledge of the German language, or the convertibility of words, to know how easily *Eckern* is transformed into *Ecken*, corners, as *eckigt* is cornered, angular—*Rhombs*, which is fully confirmed by their Dutch name *Ruyt*, as in German *die Feusternecke* was a pane of glass, when all our windows were glazed diamond-fashion, an idea which our English *pane* fully bears out, as merely a variant of *pen* and *pin*, pointed, or *pun*—which ought, at least, to be so—and which, in the Latin *pannus*, denotes those ragged points which togas and trousers will assume, Vandyke fashion, when too long worn. The Spaniards must have known this transformation very early, and looked upon it merely as a signification of costliness, which they thought better designated as a money value by their *dinēros*, or coins. There seems something inherent in this practice of putting diamonds for greatest values; for printers, when they have almost exhausted the vocabulary of appreciation, by Nonpareil and Pearl, call the



No. 9.

most costly of their type founts *Diamond*. Card No. 13 is an earliest Acorn four of the Nürnberg packs, identical with a card exhibited by Mr. Gought to the Society of Antiquaries, as having belonged to Dr. Stukeley, and figured by Mr. Chatto with the entire pack. No. 14 is another Nürnberg Acorn seven; but whether the figure at foot shearing a sheep may have any relation to the close clipping a green-horn I will not determine; it would, at least, be only a par with the brazen-faced

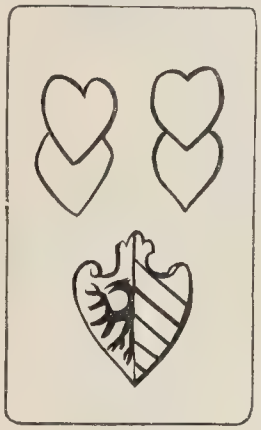


No. 10.

indication of intended deception by these cards, evidenced in the thimble-rigger of the first chapter.

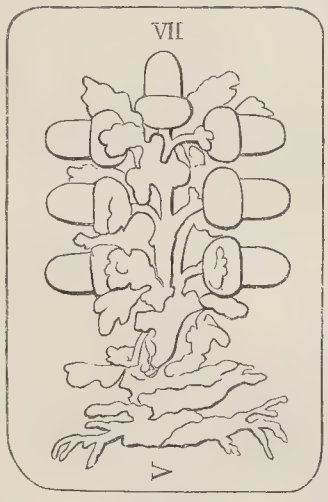
Breitkopf, to complete his German home pack, has No. 15, ROSE SEVEN, and No. 16, POMEGRANATE SEVEN, for which it is more difficult to find a connection with older suits than for the leaves and acorns. We want from Heinecken's enumeration Schellen and Grün, answering to the French Trefle and Pique, and to our Clubs and Spades. The pomegranate must certainly be a mistake; for the fruit is no German production, nor is it likely

to have been an introduction from the personal union of the imperial dominion with the Spanish kingdom under Charles V.; for the surrender of the town and kingdom of Grenada, whence the kingdom originated, by Abu-Abdallah to Ferdinand and Isabella, the grand-parents of the Emperor Charles V., did not take place before the 2nd of January, 1492, before which time the Germans, in our belief, must have been acquainted with cards



No. 11.

possibly two centuries, and they, consequently, could not have been without a vernacular name. There are, however, two cards, which may help to explain the difficulty (Nos. 17 and 18), both from the very oldest packs existing, being portions of those found at Nürnberg, now in the Germanic Museum, and portions also of which are found in a series sold by Messrs. Colnaghi to the British Museum in 1838, from the cover of an old book, and given by



No. 12.

Chatto. No. 17, armed with a crossbow and sword, no doubt represents the common soldiers of the fourteenth century, who, under the name of *Landesknechte* (Land-servants) became so formidable and hated throughout the empire; they are, however, connected with cards, as giving rise, through a French corruption of their name, to the game of *Lansquenet*.

We have in Breitkopf ("Uber den Ursp. Spielkarten," p. 37) a very curious deduction of the name, copied from a Strasburg MS. Chronic. Vte. in Glossar. Teut. of Schilter's Thes. Antiq., tom. iii. p. 346, Art. Gartenknechte, which may be thus translated:—

"In this quarrel—between the Bishop of Strasburg and the allies, anno 1392—were engaged poor Landchildren, who were before called Blood-drawers — for before counts, and lords, and knights joined them, they had no other name. Afterwards they were called Landsknechtes, but now we call them Gartenknechte, and they have gotten that name because they left no herbs, &c., in the gardens, and since then the Hen-roost robbers have arisen out of them."

A foot-note in Breitkopf, p. 118, runs, translated, as follows:—

"That the conduct of the Landsknechte had not improved in the sixteenth century we may learn from the print of an archer (*Hakem schütz*) in the collection of old wood engravings in the Gotha Ducal Library, No. 273, who says to a boy follower of the camp, Trossbube, here called Drosster:—

"Wol auf, nimin mit und sey mein Drosster,
Daheim musst lang seyn ein Bosster,
Und deines Meisters die Werchstatt warten,
Wol auf, nimin mit Würffel und Karten,
Damit thu auf den nummplatz rennen,
Und schau auf Enten, Geuss, und Hennen,
Wie die in bauren hof umb esitzen,
Die bring in unser Losament," &c.



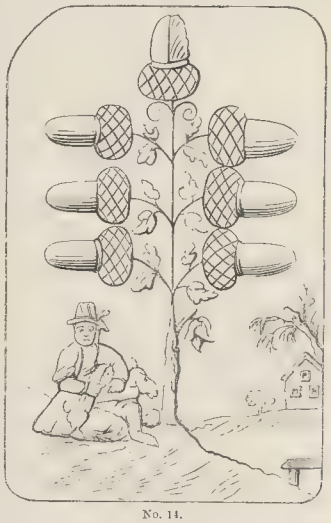
No. 13.

"Well, then, I'll take thee to be my man Jack,
At home you'd have had your full practice whack,
All after your master obsequious to trudge,
So provide tricks of cards and dice as my drudge
With them to the Humber booth hie thee troll,
And of ducks, and geese, and good fat fowl,
That roost so quiet in the farmer's yard,
Bring to my tent what you catch; quick! smart!"

More of these Landesknechte may be seen in Chatto, p. 88, and in Singer, pp. 43 and 44, and p. 234. In the Appendix we have some description of the game, and an interesting woodcut by Antony of Worms, representing two of these *Lanzenknechte* at play at this game or *Trappola*.

This is said to be the oldest game played, and the fullest period may be taken for the antiquity of the name, if not of the cards, supposing the authority cited by Breitkopf, p. 35, note 9, of Matthias Quade in "*der deutschen nation Herrlichkeit*," chap. v. and vi. to be correct. He gives the origin of these Landesknechte or Lanzenknechte as early as the inroads of the Huns into Germany, which, as Breitkopf remarks, even taking the latest eruption, could not be put further back than the reign of Henry I., the Fowler, in the tenth century. Quadi makes them the fifth estate or caste of Germany, that consisted at first only of the clerical, the noble, the citizen, and the peasantry estates, but that then the Landesknechte were added, taken from the servants (*knechten*) of the peasantry, to protect the boundaries of the land, and that they preferred to be called Landesknechte in preference to Kriegsleute—soldiers, warriors.

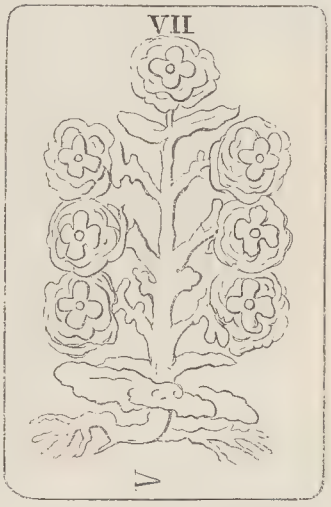
However, regarding their bearing on our modern suits, the variation of their name as Lanzenknechte might seem to point to them as our present SPADES, which then would be better named, as by the French, piques; pikes and our martial designation of *lance-corporal* would thence have a suggestive derivation;



No. 14.

but the *Bell*, French *carreau*, as the symbol beneath both Nos. 17 and 18, makes me prefer a deduction leading to our modern CLUBS.

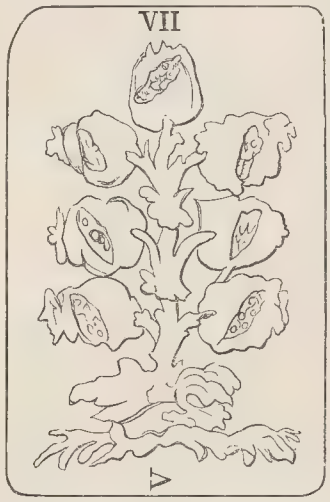
From the imperfection of the earliest wood-cutting, we have already supposed this round figure



No. 15.

might, in its earliest form, have been intended for the turnip, which caused such chagrin to Rübezahl, and gave him his hated nickname; and we must not be surprised to find it again undergoing a metamorphose, and here standing in the place of *hand grenade*, which, as *granatier*, might readily convey to an ignorant, or superficial, or a fanciful manufacturer, the belief that he was only giving it a more artistic form in shaping it as a flourishing *pomegranate*.

But the Schütz would also require another excellence for the completion of his character as excellent marksman. The German term for hitting is *treffen*, and their vernacular for the club suit at cards is *treff*. This has been corrupted by the French into *trefle*, trefoil clover, and by the Dutch *klaver*, while we—though we retain the designation of clubs, another Landesknecht weapon—have kept the form as the clover leaf. The Spaniards are



No. 16.

more consistent, they retain both the name and form of clubs. Figure 19 is a five of clubs, *bastos*, from my friend, Mr. Fillinham's pack, already noticed. If we had retained the form, the word was ready in our language. Nares, from an old nomenclator, gives the explanation of baculus as *baston*; and to *baste* is Yorkshire for to beat, whence the introduction of the *ladle* into the Skimmington, or riding the stang, according to Grose a



No. 17.

ludicrous ceremony in ridicule of a man beaten by his wife. It consists of a man riding behind a woman, with his face towards the horse's tail, holding a distaff in his hand, at which he seems to work, *the woman all the time beating him with a ladle*. Hogarth has a humorous print of such a Skimmington procession for his illustration to Butler's "Hudibras." There is, however, little doubt that these Spanish clubs are the proper form of the suit, and, like the bells, must be referred to the fool's equipment, as his bauble.

In a German periodical by Vulpius, the brother-in-law of Göthe, we have a curious figure of a motley court fool, in the attitude of striking with his baton, or bauble, in the form of an inflated bladder or skin, with a label containing the words, issuing from his mouth,—

"Triffst du mich, so treff ich dich;"
"Hit me you, so hit I you;"

but exactly this fool and attitude is found in the earliest cards. It is the knave, or Jack of Clubs, in Mr. Singer's *fac-similes* of Stukeley's pack, Plate V., the right outside figure of the upper row, and sufficient remains of the card portions. Chatto gives it (p. 88) from a pack already referred to as bought for the British Museum from Messrs. Colnaghi, to show that it is identical with Stukeley's Jack, or Knave of Clubs. The French *trefle*, and our figure taken from it, must, therefore, be considered as only a misapprehension of the German form and meaning, in itself a proof that the German suits were the originals, a view which will receive confirmation from the consideration of the only suit remaining—our SPADES.

The Spaniards in this suit have not been so fortunate or sagacious as in the preceding. The sound of the German *spaten* was too near their own



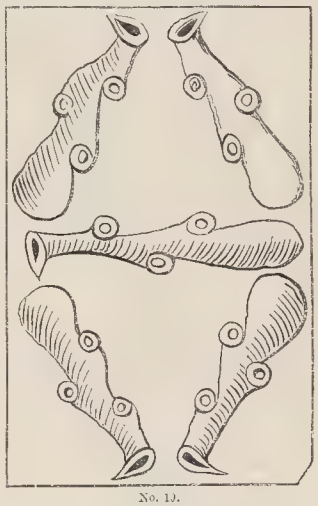
No. 18.

espada for them not to seize hold of it and transfer it to their cards as *swords*. The engraving (No. 20) represents their five of swords (*espadas*), from the same pack as the preceding. The flower, which is here used only as an expletive ornament, may have been a consequence of the vegetable productions figured on early cards, as they have been of Breitkopf's roses and pomegranates, and as they certainly were the causes of the pinks, anemones, and columbines of later packs, particularly the round ones.

In this transformation of spades into swords, we curiously enough find the peace-saying, the swords shall be turned into ploughshares, reversed. The spade, the earliest instrument for turning up the earth to receive the seeds it must mature, seems to have gained its Spanish name from a martial people, from their twisting it more in accordance with their fighting propensities. The Celts seem to have had no necessity for such a change of words; those stone implements, so called from the supposition that they were made by this enigmatical race, must have served them both as sword and spade, for no such stone instrument has yet been found that could be exclusively used for either.

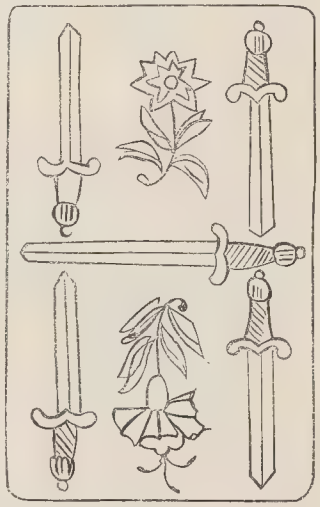
True it is that the present German term for our spade suit is *pique*, as copied from the French, but that the oldest Teutonic name was in accordance with our own and its figure, is proven quite sufficiently by its Dutch denominatiou, *schop*, a spade or shovel. It is not without significance that all the shields of coats of arms on these older cards have only the shape of our present spades—see Fig. 11, and others which will subsequently be given, as well as the one there alluded to from Stukeley's oldest pack.

Our deduction from this explanation of the usual four suits of cards is, that they all group round the olden tale of Rübezahl, in Chap. II., or may be suggested by the clever trick by which the uxorious gnome became a dupe to the princess and her lover;



No. 19.

and as from the tale happening at the time when Nature was again revivifying her vegetative powers, the month would most suitably be April—so called by the Latins from *aperire*, to open—the idea of an April fool would not be far distant. The German *Jemanden zum April schicken*, would have been even more suggestive, though the practice may be traced



No. 20.

to the Romans, and a long relation in Apuleius' "Golden Ass," where a young man is made the butt of an entire city on the day sacred to the jocularity of the god Hilarius.

Hearts, as leaves; *Diamonds*, metamorphosed from turnips; *Spades*, as shovels—would all be reminiscences of the ludicrous failure of the turnip counting and cultivation; whilst *Clubs*, as the fool's bauble, would testify to the foolish attempt.

THE EXHIBITION AT FLORENCE.

This exhibition was a vast undertaking for Italy, and, all things considered, it is a great success. To describe how it originated belongs more to daily contemporaries than to the *Art-Journal*, and doubtless most of those interested in such subjects already know all that is specially worth knowing on that point; but whoever was the moving power, and whatever the motive, planting it in Florence has served useful subsidiary purposes to the prospects of a united Italy. The people of Florence, proud of their artistic past, as well as of their present comparative wealth and social superiority, with instinctive patriotism, to use no stronger term, placed themselves as foremost amongst those with whom they were not unwilling to be united for the magnifying and stability of their common country; but it was felt and alleged by some that a sense of supposed superiority tinged their most patriotic acts, and that Florentines seemed to feel they were conferring a kind of glory upon other portions of the Italian people, which they could not expect them to return. The exhibition must do much to destroy that feeling; while Florence is meanwhile having all the profit of the money spent by strangers, the other sections of Italy are at least dividing the honours with the best artists and artizans of this renowned city. It may be found, indeed, that in some of the walks of Art, both pictorial and industrial, the Florentines will only be lagging lazily in the race for fame; but of this readers will be better able to judge after a detailed criticism on the diversified products of the various states, and it is remarkable how distinctly the styles of these are marked both in Art and manufactures.

The structure in which the exhibition is held was built for the railway station, and will be devoted to its original purpose when the exhibition closes. Nothing, therefore, can be said about its adaptability for display, except that the most has been made of the space; and had the fact not been known it would never have been found out, so well does the fabric answer the purpose to which it has been temporarily devoted. Octagonal towers and high iron gates surround the façade; in the large space so enclosed an equestrian statue of Victor Emmanuel has been placed, the quadruped being perhaps the very worst attempt that has ever been made to imitate the form of a horse; it is absolutely hideous—so bad that when the king came to open the exhibition his first remark on approaching the spot was, "What a very bad horse you have given me." One of the commissioners had wit and presence of mind sufficient not only to parry the rebuke, but to turn it to account by answering, "Yes it was got up in a hurry, but if your majesty will have patience we shall provide a horse that will carry you to Rome and Venice." The sculptor of the present rather doubtful animal was Cambi, an artist of considerable reputation in his own walk, but he will probably in future draw the line of his ambition at horses; for he has been so ridiculed on account of this animal, that he has little temptation ever to attempt another. Two other points may be noticed in connection with the exterior. The large substantial figures on the front are painted in imitation bas-relievo; and the back walls of the old houses around the space where the station is erected have been converted, by a very simple process, from objects of ugliness into features of great interest and variety. From this latter process Englishmen may learn a practical and valuable lesson. How to have converted the backs and ends of the houses facing the Westminster Hotel in Victoria Street, or those around the Field Lane Refuge, into features of interest, and more especially to have combined these into one important whole, would have taxed the invention of our decorators most fertile in resources; but in Florence the doing of such things seem like every-day demands, and the whole range, or old and ragged remains, of houses on the right-hand side of the exhibition have been converted into a vast Swiss château, through means of three or four colours, with a large amount of inventive genius, and some very clever drawing; yet the men who are doing it, for it is not all finished, are not considered artists. They look as though quite unconscious of doing anything remarkable, and are no doubt working at small wages, while they are producing effects, with mere touches of their ordinary brushes, which few even of our best scene-painters could equal, and which none of them could excel. This accidental part of the exhibition is one of its most interesting features, and prepares the mind with great expectations for the interior decorations of the edifice. From such examples of dexterity we cannot help feeling that these Florentines are destined to be men of marvellous skill in decorations.

For a bold and clever facility in converting plain surfaces into most beautiful imitation of bas-relievos, whether with figures, scroll ornaments, or scenic representations, they are as far before the French, as the French are before the English; so that we expect the interior of the exhibition should draw out all their skill in that for which they stand pre-eminent. But it is far otherwise. There can be no doubt, that in general effect the interior of this Florentine building is thin and meagre in its style of getting-up compared with any, or all, of the similar constructions that have preceded it. No doubt the building was, if we may so speak, extemporized for the occasion, but the defect is not in the form, but in the tone, or rather want of tone so conspicuous in the colour employed for the covering of the walls and pillars; and had a portion of that skill which is so evident on the outside of the walls been devoted to the interior, the subdued tone would have exceedingly enhanced the value of that multitude of beautiful objects so profusely displayed, especially in the great central hall. How this defect arises is seen at a glance: it is the offshoot of that very wealth of decoration for which the Florentines are so famous. Wisely judging that by keeping the walls and spaces plain they would give greater value to the ornamental objects, they appear to have forgotten that it is the deep shadows and half tints of the general ornamentations that give depth and tone to their work as a whole; and it is the want of this general depth of colour which gives such a poor and common aspect to the walls, spaces, and structure of the exhibition. The ceiling lights are hid with transparencies filling the compartments, on which are emblazoned the arms of the towns and districts that have supported the exhibition by contributions; while the names are inscribed on the cross-beams which divide the ceiling into sections; and had the walls been rich, yet enough subdued, in colour to have supported the brilliancy of these emblazonments, the effect would have been excellent; but for want of this, what would have been brilliant barely escapes the charge of bordering on something akin to tawdriness in general effect.

Spending two days in the exhibition without a catalogue, in order to secure a general idea of the collection, it was determined to take the classes and sections upwards, beginning with the lowest class of Art-industries, and proceeding till painting and sculpture were reached; but the want of a catalogue rendered this course impolitic, if not impossible, and the process had therefore to be reversed, and the pictures and sculptures taken first, where greater familiarity with the works and names of the more distinguished artists renders the want of the usual official information less important. In manufactures and Art-industries, price and other considerations enter into the absolute or comparative value of the productions; while in high Art the artistic value of a work has no necessary connection with such questions, so that the detailed review shall be commenced with the leading specimens of sculpture. Here, this Italian exhibition surpasses all its predecessors, and no other nation in the world could produce such a gathering of relatively fine works. There is, nevertheless, a great amount of mediocrity in marble, and some specimens of the chisel are even below that, but the really noble works are sufficiently numerous to occupy the space which can be here devoted to this branch, and therefore a multitude of highly creditable statues and busts must remain unnoticed.

On entering the rooms devoted to sculpture, there being still no official guide in the form of a catalogue, the way must be steered through a maze of works; and if there be errors of names or description of subjects, in spite of all care taken to the contrary, the blame must be laid on the officials, and not on the luckless critic, who has to grope his path through what becomes in reality a wilderness of wealth and genius.

As the marbles must be reached either through a room devoted to plaster casts, or a compartment partially occupied by bronzes, wood-carvings, and terra-cottas, the last named shall be selected, and the first object of importance that meets the eye is a group of dogs,—two Italian greyhounds, in bronze,—by Caldwell, an English sculptor, now resident in Rome. The heads and limbs of these dogs are most artistically modelled, and the work is most successful, with the single exception of the casting, which, from some cause or other, has been tooled over, on the surface,—a sad blemish arising from defective casting. How different the style of Papi's bronzes, where the very perfection of this art seems to have been reached, and whose groups of flowers, from nature, sharp as the original leaves, or petals, or thorns, and entire figures, such as Fuller's 'Cast-away' (the marble of which was noticed in the last Exhibition of the Royal Academy), or the colossal head of Michael Angelo's 'David,' are cast in one piece, and turned out without a flaw or tool-mark, ready for exhibition. This triumph of the bronze-casting art culminates in Fuller's large figure, already named, which forms a most conspicuous and much-admired object in the entrance to the marble sculptures. In the same room there are two gates, carved in wood, by Barbetti, which display very high qualities in Art, and which (writing almost within sight of gates which Michael Angelo declared worthy of Paradise) one need not hesitate to describe as beautiful. Whether these be sent to the Great Exhibition next year or not, there ought to be no reasonable doubt of casts reaching England, for both the quality of thought displayed in the subjects, and the style of treatment, should secure for this work of Barbetti a wide and permanent reputation. Similar praise is due to a panel, carved in wood, by Cheloni, where the action of the figures, and the variety combined with dignity in the composition, bespeak the artist to be no ordinary man, and show, as in the splendid ivory carvings by Giusti, that size is, after all, the smallest element in the production of what is really great in Art; for there is more actual grandeur in some of the figures on these small ivories than in many of the colossal statues in the exhibition.

Among the marbles, the first that arrests attention from this entrance is a large figure, by Santerelli, 131, 'La Concezioni,' where the expression of the head is sweet, and the treat-

ment of the drapery broad and simple, but the head is small for the length of the figure, and the breadth of the upper part of the torso seems great for the lower flowings of the drapery. Another statue, by the same artist, although less important in size, is more perfect in the working out, having all the best qualities, without the defects, of 'La Concezioni.' Magni, of Milan, exhibits several works, but the two most important, although for different reasons, are his 'Socrates,' and 'Girl Reading;' the former, one of the grandest historic statues in the collection, being as manly in thought as it is artistic in development—a work which places its author in the front ranks of what, for want of a particular word, must be called public monumental sculptors. The characteristics of the 'Girl Reading' are essentially different, and although lower in conception and style of Art, this statue is yet so successful in treatment as to become the most popular in the exhibition—as popular, for example, as the 'Greek Slave,' by Powers, was in the Exhibition of 1851. The merits of this figure are extraordinary; the intensity of reading power in her face,—you could never fancy her doing anything else but read, although the head were severed both from the body and the book,—and the worn consumptive feeling thrown over the features, give double interest to the effort; but to those very high qualities have been added others, which help to popularity with the multitude, and which are far below the dignity of high-class sculpture. A girl of the people, she sits upon a common rush-bottomed chair—the rushes imitated to admiration—dressed in a garment destitute of elegance or reality in its folds, reading one of the popular stanzas from a book, with a medal of Garibaldi round her neck—all objects that attract the multitude. But the head alone redeems many defects, and is worthy of the artist's powers and reputation; while it has that about it, as a whole, which would make it as popular in England as in Italy.

Some of the other Milanese sculptors appear in great strength at this exhibition. Argenti exhibits a girl's head, which for exquisite feeling, and refined and elevated purity, both of expression and treatment, has perhaps never been surpassed by any modern sculptor, and very seldom equalled. And Strazza, also of Milan, exhibits, among other works, an 'Ishmael,' which, from the painful, but artistically developed, expression of the head to the torso and extremities, displays a unity of suffering that is, artistically, excellent, but, humanely, heart-afflicting. Another sculptor from the same city, Pierotti, stands out with a strength equally developed in another direction, and has produced an 'Indian Hunter,' which, for profound knowledge and careful rendering of detail, defies all comparison with the works by which it is surrounded. This artist appears to have built his style upon the most intense study of the 'Laocoon,' to which the torso of this Indian hunter bears in parts a strong resemblance; but he has also studied nature with microscopic keenness, and to English readers his style may be intelligibly described, if called (however absurdly) a kind of high-class Pre-Raphaelism in marble. He is, however, a great artist, and if a young man, when his style shall be matured by higher generalization, very great works may be confidently expected from his studio, for now he displays much of the power and feeling of the true antique; and although there seems to be doubtful, or rather defective, modelling in the action of the right leg, this is one of the great works of the exhibition, yet greater in its promise than its realization, high as that is.

Naples also contributes a fair share of the most successful sculpture. Solari's 'Esmeralda with her Goat' creditably competes with anything exhibited for graceful composition and elegant development of form. Angelini, of Naples, exhibits 'A Bacchante,' of voluptuous form, and somewhat of love-sick affectation in expression, but withal a creditable work of Art. Two busts by the same artist show extraordinary finish, but are wanting in that individuality wherewith high genius stamps all it touches; whilst Sienna is most worthily represented by Sarrocchi in a work called 'The First Prayer,' in which the boy's head is very fine, and the girl teaching him to pray is full of sisterly sympathy and love.

'The Daughter of Zion asking how she can sing the Lord's song in a strange land,' by Salvini, of Leghorn, has grandeur and feeling about it of no ordinary character, but it wants elevation and refinement combined with its present strength; it is a work bordering upon greatness, but, lacking these combinations, it simply reaches the position of a good statue. 'Spring,' by Vela, of Turin, is a piece of what, by way of distinction, may be called ornamental sculpture—that is, the lines flow into the elegancies of ornamental decoration rather than remain subject to the sterner laws of pictorial truth. But the modelling of the torso of this 'Spring' is beautiful; and although in the other parts of the figure the artist seems to have lost his power, yet there are few sculptors in Europe who could have produced such flowers in marble as those thrown around the feet and limbs of this figure, which are marvellous in their manipulation, hiding most successfully limbs less fair than the lilies that surround them. With all its defects, this statue has qualities about it sufficient to make it popular with those able to afford such luxuries in their conservatories or halls.

One of the most disappointing works in this exhibition is from Bergama—Benzoni's 'Eve'—a work which has somehow obtained a high reputation, and has been frequently repeated, but the merits on which the reputation has been based are right hard to discover in the figure now exhibited. If this was Mother Eve before she tasted the apple, the physical fall of the race through that act was by no means so great as has been generally supposed; for, certain it is, she must have been created with a left shoulder badly jointed, and much worse in form than appears in an overwhelming proportion of her degraded daughters. But, seriously, the whole form and modelling are destitute of that nice discrimination which is the essential element of high-class sculpture, and in which the 'Venus' of Bienaimé, of Carrara, is more prolific than this better known 'Eve.'

The studios of Florence have furnished a large proportion of the works in sculpture, and, as was to be expected from the proximity and facility of transmission, at least an equal share of mediocrities. Powers, the American sculptor, being resident in Florence, must be included as with them, although not of them, and he forms one of the strong towers of their artistic strength. His most important work is the statue America, a figure of great dignity and beauty treading on a broken chain, and resting on what may be supposed a pillar of Eternal Truth, pointing to her destiny when the chain of slavery shall be snapped, and America rests upon these truths. This was probably not Mr. Powers's reading of the statue when it was begun, but it fully sustains this interpretation, as well as the artist's high reputation as a sculptor. The fisher-boy with the shell, exhibited in London in 1851, and therefore favourably known to readers of the *Art-Journal*, is also exhibited here. A bust of Proserpine, from the same studio, displays extraordinary tenderness in feeling. A bust of the artist's wife exhibits true womanly expression and character, and the head of an American shows that among all the portraits exhibited here, those of Powers afford the largest measure of the sitter's character and mind. Others give the face, and some with wonderful beauty of finish, but he gives the man or woman freed from the feeling of marble and skilful *mechanique*. Captain Fuller, whose 'Castaway' created so favourable an impression at the Royal Academy in May last, is also resident in Florence, but is only represented in the exhibition by the head of a Russian girl, beautiful for the characteristics of girlhood, which it so simply and modestly portrays; and it is understood that the sculptor is reserving his strength for the Exhibition of 1862, and report here speaks highly of his efforts.

One of the largest and most successful works from the studios of Florentines proper, is a tomb by Fantacchiotti, to be erected to the memory of an English lady who died here, by her husband, Mr. Spence. The figure on the tomb is artistic in disposition, and exquisite in feeling and expression, while the two cupids sitting on the side of the sarcophagus-looking structure, are as charming in their mournful sentiment as they are skilful in modelling. In the tomb itself, the same purity of style is fully maintained, and the combination produces a work sufficient to make a high artistic reputation. Another group by the same artist, 'Love reposing on Fidelity'—a boy resting on a mastiff dog—is also a charming work, while his 'Musidora,' the property of Lord Belper, will add another treasure to our stock of sculpture in England. Fedi, of Florence, has produced an interesting group from the story of Pia di Tolomai, where intensity of expression is combined with elegance of form and high finish, albeit the figures are half a head too tall; and Costoli, also of Florence, has exhibited an alto-relievo of 'Charity' and a 'Dying Gladiator'—works, both of which display extensive knowledge, but without equal evidence of the inspiration of genius. These may be taken as the leading productions in marble by the most eminent sculptors, but many of these same artists exhibit others which have not been named, and we cannot even attempt to notice the mass of creditable works by second or third-rate artists.

The plaster casts are in some respects equally interesting,—The 'Moses,' by Tantardini, of Milan, is a work of striking grandeur in general effect and scholarly acquirements in the working out of its details, while the 'Lucifer,' by Forti, of Milan, seems instinct with energy and life, springing from the flames with such legs and arms as are rarely seen for truth and beauty of detail; yet the head is mean from the smallness of the nose, and the expression of the eye has been exaggerated to compensate for the defect. To overcome it was impossible, for no face will ever acquire dignity or intellectual strength without a full prominent nose. Pampaloni's 'Venus' is also among these plasters, although the artist is deceased; it displays a perception of ideal beauty in form, and an elegance of action which no other similar subject exhibited surpasses, and which few modern works can equal. Cambi, of Florence, who "did" the horse at the entrance-gate, also exhibits a plaster of 'Eve with Cain and Abel,' which to a great extent redeems his ridiculous failure in the horse. The Eve is coarse, but the expression and form of the infant Abel are charming, while the rendering of the first gleam of jealousy which crosses the brow of Cain is telling and artistic. The vases, terra-cottas, and similar works, must be left till the objects of industrial Art are reached, and till the catalogue is ready—at present we must go on to the pictures.

It has long been the fashion to assume that the modern Art, and especially the modern

picture-painting, of Italy, is far below that of the other countries of Europe that have any reputation in the Fine Arts; and it would perhaps be difficult to find a national exhibition in France, Germany, or England, where there was an equal number of trashy pictures to that which is now gathered together at Florence: but, on the other hand, there are some specimens of Art there which will take rank with the best modern productions of any of the other schools, and which dispel the delusion that the modern Art of Italy has sunk below the mediocrity of other nations of the West. The recent political life of the country has exercised a deplorable influence on the subjects selected by the artists. Nothing, perhaps, can more vividly portray the actual feelings of the people than the appeal to their sympathies and consciences which their artists make through pictorial representations. It is so in England, where the mass of pictures exhibited speak of peace and home joys. In France they tell of military exploits and martial glory; and in Germany, of abstract thought amidst high themes. But this exhibition at Florence in its broad aspect has but two subjects—the cruelties of kingcraft or priestcraft, separate or in combination, and the struggles of the people to throw off the double-headed oppressor. The horrors of the Inquisition, soldiers bivouacking, making a *battue* of women, old men, and children, battles, conspiracies, and blood, form the staple of this extraordinary mass of pictorial misery and woe —a fact which speaks trumpet-tongued above all palliating sounds concerning the sufferings and longings, the indignation and aspirations, of the people. All foreigners seem nearly equally astonished at this peculiarity of the pictorial section of the exhibition; and without the least desire to cross the forbidden boundary line of politics, a fact so conspicuously potent over the pictures exhibited cannot be entirely ignored.

To begin with Florence. By far the most important work, as well as the grandest treatment, is, 'The Duke of Athens forced to Sign his Abdication,' by the Florentine artist Stefano Ussi—a picture of remarkable concentration and historic power, many of the heads and figures being full of character and well painted, such as the duke himself, and the trembling creature at his side who wears the dagger of an assassin under the brown robes of a monk. The energy with which some of the other figures are inspired, is also most creditable to the artist; and while the forms are generally good—although the drawing and action are by no means striking as efforts in Art—yet the concentration of the composition, which would otherwise be feeble, is strengthened and sustained by the accomplished disposition of colour: so that the Florentines are entitled to be, as they really are, proud of this picture. It would be rank heresy here, but it may be said in England without offence, that there are grave grounds for doubt whether this 'Abdication' be after all the greatest picture in the collection; and were there reasonable grounds for presuming that the readers of the *Art-Journal* would have the opportunity of judging for themselves, strong reasons might be urged for affirming that Morelli, of Naples, and Ocleocmurai of the same city, sternly and boldly dispute the palm with their great Florentine compeer. However that might be decided, such pictures as these three artists exhibit here, would make a stronger Royal Academy Exhibition than we have seen for many years past. Morelli can do anything, and he does everything well. His 'Iconoclasts,' where the figures are life size, is the most vigorous piece of colour of its class in this exhibition: painted with an eye full of knowledge and refinement in colour, and with a thought that dares, and hand that obeys without fear or hesitation to embody the bold thought. The forms of this artist are frequently defective, for, like our own Etty, Morelli is essentially a colourist; but he produces great pictures notwithstanding, and with this unspeakable charm, that without being peculiar, they recall no previous master as the basis on which they are built. 'The Bath,' by this artist, is the most delicious piece of colour in the exhibition; and had the forms of the women been equal to the colour, it would have been a picture worthy of any master, ancient or modern. His other pictures are less striking, both in subject and merit, although they are among the few best works in the galleries. The other artist, Ocleocmurai, of Naples, has genius of another stamp, and his picture of carrying the dead body of Bondelimondi, is a work of rare strength and power. So firmly do the figures prove their reality and individuality, that one can almost fancy the sound of their mournful, solemn tramp as the procession moves along; and although there is a superabundance of white scattered upon the figures, some of which would have been better subdued, yet there is a breadth and decision of colour and effect over the whole, which makes it artistically noble as a specimen of historic Art. Another picture of undoubted merit, although little likely to attract popular applause, is the 'Daughter of Tintoretto,' by Pagliano, of Casale. Death has seized and stiffened the extremities, but from the head life has just gone, leaving, as it were, the last ray of beauty on the form from which the spirit has fled, while the old man weeps hidden tears over his departed child—a picture, low and not over clear in colour, but radiant with the true feeling of the subject, and which, both in its conception and treatment, recalls the higher works of Paul Delaroche; and this of itself is no ordinary success, although far below that great artist's pictures. Another work by an artist of the same name, but which, from the picture, one would suppose to belong to Milan (for where there is no catalogue, and no prospect of getting one—it seems as far from ready to-day as the day it was first asked for—such details must be taken at hap-hazard in cases where they are doubtful to strangers), is the 'Assassination of Bondelimondi:' the assassins rushing out to catch him in the morning's dawn. This work displays a vigorous, but unrefined power—strong, yet harmonious in colour, the diabolical expression of the assassins fully up to their horrid work, and altogether a creditable representation of a subject which people ought to be paid to look at instead of pay to see, so disgusting and brutalised are the actions and features of these figures, it being their very reality which makes them so painfully unenjoyable. Such sensations may be a tribute to the artist's ability, but Art, as has been already said in the *Art-Journal*, was never meant to be that minister of horrors which so many of the Italian artists delight to make it.

Augelo, of Brescia, has sent a solidly painted picture—perhaps rather too solid, especially in some of the shadows—with a strong, well-sustained effect: a man lighting up himself, his wife and cottage, by blowing a piece of red-hot charcoal which he holds by a pair of tongs. In this picture the effect of the light is not unlike some of Von Schendel's red candlelight subjects, the whole details of this charcoal blowing being highly creditable to the artist. There is another small picture of a nun in a garden, most tenderly painted and wonderfully finished for this portion of the world; and one of the best life-sized heads in the galleries, is that of an old woman adjusting her scales to weigh out fruit, by Odeodata, of Modena. Here the colour and expression are both good, and the hands are painted with as much care as the face,—a rare thing to find among the overwhelming majority of Italian artists of the present time —at least, so far as they are represented in this exhibition. Another female head of more than usual ability—for the exhibition is remarkably defective even in third-class portraiture—is a single figure of a lady sorrowfully reclining on a bank, the expression in the head being full of tenderness, although it amounts almost to being disagreeable in colour; and there is an old fortune-teller's head, painted successfully by Adisdanti.

There are two other Florentine artists whose works demand a few words, although even these cannot be all expressive of admiration. The picture by Bochi is the well-worn subject of 'Susanna and the Elders,' and the strength of the painter has been expended on the flesh tints of the Susanna. To assert that he has succeeded would be hypocrisy, because, although he has produced creditable colour, it is not *the* colour, being wanting in that transparency and variety which moderates the circulating medium beneath the external covering. The Elders and landscape background are even less successful than the principal figure; and although the work, as a whole, has a showy, attractive look at first sight, its deficiencies, when carefully examined, are more numerous than its merits. The other picture referred to is by Brini, of Florence, a large subject, representing the horrors of the Inquisition. In some respects, this picture is above respectability as an effort in historic art, but it has been sadly marred by two grand blemishes: first, by the introduction of two lights of nearly equal strength,—and as the subject is lamplight in effect, the duality of points divides the work into something like two halves—a fatal error in the disposition of lights and shadows for which no attendant excellences can fully compensate. The other defect arises from the general tone of colour, in which the artist has committed the very common mistake of supposing that blackness, —or rather, in his case, dark-brownness—and depth of colour are synonymous qualities in Art,—a mistake not confined to Florence, but, if possible, less excusable there, where the multitude of pictures, by the best colourists of the world, are collected in such numbers and are so easy of access as to make the neglect of such common truths in Art as the difference between blackness and depth of colour altogether unpardonable. There are many other pictures of importance to those who visit the exhibition from the various parts of Italy, and who are now arriving daily in flocks; and they are also important to all who are likely to see the exhibition, no matter from what country they may come; but, even although the artists' names could be distinguished on those hung high, the works are not of the character to assist in giving force and individuality to the modern Art of Italy; there is rather the fear, in some conspicuous instances, of forcing downward that national position which the works already named have so successfully achieved. In Italy, as elsewhere, what passes as high authority, whether from fashion or social position, is not always accompanied with exalted genius; and his Majesty Victor Emmanuel does not appear to escape the too common lot of princes, of becoming patrons of mediocrity rather than of talent; but it is perhaps accounted for on the principle of his taking to the old fixtures along with the House.

In landscape, the Italians are, to English eyes, nowhere; and yet it is difficult, or rather impossible, to see how it should be so; for there is no better school in the world, and certainly none in England superior to the vale of the Arno, in which these Florentines live, for the study of Nature, in her simpler as well as in

her grander effects. True they want the rolling mist and clouds, which play so important a part in the education of British landscape painters; but they have other excellences of atmospheric effect, that ought to produce tenderness of colour in landscape, of which England's climate teaches her artists little or nothing. But the modern Italians have been so captivated by the great reputations made by the figure painters of their country, as to have become indifferent to the glories of high landscape art; and such is the force of every-day feeling, that artists are found loud in admiration of landscapes remarkable for nothing so much as the absence of every quality of tone and colour, which all the great landscape painters, from Titian and Claude to Turner and Linnell, have, with more or less success, aspired to and achieved. Notwithstanding these discouragements, and absolute difficulties—for there is no such difficulty as mingling with brother artists who have no sympathy with the art you practice—there are still signs in the exhibition of a brighter day for the landscape art of Italy than that now prevalent; and in this revival Florence will probably lead the way, and Turin will follow hard upon the leaders.

Telemanco, of Florence, has produced a powerful effect in landscape, exhibited in a masterly background to one of those innumerable battles that line these exhibition walls. The painting is broad and clever to a fault,—the grand defect of all the landscape painters of Italy, who seem to mistake breadth of touch for breadth of style, and never has there been a more pernicious confusion of ideas. But Florence has genius to hide, at least partially, the effects of this mistake, which becomes absurd and ridiculous in weaker hands. Borrani, of Florence, is another landscape painter of whom greater things may be expected, being already a successful colourist —that is, he gets away from pigments and paint into genuine atmosphere and light; but with this high quality, there never was such an empty, slovenly style of work seen, or one which had so little reference to the every-day realities of nature. Wheatsheaves, cows, women's dresses, trees, foreground, and distant hills, are all of one texture, and nothing but extraordinary power of colour could separate them perspectively; but with this faculty of colour, when Borrani begins to distinguish between the qualities of objects so essentially different, very high-class landscapes may be expected from his pencil. Of Temistocle, of Florence, the same remarks are true, but with still greater force, for his picture of some cows in a stubble-field is perhaps the very cleverest landscape in the exhibition—that is, it shows the highest degree of landscape power; but it is not a picture, it is an excellent sketch, from which a picture might be painted, bearing the same relation to a fine landscape that the rough clay sketch does to the finished marble statue. This is a grave error, arising from that negligence of the details of nature, which will prove the grave of Art to these Italian landscape painters, unless their present suicidal course be altered.

Another Florentine artist, Serafino, exhibits a small picture of a ruin, some trees, and three figures, bathed in a flood of sunlight, which is one of the most perfect landscapes in the galleries; and although still displaying the faults of blotchiness, and a style of touch which reveals ignorance rather than hides knowledge of detail, it is one among that dozen of small landscape pictures here exhibited which one may be excused for feeling a strong desire to possess. There is part of the landscape background to a figure of Cain, very full of grandeur, and of excellent colour; but the Cain is feeble-knee'd, and the upper portion of the picture is spoiled by a blasphemous pasteboard-looking deity, surrounded by raw blue paint. Ercole, of Verona, has sent a "pier" scene, which, from its quality of drawing, reminds one of the works of R. P. Bonnington, so firm the colour and drawing with the brush; and Fontanesi, of Reggio, exhibits a landscape inspired with high and refined feeling, some of it being fully and artistically finished, while other portions, especially in the foreground, are tainted with Italian breadth of touch; but with all this it is a high-class landscape as such are here represented.

The landscapes from Milan are scenic and material in all their qualities, and there is no picture of an interior, even of their cathedrals, or of the magnificently picturesque architectural combinations seen throughout Italy, beyond what third-rate British artists would produce from the same subjects. In these the want of drawing is often only less conspicuous than the want of feeling and effect. It looks as though this walk of pictorial Art were left to what in sculpture would be called the journeymen class of artists—men who, by dint of labour, make up for lack of genius. Perotti, of Turin, has produced the most perfect landscape exhibited; the composition, the drawing of the objects—two old willows being the principal—and the breadth of light and shadow, as well as the atmospheric perspective, being all clever and artistic; and although the colour is cold, the picture being cast upon what is called a grey key, the effect as a whole is broad, luminous, and harmonious. Its great drawback is the recalling of reminiscences of French lithographs to the mind, which, whether inspired from that source or not, prevents this picture from leaving the impression it first produces on spectators. Among the other landscapes there are some painted by artists who have been looking hard at both Turner and Stanfield, or, more probably, at prints from their pictures, and have attempted to combine the styles without success. Others, who introduce cattle, have as visibly been thinking of Rosa Bonheur. The Florentines named have owned allegiance to no foreign master; they have sought and found inspiration—if at all—from the pictures rather than the nature by which they are surrounded; but only when this process is reversed can they expect to found a great or successful school of landscape. Many other subjects and styles there are, as a matter of course; but even cleverly painted flowers and *genre* works, without very special qualities, must be left as of comparatively small importance to the readers of the *Art-Journal*.

JOHN STEWART.

[We received this communication so late in the month, that we are compelled to put it to press without submitting it to the revision of the writer, who forwarded it from Florence. This explanation is deemed necessary, inasmuch as some of the names of the artists, which are not familiar to us, may, probably, be incorrect in their orthography, and we have no catalogue to which reference might be made to test their accuracy. ED. *A.-J.*]

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—The principal Art-discussion of the day is the paintings by E. Delacroix for the "Chapelle des Saints Anges," lately opened to view at St. Sulpice. The romanticists and the classics are in warm contention on the subject. We have examined these works, and are inclined to coincide with the judgment pronounced on them by an ecclesiastic, who, on leaving the church, exclaimed, "I came here to see a chapel of holy angels, but I find one of demons." The fact is, of all the extravagant vagaries of genius, never was seen anything equal to these pictures—on one immense surface all the colours of the rainbow are scattered, looking like a tinselled harlequin's jacket; the most unnatural attitudes, forced positions and expression have been chosen. In the choice of subject the artist shows how unable he is to execute religious paintings: no angel of mercy is here represented—none bringing good tidings of joy and peace; nothing but punishment and violence. The subjects are—'Heliodorus driven by Angels out of the Temple,' 'Michael driving out the Demon,' and 'Jacob wrestling with the Angel.' No doubt great execution and brilliant colouring are apparent throughout, but there is withal a total absence of religious feeling. As decorations of a ball-room, the figures being figurantes instead of angels, they would prove effective, but in an edifice where the feelings of the kneeling worshipper ought to be in unison with its sacred character, they are totally misplaced. When we compare the fine scene of Heliodorus, as interpreted by Raffaelle, with that by Delacroix, we feel surprised that the latter should have selected a subject to provoke the comparison. These works can only be likened to the compositions of the 'Juif Errant' of Gustave Doré, published some time ago.—The prize paintings and the annual "Envois de Rome" have been exhibited in the new rooms on the Quai Voltaire. There is, however, little in them of much promise. A large subject by Delaunay, 'The Oath of Junius Brutus,' is the best. A group in marble, by Doublemard, 'The Education of Bacchus,' is well executed. To M. Lefevre was awarded the first Roman prize; M. Leloir gained the second. MM. Girard and Guillaumet received prizes for their landscape compositions.—M. Abel de Pujol, a distinguished pupil of the school of David, is just dead, at the age of seventy-six years. He was an artist of great talent, and much esteemed. One of his finest works, the ceiling to the staircase entrance of the Louvre, was destroyed in the new alterations, and although repainted by him in his old age, the latter work is much inferior to the former. Some fine paintings of his are in the Chapel of St. Roch, Rue St. Honoré.

PEACE.

(THE PRINCESS HELENA.)

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

THERE is not, we believe, such an official in the Lord Chamberlain's department of the royal household as that of "Sculptor to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty;" if there were, Mrs. Thornycroft would undoubtedly be in possession of "letters patent" confirmatory of such appointment. But although the lady bears not this honourable title, she certainly enjoys all its privileges, inasmuch as the largest portion of the private patronage of royalty seems to fall to her share; the Queen, the Prince Consort, with most, if not all, of the royal progeny, have been reproduced in marble by her industrious and well-directed hand.

It has been a frequently debated question whether modern portrait-sculpture should be treated, as to costume, after the fashion of the time, or according to that which had its origin in the great masters of antiquity, and which is usually known as the "classic style." Undoubtedly the costume of our own day, whether it be that of man, woman, or child, has small pretension to æsthetic beauty of any kind, but especially to those qualities universally recognised as constituting sculptural beauty. What is gained in individuality by adopting the ordinary modern dress, we lose in the graces of the sculptor's art.

Mrs. Thornycroft has inclined to this opinion in her statue of the Princess Helena: there is here nothing which approaches to a compromise of the two styles; the figure is of a pure classic character even to the sandals of the feet. But to give a personality to it, independent of the portrait, the young royal lady is symbolised as "Peace," bearing in her left hand a palm-branch, the emblem of "Victory," and in her right a sprig of olive with the fruit, the especial attribute of "Peace:" this is held forth in the half-opened hand, as if inviting some one to take it. The dress is nothing more than a loose robe, with short sleeves falling easily from the shoulder where it fits rather tightly. The expression of the face is quiet, and very pleasing; the hair is not braided, but falls in thick, wavy masses down the back.

The work, executed for, and in the possession of, Her Majesty, commends itself by the good taste and simplicity of the design; it is what the representation of a young girl, whether of high or low position, ought to be—an embodiment of the purity and modesty of nature with the purity and modesty of Art-treatment.



THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PART XXII.

Down Broadway, a few streets below the Fifth Avenue Hotel, is Union Park, whose form is an ellipse. It is at the head of Old Broadway, at Fourteenth Street, and is at such an elevation that the Hudson and East Rivers may both be seen by a spectator on its Fourteenth Street front. It is a small enclosure, with a large fountain, and pleasantly shaded with young trees. Only a few years ago this vicinity was an open common, and where Union Park is was a high hill. On its northern side is the Everett House, a large, first-class hotel, named in honour of Edward Everett, the American scholar and statesman, who represented his country at the court of St. James's a few years ago. On its southern side is the Union Park Hotel, and around it are houses that were first-class a dozen years ago. In one of the four triangles outside the square is a bronze equestrian statue of Washington, by H. K. Brown, an American sculptor, standing upon a high granite pedestal, surrounded by heavy iron railings. This is the only public statue in the city of New York, if we except a small sandstone one in the City Hall Park, and a marble one of William Pitt, at the corner of Franklin Street and West Broadway, which stood at the junction of Wall and William Streets, when the old war for independence broke out. It is only a *torso*, the head and arms having been broken off by the British soldiery after Sir William Howe took possession of the city in the autumn of 1776. In our little picture we look up the Fourth



UNION PARK.

Avenue, which extends to Harlem, and from which proceed two great railways, namely, the Harlem, leading to Albany, and the New Haven, that connects with all the railways in New England. On the left, by the side of Union Park, is seen a marquee, the head-quarters of a regiment of Zouave volunteers for the United States army. These signs of war may now be seen in all parts of the city.

Let us turn here and ride through broad Fourteenth Street, towards the East River, passing the Opera House on the way. We are going to visit the oldest living thing in the city of New York,—an ancient pear-tree, at the corner of Thirteenth Street and Third Avenue. It was brought from Holland by Peter Stuyvesant, the last and most renowned of the governors of New Netherland (New York) while it belonged to the Dutch. Stuyvesant brought the tree from Holland, and planted it in his garden in the year 1647, or 214 years ago. I believe it was never known to fail in bearing fruit. Many of the pears have been preserved in liquor as curiosities, and many a twig has left the parent stem for transplantation in far distant soil. The tree seems to have vigour enough to last another century.

Stuyvesant's dwelling, upon his "Bowerie estate," was near the present St. Mark's Church, Tenth Street, and Second Avenue. It was built of small yellow brick, imported from Holland. To this secluded spot he retired when he was compelled to surrender the city and province to the English, in 1664. There he lived with his family for eighteen years, employed in agricultural pursuits. He built a chapel, at his own cost, on the site of St. Mark's, and in a vault within it he was buried. The slab of brown freestone that covered it, and which now occupies a place in the rear wall of St. Mark's, bears the following inscription:—"In this vault lies PETRUS STUYVESANT, late Captain-General and Commander-in-chief of Amsterdam, in New Netherlands, now called New York, and the Dutch West India Islands. Died, August, A.D. 1682, aged eighty years." *



STUYVESANT'S HOUSE.

St. Mark's Church, seen on the left in our little sketch, now ranks among the older church edifices in the city. It was built in 1799; and several of the descendants of Peter Stuyvesant have been, and still are, members of the congregation. When erected, it was more than a mile from the city, in the midst of pleasant country seats: the old Stuyvesant mansion was yet standing, and the "Bowery Lane" (now the broad street called the Bowery), and the old Boston Port road, were the nearest highways. Near it, on the Second Avenue, is seen a Gothic edifice—the Baptist Tabernacle—by the side of which is a square building of drab freestone, belonging to the New York Historical Society. The latter is one of the most flourishing and important associations in New York, and numbers among its membership—resident, corresponding, and honorary—many of the best minds in America and Europe. It has a library of over 30,000 volumes, a large collection of manuscripts and rare



ST. MARK'S CHURCH AND HISTORICAL SOCIETY HOUSE.

things, the entire collection of Egyptian antiquities brought to the United States by the late Dr. Abbott, several marbles from Nineveh, and a choice gallery of pictures, chiefly by American artists.†

In a cluster, a short distance from St. Mark's, are the Bible House, Cooper Institute, Clinton Hall, and Astor Library; places which intelligent strangers in the city should not pass by. The first three are seen in our sketch; the

* Peter Stuyvesant was a native of Holland: he was bred to the art of war, and had been in public life, as Governor of Curaçoa, before he assumed the government of New Netherlands. He was a man of dignity, honest and true. He was energetic, aristocratic, and overbearing. His deportment made him unpopular with the people, yet his services were of vastly more value to them and the province than those of any of his predecessors. He was "Peter the Headstrong" in Knickerbocker's burlesque history of New York, written by Irving, who describes him as a man "of such immense activity and decision of mind, that he never sought nor accepted the advice of others." . . . . "A tough, sturdy, valiant, weather-beaten, mettlesome, obstinate, leather-sided, lion-hearted, generous-spirited old governor."

† The New York Historical Society was organized in December, 1804. Its fire-proof building, in which its collections are deposited, was completed in the autumn of 1857.

Bible House on the right, the Cooper Institute on the left, and Clinton Hall in the distance. The open area is Astor Place.*

The Bible House occupies a whole block or square. It belongs to the American Bible Society. A large portion of the building is devoted to the business of the association. Blank paper is delivered to the presses in the sixth story, and proceeds downwards through regular stages of manufacture, until it reaches the depository for distribution on the ground floor, in the form of finished books. A large number of religious and kindred societies have offices in this building.

The Cooper Institute is the pride of New York, for it is the creation of a single New York merchant, Peter Cooper, Esq. The building, of brown freestone, occupies an entire block or square, and cost over 300,000 dollars. The primary object of the founder is the advancement of science, and know-



BIBLE HOUSE, COOPER INSTITUTE, AND CLINTON HALL.

ledge of the useful arts, and to this end all the interior arrangements of the edifice were made. When it was completed, Mr. Cooper formally conveyed the whole property to trustees, to be devoted to the public good.† By his munificence, benevolence, and wisdom displayed in this gift to his countrymen, Mr. Cooper takes rank among the great benefactors of mankind.

Clinton Hall belongs to the Mercantile Library Association, which is composed chiefly of merchants and merchants' clerks. It has a membership of 4,500 persons, and a library of over 60,000 volumes. The building was formerly the Astor Place Opera House; and in the open space around it occurred the memorable riot (the last in New York), occasioned by the quarrel between Forrest and Macready, to which allusion has been made.

Near Astor Place, on Lafayette Place, is the Astor Library, created by the munificence of the American Crœsus, John Jacob Astor, who bequeathed for the purpose 400,000 dollars. The building (made larger than at first designed, by the liberality of the son of the founder, and chief inheritor of his property) is capable of holding 200,000 volumes. Half that number are there now. The building occupies a portion of the once celebrated Vauxhall Gardens, a place of amusement thirty years ago.

Let us now ride down the Bowery, the broadest street in the city, and lined almost wholly with small retail shops. It leads us to Franklin Square, a small triangular space at the junction of Pearl and Cherry Streets. This, in the "olden time," was the fashionable quarter of the city, and was remarkable first for the great Walton House, and a little later as the vicinity of the residence of Washington during the first year of his administration as first President of the United States.‡ Its chief attraction to the stranger, at the present time, is the extensive printing and publishing house of HARPER and BROTHERS.

The Walton House, now essentially changed in appearance, was by far the finest specimen of domestic architecture in the city or its suburbs. It stood alone, in the midst of trees and shrubbery, with a beautiful garden covering the slope between it and the East river. It was built by a wealthy shipowner, brother of Admiral Walton, of the British navy, in pure English style. It attracted great attention. A lately-deceased resident of New York once informed me, that when he was a schoolboy and lived in Wall Street, he was frequently rewarded for good behaviour, by permission to "go out on Saturday afternoon to see Master Walton's grand house." The family arms, carved in wood, remained over the street door until ten years ago. It was a place of great resort for the British officers during the war for independence; and there William IV., then a midshipman under Admiral Digby, was entertained with the courtesy due to a prince.

On the site of the residence of Walter Franklin, a Quaker and wealthy merchant, whose name the locality commemorates, stand the Harpers' magnificent structures of brick and iron (the front all iron), which soon arose from the ashes of their old establishment, consumed near the close of 1853. They are seven stories in height, including the basement and sub-cellar. There are two buildings, the rear one fronting on Cliff Street. Between them is a court, in which is a lofty brick tower, with an interior spiral staircase. From this, iron bridges extend to the different stories. The buildings are almost perfectly fire-proof. It is the largest establishment of its kind in the United States. Six hundred persons are employed in it in prosperous times. It was founded about forty years ago, by two of the four brothers who compose the firm. They are all actively engaged in the management of the affairs of the house, and may be found during business hours, ever ready to extend the hand of cordial welcome to strangers, and to give them the opportunity to witness the operation of book-making in all its departments, and in the greatest perfection.

On our way from Franklin Square to the Hudson, by the most direct route, we cross the City Hall Park, which was known a century ago as "The Fields." It was then an open common on the northern border of the city, at "the Forks of the Broadway." It is triangular in form. The great thoroughfare of Broadway is on its western side, and the City Hall, a spacious edifice of white marble, stands in its centre. Near its southern end is a large fountain of Croton water. On its eastern side was a declivity overlooking "Beekman's Swamp." That section of the city is still known as "The Swamp"—the great leather mart of the metropolis. On the brow of that declivity, where Tammany Hall now stands, Jacob Leisler "the people's governor," when James II. left the English throne and William of Orange ascended it, was hanged, having been convicted on the false accusation of being a disloyal usurper. He was the victim of a jealous and corrupt aristocracy; and was the first and last man ever put to death for treason within the domain of the United States.

When the war for independence was kindling, the Fields became the theatre of many stirring scenes. There the inhabitants assembled to hear the harangues of political leaders and pass resolves: there "liberty poles" were erected and prostrated; and there soldiers and people had collisions. There obnoxious men were hung in effigy; and there at six o'clock in the evening of a sultry day in July, 1776, the Declaration of Independence was read to one



BROADWAY AT ST. PAUL'S.

of the brigades of the Continental Army, then in the city under the command of Washington.

The vicinity of the lower or southern end of the park, has ever been a point of much interest. On the site of Barnum's Museum, the "Sons of Liberty," in New York—the ultra-republicans before the revolution—had a meeting-place, called "Hampden Hall." Opposite was St. Paul's Church, a chapel of Trinity Church; where, in after years, when the objects for which the "Sons of Liberty" had been organized were accomplished, the *Te Deum Laudamus* was sung by a vast multitude, on the occasion of the inauguration of Washington (who was present), as the first chief magistrate of the United

* The New York Society Library, in University Place, is the oldest public library in the United States. It was incorporated in the year 1700, under the title of "The Public Library of New York." Its name was changed to its present one in 1754. It contains almost 50,000 volumes.

† The chief operations of the Institute (which Mr. Cooper calls "The Union") are free instruction of classes in science and the useful arts, and free lectures. The first and second stories are rented, the proceeds of which are devoted to defraying the expenses of the establishment. In the basement is a lecture room 125 feet by 82 feet, and 21 feet in height. The three upper stories are arranged for purposes of instruction. There is a large hall, with a gallery, designed for a free Public Exchange.

‡ That building was No. 10, Cherry Street. By the demolition of some houses between it and Franklin Square, it formed a front on that open space. In 1856, the Bowery was continued from Chatham Square to Franklin Square, when this and adjacent buildings were demolished, and larger edifices erected on their sites. There Washington held his first *levees*; and there Mr. Hammond, the first resident minister from England, was received by the chief magistrate of the republic.

States. There it stands, on the most crowded portion of Broadway (where various omnibus lines meet), a venerable relic of the past, clustered with important and interesting associations. Around it are the graves of the dead of several generations. Under its great front window is a mural monument erected to the memory of General Montgomery, who fell at the siege of Quebec, in 1775; and a few feet from its venerable walls is a marble obelisk, standing at the grave of Thomas Addis Emmet, brother of, and co-worker with the eminent Robert Emmet, who perished on the scaffold during the uprising of the Irish people against the British government, in 1798.

Passing down Broadway, we soon reach Trinity Church, founded at the close of the seventeenth century. The present is the fourth edifice, on the same site.* Within the burial-ground around the church, and the most conspicuous object there, is the magnificent brown freestone monument, erected by order of the vestry of Trinity Church, in 1852, and dedicated as "Sacred to the Memory," as an inscription upon it says, "of those brave and good men who died, whilst imprisoned in the city, for their devotion to the cause of American Independence." Hereby is indicated a great change, wrought by time. When these "brave and good men" were in prison, one of their most unrelenting foes was Dr. Inglis, the rector of Trinity, because they were "devoted to the cause of American Independence."† The church fronts Wall Street, the site of the palisades that extended from the Hudson to the East River, across the island, when it belonged to the Dutch. Here we enter the ancient domain of New Amsterdam, a city around which the mayor was required to walk every morning at sunrise, unlock all the gates, and give the key to the commander of the fort. Such was New York two hundred years ago.‡

According to early accounts, New Amsterdam must have been a quaint old town in Stuyvesant's time, at about the middle of the seventeenth century. It was, in style, a reproduction of a Dutch village of that period, when modest brick mansions, with terraced gables fronting the street, were mingled with steep-roofed cottages with dormer windows in sides and gables. It was then compactly built. The area within the palisades was not large; settlers in abundance came; and for several years, few ventured to dwell remote from the town, because of the hostile Indians, who swarmed in the surrounding forests. The toleration that had made Holland an asylum for the oppressed, was practised here to its fullest extent. "Do you wish to buy a lot, build a house, and become a citizen?" was the usual question put to a stranger. His affirmative answer, with proofs of its sincerity, was a sufficient passport. They pryed not into private opinions or belief; and bigotry could not take root and flourish in a soil so inimical to its growth. The inhabitants were industrious, thrifty, simple in manners and living, hospitable, neighbourly, and honest; and all enjoyed as full a share of human happiness as a mild despotism would allow, until the interloping "Yankees" from the Puritan settlements, and the conquering, overbearing English, disturbed their repose, and made society alarmingly cosmopolitan. This feature increased with the lapse of time; and now that little Dutch trading village two hundred years ago—grown into a vast commercial metropolis, and ranking among the most populous cities of the world—contains representatives of almost every nation on the face of the earth.

Broadway, the famous street of commercial palaces, terminates at a shaded mall and green, called "The Battery," a name derived from fortifications that once existed there. The first fort erected on Manhattan Island, by the Dutch, was on the banks of the Hudson, at its mouth, in the rear of Trinity Church. The next was built upon the site of the Bowling Green, at the foot of Broadway; these are eminences overlooking a bay. The latter was a stronger work, and became permanent. It was called Fort Amsterdam. The palisades on the line of Wall Street (and which suggested its name) were of cedar, and were planted in 1653, when an English invading force was expected. In 1692, the English, apprehensive of a French invasion, built a strong battery on a rocky point at the eastern end of the present Battery, at the foot of White Hall Street. Finally a stone fort, with four bastions, was erected. It covered a portion of the ground occupied by the Battery of to-day. It was called Fort George, in honour of the then reigning sovereign of England. Within its walls were the governor's house and most of the government offices.

In the vicinity of the fort many stirring scenes were enacted when the old war for independence was kindling. Hostile demonstrations of the opponents of the famous Stamp Act of 1766 were made there. In front of the fort, Lieutenant-Governor Colden's fine coach, his effigy, and the wooden railing around the Bowling Green, were made materials for a great bonfire by the mob.

At the beginning of the war for independence, Fort George and its dependencies had three batteries,—one of four guns, near the Bowling Green; another (the Grand Battery) of twenty guns, where the flag-staff on the Battery now stands; and a third of two heavy guns at the foot of White Hall Street, called the White Hall Battery. Here the boldness of the Sons of Liberty was displayed at the opening of the revolution, by the removal of guns from the battery in the face of a cannonade from a British ship of war in the harbour. From here was witnessed, by a vast and jubilant crowd, the final departure of the British army, after the peace of 1783, and the unfurling of the banner of the Republic from the flag-staff of Fort George, over which the British ensign had floated more than six years. The anniversary of that day—"Evacuation Day"—(the 25th of November) is always celebrated in the city of New York by a military parade and *feu de joie*.

Fort George and its dependencies have long ago disappeared, but the ancient Bowling Green remains. An equestrian statue of George the Third, made of lead, and gilded, was placed upon a high pedestal, in the centre of it, in 1770. It was ordered by the Assembly of the province in 1766, in token



THE BOWLING GREEN IN 1861.

of gratitude for the repeal of the odious Stamp Act. The Green was then enclosed with an iron paling.* Only six years later, on the evening when the Declaration of Independence was read to Washington's army in New York, soldiers and citizens joined in pulling down the statue of the king. The round heads of the iron fence-posts were knocked off for the use of the artillery, and the leaden statue of his Majesty was made into bullets for the use of the republican army. "His troops," said a writer of the day, referring to the king, "will probably have melted majesty fired at them." The pedestal of the statue, seen in the engraving, remained in the Bowling Green some time after the war; and the old iron railing, with its decapitated posts, is still there. A fountain of Croton water occupies the site of the statue; and the surrounding disc of green sward, where the citizens amused themselves with bowling, is now shaded by magnificent trees.

Near the Bowling Green, across Broadway (No. 1), is the Kennedy House, where Washington and General Lee, and afterwards Sir Henry Clinton, Generals Robertson and Carleton, and other British officers, had their headquarters. It has been recently altered by an addition to its height.†

The present Battery or park, looking out upon the bay of New York, was formed early in the present century; and a castle, pierced for heavy guns, was erected near its western extremity. For many years, the Battery was the chief and fashionable promenade for the citizens in summer weather; and State Street, along its town border, was a very desirable place of residence. The

* Soon after the British army took possession of the city of New York, in September, 1776, a fire broke out in the lower part of the town. Five hundred edifices were consumed—an eighth of all that were in the city. Trinity Church was among the number destroyed. It was rebuilt in 1788, and taken down in 1839. The present fine edifice was then commenced and was completed in 1843.

† When Washington arrived in New York with troops from Boston, in the spring of 1776, he occupied a house in Pearl Street, near Liberty, not far from Trinity Church. Being a communicant of the Church of England, he attended divine service there. On Sunday morning, one of Washington's generals called on Dr. Inglis, and requested him to omit the violent prayer for the king and royal family. He paid no regard to it. He afterwards said to that officer, "It is in your power to shut up the churches, but you cannot make the clergy depart from their duty." The prisoners alluded to in the inscription on the monument, were those who died in the old Sugar-houses of the city, which were used for hospitals. Many of them were buried in the north part of Trinity Churchyard.

‡ The harbour of New York was discovered by Hudson in September, 1609. It had doubtless been entered twenty-five years earlier, by Verrazani, a Florentine. Traders speedily came after the discovery was proclaimed, and established a trading house at Albany. In 1613, Captain Block built a ship near the Bowling Green, to replace the one in which he sailed from Holland, and which was accidentally burnt. A Dutch West India Company was formed in 1621, with all the elementary powers of government. Their charter gave them territorial dominion, and the country, called New Netherland, was made a county of Holland. The seal bore the representation of a beaver rampant—an animal very valuable for its fur, and then abundant. The seal of the city of New York (seen in the engraving) has the beaver in one of its quarterings. New Amsterdam remained in the possession of the Dutch until 1664, when it was surrendered into the hands of the English, on demand being made, in the presence of numerous ships of war, laden with land troops. Then the name was changed from New Amsterdam to New York, in honour of James, Duke of York, afterwards James II., to whom the whole domain had been granted by his profligate brother, King Charles.



SEALS OF NEW AMSTERDAM AND NEW YORK.

* This work of Art was by Wilton, of London, and was the first equestrian statue of his Majesty ever erected. Wilton made a curious omission—stirrups were wanting. It was a common remark of the Continental soldiers, that it was proper for "the tyrant" to ride a hard trotting horse without stirrups.

† This house was built by Captain Kennedy, of the Royal Navy, at about the time of his marriage with the daughter of Peter Schuyler, of New Jersey, in 1765.

castle was dismantled, and became a place of public amusement. For a long time it has been known as Castle Garden; but both are now deserted by fashion and the Muses. All of old New York has been converted into one vast business mart, and there are very few respectable residences within a mile of the Battery. At the present time (September, 1861), it exhibits a martial display. Its green sward is covered with tents and barracks for the recruits of the Grand National Army of Volunteers, and its fine old trees give grateful shade to the newly-fledged soldiers preparing for the war for the Union.

At White Hall, on the eastern border of the Battery, there was a great civic and military display, at the close of April, 1789, when Washington, coming to the seat of government to be inaugurated first President of the United States, landed there. He was received by officers and people with shouts of welcome,



THE BATTERY AND CASTLE GARDEN.

the strains of martial music, and the roar of cannon. He was then conducted to his residence on Franklin Square, and afterwards to the Old Federal Hall in Wall Street, where the Congress held its sessions. It was at the corner of Wall and Nassau Streets, the site of the present Custom House. In the gallery, in front of the hall, the President took the oath of office, administered by Chancellor Livingston, in the presence of a great assemblage of people who filled the street.

The Hudson from the Battery, northward, is lined with continuous piers and slips, and exhibits the most animated scenes of commercial life. The same may be said of the East River for about an equal distance from the Battery. Huge steam ferry-boats, magnificent passenger steamers, and freight barges, ocean steamships, and every variety of sailing vessel and other water craft may be seen in the Hudson River slips, or out upon the bosom of the stream, in "good times," fairly jostling each other near the wharves because of a lack of room. Upon every deck is seen busy man; and the *yo-heave-o!* is heard at the capstan on all sides. But the most animated scene of all is the departure of steamboats for places on the Hudson, from four to six o'clock each afternoon. The piers are filled with coaches, drays, carts, barrows, every kind of vehicle for passengers and light freight. Orange-women and news-boys assail you at every step with the cries of "Five nice oranges for a shilling!"—"'Ere's the *Evening Post* and *Express*, third edition!" whilst the hoarse voices of escaping waste-steam, and the discordant tintinnabulation of a score of bells, hurry on the laggards by warnings of the near approach of the hour of departure. Several bells suddenly cease, when from different slips, steamboats covered with passengers will shoot out like race-horses from their grooms, and turning their prows northward, begin the voyage with wonderful speed, some for the head of tide-water at Troy, others for intermediate towns and others still for places so near that the vessels may be ranked as ferry-boats. The latter are usually of inferior size but well appointed; and at several stated hours of the day carry excursionists or country residents to the neighbouring villages. Let us consider a few of these places, on the western shore of the Hudson, which the stranger would find pleasant to visit because of the beauty or grandeur of the natural scenery, and historic associations.

The most remote of the villages to which excursionists go is Nyack, opposite Tarrytown, nearly thirty miles from New York. It lies on the bank of the Hudson at the foot of the Nyack Hills, which are broken ridges, extending several miles northward from the Palisades. Back of the village, and along the river shore, are fertile and well-cultivated slopes, where fruit is raised in abundance. On account of the salubrity of the climate, beautiful and romantic scenery, and good society, it is a very delightful place for a summer residence. From every point of view, interesting landscapes meet the eye. The broad Tappan Sea is before it, and stretching along its shores for several miles are seen the towns, and villas, and rich farms of Westchester County. In its immediate vicinity the huntsman and fisherman may enjoy his favourite sport. In its southern suburbs is the spacious building of the Rockland Female Institute, in the midst of ten acres of land, and affording accommodation for one hundred pupils. During the ten weeks' summer vacation, it is used as a first-class boarding-house, under the title of the Tappan Zee House.

About four miles below Nyack is Piermont, at which is the terminus of the middle branch of the New York and Erie Railway. The village is the child of that road, and its life depends mainly upon the sustenance it receives from it. The company has an iron foundry and extensive repairing shops there; and it is the chief freight depot of the road. Its name is derived from a pier which juts a mile into the river. From it freight is transferred to cars and barges. Tappantown, where Major André was executed, is about two miles from Piermont.

A short distance below Piermont is Rockland, a post village of about three hundred inhabitants, pleasantly situated on the river, and flanked by high hills. Here the Palisades proper have their northern termination; and from here to Fort Lee, the columnar range is almost unbroken. This place is better known as Sneeden's Landing. Here Cornwallis and six thousand British troops landed, and marched upon Fort Lee, on the top of the Palisades, a few miles below, after the fall of Fort Washington, in the autumn of 1776.

One of the most interesting points on the west shore of the Hudson, near New York, and most resorted to, except Hoboken and its vicinity, is Fort Lee. It is within the domain of New Jersey. The dividing line between that state and New York is a short distance below Rockland or Sneeden's Landing; and it is only the distance between there and its mouth (about twenty miles), that the Hudson washes any soil but that of the State of New York.

The village of Fort Lee is situated at the foot of the Palisades. A winding road passes from it to the top of the declivity, through a deep, wooded ravine. The site of the fort is on the left of the head of the ravine, in the ascent, and is now marked by only a few mounds and a venerable pine-tree just south of them, which tradition avers once sheltered the tent of Washington. As the great patriot never pitched his tent there, tradition is in error. Washington was at the fort a short time at the middle of November, 1776, while the combined British and Hessian forces were attacking Fort Washington on the opposite shore. He saw the struggle of the garrison and its assailants, without ability to aid his friends. When the combat had continued a long time, he sent word to the commandant of the fort, that if he could hold out until night, he could bring the garrison off. The assailants were too powerful; and Washington, with Generals Greene, Mercer, and Putnam, and Thomas Paine, the influential political pamphleteer of the day, was a witness of the slaughter, and saw the red cross of St. George floating over the lost fortress, instead of the Union stripes which had been unfurled there a few months before. The title of Fort Washington was changed to that of Fort Knyphausen, in honour of the Hessian general. Fort Lee was speedily approached by the British under Cornwallis, and as speedily abandoned by the Americans. The latter fled to the republican camp at Hackensack, when Washington commenced his



OLD FEDERAL HALL.

famous retreat through New Jersey, from the Hudson to the Delaware, for the purpose of saving the menaced federal capital, Philadelphia.

The view from the high point north of Fort Lee is extensive and interesting up and down the river. Across are seen the villages of Carmansville and Manhattanville, and fine country seats near; while southward, on the left, the city of New York stretches into the dim distance, with Staten Island and the Narrows still beyond. On the right are the wooded cliffs extending to Hoboken, with the little villages of Pleasant Valley, Bull's Ferry, Wehawk, and Hoboken, along the shore.

MR. MORBY'S GALLERY,

CHANGE ALLEY, CORNHILL.

In many of those Art-collections that it is our duty to notice in consequence of their excellence—collections which have been formed by their proprietors at great expense for the purpose of sale—the rule has been a preference of exhibited and well-known works; whereas, that which it is now proposed to describe, shows a prevalence of works direct from the hands of the artists. This is like a return to the times antecedent to the establishment of exhibitions, when the gallery of the dealer was the only place of exhibition open to the painter. There is a growing taste for small pictures directly indicative of the direction which patronage is taking; to gratify which, artists now paint more pictures than they could either expect to be accepted for exhibition, or would desire to keep by them till the season comes round. The time has been when almost every work by artists of any eminence regularly appeared in some public institution; but as that is now no longer to be expected, the opportunity of seeing in galleries of this kind so important a portion of each year's Art-produce as is now to be found in the hands of dealers, cannot be neglected. That the "trade" in pictures is not only legitimate, but very beneficial, there can be no doubt. We have always so viewed it. Although we have done much to expose the tricks of dishonest dealers, we have as earnestly sought to uphold those whose transactions are reasonable and upright: such unquestionably is Mr. Morby. He deals only in modern pictures. Each picture he offers for sale is "guaranteed" the production of the painter whose name it bears; and he seems content with a moderate profit, of which indeed any buyer of modern Art is able to judge. His collection, as we have intimated, consists generally of small cabinet pictures; among them are many exquisite "gems," while the majority are of great excellence. It is therefore a part, and a pleasant part, of our duty to make such collections known for the information of collectors. With this view, we have visited and examined Mr. Morby's Collection of Paintings by Modern Artists.

Of the works of which we have to speak, the first that presented itself was a landscape by Creswick, called 'Barnard Castle'—one of those compositions in which the presumed principal plays a very small part, as the castle itself, anciently a stronghold of the Baliols on the banks of the Tees, now a picturesque ruin that everybody paints, forms an all but imperceptible item in the piece. Like many of Creswick's more open subjects, the view is especially that of a road by a brook—

> "A weakling of the summer droughts,"

but yet with water enough to yield the shallow glistening water passage that Creswick paints so well. The striking points are the trees and large stones; the tone is low and without any strong oppositions, and the whole exemplifies the interest that can be given to ordinary matter by well-directed experience.

'Flora MacIvor,' by T. Faed, strikes us at once as a study of colour—so ingeniously simple in arrangement, as to suggest that the consideration of the artist has been rather what to exclude than what to introduce. The lady is seated at an embroidery frame, but her eyes are raised from the work: she gazes in vacancy before her, as if every sense but that of sight were painfully busy. There is an open casement, through which is seen a breadth of grey moonlight, while on the figure is thrown a strong light from within the room. The colour is deep and strong, but it is not thrown so much on the figure as its surroundings. The face has that rich and clear tint that Mr. Faed always gives to his female studies.

'A Breton Ménage,' E. Hughes, is French in character and feeling, but English in colour; in its foreign attributes it reminds us of Frère—that is of the best of the Frères, and the best of those painters of the French school who devote themselves to humble themes of this kind. The subject is a rustic mother, in her Sunday sabots and best churchgoing gear, feeding her baby which she holds on her lap, attended in her maternal ministration by an elder girl who holds the food in a basin. Brittany has long been an inexhaustible emporium of novelties to the French artist—everything there is so old as to be curiously new; their implements are as ancient as the days of Hesiod; and if to the robust little woman with the sultry countenance we see in Mr. Hughes's picture, you address your best French, she beats you with her execrable Welsh, and asks in what part of France England is to be found. French pictures of this class ignore colour, whereas this sparkles all over with the most mellow and harmonious amenities of the palette. In another picture by the same artist, we find the same person, perhaps, hastening to mass—a small, upright, half-length figure with a plain background. The faces in both show a softness and delicacy of painting that are only to be realized by a studied manipulation.

From these we turn, invited by the tempting comparison, to two also humble interiors, 'The Newspaper' and 'The Scriptures,' by John Faed—of which both the persons and the properties are pronouncedly Scotch. 'The Newspaper' is a study of an earnest politician, who sits by the fireside on a winter day with the broad sheet held out before him; the light comes into the picture through the window at the reader's back, and his face is lighted up by reflected light from the newspaper. The other presents an aged dame also seated at her hearth with the Bible open before her. Both pictures are freely touched, and yet are gems in their way. By W. Gale there are several small heads and single figures, that recall those of his minor meditations that have followed in the wake of the 'Little Eastern.' There is another youthful Eastern head, that of a girl, with a face of a clear, yellow brown, with large, round melting eyes; and thus success leads to repetitions. Then there is 'Dimanche,' a profile of a French peasant girl going to mass—prim and trim, with a larger share of refined beauty than has fallen to any of her sisters. We thus shake hands with humble life, and lend our ears to a declamation in the Tennysonian vein, also by Mr. Gale. There is no title, it is also a single figure—a fair girl in profile, with hair streaming down comet-wise behind a Saxon face, in which it is intended that after having looked at the blue eye, we shall look for the blue veins beneath the pearly skin.

We come next upon 'Lasses Going Milking,' by J. Phillip ("him of Spain"), which must have been painted some four or five years ago, and before he registered the vow that in future there should be no justification for his being called or considered a Scotch painter. Whatever be the title under which this work fell ripe from the easel, it looks much as if it were a prompting from the "Gentle Shepherd." There is a marked contrast between the two girls. The nearer is in profile—she is a brunette with a tendency to personal volume; the other, whose full face is shown, is delicately fair, with light hair, and blithesome eyes. Each carries a milk-pail, and altogether, in style and circumstance, the two figures look more like milking realities than anything that is usually got up from the model and the lay figure. There is also much akin to these 'A Galway Girl,' by Baxter, with more genuine rusticity than he usually gives to his pictures. She wears a red jacket so bright that it would extinguish any set of features that were not of high pitch in colour. Such a contact is a rude trial for a face, but this has been carefully guarded against by painting the face up to a high and clear tone, without refining it beyond the character intended to be preserved.

'The Rivals,' by Solomon, is based on an incident taken from a higher plane in the social scale. Mr. Solomon has adopted for his motto the well-worn distich, "Vice is a monster," &c. His pictures are not negatives; he teaches by broad facts. He here sets before us a lady who may be a wife or may be only affianced; be that as it may, she is suddenly convulsed with agony on accidentally overhearing, from her seat by a window that opens into a garden, a conversation between her lover and another lady. Such a circumstance might be painted with an apathy that would in no wise convey to the intelligence and the feeling the point of the story; but all our sympathies are at once with the deceived one, while we contemplate with abhorrence the perfidy on the other side. There was, it will be remembered, a picture exhibited by Mr. Solomon, at the British Institution, the hanging of which was protested against by Mr. Frith in *The Times*. The picture, which was called 'Art Critics Abroad,' was hung too high for examination at that time, but finding the work in Mr. Morby's Gallery, we can testify to its being as good a picture as its author ever produced. It represents a family of Breton peasants examining, and much amused by, a picture from which the artist has just risen, and gone outside the cottage to smoke his cigar. The incident occurred while he was painting the two girls who form a principal group in the composition. Mr. Morby has also, very carefully painted, the original sketch of 'Found Drowned.'

'Deep-dale, near Barnard Castle,' by Creswick, is a close, rocky river scene; on the effective painting of such subjects his early fame is based. In this picture there is a large tree on the left hand in which the leaves are individualized—the only instance of this kind we remember in this artist's works. By Ansdell there are two highland pastorals called respectively 'Lost' and 'Found.' In the former there are two sheep that have strayed from their own flocks, and are alarmed at the approach of a strange shepherd. By the latter we learn that the animals have wandered over the mountain until they have fallen exhausted in the snow, and are now discovered by their own shepherd, one but just alive, and the other apparently dead.

By Cooper there is also a pair of sheep subjects —'Summer,' and 'Winter,'—in the former of which there is a group of the animals on a grassy knoll that raises them against the lower sky, and in 'Winter' we find them scattered over a snowy landscape; and, curiously enough, we found side by side with these a study of a horse by Verboekhoven, Cooper's early master, finished up with a surface equal to a Wouvermans. There is also the head of a horse by the great Belgian master, life size, of a character rarely or never surpassed, and fully equal to any portrait ever produced by Landseer. 'Happy days,' by F. R. Pickersgill, is the most brilliant and natural essay that the painter has of late produced. It is of the same class of subject as 'The Troubadour,' which was exhibited a year or two ago, as representing a pleasant party of noble ladies seated on a garden terrace overlooking the blue waters of the Mediterranean somewhere between Nice and Genoa, and listening to the rhymes of a soldier minstrel, who here narrates his own adventures. This picture has the rare merit of combining some of the best qualities of the old and the new schools. By Lance, beyond all, eminent in grapes, there is a bunch of the black Bleuheim kind, each grape as large as a plum—nothing, perhaps, exaggerated beyond the natural grandeur of the fruit. 'The Penitent,' by Frost, is a semi-nude study, very much like the work of Etty, and precisely so in colour, differing only in a somewhat sharper finish. 'The Fountain,' F. W. Topham, is a Spanish subject, and, contrary to the artist's ordinary practice, it is painted in oil. It shows a gathering of idlers of both sexes at a public fountain—the hint perhaps from Seville—such as is continually seen in continental cities. This picture has, we think, been exhibited, as also have many others in the collection, all sufficiently good to be remembered since the years of their respective production—as 'The Novel Reader,' E. M. Ward, and two other works by this accomplished master, one of them being 'Charlotte Corday going to Execution;' another, the original sketch of 'James II. receiving news of the landing of the Prince of Orange;' 'Terecina,' Wyburd; 'Blackberry Gatherers,' Poole, and, by the same, 'A Girl at a Spring;' the study for 'Drowned,' Solomon; 'The Chevalier Bayard,' Hook, a very beautiful specimen of the artist's earlier manner; 'The Farm Yard,' and 'The Cottage Door,' Linnell; 'Ride a Cockhorse!' W. H. Knight; 'The Staff of Life,' G. A. Holmes; 'Girl at a Casement,' G. Smith; 'The Gossips,' W. Hemsley; 'Job and his Friends,' C. Rolt; 'The Sirens,' Frost, a gem of pure water.

We have limited our notice chiefly to the "unexhibited" pictures in this collection, and even of these we have described but a few. The works in the possession of Mr. Morby number some two hundred; if not all of equal excellence, they are all true pictures, and may be purchased without dread of deception. Mr. Morby has long been known as a just dealer; his connection is large; and he has been, and continues to be, a very useful medium of communication between the artists and the collector.

MARLBOROUGH HOUSE.

WALL PICTURES.

THE so-called discovery of the pictures in the staircase of Marlborough House—effected during the conversion of the mansion into a suitable residence for the Prince of Wales—is no discovery at all. The House was occupied by Queen Adelaide after the death of William IV., up to which period the staircase was in its original condition, but the paintings were so faded and effaced as to be considered unworthy of preservation, and, therefore, to give some air of "comfort" to the place, they were not actually painted over, and the walls enlivened with fanciful gilding, but they were covered over with a facing of wood, which was painted in an ordinary way, as may be remembered by those who have visited the Turner and Vernon collections when they were in Marlborough House. For the support of this boarding the wall has been perforated and broken by holdfasts wherever it has been deemed necessary for security. Like those of all houses of its time, the staircase is mean; had it been more ample and better lighted, it is probable that these conditions would have required such alterations as must have entirely destroyed the pictures. We are so much more conservative in all matters having reference to Art than we were twenty years ago, that it cannot be believed that any decorator or surveyor of the present day would venture thus to treat pictures, which, at least, have the value of contemporaneity with the great events that they describe. The cleaning and restoration are in progress, by Mr. Merritt, of 24, Langham Street, under whose skilful treatment they will be left without any sign of injury, if we may judge from the success which has attended his operations on the great picture of the Battle of Blenheim, that fills the whole of the left wall in ascending from the vestibule. The first impression conveyed by the work is, that it has been intended as a study of portraiture, with a battle background in detail, recalling portraits of Louis Quatorze similarly composed. The Duke of Marlborough is, therefore, the principal personage, attended by secondary figures, as his staff. The Duke is mounted; he wears a red coat, cocked hat, and the clumsy riding boots of his time; and his horse is one of the heavy, shapeless chargers of the sixteenth century, such as appear in all the battle pictures of that time. With bad taste enough, the artist, Laguerre, has made the Duke looking out of the picture at the spectator; but Laguerre was a man of pliant disposition, and it is possible that the potent will of Sarah Duchess of Marlborough would not have it otherwise. At a little distance in the centre of the picture is seen the town of Blenheim, round which the entire field is filled with the incidents of a desperate battle. The picture is dark, but it has been originally very low in tone—an error on the part of the artist, where light is so deficient as it is in the staircase. In this Laguerre has preferred imitating that which was approved in Bourgognone, to thinking for himself, and making the most of the conditions to which he was subject. In the low light with which he had to deal, strong opposition should have been his principle, and by this the staircase would have been lightened; whereas the effect never has been, and never can be, otherwise than a breadth of sombre and lifeless tones. Besides this picture there are others on the staircase awaiting revival from the hands of Mr. Merritt, all of which are, for many reasons, so well worth preservation that they ought to be carefully copied as soon as they have been restored. Louis Laguerre was the son of a Spaniard, who was keeper of the menagerie at Versailles. He studied for a short time under Lebrun, and coming to England in 1683, was employed by Verrio, and painted for him the large picture in St. Bartholomew's Hospital. He also worked at Burleigh, and Petworth, and William III. confided to him, as it turned out, the destruction of Mantegna's 'Triumph of Cæsar.'

The improvements effected in Marlborough House are such as to render it in every way more conformable with modern ideas of comfort than it was. We all remember the low, dark rooms that were filled with the Turner and the Vernon collections, and rejoice at the changes to which these apartments have been subjected.

CORRESPONDENCE.

To the Editor of "THE ART-JOURNAL."

THE LIVERPOOL ACADEMY AND PRIZE PAINTINGS.

SIR,—All must accord with your regret, expressed in last month's *Art-Journal*, regarding the unfortunate division of the Liverpool Artists. But how can those interested in the advancement of Art look for the amalgamation so beneficial to Art-progress in the second city of the kingdom, when the point which caused the breach is more glaringly brought out this year than ever?

The Liverpool Academy prize, as you informed your readers, has been awarded to a beautiful composition by Mr. J. F. Lewis—'Waiting for the Ferry, Upper Egypt.' Every one is aware of the unapproachable talent of Mr. Lewis in depicting Spanish and Oriental scenes; but, surely, there are higher qualities in painting than mere incident; and the reproducing of a picture, whose component parts have again and again been brought forward in former works, certainly does not entitle it to be ranked as "first in merit."

By the newspaper controversy, which has been carried on here, regarding this subject, I learn that the two other pictures next in merit, according to the notions of the Liverpool Academy, and which are eligible for the prize-distinction, are Mr. Horsley's 'Lost and Found,' and Mr. Paton's 'Luther at Erfurt.' That these subjects, when combined with the skill thrown into them, take an exalted position over that of the prize-painting, is evidence enough to prove their superiority. Some would prefer the glorious autumn landscape of Mr. Horsley, connected with the domestic incident which awakens all our emotional feelings; or some would see in the painting of the solitary monk intenser thought and more skilful manipulation exhibited. The latter picture is worthy of the great subject it commemorates. We can see how the torturings of Luther's brain tell on the emaciated face. We behold the concealed genius of the Reformation struggling in the obscurity which often precedes the success of a great enterprise. If thoughts like these are awakened by simply looking on a picture, containing a single figure, the awarding committee must have passed 'Luther at Erfurt' with bandaged eyes.

Whatever painting is entitled to what is this year a "misnomer," it is not my aim to show, though this could be done unhesitatingly. Mr. Lewis's picture is perfect of its kind; but the most unprejudiced mind will allow—including Mr. Lewis himself—that such a kind is below the standard of the paintings produced by Mr. Horsley and Mr. Paton. Judging, therefore, from this year's transaction, it is unquestionable that the members of the Liverpool Academy do not award their prizes to pictures "first in merit."

As the *Art-Journal* is the proper place for discussion on such an unaccountable transaction, I trust that your courtesy will, in justice, insert this.

I am, &c. J. C.

LIVERPOOL, *October* 1861.

[We find in a contemporary the following passage:—"The Liverpool Academy complains that circulation is given, in the *Art-Journal*, to *ex parte* accounts of the Society, while its own answers are denied admission." This assertion is altogether untrue: we have never on any single occasion since we commenced the *Art Journal*, given an *ex parte* statement and denied admission to the answer: it is as much opposed to our practice, as it is to the cause of truth and honesty. Our columns have ever been freely opened to both sides in any controversy: and always will be. We do not even stipulate for temper in argument, but we do require decency in language. In the *Art-Journal* for August, our readers will find the following remarks on the Liverpool controversy:—"We readily insert this letter (a letter from the Hon. Secretary of the Society, Joseph Boult, Esq.), and would have as willingly inserted one from the other side, if any correspondent, actuated by right motives and influenced by fitting courtesy, had written to us. Such, however, has not been the case, although the President of the Academy has addressed to us a letter, remarkable for the absence of reasoning, and the introduction of language which could have no other effect than that of injuring the cause he professes to advocate." Once again, we express an earnest hope that the much-needed 'amalgamation' may be brought about; the 'Society' has, we understand, recently held a meeting with a view to raise funds for the erection in Liverpool of a building worthy of Art, and also of the second commercial city of the world. We cannot doubt that success will attend their efforts: the members generally are gentlemen of wealth and influence as well as of intelligence: they know that Liverpool needs an Art-gallery: that at present the rooms in which the Society and the Academy have their exhibitions—the one in Bold Street, the other in Post-office Place—are such as would discredit a third-class town in the poorest shire of England.]

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE EXCAVATIONS AT WROXETER have been once more resumed during the autumn, through the liberality of Mr. Botfield, M.P., who has contributed a third sum of fifty guineas for the purpose of continuing the explorations. Towards the latter end of September, men were set to work, not on the site previously examined—the interior of the city—but on that of the principal cemetery of Uriconium, on the north-east side of the town, a little without the walls along the Watling Street of the Anglo-Saxons. The site promised a rich harvest of antiquities, and has already begun to yield it. The first trenches opened were rewarded, as Mr. Thomas Wright, F.S.A., states in a recent letter to the *Times*, by the discovery of an inscribed monumental tablet in commemoration of a Roman soldier, and of "several interments, consisting of ashes and burnt bones, with sepulchral urns, glass vessels, a lamp with the potter's mark 'Modes,' and other objects, the number and variety of which are increased by every day's work. At length the men came upon a regularly paved street, of good width, running direct from the town gate over the brow of the bank, and through the middle of the cemetery, at a small angle eastward from the Watling Street Road. This street, it can hardly be doubted, and not the lane at the foot of the bank, was the original Roman road from Uriconium to Londinium, and we shall probably find that the principal monuments bordered upon it on each side, as at Pompeii; it was, in fact, the Street of Tombs of ancient Uriconium." A small area, enclosed by a low wall, has also been found on the western side, which is supposed to be "the *ustrinum*, or place for burning the dead body before the interment." "The remains of the wood on which a corpse had been placed for burning were found within it, the ends being but imperfectly burnt." Mr. Wright makes an earnest appeal to the public for pecuniary assistance, to enable those who have undertaken the work to carry it on: hope of such aid from Government there seems to be none. This is not a matter of mere antiquarian *dilettantism*, but one of interesting historical research, that ought to meet with every encouragement.

THE CRYSTAL PALACE SCHOOL OF ART, SCIENCE, AND LITERATURE re-opens, after a "long vacation," with the commencement of the present month, and the Committee of Directors have issued a programme which gives good promise of a successful term. The classes, which are numerous and treat of a wide variety of subjects, are very judiciously arranged, and the Professors stand in the front rank in their several departments, so that the Palace School has a strong claim for support, and it really must prove an invaluable boon to the rapidly-extending group of small towns, known collectively as Sydenham and Norwood. We trust that the weekly *conversazioni*, which were introduced before the last summer, in connection with this school, will be resumed, and their range extended; and we shall have much pleasure in recording the further addition to the classes of a series of popular Monday Lectures, by the several Professors, upon the plan that was adopted concurrently with the *conversazioni* on Wednesday evenings. We are pleased to know that the applications for admission to the classes are very greatly increased in their numbers, so that this valuable institution may hope now to find its worth to be fully recognised. As we have done before, we again urge upon the directors the importance of rendering their school *as popular as possible*; and, consequently, we trust that they will reduce their scale of fees to as low a standard as may be consistent; at any rate, if some of their classes are kept comparatively exclusive by higher fees, let there also be *cheap popular classes*, access to which can be had without any necessary visit to, or any necessary payment for visiting, the Crystal Palace itself. We have nothing to object to the present scale of fees for the classes that are to be more exclusive; but we have heard some expressions of both surprise and dissatisfaction at the somewhat singular circumstance that, while all the classes in Arts, Sciences, and Literature have their fee for a term two guineas, the fee for the *dancing* class, for the same period, is three guineas; and we have been asked whether dancing is estimated at the Crystal

Palace as 33 per cent. more valuable than Drawing, or History, or English Literature, or Latin, or French, or German, &c., which inquiries have been attended with a suggestion that possibly the premium upon the "light fantastic" accomplishment may have resulted from the lingering influences of Blondinism upon the directorial mind. We can do no more than confirm the fact of this "three guineas" appearing in the programme of the Crystal Palace School, and refer to the authorities there for an explanation.

THE COLLECTION OF MR. FLATOU.—Although we intend in "our next" to pass this collection under detailed review, we may now direct public attention to it; we should have performed the duty this month, but that we have elsewhere occupied space in treating a similar subject. Mr. Flatou has announced his purpose of disposing, by private contract, of the whole of his "stock" of modern pictures, in order that he may be left free to devote his time and energies to the "important work" he has undertaken—"The Railway Station," by W. P. Frith, R.A., which he means to exhibit and to engrave. It is known that he has embarked a large capital in this undertaking; and there can be no doubt that to render it a successful "speculation," there must be no division of interest, in reference either to his time or his labour. A subscription list has been opened, at his Gallery in Cornhill. Many names are already "entered," and we have reason to believe that, enormous as will be the cost of the print, the eventual prosperity of the undertaking is secured. The engraver selected for this great work is Mr. Frank Holl—selected by the painter as well as the proprietor: and the choice is a good one. We know of no British engraver better qualified for the task. Ere long, we shall be in a position to describe the picture more fully than we have hitherto done. Meanwhile, we refer our readers to an advertisement which gives the names of the artists whose works Mr. Flatou is exhibiting in Cornhill. They comprise a majority of the best masters of our school; and this collection, as we have said, we shall next month pass under detailed review.

A MEDALLION OF HAWTHORNE—one of the leading authors of America, and whose works, "The Scarlet Letter," and "The House of the Seven Gables," more especially, have achieved extensive popularity England—has been recently executed by an excellent sculptor, Küntze, of 23, Newman Street. It was exhibited at the Royal Academy, and is a work of very great merit. Some friends and admirers of Hawthorne have arranged with the sculptor to produce it in marble, in order to present it to the lady of the estimable author. Mr. Hawthorne has many friends in England; particularly in Liverpool, where he was the American Consul—a post to which he was appointed solely on the ground of his abilities. Moreover, few men are more regarded and esteemed in private life. The testimonial, therefore, cannot fail to give pleasure to those who present, and to her who will receive it, while a well-deserved compliment will be paid to his friend the sculptor.

THE ILLUSTRATED CATALOGUE OF THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION.—A detailed prospectus of the Catalogue we are now busily preparing, of the most useful and instructive of the contents of the Exhibition of 1862, will accompany the December part of the *Art-Journal*.

THE TURNER PICTURES are now hung in Trafalgar Square, and the whole gallery is re-arranged. This intelligence reached us on the eve of our going to press; all remarks must therefore be postponed till next month.

MEMORIALS OF THE MEDICI.—The following passage was inadvertently omitted from the paper on this subject which appeared in our last number. It should have followed the paragraph, on the first column of page 292, terminating thus,—"which otherwise might have been forgotten." The succeeding passage is perfectly incomprehensible without the explanation involved in that now inserted.—"In that library which they founded side by side with their sepulchre, is a little packet, formerly belonging to the Cardinal Ippolito de Medici, illegitimate son of that Giuliano, who formed the subject of one of the two monuments by Michael Angelo which we have been considering. This packet is neatly folded and tied (quite a pet of a packet), and furthermore graced with the following interesting little superscription in the Cardinal's own hand:—'Beard, torn by me from the jowl of that traitorous hound Jean Lue Orsino, in the pope's antechamber.'"

STONE NIELLO FOR PAVEMENT.—A new and most effective variety of decorative pavement has been prepared for the choir of Lichfield Cathedral, as a part of the "restorations" of that eminently interesting edifice, by Messrs. Clayton and Bell, the artists in glass, whose works deservedly enjoy so high a reputation. The new pavement is composed in part of Minton's tiles, and in part of circular slabs of a hard white stone, upon which various designs are executed in bold outline, the lines and also all the backgrounds being filled in with a tenacious black composition, as hard as the stone itself. The pavement immediately adjoining the communion rails in the choir at Lichfield forms a large square, which is divided into four smaller squares by broad bands of Minton's tiles; in the centre of each of these smaller squares is one large inlaid circle, a smaller circle being placed towards each angle of the square. Thus, this beautiful experimental piece of pavement contains four large and sixteen smaller inlaid stone circles, which are surrounded by tiles, and are divided and also bound together by the broad bands of tiles crossing each other at right angles, which we have already noticed. The designs are by Mr. Clayton, and they have been most ably executed under his direction. The lines are drawn and cut with a free and masterly hand, and show what may be accomplished in the simplest outline when the true conditions and capabilities of outline are thoroughly understood. The four larger circles represent incidents connected with the establishment of the see of Lichfield, and upon the smaller ones are half-figures of the sovereigns who reigned in those early days in England, and of the prelates who first presided over the then newly-constituted see. This species of pavement promises to become popular in the highest degree; and it certainly deserves such popularity. The same style of decoration might be introduced into the external architecture of public buildings with the happiest effect, and we commend the idea to the thoughtful consideration of the architect of the New Foreign Office. On the Continent this style of pavement was occasionally in use in the middle ages, and original examples may still be seen both in France, Germany, and Italy. Some of the finest are at St. Omer. In our own country there exists one curious specimen, in Canterbury Cathedral, where Becket's shrine is surrounded by inlaid slabs, executed after the same manner as Mr. Clayton has so happily adopted at Lichfield.

NOEL PATON'S glorious picture of 'The Pursuit of Pleasure'—one of the greatest achievements of the British School, or of any school—is now exhibiting at Messrs. Jennings, Cheapside, previous to being transferred to the hands of the engraver, Mr. H. T. Ryall, who is to engrave it for the publisher, Hill, of Edinburgh.

THE ROYAL PICTURES.—The drawings from pictures in the several collections of her Majesty the Queen and his Royal Highness the Prince Consort, now exhibiting, with a view to sale, at the Crystal Palace, will shortly be removed from that building. In the *Art-Journal* for August there was a full description of these drawings, which, our readers were informed, were to be separated and sold separately. With the engravings from these pictures subscribers to the *Art-Journal* are familiar; and they may hence form some idea of the rare beauty and value of the drawings. Although copies, they are copies under peculiar circumstances; one copy of each picture only being permitted to be made. Many of them were "touched upon" by the painters of the original works, and they were copied with the exceeding care to finish, absolutely necessary for the purpose of the engraver. Thus, they are of sufficient "dignity" and importance to grace any drawing-room in the kingdom, while by no means costly.

THE ROYAL EXCHANGE.—"What is to be done with the Exchange?" is a question pointedly suggested by the countenance beginning to be given to Art by the authorities of the city. Years ago, when the walls of the Exchange were so prettily arabesqued, it was done under a conviction that the whole work must be obscured in a few years. The smoke was not slow in superseding Mr. Sang's work, and this time it has been frescoed, but the result is still a reproach to the wealthiest city in the world. The "vegetables" are really badly drawn and painted; but were they otherwise, it may be asked what this kind of decoration (*sic!*) means in a place so rich with associations available to Art? First and last, for these arabesques the city must have paid, or promised to pay, perhaps four thousand pounds, and it is necessary that the work should be re-commenced, for the colours are already failing, the panels being everywhere marked by unseemly pictures of discolouration. Nothing of this kind will do for the Exchange; it is in the worst possible taste. The city is now patronizing sculpture: nothing would be so suitable for the place as a series of grand bas-reliefs embodying the history of British commerce.

MR. O'DOHERTY'S STATUE OF 'ALETHE,' for the Marquis of Downshire, is rapidly advancing towards completion. The readers of Moore's *Epicurean* will, doubtless, remember who Alethe is. She is represented in the statue as standing, or presumed to be so, on the deck of the Nile boat, at the moment when, for the first time, she feels conscious of the power of love within her; and in the transition state of her affections, regards it as a something stealing between herself and heaven. Her hands are raised contemplatively to the bosom, the head slightly droops, the eyes being fixed on the flowing current of the river. The figure is tall and finely proportioned, and the drapery is so arranged that the figure seems rather veiled by, than clothed in it. This work will, unquestionably, raise the reputation of the sculptor, whose poetical figure of 'Erin' we engraved a short time ago.

NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA'S STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS AND STEREOSCOPES, &c.—Views photographed for the stereoscope rank amongst the wonders, as certainly they may claim a place of honour amongst the most delightful productions of this Art-loving age. Whatever is most lovely or most strange in nature, and whatever man may combine with nature to render in any way or in any degree attractive, that the sun is ever ready to depict with unerring fidelity and the most exquisite artistic gracefulness; while science has produced the means for both obtaining the sun-pictures from every locality, and sending them in every direction, and then realizes them in the stereoscope. The position which these wonderful instruments with their "slides" now hold in the *business of Art*, places them amongst the most important of popular industries; and, accordingly, the attention of men of enterprise and energy, who have abundant capital at their disposal, has been attracted to stereoscopic photography. At the head of the many establishments that London contains, devoted especially to works of this class are those of NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, who have just completed what we may entitle a stereographic *cordon* in and about London. This collection, in addition to the productions of other publishers, contains, amongst the publications of Negretti and Zambra themselves, their extraordinary stereographs, one hundred and eight in number, from China and Japan, and a still more recent series of forty-six examples from Java. All these views have been obtained at great cost, and with no little exertion of enterprise, and bring before our eyes here at home in our far-off Egland, all the characteristic features of those strange lands of the East which recent events have invested with a twofold interest. The Java views are most curious as well as exquisitely beautiful, and they seem either to take us to Java or to bring Java to us in a manner that is absolutely startling. We may add, as another curious illustration of the fresh associations that are continually growing up between ourselves and the East, that Messrs. Negretti and Zambra have a collection of stereoscopes, which have been made expressly for them in Japan, by Japanese workmen, and the decorations of which are in careful keeping with Japanese traditions. They are excellent instruments, as well as true exponents of the Art-manufactures of Japan, as they may be influenced by European science. The slides also, which accompany the stereoscopes, are sold in characteristic envelopes of Japanese construction, with their titles and the name of the proprietors, *very legibly printed upon them in Japanese*. These quaint envelopes are fastened by portions of the *paper string* in use in Japan—and at 122, Regent Street.

REVIEWS.

GLEANINGS FROM WESTMINSTER ABBEY. By GEORGE GILBERT SCOTT, R.A., F.S.A. Illustrated. Published by J. H. & J. PARKER, London and Oxford.

This is a typical example of a somewhat rare class of modern books, which profess but a very little, and actually accomplish very much. Indeed, so far as their aim ranges, these "Gleanings" are an exhaustive harvest of what may be gathered from that queen of English churches, Westminster Abbey. The principal portion of the volume consists of an essay on the architectural history and antiquities, and on the architecture itself of the Abbey, by Mr. G. G. Scott. To this is appended a series of minor essays by no less than eleven other writers, all of them well known as either architects or archæologists, or both, who include in their number Professor Willis, Mr. W. Burges, Mr. Hunter, and Mr. J. H. Parker, the whole having been most ably edited by the last-named gentleman. The volume is produced in the fulness of the Oxford style, abounding in admirable illustrations on wood by the ever-efficient Mr. Jewitt, with equally good steel plates by Mr. Le Keux. Mr. Scott's admirable essay relates chiefly to the abbey church itself, with comparatively slight notices of the remains of the other conventual buildings, all of them of the highest interest in the history, not of English architecture only, but of England itself. The importance of Edward the Confessor's Abbey, as an edifice constructed of stone in the Norman manner—rude, but yet massive and strong, and dignified in its early simplicity—is clearly demonstrated by Mr. Scott. Then he passes on to a minute critical analysis of the principles which guided Henry III. and his architects in their works, and he gives a minute description of the existing church, which, Mr. Scott declares, does not owe its claims upon the study of architects to its antiquarian and historical associations, intensely interesting though these must be to every man worthy of the name of an Englishman, since its claims upon architects rest rather on the ground of its intrinsic and superlative merits as a work of Art of the highest and noblest order. Briefly, but in the most masterly and most satisfactory manner, Mr. Scott carries the readers of his "Gleanings" throughout the entire edifice, thoughtfully pausing with them at almost every turn, and impressing them continually with fresh convictions both of his own diligent study of the grand old church, and of the ever-increasing interest inseparable from it. We do not attempt to *follow* Mr. Scott, because to do so would amount almost to preparing a transcript of what he has written; but we do earnestly recommend our readers to take the book, and to *accompany* its accomplished author from page to page. They will rise from its perusal with strong sentiments of gratitude towards ourselves, for the advice which we have given to them.

It is satisfactory to know that considerable portions of the Confessor's works still exist; and it also is a subject for unqualified congratulation on the part of all who regard Westminster Abbey as *the* Cathedral of England, that so much original documentary evidence bearing upon its history is continually being brought to light. The essays appended to Mr. Scott's "Gleanings," including an appropriate notice by himself of Henry the Seventh's Chapel (in which its remarkable architectural character is justly vindicated), comprise some most interesting examples of the early records that now are brought forward, and are enabled to throw so clear a light upon times long past away, and to illustrate in so peculiarly effective and graphic manner the architectural relics that have been transmitted from those times to our own days. Mr. Weare, one of the masters of Westminster School, gives some "further remarks on the buildings of Edward the Confessor," with notices of the works of Abbot Litlington, erected by him through the munificence of Cardinal Simon Langham, between the years 1376 and 1386. Mr. Hugo contributes an account of the "Jerusalem Chamber;" and Mr. Corner adds a characteristic description of the "Abbot of Westminster's House," extracted from the Patent Rolls. A curious commission is printed with these essays, which was issued by Henry V. in 1413, to Richard de Whityngton, and Richard Harowden a monk of the abbey, for carrying on the work of rebuilding the nave of the church: the former of these two royal commissioners is supposed to be the celebrated Lord Mayor of London, who was also frequently a commissioner entrusted with important duties by both Richard II. and Henry IV. A Fabric Roll, discovered lately in the Public Record Office by Mr. Burt, having reference to the works of Henry III. at the Abbey in 1253, is described and illustrated with his customary ability by Professor Willis, who thus has made generally intelligible a most important contemporary record, which without this help was a sealed book to all except a very few. The editor appends notices and extracts from other Fabric Rolls; and Mr. W. H. Hart treats both learnedly and pleasantly of "the Library of Westminster Abbey and its contents," and also on the "Organ." Mr. Hunter has some brief remarks "on the Order of the Bath;" Mr. J. Burt contributes some judicious observations upon "certain curious discoveries in connection with the ancient Treasury at Westminster:" a brief and somewhat desultory paper on the "Monuments in Westminster Abbey as a museum of sculpture" follows. What now is wanted is a companion volume, as ably written and thoroughly illustrated, upon the "Monuments of Westminster Abbey:" will not Mr. Parker publish it?

A MANUAL OF ILLUMINATIONS ON PAPER AND VELLUM. By J. W. BRADLEY and T. G. GOODWIN. Eighth Edition, carefully revised and much enlarged, with Practical Notes, and entirely new Illustrations on Wood, by J. J. LAING. Published by WINSOR & NEWTON, London.

This volume is one of those eighth editions which to all practical purposes are new works; and it is a most felicitous specimen of a very honourable order. So far as a manual can go, indeed, in this little volume the modern illuminator may possess all that he can either require or desire. It is at once copious and concise, clever and simple, practical and suggestive. The seven preceding editions have been so many stages in the progressive development of the work, from its embryo form of edition No. 1. Each has taken advantage of its own greater experience, and something of improvement has uniformly been added with every successive issue. But now alterations and additions, of far greater importance and value than all their predecessors, have been introduced into the work. The whole has been carefully revised, and "Practical Notes," together with much other useful matter, have been added: a "Companion" also has been appended, containing a numerous and most comprehensive series of choice illustrations, which have been selected for the express purpose of explaining thoroughly the illuminator's art from its first principles to the beginner, and also to convey valuable information and always useful suggestions to the advanced student.

It is altogether unnecessary for us to enter into any detailed analysis of this *Manual*, or even to describe its contents. Instead of this, we prefer, in a very plain and very decided manner, to recommend every person who either admires the art of illumination, or who practises or intends to practise it, to obtain and carefully to study the *Manual* with its *Companion*. The cost is only a single shilling for each of them: or the two may be purchased, handsomely and strongly bound together, for a single half-crown. So numerous are the publications upon illumination, that we wish it to be distinctly understood that we are now speaking of the work (in its eighth edition) published by Winsor and Newton, which was originally written by Mr. J. W. Bradley and Mr. T. G. Goodwin, and now has been revised and illustrated by Mr. J. J. Laing. All the recent additions to the body of the works, as well as the illustrations, are by Mr. Laing, who for some considerable time has enjoyed the rare advantage of having assisted Mr. Ruskin in his studies and pursuits connected with Art. Mr. Laing has discharged the duties entrusted to him in a manner that claims the warmest commendation. His general revision is judicious and effective, and what he has added is exactly what was wanted to render the work complete. Mr. Laing's drawings on the wood are truly admirable, and they have been executed with the utmost delicacy combined with remarkable firmness, and with a thorough feeling for both illumination and wood engraving by the Misses Byfield, the talented ladies who engraved the woodcuts that appear in the pages of Mr. Ruskin's own volumes. It is a distinguishing, as it is a valuable feature in this *Manual*, that the illustrations are on wood, since thus they render with the utmost truthfulness the firmness of drawing and finished execution which distinguish true illumination.

We are assured that students will be grateful to us for adding that they may obtain instruction in illuminating from Mr. J. J. Laing, who may be addressed through the publisher of the *Manual*.

THE NIGHT-FLYERS: a Series of Moth Pictures. Published by PAUL JERRARD & SON, London.

Without the second title on the pages of this elegant volume, the first would probably be suggestive of many subjects quite foreign to that which is here brought under notice. In the region of fancy, "night-flyers" are made to assume different shapes; the fairy folk of all lands are spoken of as "night-flyers." In natural history, the term may be applied to those birds whose sweet song is only heard after sunset, as well as to those whose music is anything but melodious, and which love not the garish eye of day: then, too, there are the bat, and very many of the beetle tribe which come under the same denomination. But the night-flyers we find here are our "native moths, whose nocturnal flight, in contradistinction to the sunlight flittings of their gay cousins, the butterflies, has earned for them in popular entomology the distinctive term of night-flyers."

And exquisitely beautiful these small winged creatures are, notwithstanding the names given to some of them: such, for example, as the "death's-head moth," the "ghost-moth," the "tiger-moth" cannot be associated with things pleasant and loveable. Beautiful, too, are they in their caterpillar, and curious in their chrysalis, forms. Twelve pages, executed in the highest style of chromo-lithographic art, exhibit, in the volume now on our table, these insects fluttering their open wings among foliage, or resting on branches of tree and shrub, or on the petals of flowers, in the twilight, or by the beams of the rising moon; an attempt being made by the artist—and not an unsuccessful one—to represent woods and glades by night. The general treatment gives a rich pictorial character to the pages, but it tends to lead the eye away from the principal objects to which the attention is chiefly meant to be directed. The descriptions of the moths, their haunts and habits, are given on separate pages, and are printed in a kind of purple-red ink, bordered with floral ornaments in gold: and, lastly, the cover of the book is a resuscitation of the old-fashioned binding in imitation of wood; this represents dark walnut, inlaid with gold, and has a most elegant appearance.

It is early yet to talk of Christmas and New-Year gifts, but we recommend our readers who may be looking out for such things by and by, to bear in remembrance the "Night-Flyers."

LINEAR PERSPECTIVE SIMPLIFIED, for the Use of Schools, Photographers, and Students in Art. By J. HOLT. Published by the Author, Cambridge Terrace, Hackney.

Almost every attempt that has been made to teach perspective to young persons by means of books, has failed in its object: it is just one of those things which require both oral and ocular demonstration to render it intelligible to most comprehensions. There are certain laws that govern this, as there are certain laws which govern all other sciences, but the lines and forms produced by these laws in perspective, are, to the many who try to understand them, mere geometrical hieroglyphics which they cannot decipher without the personal aid of the teacher. We do not think Mr. Holt's little treatise does more, or even so much, to "simplify" the matter, than others we have seen: what, for example, would a young girl or boy know about an "optical angle," or what is meant by "diagonals," unless these terms had been previously explained to them: it is the use of these technicals without interpretation, that must render this work of comparative uselessness among those for whom it seems to have been specially intended.

THE COTTAGE HISTORY OF ENGLAND. By the Author of "Mary Powell." Published by A. HALL, VIRTUE, & Co., London.

A brief narrative of the chief events in the annals of our country, expressed in language simple and intelligible: it is nothing more than what it professes to be—a book which will teach the humbler classes, and children of every grade, something of the history of the land they live in. Such a work is as valuable in its way as the labours of a Hume, a Hallam, or a Macaulay.

GUIDE TO THE ART OF ILLUMINATING AND MISSAL PAINTING. By W. and G. AUDSLEY, Architects. Published by G. ROWNEY & Co., London.

A concise history of the art of illuminating: a list, with some explanatory remarks, of the colours used by those who practised it in the middle ages; another of the materials employed in our own time; a chapter on the manipulatory processes, and one on design; such, with numerous examples, are the contents of this little manual, which, as a first teacher, is the best of its kind we know of. Its lessons, though brief, are to the purpose.

THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON, DECEMBER 1, 1861.

THE TWENTY-THIRD VOLUME *of the* ART-JOURNAL, *which the present number completes, brings to a close another Series of that work. With the part for January*, 1862, *we commence a* NEW SERIES.

In compliance with annual custom we have to record a grateful sense of the public support thus far accorded to us, and a confident hope in its continuance.

The ART-JOURNAL *is, as it has long been, the only journal in Europe and America by which the Fine Arts are adequately represented. There is no publication of any kind that reports the progress of the Arts in their application to Manufactures.*

We trust and believe, however, it will be universally admitted that, although we have no stimulus from competition, and no dread of rivalry, there has been, from month to month, ample and conclusive evidence that no labour is considered too great, and no expenditure too large, that tends to sustain the JOURNAL *in its high position.*

It is to the continuance of a resolve to neglect nothing that can be desired by our Subscribers—to grudge no toil or cost that may minister to their wants and wishes—we are to attribute the fact that we stand alone in the place we occupy, and enjoy so large an amount of public favour.

We have earnestly and anxiously studied, year after year, during twenty-three years, to render each annual volume more attractive and useful than its predecessor; and that principle will continue to guide us, we hope, for many years to come.

With the present part we bring to a close the series of engravings from pictures in the several collections of Her Majesty the Queen and His Royal Highness the Prince Consort, the permission to engrave and issue which was graciously accorded to us so far back as the year 1852, *the publication being commenced in* 1855. *We trust we have so discharged our task as to gratify the public, while giving satisfaction to the illustrious donors of so great a boon.*

The series we commence in January, 1862, *will consist of* SELECTED PICTURES FROM THE GALLERIES AND PRIVATE COLLECTIONS OF GREAT BRITAIN—*almost exclusively the Works of eminent British Painters.*

Some of these selections have been made from public Galleries; others from large and important Collections; but the greater number have been obtained from the comparatively small, though rich and varied, collections of private gentlemen—"the merchant princes" more especially, who have of late years been the chief patrons of British Art—whose wealth has been liberally expended in elevating British Art to its present state of high prosperity.

The utmost possible care will be paid to the character of the Engravings, without which the best works fail in effect. This duty we owe not only to the Collectors who have cordially and liberally aided our plan, but to the ARTISTS *who have, in many instances, co-operated with them; whose reputations may be essentially aided by multiplying their creations worthily, but materially damaged if rendered without adequate regard to the genius that, by means of the engraver, becomes a most impressive* TEACHER.

*In nearly all cases the Engravings will be in line, the stipple style being adopted only where the subject may be better rendered by it. At the present time the art of the line engraver is, in England, almost extinct: there are not in this country a dozen historic or genre works of Art in process of engraving in that style; indeed, it is scarcely too much to say the art depends on this Series for existence. We shall resort, not only to British engravers, but to those of Germany, Belgium, and France.**

The year 1862 *will, however, supply us with other material, by which we shall seek to render the* ART-JOURNAL *useful and attractive. A Prospectus that accompanies the present part will inform our Subscribers under what circumstances we design to represent the* INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION *which is to render that year memorable.*

We undertake this great and costly work in full confidence that it will meet the entire approval of the public, for to the public alone we must look for our reward; and we hope to produce an "Illustrated Catalogue" that shall be permanently useful to all who are interested in any department of Art.

During that year, however, we shall withhold engravings from sculptured works; inasmuch as it is absolutely necessary to supply a large quantity of additional matter with engraved illustrations.

It remains but to assure the public and our Subscribers that our utmost efforts will be exerted to retain their support, and to increase the circulation of a work that has found favour during the long period of twenty-three years—not alone in Great Britain, but in every country of the World.

4, LANCASTER PLACE, LONDON.

* A very limited number of the engravings will be issued as proofs on India paper, *for subscribers only*; each part will consist of three engravings. The series of "SELECTED PICTURES" will thus be produced as a separate and distinct work, as were "The Vernon Gallery" and "The Royal Gallery," which it is designed to succeed: it will, no doubt, be superior to either of these works. In "The Vernon Gallery" there are many pictures not calculated for engraving; but they were necessarily included in the published work, in order to redeem a pledge given by us to Mr. Vernon to publish the *whole* of his gallery bequeathed to the Nation; while, in engraving "The Royal Gallery," it was considered necessary, in order to represent somewhat duly its varied contents, to introduce into the series examples of some of the old masters. In the series now announced, no such restriction or difficulty can arise: the power of selection will be almost unlimited, and the result depend on the taste and judgment that dictate its contents.

THE EXHIBITION AT FLORENCE.*

LAST month the sculptures and pictures in this Italian Exposition were noticed at considerable length; and if the fact be considered of any value by those who have not been able to see the exhibition and judge for themselves, the jury in the Fine Arts department has practically endorsed the soundness of former remarks by conferring a very large proportion of the medals on the artists whose works were commended as specially worthy of approbation in the *Art-Journal* for November. In the few cases where this general rule has not obtained, there were obvious reasons for the action of the jury, which, while open to question when tested by the higher standard of judgment, are nevertheless perfectly intelligible as the result of a somewhat mixed tribunal; as, for example, in sculpture, where a medal has been awarded to the producer of a very clever work—a group consisting of a soldier, a nun, and some fellow comrades, a work full of life, energy, and pathos, and produced with rare artistic power and manipulative skill—just such a work as was likely to attract the admiration of men who could appreciate the dashing effort of a clever artist; but it is a work essentially pictorial rather than sculpturesque, and bears the same relation to the true ideal (whatever that may mean), which is the true domain of sculpture, as the clever terra-cotta beggars, tinkers, and card-players—in which this exhibition is so prolific—bear to the Laocoon, the Venus, and the Dancing Faun. This distinction, not of degree merely, but of essence, is not ideal, but inherent; and however easily the selection of such works may be accounted for, and however excusable the selection, all circumstances considered, yet it is a lowering of the standard of judgment, which would have been more wisely maintained, by a jury surrounded by much of the greatest sculpture in the world. With one or two such exceptions—and even these are all in favour of works of striking ability—the jury has performed its delicate and responsible task with what we are bound to believe great judgment, as their decisions have so fully endorsed our previous meed of praise.

The exhibition is divided into twenty-four classes, and each class is subdivided into several sections, and that readers may have a kind of bird's-eye view of the whole, it may be more convenient to indicate at once the varieties of which these several classes and sections are composed. The first class comprises horticulture and floriculture, and the sections under these heads are—first, living plants; second, flowers; third, fruits; fourth, herbs; and fifth, all the machines, implements, and other articles used in the culture of these four sections. Upon each of the classes there is a jury to judge and award prizes, and this jury has the entire control of all the sections, although in some cases, as of the second class, the general jury, either practically or formerly, subcommits the sections of which the general class is made up. The second class consists of zoology, and the sections under this head begin with animals of the cow kind; then come horses, then the sheep kind, which are again subdivided into those of fine wool and coarse wool. Then come the swine tribe, then fowls, then insects, such as bees, then fishes, and then all the animals not comprised in the preceding seven sections have an eighth section to themselves. Thus the division seems sufficiently minute, and if the decisions of the jury are only half as perfect, the exhibitors should have no cause either for disappointment or grumbling.

However important the artistic section of this exposition, as evidencing the present position and future prospects of Italian high Art

* Continued from p. 314.

may be, the position of Italian social life, as set forth in the industrial departments of the exhibition, is still more interesting and important; and very nobly has the new-born nation displayed its prospects and resources. In some respects, indeed, this Italian exposition is the most perfect in this way that ever has been produced, embracing not only raw materials and manufactured articles in the usual acceptation of these terms, but the animals that produce the materials also; for there is a considerable section devoted to cows, horses, ponies, heifers, and other animals more or less essential to the use or comfort of humanity. In this the Italians have combined our Baker Street Christmas Show with former expositions of industry and Art; and whether successful or not, the effort shows that hopeful breadth of vision of which the future of Italy stands so much in want, and of which the Tuscans especially have exhibited such ample stores in the difficulties and dangers that have so recently beset the common fatherland. Having touched on the live stock, it may be as convenient to finish that section, although this cannot be done with much commendation, for whatever position Italy may take in Art and Art-industry, it is difficult to convey to the minds of those familiar with the shows of Smithfield, how far behind the Tuscans and Italians generally are in the breeding and raising of agricultural live stock. To liken the "beefs" here exhibited to the lean kine of Pharaoh's dream, would neither be complimentary nor literally true; but the very thought of being compelled to make a Christmas dinner off the loins of some of the animals placed here for exhibition, would form the most melancholy day-dream with which many a rich Cockney could be tortured. In this respect the agricultural mind of Italy wants much development, although circumstances will make that a slow, if not an impossible process. In a country without pasture lands, whose hill sides are festooned with vines and crowned with olives, and whose plains form the garden of Europe, husbandmen cannot afford to grow cattle; nor do the habits or necessities of the population demand that cattle should form an important constituent of social existence; for where the working people live from January till December without fires, save for the barest purposes of cookery, beef can never form a very important portion of national dietetics. The attempt, therefore, to combine this branch of agriculture with the exposition might have remained untried without materially injuring its usefulness or unity; and even the fine black ponies, which formed the most attractive feature of this section, seemed to have little connection with the more general and more usually understood objects of the exhibition.

The third class is made up of field and forest produce, the first section of which is devoted to animal productions, such as wools, skins, cheese and butter, silkworms and silk, honey and bee's-wax, and others not comprised under these heads. The second section includes vegetable productions, the proper products of the fields, bread stuffs, and farinaceous food, such as chestnuts; and it is difficult to estimate the importance of the chestnut in Italy, sounding as it does strange to English ears to hear that the poor are likely to have a very hard winter because the chestnuts have failed! After the fruits of the field come the fruits of the table, such as radishes, which are followed by hay, hard substances, dye stuffs, aromatics, olives and their oil, grapes and vines, apples, cyder, followed by whatever the fields produce not comprised in these sections. In the section devoted to forest products are woods of all kinds, glutinous substances, wild fruits, barks, charcoal, and other productions. The fourth class embraces agricultural machinery, and of this it may be said in passing, there is a very respectable muster in the building, including nearly all the modern implements in a more or less perfect form, from the iron plough to the steam threshing-machine; this class of articles comes almost exclusively from Turin, where there is evidently a considerable number of machinists—both of ingenuity and commercial enterprise. It appears to those travelling in Italy, that no kind of agricultural machine is so much wanted as good clod-crushers, for after the parched clay soil is raised in large cakes by means of four or six white oxen and a lumbering old wooden plough, which goes on two large wheels, the lumps thus raised are broken small as garden soil by women with large rakes—a process which is no doubt perfect in everything but its tediousness and cost. The fifth class is devoted to health and nourishment, the first section being confined to health, and the second embracing food and beverages; the third section takes charge of medicines and their application, after which comes anatomy and its cognates. The sixth class contains metals and minerals, under which is placed geology,—of which the exposition contains a very fair museum,—the smelting of minerals, and mineral substances not metallic, among which mineral waters find a conspicuous place. The seventh class has relation to the working of metals, from the finest gold filigree down to the most ordinary iron work; and to this section is also allotted coins and medals.

The eighth class comprises general machinery, which includes everything tending to save or promote more successful labour, from a grindstone to a locomotive-engine. And in this section there is at least one machine of apparent novelty, and which certainly looks as if it might become of great utility in all the ornamental departments of furniture. The maker is also in Turin, and the machine, which is by no means complicated, cuts wood out of a block, say twelve or fifteen inches thick, in a perfect nautilus-like form, commencing at, say one inch, for the outside line in width, and cutting in a regularly diminishing circle till it reaches the point near the centre of the block at nothing. Without a diagram, it is difficult perhaps perfectly to describe the operation of this machine in words; although from what has been said, practical men will readily understand what is meant, and they will as readily see that when a fifteen-inch block of wood has been so perforated, they would have as many scroll ornaments as they choose to take out of the thickness, blocked perfectly out, and ready for carving or otherwise finishing on the edging and face. Unable to see this machine at work, it is impossible to describe at what rate of speed it performs its task, or the precise character of its action; but from the interest it appeared to excite even in its stationary position, among the workers of wood in Florence and elsewhere, it was evident that what it did and how it did it, were regarded with more than ordinary attention by those best qualified to judge of its merits. To us it appeared a great step forward in the saving of labour in one of the departments where ornamentation can be most judiciously employed; and if so, the advantages are too tempting to allow our makers of home furniture and wood-carvers to remain long ignorant as to the real value of such a professed help. The ninth class contains mechanisms of precision, such as clock-work, weights and measures, musical instruments and geographical instruments, along with physics, both theoretical and practical; and in this class there is one of these instruments of precision that may be called the lion of the exposition, and which is beyond all doubt one of the most wonderful developments of modern science. It scarcely comes within our special range, and yet no glance at the sections and classes would be reasonably complete which ignored the existence of so great a triumph. Italy may be said to have begun, and to this point completed the discoveries in electricity, and it is difficult to conceive that the electric telegraph can be carried beyond the results exhibited at Florence. Write a note, and in a few seconds the whole contents, in the autograph of the writer, is sent on to Leghorn; in a few seconds more the answer of the person to whom the note was addressed is sent back to Florence in his own handwriting: and this marvellous exchange is as simply effected as the simplest of the messages transmitted in this country by the system here in use. This, as it deserves, is one of the great points of attraction to visitors of all classes, and forms another epoch in the long annals of Italian discovery. And the tenth class is devoted to the wide ramifications of chemistry, embracing photography, and the manufacture of colours. Now our attention shall be confined to the department of photography, leaving that of colours till we come into connection with the branches of Art-industries in which colours are used. The display of photographs at Florence occupies a considerable space—more, perhaps, than the Photographic Society can secure for any of their exhibitions in the metropolis; and much of the Florentine space is covered with what is interesting, if not important, in this modern Art-science. One of the first, and by far the most conspicuous objects in the collection, is a photograph of his Majesty Victor Emmanuel, a full-length figure, almost, if not quite, life-size—the largest and certainly the most striking photograph we ever saw, the work of Duroni of Milan. Of all the portraits of the king exhibited—and the name of these is legion, in every kind of material and form—this photograph is at once the best and most pleasing; for whatever other attribute the Italians may confer upon his Majesty, not one painter or sculptor appears able to endow his features with aught save a vulgar and repulsive plainness. But this photograph has at least the merit of making him a gentleman in appearance; and that is usually the last merit that photograph portraiture reaches. How or by what process it has been produced, neither the catalogue nor the portrait declare; but to produce a full-length, life-sized portrait by any means so vigorous and uniform in colour, is an expansion of photographic capability such as could hardly have been hoped for. In real progress as regards Art it is of less account, because few besides a king would care to have every spot and wrinkle from brow to boots transfixed in the exorable truth of a metallic materiality; and life-sized photographs can never reach beyond being objects of curiosity, for they are too perfect ever to be pleasing. And what is true of these portraits is also true of nearly all the photographs in this exhibition—those by Caldesi, of London, being the greatest exception, and this chiefly because they are from frescoes, and not from nature. These copies of the figures and portions of figures from the Raphael are, we suppose, new, and they are magnificent, although they have not the same kind of novelty and grandeur of effect to those familiar with the photographs from the Hampton Court Cartoons, as they have to those unacquainted with these works. Still there are no greater temptations in the exposition to the true Art-student than these photographs from the Vatican, which ought to command a very extensive sale. Into what has been called the too perfect character of Italian photographs we cannot now enter, further than to say that the sharp clear air is too clear for the production of good pictorial effect by photography—it makes everything hard, metallic, and equally important; it destroys what in a picture is known as air, and robs the artist of half his chances of success by robbing him of those

defects which an English atmosphere creates, and which tend so much to give the works of our best photographers pictorial effect. This to some may sound like a contradiction in terms, but it is not so; and those who have most studied the subject will be best able to understand this defect of these Italian photographs.

Class eleven refers to the productions and materials of the ceramic art; but to these we shall more especially refer as we proceed, as well as to the subjects of class twelve, which belong to what may be called the building trades. Classes thirteen and fourteen relate to silks, velvets, and wools, but in so far as these can be supposed interesting to readers of the *Art-Journal*, they will be treated of as articles of Art-manufacture when that branch comes under discussion.

Everything of apparent importance in the classes comprising domestic furnishings in all their branches will form the subject of more detailed remarks in the following pages: the classes which comprise the Fine Arts have already been disposed of in the November number of the *Art-Journal*.

Class I. Floriculture, to which is added fruits, plants, &c., is a division forming a solid and philosophic basis for an exhibition of Art-industry, inasmuch as this section of the vegetable kingdom is the most luxuriant groundwork of design adapted to all manufactures, because capable of beautifying all substances. In this section the catalogue is most complete, being no doubt prepared by the eminent professor of botany at Florence; and some of the specimens exhibited were beautiful, and some few novel, if not unique; but whatever superiority of skill the Italians have acquired in ornamental art—and they are the greatest ornamentists in Europe—they seem to owe nothing either to the profusion of their flowers or the pre-eminence of their floriculture; for in these respects, judging of what may be seen during a month's rambling in search of the beautiful in all or any of its phases, both France and England are far ahead of Italy in profusion and quality of flowers; and the exposition at Florence would stand but a poor chance in a competitive show at Chiswick or the Crystal Palace. From the botanical gardens and museum there were many admirable plants, some of them well worth the attention of the *Gardener's Chronicle*, or *Cottage Gardener*; but nothing noteworthy, either for leafage, flower, or general elegance, to the furtherance of ornamentation as applicable to Art-industry; and the readers of the *Art-Journal* have no special interest in knowing that one nurseryman in Florence exhibited 120 varieties of verbenas and 200 sorts of dahlias, or that another Florentine surpassed his neighbour by adding another hundred to the already rather perplexing and not very useful variety. The alimentary cereals were of course fully represented; but the wheat shall be passed over to get at the straw, for seldom in the wide range of industry have the triumphs and wealth-creating powers of Art been so conspicuously displayed as in relation to straw. "Not worth a straw" has passed into a bye-phrase of contempt, but let those who use it visit this Florence exposition, and then they will learn how skill and Art can elevate things thought worthless into importance by converting them into absolute wealth. Straw-plaiting in Tuscany is as highly esteemed as wood-carving or engraving, according to its capacity for displaying skill; and the prices which Florentine signorinas pay for plain bonnets without trimmings, would astound those snarling mates whose wives content themselves with the "loves" which decorate the windows of Regent Street, or further West. 300, 400, 500, and even 600 francs for an untrimmed straw bonnet; and the best evidence that these prices are not considered extravagant is found in the fact that such bonnets sell—those purchased by Victor Emmanuel were at a cost of £20 a bonnet. The enormous price is no doubt remarkable, especially in a country where foreigners expect to get straw hats cheap; but the still more extraordinary thing is, that the wealth-imparting powers of Art should be able so to enrich the productions of nature as to convert that which is akin to refuse in the economy of the one into a source of such national wealth in the productions of the other. What has been and is still being done with straw may, probably will, ultimately be done with hundreds of other substances, and nowhere is the prospect more interesting than to the manufacturing industry of England.

Among the other raw materials, woods, clays, marbles, and earths hold a conspicuous position, and especially to those whose chief object is some accurate knowledge of the industrial resources of Italy. Among the woods there seems nothing conspicuously interesting, the prevailing kinds in use being walnut and ebony, and there is no novelty or variety worth serious consideration; but among the marbles there are some which ought to be better known in England, and the quality and colour of which would add greatly to our resources in that demand for colour which, as some insist, is increasing in mural decoration. In the use of these coloured marbles the Italian architects and decorators have displayed surpassing taste, and there seems no reason for doubting that what has been done so well in Italy could also be done in England, where wealth is ten times greater. True, Italians spend in proportion far more on the ornamentation of their dwellings than either the English or the French; but the expense is, after all, only a secondary question, for even now English noblemen and gentlemen could have all the beauty of Italian decoration, the beauty of the marbles included, for the prices now paid for an almost infinitely poorer and inferior style of ornamentation; the primary difficulty has been that those to whom such matters are entrusted in this country have, as a rule, been ignorant of the existence of such aids, and even where the knowledge existed, they have been content to work in that which gives least trouble. One plain surface, whether of brick, stone, or marble, is always easier to manage than the skilful contrast of opposing colours, and the difficulties of transit for the Italian marbles have nursed the inaction which a natural dislike to extra trouble has generated. This state of things is, however, drawing to a close, and the growing tendency to colour — although not always wise — and the opening up of Italy by railroads, must gradually produce a change in the halls and dining-rooms of England. The clays seem to include specimens of every variety, from that used in the manufacture of the commonest building bricks up to those preparations out of which are shaped the finest porcelain—a most interesting series, and one out of which much instruction might be extracted by those competent to analyse the various samples. The chief lesson, however, would have been the old one, that labour is the price of success, now as in the days of the pagan deities. One section of these clays belongs to the tile and terra-cotta class of manufactures, having their chief seat in Turin, the other, to the earthenware and porcelain department, whose principal locality is Florence; and, by way of variety, it may be as well to pass at once from these clays in a moist or pulverised state to the articles produced from them. Commencing with what may be called the brick-work, the first thing that strikes the eye is the variety of the articles produced. Cornicings of almost every kind for outside work are here in abundance, sharp, and beautifully moulded, and turned out of the kiln comparatively straight—quite sufficiently so for general brick-building purposes. If price could be made to answer, there can be no doubt but that a considerable quantity of such cornicings could be used in England, chiefly, of course, for smaller jobs, for it is scarcely possible to suppose that, in large works, where cost becomes a primary object, these moulded cornice bricks could ever be had so cheap as the compo' cornices now used by builders; but here, as in so many other departments of the exposition, no indication of price could be found on the spot. The prices were said to be all known at the *bureau;* but, on going there, you only found a lad who knew nothing about the matter, except that the persons who did know were not there. Thus it was with scores of articles in which the question of price was everything, inasmuch as that alone could determine whether they might be made commercially available. Trade instinct is no doubt keen enough to ascertain such knowledge for itself, but it would have been none the worse for Italy and the exhibitors at the exposition, had this kind of knowledge been more easily secured by the public. However price may affect cornicings which can be reasonably well produced in compo', it would have far less bearing upon a class of works exhibited of great beauty, and which, in England, as elsewhere, might be turned to good account, both in external and internal decorations, but more especially the former, as we have in plaster castings a cheaper and sufficient substitute for the latter. Ornamental scroll-work for friezes and pilasters was there in great abundance and beauty, in workable lengths, and respectably straight, in a material about as hard as stock-bricks; few practical men have not felt the want of some such cheap and easy surface style of external decoration. There are many other articles made from this kind of clay interesting to those engaged in the building trade, and which would well repay the attention of spirited and enterprising members of this craft, although it is impossible to go over them in detail here, as it would require more space than can reasonably be devoted to any one department of the general subject. There is, however, one article which occupies so conspicuous a place in the exhibition in Florence, and which is almost, if not altogether, so unknown in this country as an article of general use, that some reference to it seems indispensable, viz., stoves made of brick, clay, or terra-cotta. These are produced in great variety, being, in fact, the stoves which are in common use throughout the Florentine and other Italian states, and many of them display great knowledge of design and general effect. Of course they are made to burn wood or charcoal, and this may be considered a grave objection to such articles in a coal-burning country, such as England; but the objection seems more specious than substantial, for almost any stove that will heat the hall or chamber of a house in the city of Turin ought to answer the same purpose in many parts of this country. But laying aside any idea of general use, these terra-cotta stoves would be a great advantage to larger halls and houses in the wood-burning districts,—of Hampshire, for instance,—where, for a few pounds sterling, a magnificent hall ornament could be made to do all the heating required, standing as high as one of the antique hall ornamental chimneys—generally of carved wood in this country, where they still exist—instead of the wretched-looking things called stoves which now disfigure, at even greater cost, such halls as are referred to. This is a subject worthy of grave consideration, both to architects and house furnishers, because where wood is more plentiful than coal, these terra-cotta stoves

only require to be introduced to become highly appreciated.

One of the principal seats of this terra-cotta manufacture is in Turin, and, as already indicated, this seems a sufficient guarantee that the stoves there made will stand a reasonable amount of heat without material injury. This clay and terra-cotta series embraces other objects of interest to our countrymen, where the taste for flowers and landscape gardening is extending in so many ways and directions, for these tastes cannot go much farther in the right direction without including vases, terraces, and figures in a proportion as yet unseen in all except a very few of even the best known English flower-gardens. And especially could the vases and figures be used with advantage to effect, and without risk from frost, which is the chief enemy to be encountered, in good sized green-houses and conservatories. For these purposes many of the specimens exhibited at Florence are beyond all comparison the best we have ever seen; some of the figures being so masterly in composition and artistic treatment, that they have been placed among the sculptures in marble, and have secured, as they deserved, the highest approbation of the most competent judges. Those inclined to decorate in this style, but to whom the expense of marble is a barrier, should not overlook these terra-cottas,—because those to whom the Art displayed is a greater attraction than the material on which the Art is employed, would have more real enjoyment out of these artistic clay figures, than out of ninety per cent. of all the marble statues produced for garden ornamentation.

The next important series of clays forms the raw material of the earthenware and porcelain exhibited; and judging from the number of these clays, which are mostly in a pulverised state, this is a most complete section of the exhibition—as complete, we suppose, as was the collection of woods exhibited by Lawson and Son in the Exhibition of 1851. The varieties baffle the closest scrutiny of non-practical men, and dozens of bottles are there, all containing different samples which are so much alike that if they were again thrown into confusion—for they are arranged with the most evident care—not one in every hundred of the most keen-eyed visitors to the exposition, would be able to say in what one differed from another. The principal, and as appears by far the most important and complete part of this section, has been furnished from the Ginori Porcelain Works,—the site of which is about six miles from Florence, in the direction of Pistoja,—an establishment that for centuries has held a high reputation among this class of Italian Art-industries. But instead of wasting time over differences in raw materials that we could not sufficiently appreciate or comprehend, let us proceed to the finished productions, which, from their attractive character, the whole public, from Victor Emmanuel down to his humblest subject who visits the exhibition, seem to enjoy; for from this stall, as from nearly all others of importance, the king has been a most profuse, if not always a discriminating, purchaser—partly, no doubt, as a stroke of policy, but partly also to keep up by adding to the vast collection of such articles in the palace at Turin, where there is quite a museum of porcelain in a chamber of gold.

Among the numerous exhibitors of earthenware and porcelain from all the Italian states, this Florentine establishment unmistakably occupies the first place in the exhibition, as well as the chief eminence in the general manufacture of the higher class wares; and it may be said to exhibit a monopoly of the trade which consists in producing imitations of majolica and works of the *cinque cento* period: but to imitate the past is by no means the highest state of either individual or national Art-industry; and there seems really more hope for the reality of the future industrial Art of Italy, in some of those white-ware jars and vases from Milan, and brown or blue vases from Turin, or the still commoner ware from some of the other towns, than even from the most costly efforts of this greater Florentine house. About the one class of wares there is the evidence of life, thought, and progress, combined with adaptation, inasmuch as they are well-considered forms turned to purposes of recognised utility; in the other they are at best ornamented toys, made to catch the approbation and secure the support of children in Art who have arrived at man's estate in means of purchasing, who are attracted by what is as intrinsically worthless in Art as in archæology. This question, which is not purely an Italian one, cannot be gone into at present, and the more especially as another, and to England a more important, exhibition may give greater home-interest to the subject; but apart from this vital question of the right or wrong of the principle involved in these imitations, those produced at Florence will find great favour in the eyes of those who buy such articles, for they are admirably got up in everything but genius. This the originators had, and it at once gives value to these works; but no excellence on account of mere labour or practical skill will ever compensate for the want in such imitations as are now under notice.

Among the earths exhibited attention shall be confined to a very few, and those such as the Italians prepare as stainers for their colours, because they only come within the sphere of Art-industry. In them the Italians are as careful as the French, and the evidence of labour in the improving and almost perfecting of colour in some of these samples is most interesting and instructive. Genuine Italian ochre has long been known to the best ornamentists as a most invaluable colour; and latterly, what was understood in this country to be the pure material—the native earth as it came from its soil-bed—brought a high price in the general colour-market, and very little of it could be obtained; but the Italians would consider the purest samples that could be had in England as little better than mud, while that which has been thoroughly washed and prepared has a strength, purity, and tenderness of tone which makes it of more than double value and beauty. No doubt it costs money—more money perhaps than chrome-yellow, and very much more than Oxford or Welsh ochres, and, therefore, would probably not find a sufficient market in this country; but nothing can be done to raise the position of Art-industries dependent on colour in England, so long as mere cheapness is the standard by which the raw materials of progress are estimated and determined. What is true of ochres is equally true of those earths from which the Italians derive their reds and browns; as compared with some of the tones seen at this exposition, the workers in colours here have no idea of what Venetian-red really is from the wretched brick-dust rubbish which passes under that name in these parts; but there is no more pearly, tender, and beautiful red in existence than some of the specimens of this colour here exhibited. Not quite allied, but yet not far apart from this class of articles, was another, viz. several samples of oils, more or less prepared; and, in the present state of trades connected with interior decoration, this question of prepared oils holds, or ought to hold, a front position in interest and importance. Those engaged in that department of the colour-trade might investigate the utility of these preparations with perhaps profit to themselves and advantage to the public. Such investigation, to be worth anything, cannot be concluded in a hurry, otherwise the very useful work might have been attempted, and the results stated as a matter of public duty to most important industrial Art-interests; for there is nothing more wanted at the present moment within the whole range of ordinary house-decoration, to say nothing of higher walks, than a simple linseed oil freed, by preparations, from those deleterious impurities which permeate ninety-nine-hundredths of oils now sold or used in the ordinary course of trade.

Strange as it may sound, these Italians, who can prepare colours so well, and so well apply them where both French and English comparatively fail, as in fresco—and most of their interior house-decorations are in fresco, whether rude or refined—yet in other walks, where colour plays an equally important part, these same Italians make failures so ridiculous as to place them beyond criticism or remark. In the ordinary course of things, people would expect that men who had no equals in colouring a wall with figures and ornaments in fresco, would be equally skilled in colouring a piece of paper-hanging with similar or the same devices; and especially as a large portion of even their best fresco work is done by what are technically known as pouncing and "stencilling." But it is not so; and perhaps the very lowest state of any of the Art-industries, represented in the Florence exhibition, is that of stained paper-hangings, which are not numerous, but which would be looked upon as a miserable failure in this country, although exhibited as the produce of least important manufacturers. They were inferior in design and bad in colour, and where there was something like a tolerable pattern, it was either a wholesale theft from the French, or such a piratical modification as is too prevalent among some of the so-called designers—design-stealers, would be the more appropriate designation—in England. The reason of this state of matters is obvious. No portion of the Italian Art-mind has yet been devoted to this branch of trade, and never until they begin to produce on paper what they paint so magnificently on walls, will this branch take root among them. In imitation-frescoes, in relievo, in friezes, and especially in decorative figures, they could produce in paper-hangings what no other nation could, and if they threw a portion of their national ability into them they would command a large and profitable market, because they could produce at prices which neither France nor England could touch. But until the Italian makers see this or some kindred walk as their speciality, French and English have alike little either to hope or fear from Italy in this department of business. Such as is made in either country can never hope for more than a trade worthless in extent from a people accustomed to fresco decoration in abundance; and the makers of the west have nothing to fear so long as the Italians withhold their own strength from this calling. Both might well dread the competition if these Italians began to manufacture imitations of their frescoes; but of that there is not the slightest immediate prospect, so far as this exhibition enables strangers to judge,—although it is a branch of trade still entirely open, and one which none could undertake with the same certainty of success as the artists and Art workmen of Italy.

In carpets, which may be taken after paper-hangings, there was almost literally nothing, and not a single design that merited special notice; nor, perhaps, is this to be wondered at, among a people whose floors are not wood but brick, and when that is covered—chiefly the covering is scagliola—in all states of variety and beauty. Still, carpets are used, and will evidently become more fashionable in Italy, there being one manufactory at Florence, at which a good many hands are employed, but there, as at the exposition, the designs are of the most common character, and wanting in all that people naturally expect to come from

Italy, both as regards style and colour. Their general good taste, however, protects their carpets from the vicious absurdities which obtain too often, both in England and France, in carpets, whether made for rich or poor; and if the carpet does become an indispensable part of domestic furniture in Italy during their two winter months—if that can be called winter where people live from year to year without fires, save for purposes of cooking—the Italian carpet manufacturers will have at least nothing to unlearn from their present style of work, and it would be hard to say as much with truth of the same class in this country, and still more hard with respect to those of France.

Neither do the Italians appear to set much store on window-curtains, if absence from this exhibition may be taken as any sure test of general disuse; for here there are no trophies such as marked the Great Exhibitions of London or Paris, whereby the taste of the upholsterer, who seems to be a very tenth-rate person in the Italian cities, could confront, or, it may be, overpower by additional show, the genius of the sculptor in marble or the carver in wood. Still, there are many creditable and some very fine specimens of materials, both silk and other stuffs, out of which window curtains could be made, and the best of these seem to be sent from the principal houses in Turin. Florence, with excuseable pride, thought that she could produce the best of every article in Italy, and this feeling of superiority has long been sedulously cherished, and not without producing good fruit among the population at large; for there is no more certain elevator, either in individuals or nations, than such an amount of self-esteem as shall not make its existence evident to offensiveness—and the Tuscans may be said to have been kept within reasonable bounds on some points, but to have sadly overstepped them in others, and in this respect the people of Florence fully represented Tuscany. Their creed has evidently long been and still is, that Florence is the place above all others, wherein men attain to perfection in all the Arts or Art-industries, and this for three reasons, as the old teacher of Perugino used to say. First, for the air of the city gives (or is supposed to give) such a natural quickness and freedom to men's perceptions, as not only compel them to become good judges, but also to judge with sole reference to the good and beautiful, without regard to who the producer may be—a kind of air which, if its merits be truly stated, would be an invaluable boon to England during our next March gales, when the materials for the Great Exhibition of 1862 will be getting pushed into order. Next, Florentines are supposed to keep their skill and judgment in perpetual activity, so that they must not only be industrious, which they are, but must also know how to excel their neighbours, so that they may gain sufficient to live comfortably; and thirdly, that this same wonderful air generates such a desire for honour and glory in those who constantly breathe it, as makes every man who has talent live in such a constant struggle for self-exaltation and pre-eminence, as prevents him from acknowledging other masters equal to himself—a feeling which seems not unfrequently to have left a considerable residue of disappointment and evil. Such may be taken as a free translation of what Vasari put into the mouth of an old artist long ago; and the feeling supposed to be prevalent then has not quite expired yet, for according to that impartial authority, public rumour, Florence expected to take the first place in all departments of the exhibition, and especially in the higher class of textile fabrics. As it is, she takes almost the lowest, the fabrics of Milan and Turin, and even of some of the smaller cities, shooting far ahead. This is one of the checks which the friends of a united Italy, even in Florence, rather rejoice to see, as a lesson to the city of great names; for whatever may have been the case in the days of Dante, Michael Angelo, Galileo, and Machiavelli, now at least amidst the utilities of this unideal age, other parts of Italy can rival and outrun the wisdom of the Florentines, in spite of the inspiring air by which they are so bountifully surrounded. Florence may be well contented to stand upon Art, especially in all the departments of carving and casting, leaving carpets, calicos, and even silk stuffs, to the other sections of Italian ingenuity and enterprise.

One of the great, perhaps, from an industrial Art point of view, the greatest, treat of the exposition consists in the display of household furniture. In that, every town seems to be represented, and every district has its own peculiarity of style and character. In quantity and quality also, so far as that is represented by expense, the glory here again belongs to Turin—two of the houses in that city sending what forms a large proportion of the whole; but happily cost is not synonymous with beauty, and many of the articles exhibited by other parts of Italy far surpass in purity of taste and design some of the most expensive products of the Piedmontese capital. In this department of furniture the catalogue is unfortunately of very little use; and this, without blame being attachable to those who had charge of getting it up; because one, if not the most obvious necessity was that of a good general effect, especially in the great centre hall, and this could only be produced by separating into different lots the larger and more imposing specimens sent. Of these a large proportion consisted of furniture, for the Italians still spend as much upon one huge piece of highly ornamented walnut or a mosaic table—as even a wealthy Englishman would consider sufficient to furnish an entire room. The result of these several causes is that the numbers in the catalogue are scattered all over the building—a difficulty which is only increased by the names of the exhibitors in each class being arranged alphabetically. But in spite of these drawbacks to comparisons and rapid work, there are some general conclusions which examination of the articles in detail force upon the mind. The first and most obvious is the not unusual tendency to over-ornamentation which the overwhelming mass of the articles display—that is, judged from an English, and what may be called a utilitarian, point of view; because, in estimating the Art-industry of foreigners, the fact cannot be safely overlooked that their stand-point may be different from ours, and while ours may most perfectly represent English habits and necessities, that which this standard would condemn might as successfully represent the habits and requirements of other lands. Still, keeping this truth in view, the general conclusion appears, even from their point of view, demonstrable, that in almost all articles of furniture where ornamentation was introduced at all, the one leading vice of the producers is over-decoration. The part allotted to the first and highest principle, the beauty of fine outlines, is not only a subordinate, but an almost vanishing part; while the part allotted to ornamentation in the production of general effect is not only almost universally excessive, but is in many most important works all but entirely absorbing. Take some brass work from Milan as example of what is meant, chiefly because in this an exhibitor displays both aspects of design applied to manufacture in most striking contrast, and in limited space. Some brass bedsteads by Spulozzi, of Milan, are got up in a style which, for pleasing forms and general simple elegance, may challenge comparison with any similar articles no matter where produced, and are very much finer than those generally seen in this country. It would not have been unreasonable to expect that the taste which could be so displayed in the fine flowing lines of a brass bedstead might also have been found predominating in the lines of a brass fender. This fender, however—which is a conspicuous object in the centre hall of the exposition—is, however beautiful in itself, or rather in its parts, taking its purpose into account even from an Italian point, one of the most vicious specimens of misadaptation and over-ornamentation in the exhibition. The ornamental scroll-work on this fender is large and flowing in its lines, and some clever cupids are introduced with great general artistic skill, so that the effect of the whole is so good that we only regret not being able to obtain a photograph of the article, as an example of bold and cleverly constructed general ornaments; but then, for all the purposes of a fender, it was not only inconvenient, but would have been an absolute nuisance in a room intended for human habitation, and especially so in a house where women and children form the major part of the inmates. The sharp points of the leaves—the points on which so much of the general artistic beauty of the work as a whole depend—would tear dresses, with or without crinoline, to shreds, without the bare probability of escape; and children would run the almost certain risk of getting lacerated by the slightest stumble against what would be to them a huge hedge-hog of ornamental bars; while, whatever the fuel used, if dust was present, those beautiful leaves, and curves, and hollows would be found receptacles which no ordinary housemaid would ever be able to keep clean. These are no doubt very vulgar-looking utilities to an artist whose single object is to produce an imposing piece of scroll-work combined with figures, and then call it a fender; but they are Italian utilities as well as English ones: for even the difference between wood fires and coal ones is only a question of degree, and where Italians do not use fires they have no use for fenders, however beautiful or perfect the designs as specimens of brass work. This article has been dwelt on as offering a strong and intelligible example of the kind of thing complained of under the term over-decoration, even from the Italian stand-point. Where outline has to play the most important part, and where surface decoration is employed, it is often as equally profuse, and not unfrequently far less refined in its development—as in the case of dozens of tables, whose chief characteristics are more or less vigorous blotches in the shape of representations, in inlaid woods, of scenes from the life of Garibaldi, or the struggles of some local hero. Such works belong neither to Art nor Art-industry, but belong to that class of anomalies represented by indifferent poetry in the production of the brain, and which has long and generally been accounted as alike intolerable to gods and men.

Even among some of the higher specimens of the furniture in this exhibition, the fault of over surface-decoration is very conspicuous. Near the centre entrance, and the first important display in the large centre hall—readers shall not be perplexed by reference to the catalogue—there are several large pieces of furniture, *en suite*, by a tradesman of Florence, one of the best makers in that city; and for reasons which shall be stated by-and-by, the Florentines, as a rule, stand at the real head of this department in Italy. This Gothic is severe enough in style to satisfy even the most inveterate of our modern English Goths. Whatever the essential element of Gothic may be—and some of its most zealous advocates seem sadly unable to give a reason for this part of a fever that is on them, rather than a faith that is intelligibly in them—few

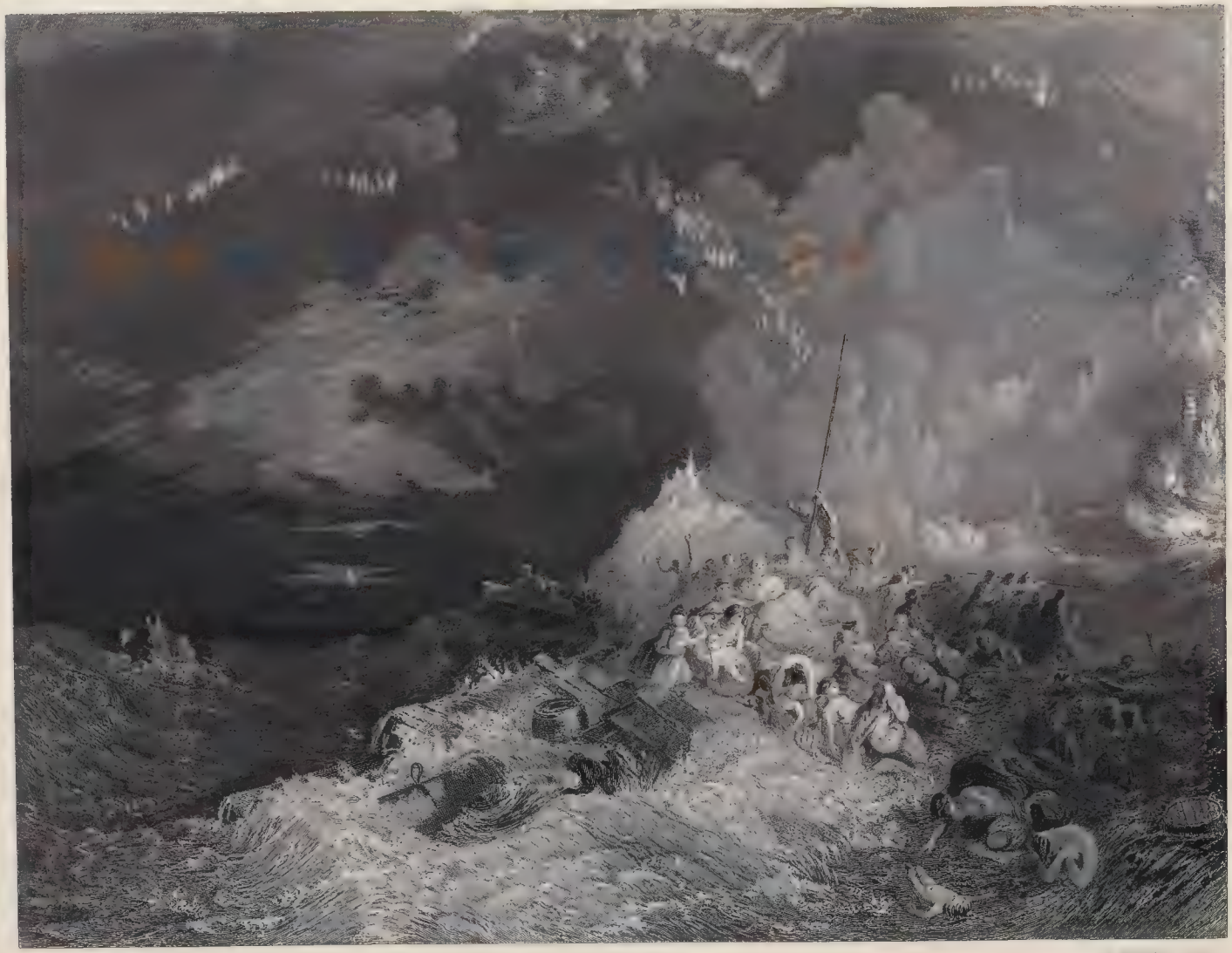
moderate men will be inclined to doubt that the beauty of any phase of Art lies primarily in the quality of its outline forms, and that all surface decoration must be absolutely subservient to them. Unfortunately for the breadth and grandeur of general effect, these principles have been reversed, both by this Florentine and many other exhibitors, and by none more strikingly than by the large exhibitors from Turin, who, as a rule, have lost the speciality of their outline in a superfluity of often unmeaning, always useless, and not unfrequently most obtrusive surface gaudiness. No doubt the Gothic furniture is curious; like some of the old illuminations, it makes spectators wonder how men had the patience to complete it; and the skill displayed in working out the laborious trifling also commands a measure of respect; but after all it is only laborious trifling still, and, however ingenious, it takes from rather than augments the value of objects on which it is impressed, in nearly all, except the vulgar idea of value being measured by cost. In the nature of things, lines whose complexity fatigue the eye to trace, cannot be beautiful; and the beautiful is a higher standard even for industrial-Art, than either the ingenious or the curious. Some of the other specimens, in equally severe Gothic forms, show the difference between legitimate and illegitimate surface decoration at a glance; and some of the most perfect things in this furniture department of the exhibition consist of examples exhibited by Achillo, of Sienna, where the surface ornamentation is in beautiful unison with the general form, and where, especially in a large chair, this combination forms the finest specimen of modern Gothic furniture we have ever seen; because, apart from the vexed question of style, harmonious unity combined with agreeable forms will always more or less nearly approach the truly beautiful, even when displayed in armed chairs, whether based upon the Gothic, or any other type. There are some few specimens of rosewood furniture, and also of oak; but however excellent in itself, neither the light-coloured oak nor the rosewood, with which may be included the few specimens of mahogany, contrast favourably with the other woods, walnut or ebony, nor even with the dark oak of which some of the larger specimens are made up. Of these larger and every way more important specimens, they are mostly from the artists rather than from the industrial artisans of Florence, and it is difficult to know how such works ought to be catalogued. The wood-carving of Barbetti is known in this country, having received a medal at the Great Exhibition of 1851; and then, as now at Florence, his works were worthy of all honour, although it may well be doubted whether they can be truly included among the specimens of industrial Art, any more than sculptures in marble or paintings in oil could be so included. True, they combine high Art, as represented by figures, with industrial Art as represented by ornament; but so did the works of Raphael and Michael Angelo—and few would venture to class them as Art-workmen. The gates, by Cellini, which have been, and will ever be, one of the great Art attractions of Florence, cannot be called a successful specimen of industrial Art; and if not, it is difficult to see how works got up in the same way by artists of the best ability among moderns, should be included in a class from which such ancient masters are excluded. This subject demands more attention than it has yet received; and will be as pertinent to the Exhibition of '62 as it is to that of Florence—where some of the very best works exhibited in any branch are to be found among those carvings in wood, where Barbetti, Rossi, Cheloni, and Pasquale of Sienna, reign triumphant and supreme. With these men, and their followers, and indeed with the Florentines and more southern contributors to the exhibition generally, the excess of ornamentation means an excess of Art, while with those produced at Turin it means excess of show. Among both there is the unfortunate absence of original self-reliant thought—at least, this is the rule, its presence being the rare exception. Among the Florentines, the despotism of Cellini is as conspicuous over their artistic thoughts as that of the Grand Duke ever was over their persons and purses. Among the Turinese, the influence of France, in her most vicious and glittering days, has become mingled with the purer and higher styles of Italy, and the result is a marked distinction between the productions of the various states, and an equally marked departure from artistic simplicity in the northern as compared with the southern designers. Even when surface decoration, for example, is carried to equal excess in articles exhibited by both sections, those from the north are not to be compared with those of the south in purity and beauty of design; and the most gorgeous inlaid works from Turin palc before the small round table, of the same class, sent by Rosani from Brescia, which, had the stand been equal to the top, would have been a perfect gem, of its class; or the still more perfect table sent by Rajolia, of Palerma. As specimens of artistic workmen, the southern makers have no superiors in the Florence display, and probably few equals in Europe; although it would display still higher power had they been able to spare half of what appears their literally useless labour, and presented a similar effect, for there is no necessary connection of ideas between a fine table-top and a multitude of ingeniously-formed lines, such as no man can number. Among the commoner works, chairs occupied a considerable space; and some modern antiques from Turin were capital, both in style and imitation. There was also a lot of rush-bottomed chairs, in plain wood, very elegant in form and general taste, near the centre of the large hall; but there was nothing to tell who or where they came from: the official in charge could give no information on the subject, which was equally true of about one-half the articles worth more than the most cursory glance; and the only other that shall be noticed under this head of furniture is of very humble pretension, viz., an iron wash-hand basin-stand, which is a most admirable type of a class of articles in which the Italians seem further advanced than either England or France. This washhand basin-stand has no great elegance of outline to recommend it, although it is at least equal in this respect to what is usually seen in England; but it is perfect in its comprehensiveness, even to a mirror and towel-horse, having drawers, stand for water-jug, and every conceivable kind of convenience inserted into the smallest possible space, so that the maker seems to have constructed his wares upon the advice of Sidney Smith, beginning "remember Noah and be brief," &c. This kind of completeness is evidently a favourite idea with Italian furnishers, for it more or less predominates through a great variety of articles; and although not without certain obvious disadvantages to the producer, it has also clear enough attractions for the purchaser of domestic furniture, and one which would be as readily appreciated in London as anywhere in the world. If, for example, this complete wash-hand-stand, and a bed similar to that already noticed from Turin, could be had at a moderate price, a bachelor's, or even a family bedroom, would be stocked with furniture occupying such small space as to leave ample scope for moving about, even in a small London bedroom; and this would not only be a convenience to the poor, but also often to the rich, where compactness is always a consideration if space is not.

In connection with this, the quality of Florentine japanning seen in this exhibition may also be noticed; especially that done in Florence, as a very large proportion of the appearance of many articles depends upon how they are japanned or painted; and in this part of Italy, that, especially the wood, is done in great perfection, and apparently at less than half the cost paid for it in England; the latter being polished, and the other coming, finished clear as a mirror and as smooth, floating from the brush. Such, at least, it is in appearance; and the colour of the black is as rich as the gloss is beautiful. In short, the Italians seem to understand more of the Chinese principle of wood japanning than the same class in this country; and hence the greater superiority of Italian work, which approaches very nearly to the Chinese standard.

Having now gone over this important section with some care, the general conclusion is, that viewed from the Italian stand-point, and measured by the high standard of that country, no artisans in Europe can equal the Italians in their own walk. As mere cabinet-makers, they are at least equal to the best workmen in Britain; while as wood-carvers, and masters of decoration, they are as superior to the French as these are considered superior to the carvers in England; and if to these qualities be added the purity of taste and high artistic feeling which is still apparent in the general design of middle and southern Italy, as compared with what is to be seen either in Paris or London, there can be no reasonable doubt but that these Italians, as a class, stand at the very head of European finishers, as their brethren of the brush stand at the top of European decorators. How much, in this respect, the Western nations may yet owe to Italy, it is impossible to conjecture; but if we only acquire a portion of their genius, and combine that with skill in adapting it to our necessities, it would be a recompense worth many times more than this country is likely to do for Italy. The vices of their over-ornamentation are those which result from constraint rather than from liberty, where variety struggles with, but dare not outstep, the prescribed bounds of orthodoxy; but with the giant intellect of Italy again set free, what might the world not expect from the unwithing of this artistic Samson? This exhibition is the first symptom of a return to that grand old strife for pre-eminence which so distinguished the years of the republics; and if the Italians of to-day retain but a portion of the greatness of their sires, the influence of Italy upon the future of the world's Art will be incalculable. They have the true principles traceable in the clear lines of an artistic genealogy, glorious beyond comparison with that of any modern state. And, in taking leave of the exposition, it is impossible not to express admiration at the success with which a nation, struggling for political existence, has shown the world that in the higher arts of peace it still occupies a foremost place in Europe, and gives ample pledge of present and prospective ability to contribute its fair share to European progress and civilization.

JOHN STEWART.

[We have treated this subject at much length, as, no doubt, our readers expected we should do, for, in many ways, it is one of great importance. From Florence will proceed many valuable instructive contributions to our International Exhibition; and this "home" exhibition is to be regarded as gratifying evidence of a new birth of Art in Italy. We were, therefore, induced to send the accomplished writer of these articles to Florence, in order that we might be enabled to submit to our readers as accurate and useful a report as it was possible to procure.—ED. *A.-J.*]



THE TURNER GALLERY.

A FIRE AT SEA.

Engraved by J. Cousen.

Looking at this picture when it hung in the Museum at Kensington, and still more recently where it now is, in Trafalgar Square, and then comparing with the painting Mr. Cousen's admirable engraving, we are absolutely astonished at what the latter has done with such imperfect materials as were before him. The canvas has on it the foundation, and little else, of a grand work; there is, as it were, a magnificent idea in embryo, but the picture is so unfinished, so crude in execution, and confused in its details, that the meaning of the artist has rather to be guessed at than accepted by what is presented to the eye. We have often felt that it requires a man of no ordinary discrimination and judgment, to engrave well many of Turner's completed pictures; how much more difficult must it then be when the engraver sits down to such a work as this, with the hope and expectation of producing order out of chaos, and beauty out of apparent monstrosity? Let any one contemplate for a few minutes the original, and he will at once acknowledge the truth of these observations, and, doubtless, accord our engraver the testimony of high approval for what has been accomplished.

And, indeed, the estimate of Turner's genius by the popular mind, must depend, in no small measure, upon the engravings which appear from his pictures. Few persons, comparatively, can see, so as to understand and value rightly, those wonderful compositions and marvellous effects displayed on the canvas: the engraver gives to these their form and character in a way intelligent to the most simple-minded; hence the print possesses a power which cannot be accorded to the painting.

"A Fire at Sea!" can the imagination suggest a calamity so terrible? more especially when, as in this picture, a fearful storm is raging, and the darkness of night adds to the horrors. Here the devouring elements of flood and fire are contending for mastery over their victims, and any endeavour to escape from the one, is only tempting the fury of the other; death in either form seems inevitable, as Turner has represented the awful scene. On the right is the unfortunate vessel burnt down to the water's edge, yet with the fire curling in lurid flame round the tall masts: in the foreground the wretched crew and passengers—the number of females and children would signify that the ship carried emigrants—are endeavouring to save themselves upon a large but hastily-constructed raft, from which many have already been swept into the flood of waters, while a huge wave rears its red crest over those still left on the planks, threatening to hurl them also into "swift destruction." High in the air burning pieces of wood, cordage, and canvas are borne in eddies by the furious gale; and, in strange contrast to this wild, brilliant, but most appalling scene, the crescent moon is sinking calmly, behind masses of black clouds, into the distant waters.

> "When on her wide and trackless path
> Of desolation, doomed to flee,
> That vessel sank 'mid blending wrath
> Of fervent and rolling sea.
>
> "The moon hath twelve times changed her form
> From glowing orb to crescent wan,
> 'Mid skies of calm and scowl of storm,
> Since from her port that ship hath gone.
>
> "But ocean keeps its secret well,
> And though we know that all is o'er,
> No eye hath seen, no tongue can tell
> Her fate:—she ne'er was heard of more."

This picture, left unfinished by the artist, was not exhibited till it came before the public as a part of the Turner bequest. Why he never completed it one is at a loss to conceive, for the conception is assuredly worthy of his extraordinary genius; and the work is certainly not among his latest: we should think it belongs to his second period—probably between the years 1805 and 1813. In the new arrangement of the Turner pictures in Trafalgar Square this is hung so high as to be seen at a disadvantage.

THE TURNER COLLECTION IN THE NATIONAL GALLERY.

When it was determined, in order to save the Turner pictures to the nation, to hang them in the National Gallery, it was difficult to see by what arrangement they could be shown advantageously without a great displacement of others. There have been, however, only thirty-eight withdrawn, of which the great proportion consists of works interesting only as examples of the progress of Art. By the removal of these, and a redistribution of the pictures contained in the West, or old Italian room, nearly all Turner's works have been placed there by covering the whole of the space from the line to the ceiling. Hence, for the time being, that is the Turner Room. We say, "for the time being," because it is not intended that so many of the collection are to be placed out of sight for any long period. Paul Delaroche seldom entered the Louvre without closing his eyes, and with his eyes shut, he saw more than thousands of other visitors with their eyes open. By many artists it will be considered advantageous that certain of Turner's pictures are hung so high that everything is lost but their tones and *centres*, and so the more clearly showing the principles of their construction. But of such an arrangement the public, and especially the ardent admirers of Turner, are impatient—the latter considering it a desecration that anything of Turner's should be higher than the line of the eye. All praise, however, to Mr. Wornum; his arrangements solve a problem which was considered one of much difficulty. The room looks extremely well, but its dimensions are shrunk by the necessity of replacing screens in the centre; yet no visitor will complain of the screens on finding the walls covered with works, some of which the artist himself valued beyond all price. With others, this might have been no criterion of their value; but it was with Turner. When this room was filled with dark pictures, it seemed amply lighted; but now that it is hung with works generally so high in tone, the light seems insufficient. At Marlborough House this collection was invisible; but at Kensington it shone out with a lustre that convinced the friends of Turner that even they did not know him until his works had been seen there. In the National Gallery the best pictures occupy the best places, and these alone would always sustain his reputation at the point of exaltation to which it has attained. By the greater portion of the present generation who have ever thought of Turner at all, he has been judged by the last works of his long life; and these, because perhaps not one has been painted save according to some elaborately-acquired principle, were too enigmatical for the many. By friends and followers much indulgence was shown to Turner latterly, because aforetime he had done great things. But that tenderness, that would extend its elastic praise from former beauties to later defects, if it were ever necessary, is now no longer so. To say, as some will have it, that Turner's career was one of faultless and paramount excellence, is simply not true. It is the assertion of an affected enthusiasm. But if it be said that he was the greatest master of landscape that ever lived, this is undeniably true. There are the proofs at the end of the room in Crossing the Brook and the Apuleia, besides in other works near them; and let those who have formed their judgment of this great artist by the productions of his last years, examine these essays, and at once reverse their decision. To the world outside the painting circles, Turner was never known till the removal of his works from Marlborough House; even their concentrated lustre was not sufficient to dispel the gloom of that shady place. On the left of the doorway hangs the portrait, for the sake of which he must have many times abandoned himself to the full dress of the last quarter of the last century. A full-fronted study of an artist by himself, if not soft and simpering, is too often stiff, vacant, and staring, and such is the character of this head. He seems to have been about eighteen, and the portrait looks either as if he had had some assistance with it, or he had painted more portraits than are commonly known, as it shows some aspiration to those conditions of the art to which Gainsborough rose, and from which Lawrence descended.

Following the line round the room from the portrait, the succession is: The Frosty Morning: London and Greenwich; Calais Pier; The Death of Nelson; The Shipwreck; The Goddess of Discord should follow, but the place is vacant, for the picture is in Dublin—Apollo killing the Python; Dido and Æneas; Crossing the Brook; Apuleia in search of Apuleius; Ulysses deriding Polyphemus; The Fighting Téméraire; The Palace of Caligula; Childe Harold's Pilgrimage; Phryne going to the Bath as Venus; Apollo and Daphne; Rome, from the Vatican; Rain, Steam, and Speed. These are the pictures that occupy the line of the eye to which they are entitled from their importance. There are others as interesting as many of these, occupying places less favourable, which it would be desirable to hang where they could be more easily seen, but at present that is impossible. Had it struck Turner, in his fervent self-gratification, to stipulate that none of his works should be placed higher than eight or nine feet from the floor, perhaps the bequest would not have been accepted by the House of Commons on terms involving the cost of four such rooms as they now occupy. Had he ever dreamt of such an outrage as his collection being crowded into one room, covering the walls up to the ceiling, he would not have hesitated to insert in his will such a condition. Every one of these pictures was among the most favoured of those exhibited at the Royal Academy, and they should not be less considered in a National Gallery.

Some of the works immediately above those we have mentioned are, Jason in search of the Golden Fleece; Morning on the Coniston Fells; Bligh Sand; The Tenth Plague of Egypt; Spithead; Hannibal crossing the Alps; The Meuse—an Orange Merchantman going to pieces; Windsor; Richmond Hill; Abingdon; The Decline of Carthage; Queen Mab's Grotto; Whalers in the Ice; Dido directing the equipment of the Fleet; The Vision of Medea; The Parting of Hero and Leander; Agrippina landing with the Ashes of Germanicus; The Opening of the Walhalla; Boccaccio; Fire at Sea; Whaling, &c.; and the eye is seduced by beauties yet above these.

On the two screens the pictures are—Bacchus and Ariadne; The Approach to Venice; The Sun, of Venice; Moonlight at Milbank; The Battle of Fort Rae; The Blacksmith's Shop; Edinburgh, from the Calton Hill—a charming water colour; Orvieto; The Harvest Home; Regulus leaving Rome; and Whalers and Fishing Boats bringing a disabled Vessel into Port Ruysdael. Thus on the walls there are seventy-nine pictures, and on the screens eighteen. The water-colour sketches and drawings remain at Kensington: these we consider as by no means an unimportant portion of the Turner bequest; they range over a period of half a century, and mark at once the progress of the man and of water-colour drawing.

The changes that have been rendered necessary by the reception of these pictures are extensive. The thirty-eight that have been withdrawn, are principally those of the early German schools, recent acquisitions, but with them are the two large Guidos that have been lately cleaned. In the new Italian room no perceptible change has been made. The first of the three other large rooms is occupied by the Dutch and Flemish schools; and the middle room by the French and Spanish schools; the last of the three being now the Turner room. The old pictures have received an addition of two to their number,—a Rembrandt, a portrait of himself, and a Garofalo, of which the subject is the Virgin. The Rembrandt is clear, clean, and in excellent condition; it has not the savage grandeur which he has, in some of his likenesses, given to himself, as for instance, in that of the Ritratti at Florence, above the Rubens and Vandyke no less famous.

Those who would study Turner as a painter, will find him fully set forth in this room. Let those who grudge him the full measure of his fame, place themselves before Crossing the Brook, and the two pictures by which it is supported on the right and left, and ask themselves if they have ever seen the glories of these works surpassed. If they be outdone, it would be instructive to know whose are the greater works. Are they by Claude, or Poussin, or Salvator, Ruysdael, Both, or Minderhout Hobbema? and if by any of them, where are they? None of these have painted the breath of the morning, and the succeeding summer

light like Turner. Some of his advocates hold him up as a rigid naturalist, but those who do so do not yet understand him. He is represented as having followed nature spray for spray, and leaf for leaf; but this he did not do, he was not even true to nature, but he was the greatest master of the expediencies of lights and darks that ever lived—a great sorcerer, whose sleight of hand looks even more veracious than truth. We will instance what we mean in a few words. Analyse any picture in the room, and it will show itself to have been painted rather according to a principle than to nature. Take a simple composition—say the Téméraire; the material splendour and the touching eloquence of that picture are unmatched by anything in that line of Art; yet both form and natural truth are unmercifully sacrificed to secure the charm which principle alone can give. The bows of the ship are made to cast a shadow, which is positively false, as from the sun so near the horizon. If a shadow be cast here, it would be cast elsewhere, but it is not. Years ago, when this picture was engraved, Mr. Willmore attempted to give some shape to the phantom steam-boat by which the hulk is towed; but Turner was furious. What right had any engraver to define for him? A piece-meal examination of other pictures would yield like results. Yet, knowing this, we willingly court the fascination of the spell which this magician alone has been able to work.

It is impossible that the pictures can continue in their present arrangement; in order therefore to effect a distribution more worthy of them, it is in contemplation to build another room on piles, and extending into the barrack-yard, in the rear of the Gallery; but on this subject it will be again necessary to ask the House of Commons for money, to the voting of which for Art purposes last session there was a grave opposition on the part of certain members.

OBITUARY.

M. ABEL DE PUJOL.

We mentioned in our November number the death of the celebrated painter Abel de Pujol; we are now enabled to give a short account of his life and labours. He was of noble origin, his father being M. A. D. Joseph de Moritzy, Baron de la Grave et de Pujol, Councillor of State, Chevalier of St. Louis, and Grand Provost of Valenciennes. The son Abel was born in 1785; he showed from his earliest age a predilection for the Fine Arts, and his father being a man of discretion allowed him to pursue that career. The young artist's progress was so rapid that in 1802 he gained the medal of honour, in the class from the life model. His father at this period made up his mind to send him to Paris, but the Revolution having dissipated his property, he was only able to allow the young man 600 francs a-year, which was afterwards raised to 1,500 francs. Though receiving little encouragement from his master, David, who soon left him depending on his own genius and a strict application to nature for his advancement, he yet struggled on. His first painting represented 'Philopœmen recognised whilst splitting wood in the kitchen of a friend who had invited him to dinner.' David was so struck with this painting that he gave Abel the advantage of his *atelier* gratis. In 1806 he was first medallist at the Academy. In 1810 he gained at the *salon* of that year a gold medal of the second class, for his picture of 'Jacob Blessing the Sons of Joseph.' The same year he gained the "Paix de Rome," second class, and the year after the first "Paix de Rome;" the subject of the painting was 'Lycurgus presenting to the Lacedæmonians Charilaus Son of Polydectes as Heir to the Throne.' The health of the young artist not being able to support the climate of Rome, he was forced to return to Paris, where he painted a large number of signs (the mania of this period), many of which were very beautiful, and assisted him to "keep house." He, however, soon threw off this servile art, and exhibited in 1814 a picture of 'Britannicus.' In 1817 he exhibited 'St. Stephen Preaching before his Martyrdom,' ordered for the church of "St. Etienne du Mont." In 1819, 'The Entombment of the Virgin,' 'Cæsar on the Ides of March' (this last was destroyed in the fire at the Palais Royal), and 'Sisyphus in the Infernal Regions.' In 1822, at St. Roch, he executed three fresco subjects, relating to that saint, and 'Joseph explaining the Dreams of the Butler and Baker of Pharaoh.' In 1824 he produced 'The Capture of the Trocedero,' and several other paintings of large dimensions, amongst which was the ceiling of the staircase of the Louvre, destroyed in the alterations with others in that establishment. He was a member of the Legion of Honour, and of the "Institute," where he filled the chair vacated by Baron Gros.

FRESCOES IN THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

A new fresco, by Mr. Ward, has been placed with his other works, the Argyle, Alice Lyle, &c. The title is not yet under it, but the story is perspicuous enough as one of the most remarkable of the many hair's-breadth escapes of Charles II. after the battle of Worcester. We see him here as William Jackson, the servant of Mrs. Jane Lane, who is mounted behind him on rather a sorry horse, worse than even that of Humphrey Penderell. They are about crossing a ford, the horse has made the first step into the water. We may suppose that they have just been challenged, and their pass examined, for their path is beset by Cromwell's troopers. Mrs. Lane looks alarmed, but Charles, in his suit of coarse grey, and steeple hat and cropped hair, tries to look unconcerned. It was on the 10th of September, 1651, that Charles, as the servant of Mrs. Lane, left, with her, Bentley Hall, the house of her brother, Colonel Lane, in order to conduct her professedly to pay a visit to her friend, Mrs. Norton, at Leigh, near Bristol. But he was yet destined to wander about for a month, in imminent peril of his life, before he procured a vessel at Shoreham, and made his escape to Fecamp. The circumstance is treated in the simplest manner, the object of the artist having been but to give to it the most natural emphasis. In the other corridor, the panels of which are to be filled by Mr. Cope, a picture has just been placed: the subject is the 'Raising of the Royal Standard at Nottingham in 1642,' an important crisis in history, as the initiative of the civil war. In the picture the king is surrounded by the chiefs of his party, who are represented as confident and defiant—set forth in the utmost bravery of the military equipment of the cavalier period. Mr. Cope has treated the incident as a ceremony, and he has done well; but it was at once an end and a beginning, and fraught with graver consequences than were conceived of by that exulting throng surrounding the king. These frescoes are not painted in the corridors, but in another part of the building, and on slate panels, which are removed into their destined places when finished.

THE WINTER EXHIBITION.

This is announced as the ninth Winter Exhibition—together with a new collection painted expressly for Mr. Wallis. There was, we believe, no winter exhibition last year, the first omission since they were begun nine years ago by Mr. Pocock, as exhibitions of sketches. It was felt from the first that the contributors would not limit themselves to sketches, and they began to finish as highly for this occasion as for any other. Hence we have subsequently seen, and there are in this collection, pictures as elaborately worked as is possible in oil-painting. They are principally small—the catalogue is prefaced with "cabinet pictures." But a catalogue is scarcely necessary, the room is not large, and the best pictures are so faithfully characterised as to be distinguishable at a glance. There are contributions by J. Sant, A.R.A., P. F. Poole, R.A., A. Johnston, F. Goodall, A.R.A., C. Stanfield, R.A., W. E. Frost, A.R.A., E. M. Ward, R.A., W. C. Thomas, F. R. Lee, R.A., T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., &c. The numbers in the catalogue go up to about 150, but the small space that can be given to this notice, will allow little more than names and titles. Mr. Sant's 'Doves' is one of the most fascinating of his many beautiful studies of women, which are all more or less alike, yet very distinct in action. The likeness is easy enough, but it is the unlikeness in which he stands alone. The abnegation of colour in this picture is very remarkable—it might be thought he had never seen any colours but black, white, brown, and some apology for red or yellow. In 'How Pretty!' W. C. T. Dobson has two children, the younger with that cherub face he so often paints. 'The Charity of Dorcas,' by the same artist, has, we think, been seen before. Lejeune was to send two pictures, which had not arrived when we saw the collection. 'A Quiet Morning,' and 'A Trout Stream,' J. W. Oakes, have much of the valuable, natural identity, that first brought his works into notice. 'Looking over Bidstone, Cheshire,' C. Hargitt, looks very like the thought of some famous Dutchman long departed. Mr. Hargitt seems to have lived very fast in his art, and left behind him much that others are still trifling with. By the late F. Stone there is 'Jesus in the house of Mary and Martha,' exhibited some time ago. A view of Tangiers, by F. R. Lee, R.A., shows this artist to much advantage in a change of subject; the picture is small, it might have been larger. 'The Goths in Italy,' Poole, is perhaps a sketch made for the larger, well-known picture.

'Harvesting,' by Ansdell, a broad English landscape, bright and sunny, is so different from his most recent subject-matter that he is the last we should have accused of such a descent to the domestic. 'Hunt the Slipper' is, in the catalogue, given to E. Goodall, but it must be by F. Goodall, as strewed with those bouquets of children and girls that this artist describes with such flower and fruit-like sweetness. 'The Bay of Baiæ,' by C. Stanfield, R.A., looks like what Mr. Stanfield painted in days gone by; there is, besides, a triad of small sketches by him—'Beachey Head, from New Haven,' 'Picking up a Lame Duck off Hurst Castle,' and 'Pic du Midi.' 'The Novice,' A. Johnston, is a very carefully finished picture of a girl in a convent, casting off the baubles of the world. By the same artist, there is also 'The Lass of Patie's Mill.' 'Tobias patris oculos curans' is the title given to a picture by Mrs. J. E. B. Hay, from Tobit, chap. xi. verse 11th; very successful in colour, but strong in the manner of a foreign school. 'The Prisoner's Solace,' E. M. Ward, R.A., is a profile of a lady at a window tending flowers, perhaps one of the family of Louis XVI. 'A Family Discussion,' F. Smallfield, is, curiously enough, carried on by three men—how the absence of a woman is justified it is difficult to conceive. The picture reminds us that the exhibitions of French works which have been held here operate sensibly and beneficially in some directions. In 'The Idler,' M. J. Lawless, it is clear that the artist has been looking at Meissonier and his congeners. 'Mama's Pet,' C. Rossiter, is a bright and firmly-painted study of a mother and child; and in 'The Defeat,' J. A. Fitzgerald, there is evidence of power and feeling equal to the most aspiring effort. By W. Gale there are several small works of much purity and beauty. 'Sunshine,' H. S. Marks, recalls vividly the quaint epigrams and "aunciente ballades" in paint, published by this artist. 'Guardian Angels,' J. H. S. Mann, is more than usually excursive in its narrative: it paints not only a heretofore but a hereafter. E. Goodall's 'Bivouac of Troops at Notre Dame,' looks difficult as a small picture, and would be extremely so as a large one. By C. Dukes there are 'Homeward Bound,' and another firmly-painted study; and noteworthy, also, are 'Sheep and Lambs,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A.; 'Fetch it!' Mrs. Ward; 'Morning,' J. Gow; 'Mountainous Scenery, North Wales,' J. D. Harding; 'The Pet Calves,' J. R. Ansdell, A.R.A.; 'The Discovery,' T. Roberts; 'Grapes, Melon, &c.,' W. Duffield; 'The Flageolet,' W. Bromley; 'Heartsease,' C. Lidderdale; 'Lone Birds,' Mrs. Robbinson; 'The Toilet,' W. Hemsley; 'A Young Teacher,' Miss Solomon; and 'The Appointment,' by the same; 'Girl Feeding Puppies,' E. J. Cobbett; 'Sea-Coast at Bonchurch, Isle of Wight,' Cropsey; 'Loch Lomond,' A. Gilbert; 'Fruit Stall at Berne,' Emma Brownlow; 'Rabbits,' J. F. Herring; 'Rocks, from Nature,' E. Hayes, A.R.A.; 'Towing a Brig out of Yarmouth Harbour,' E. Bates; 'The Mother's Prayer,' M. Anthony; 'Mountain Scenery, North Wales,' Sidney R. Percy; 'Dead Game and Fruit,' W. Duffield, with others, by Bostock, Boddington, W. C. Thomas, J. J. Hill, W. H. Knight, J. Hayllar, J. W. Hulme, C. J. Lewis, &c.

THE HUDSON,
FROM THE WILDERNESS TO THE SEA.

BY BENSON J. LOSSING.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS FROM DRAWINGS BY THE AUTHOR.

PARTS XXIII. AND XXIV.

ABOUT three miles below Fort Lee is Bull's Ferry, a village of a few houses, and a great resort for the working people of New York, when spending a leisure day. The steep, wooded bank rises abruptly in the rear, to an altitude of about two hundred feet. There, as at Weehawk, are many pleasant paths through the woods leading to vistas through which glimpses of the city and adjacent waters are obtained. Hither pic-nic parties come to spend warm summer days, where—

"Overhead
The branches arch, and shape a pleasant bower,
Breaking white cloud, blue sky, and sunshine bright,
Into pure ivory and sapphire spots,
And flocks of gold; a soft, cool emerald tint
Colours the air, as though the delicate leaves
Emitted self-born light."

Our little sketch of Bull's Ferry is taken from Weehawk Wharf, and shows the point on which was a block-house during the revolution; from that circumstance it has always been called Block-house Point. Its history has a melancholy interest, as it is connected with that of the unfortunate Major André. In the summer of 1780, a few weeks before the discovery of Arnold's treason,



BULL'S FERRY.

that block-house was occupied by a British picket, for the protection of some wood-cutters, and the neighbouring New Jersey loyalists. On Bergen Neck below was a large number of cattle and horses, belonging to the Americans, within reach of the foragers who might go out from the British post at Paulus's Hook, now Jersey City. Washington's head-quarters were then inland, near Ramapo. He sent General Wayne, with some Pennsylvanian and Maryland troops, horse and foot, to storm the block-house, and to drive the cattle within the American lines. Wayne sent the cavalry, under Major Henry Lee, to perform the latter duty, whilst he and three Pennsylvanian regiments marched against the block-house with four pieces of cannon. They made a spirited attack, but their cannon were too light to be effective, and, after a skirmish, the Americans were repulsed with a loss of sixty men, killed and wounded. After burning some wood-boats near, and capturing those who had them in charge, Wayne returned to camp with a large number of cattle driven by the dragoons.

The next village below Bull's Ferry is Weehawk,* a place of great resort in summer by pleasure seekers from the metropolis. It is made famous by its connection with the duelling ground, where General Alexander Hamilton, one of the founders of the republic, was mortally wounded in single combat, by Aaron Burr, then Vice-President of the United States. They were bitter political foes. Without just provocation, in the summer preceding an important election, Burr, anxious to have Hamilton out of his way, challenged him to fight. The latter, out of unnecessary respect for a barbarous public opinion, accepted the challenge; and early in the morning of the 11th of July, 1804, they and friends crossed the Hudson to Weehawk, and stood as foes upon the duelling ground. Hamilton was opposed to duelling; and, pursuant to his



DUELLING GROUND—WEEHAWK.

previous resolution, did not fire his pistol. The malignant Burr took deliberate aim, and fired with fatal precision. Hamilton lived little more than thirty hours. His death produced the most profound grief throughout the nation. Burr lived more than thirty years, a fugitive, like Cain, and suffering the



VIEW AT THE ELYSIAN FIELDS.

bitter scorn of his countrymen. This crime, added to his known vices, made him thoroughly detested, and few men had the courage to avow themselves his friend. A monument was erected to the memory of Hamilton, on the spot where he fell. It was afterwards destroyed by some marauder. The place is

* This is an Indian word, and is thus spelt in its purity. The Dutch spelt it Wiehachan, and it is now commonly written Weehawken; I have adopted the orthography that expresses the pure Indian pronunciation.

now a rough one, on the margin of the river, and is marked by a rude arm-chair or sofa (seen in our sketch, in which we are looking up the river) made of stones. On one of them the half effaced names of Hamilton and Burr may be seen.

The next place of interest below Weehawk, is that known in former times as the Elysian Fields. I remember it as a delightful retreat at "high noon," or by moonlight, for those who loved Nature in her quiet and simple forms. Then there were stately trees near the bank of the river, and from their shades the eye rested upon the busy surface of the stream, or the busier city beyond. There, on a warm summer afternoon, or a moonlight evening, might be seen scores of both sexes strolling upon the soft grass, or sitting upon the green sward, recalling to memory many beautiful sketches of life in the early



STEVENS'S FLOATING BATTERY.

periods of the world, given in the volumes of the old poets. All is now changed; the trips of Charon to the Elysian Fields are suspended, and the grounds, stripped of many of the noble trees, have become "private," and subjected to the manipulations of the "real estate agent." Even the Sibyl's Cave, under Castle Point, at the southern boundary of the Elysian Fields—a cool, rocky cavern containing a spring—has been spoiled by the clumsy hand of Art.

The low promontory below Castle Point, was the site of the large Indian village of *Hobock*. There the pleasant little city of Hoboken now stands, and few of its quiet denizens are aware of the dreadful tragedy performed in the locality more than two hundred years ago. The story may be related in few words. A fierce feud had existed for some time between the New Jersey Indians and the Dutch on Manhattan. Several of the latter had been murdered by the former, and the Hollanders had resolved on vengeance. At length the fierce Mohawks, bent on procuring tribute from the weaker tribes westward of the Hudson, came sweeping down like a gale from the north, driving great numbers of fugitives upon the Hackensacks at Hobock. Now was the opportunity for the Dutch. A strong body of them, with some Mohawks, crossed the Hudson at midnight, in February, 1643, fell upon the unsuspecting Indians, and before morning murdered almost one hundred men, women, and children. Many were driven from the cliffs of Castle Point, and perished in the freezing flood. At sunrise the murderers returned to New Amsterdam, with prisoners and the heads of several Indians.

A large proportion of the land at Hoboken is owned by the Stevens family, who have been identified with steam navigation from its earliest triumphs. The head of the family laid out a village on Hoboken Point, in 1804. It has



BROOKLYN FERRY AND HEIGHTS.

become a considerable city. Members of the same family have large manufacturing establishments there; and for several years have been constructing, upon a novel plan, a huge floating battery for harbour defences, for the government of the United States. More than a million of dollars has already been spent in its construction. It has been utterly shut in from the public eye, until very recently. Our space will allow nothing more than an outline description of it. It is a vessel seven hundred feet long (length of the *Great Eastern*), covered with plates of iron so as to be absolutely bomb and round shot proof. It is to be moved by steam engines of sufficient power to give it a momentum that will cause it to cut a man-of-war in two, when it strikes it at the waists. It will mount a battery of sixteen heavy rifled cannon in bomb-proof casemates, and two heavy columbiads for throwing shells, will be on deck, one forward and one aft. The smoke-pipe is constructed in sliding sections, like a telescope, for obvious purposes; and the huge vessel may be sunk so that its decks alone will be above the water. It is to be rated at six thousand tons.

Opposite the lower part of the city of New York, and separated from Hoboken by a bay and marsh, is Jersey City, on a point at the mouth of the Hudson, known in early times as Paulus's or Pauw's Hook, it having been



NAVY YARD, BROOKLYN.

originally obtained from the Indians by Michael Pauw. This was an important strategic point in the revolution. Here the British established a military post after taking possession of the city of New York in 1776, and held it until August, 1779, when the active Major Henry Lee (the one mentioned in André's satire), with his legion, surprised the garrison, killed a number, and captured the fort, just before the dawn. Now a flourishing city—a suburb of New York—covers that point. Immense numbers of travellers pass through it daily, it being the terminus of several important railways that connect with New York by powerful steam ferry-boats. Here, too, are the



SYLVAN WATER, GREENWOOD.

wharves of the Cunard line of ocean steamers. Before it is the broad and animated bay of New York, forming its harbour, and, stretching away to the south-west, nine miles or more, is Newark Bay, that receives the Passaic River.

Here we leave the Hudson proper, and after visiting some prominent places in the vicinity of the metropolis, will accompany the reader to the sea.

Adjacent to Manhattan Island, and separated from it by the narrow East

River, is Long Island, which stretches along the coast from West to East, about one hundred and forty miles. It is rich in traditional, legendary, and historical reminiscences. Near its western extremity, and opposite the city of New York, is the large and beautiful city of Brooklyn,* whose intimate social and business relations with the metropolis, and connection by numerous ferries, render it a sort of suburban town. Its growth has been wonderful. Fifty years ago, it contained only a ferry-house, a few scattered dwellings, and a church. Now it comprises an area of 16,000 acres, with an exterior line of twenty-two miles. Like New York, it has absorbed several villages. It was incorporated a village in 1816, and a city in 1834. Its central portion is upon a range of irregular hills, fortified during the revolution. The bluff, on which Fort Stirling stood—now known as "The Heights"—is covered with fine



GOVERNOR'S AND BEDLOE'S ISLANDS.

edifices, and affords extensive views of New York, and its harbour. Williamsburgh, which had become quite a large city, was annexed to Brooklyn in 1854. Between the two cities is Wallabout Bay, the scene of great suffering among the American prisoners, in British prison-ships, during the revolution. Eleven thousand men perished there, and their remains were buried in shallow graves on the shore. Near its banks was born Sarah Rapelze, the first child of European parents that drew its earliest breath within the limits of the State of New York.† Upon that *aceldama* of the old war for independence in the vicinity of the Hudson, is now a dockyard‡ of the United States government; and upon a gentle hill back of it, is a United States Marine Hospital, seen in our sketch.

The southern portion of Brooklyn lies upon low ground, with an extensive water front. There, immense commercial works have been constructed, known as the Atlantic Docks, covering forty acres, and affording within the "slips" water of sufficient depth for vessels of largest size. There is an



THE NARROWS, FROM QUARANTINE.

outside pier, 3,000 feet in length; and on the wharves are extensive warehouses of granite. These wharves afford perfect security from depredators to vessels loading and unloading.

A little below Brooklyn, and occupying a portion of the ground whereon the conflict between the British and American armies, known as the battle of Long Island, was fought, at the close of the summer of 1776, is Greenwood Cemetery, one of the most noted burial-places in the country. A greater portion of it is within the limits of the city of Brooklyn. It comprises 400

* From the Dutch *Breuck-landt*—broken land.

† In April, 1623, thirty families, chiefly Walloons (French Protestants who had taken refuge in Holland), arrived at Manhattan, in charge of the first Governor of New Netherland. Eight of these families went up the Hudson, and settled at Albany; the remainder chose their place of abode across the channel of the East River, upon lands now covered by a portion of the city of Brooklyn and the United States Navy Yard.

‡ The Navy Yard covers about forty-five acres of land. Within the enclosure is a depository of curious things, brought home by officers and seamen of the navy, and is called the Naval Lyceum. It contains a fine geological cabinet, and a library of several thousand volumes.



FORT LAFAYETTE.

acres of finely diversified land. The present population of that "city of the dead," is probably not less than 70,000. One of the most delightful places within its borders, is Sylvan Water, near the shores of which may be seen a monument, over the grave of an Indian princess, of the tribe of *Min-ne-ha-ha*, the bride of Longfellow's *Hi-a-wat-ha*, who died in New York a few years ago. Also the grave of M'Donald Clarke, known in New York, twenty years ago, as the "Mad Poet." His monument is seen upon a little hillock in our sketch of Sylvan Water. Clarke was an eccentric child of genius. He became, in his latter years, an unhappy wanderer, with reason half dethroned; a companion of want, and the victim of the world's neglect. His proud spirit disdained to ask food, and he famished. Society, of whom his necessities asked bread, "gave him a stone"—a monument of white marble, with his profile in *bas-relief*. He died in March, 1842. "He was a poet," says his biographer, "of the order of Nat Lee; one of those wits, in whose heads, according to Dryden, genius is divided from madness by a thin partition."*

From two or three prominent points in Greenwood Cemetery, fine views of New York city and bay, may be obtained; but a better comprehension of the scenery of the harbour, and adjacent shores, may be had in a voyage down the bay to Staten Island.† This may be accomplished many times a day, on steam ferry-boats, from the foot of Whitehall Street, near "The Battery." As we go out from the "slip," we soon obtain a general view of the harbour. On the left is Governor's Island, with Castle Williams upon its western extremity, and Fort Columbus lying upon its crown, shaded with old Lombardy poplars. On the right is Bedloe's Island,‡ mostly occupied by Fort Wood, a heavy fortification, erected in 1841. Near it is Ellis's Island, with a small military work, called Fort Gibson. This was formerly named Gibbet Island, it being then, as now, the place for the execution of pirates. These islands belong to the United



FORT HAMILTON.

States. The forts upon them are now (autumn of 1861) used as prisons for captured rebels.

Before the voyager down the bay, lies Staten Island, which, with the western end of Long Island, presents a great barrier to the ocean winds, and waves, and affords a shelter to vessels in the harbour of New York, from the tempest outside. It is nearly oval-shaped, fourteen miles in length, and eight in breadth. It was heavily wooded, and sparsely settled, when the British army occupied it, in the summer of 1776. Now, the hand of cultivation is everywhere visible.

* Duyckinck's "Cyclopædia of American Literature."

† This island was purchased from the Indians in 1630, by the proprietor of the land on which Jersey city now stands, and all of that vicinity. It reverted to the Dutch West India Company, when it was called Status Eylandt, or the State's Island. A considerable number of French Protestants (Huguenots), who fled to America after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, settled on Staten Island. The British troops took possession of the island in 1776, and held it until the autumn of 1783.

‡ So named from Isaac Bedloe, the *patentee* under Governor Nicholson.

Its shores bordering on New York Bay are dotted with lively villages; and all over the broad range of hills that extend from the Narrows, across the island, are superb country-seats, and neat farm-houses. It is a favourite place of summer residence for the wealthy, business men of New York—easy of access, and salubrious. These country-seats usually overlook the bay. The tourist will find an excursion over this island a delightful one.

On the northern extremity of Staten Island, the State of New York established a quarantine as early as 1709, and maintained it until the beginning of September, 1858, when the inhabitants of the village that had grown up there, and of the adjacent country, who had long petitioned for its removal as a dangerous nuisance, destroyed all the buildings by fire. There had been more than five hundred cases of yellow fever there two years before; and the distress and alarm created by that contagion, made the people determine to rid themselves of the cause. Since the destruction of the establishment, a hospital-ship, to serve quarantine purposes, has been anchored in the lower bay, preparatory to some permanent arrangement.



SURF BATHING, CONEY ISLAND.

From the Quarantine Dock may be obtained an excellent view of the Narrows, the ship channel between Long and Staten Islands through which vessels pass to and from the sea. Our little sketch gives a comprehensive view of that broad gate to the harbour of New York. On the right is Staten Island, with the new and substantial Fort Richmond on the water's edge. On the left is the Long Island shore, with Fort Hamilton on its high bank, and Fort Lafayette, formerly Fort Diamond, in the stream below. The latter fort is upon Hendrick's Reef, two hundred yards from the Long Island shore. It was commenced in 1812, but has not been thoroughly completed, although 350,000 dollars have been spent upon it. It mounts seventy-five heavy guns. It has become famous as a sort of Bastile, where many political state prisoners have been, and still are (October, 1861), confined. Among them is Mr. Faulkner, late United States minister to the French court; the mayor and chief of police of Baltimore; members of the Maryland legislation, and the Mayor of Washington city. The latter was released after a short confinement, on taking the oath of allegiance.



SANDY HOOK, FROM THE SHIP CHANNEL.

On the eastern border of the Narrows, stands Fort Hamilton, a strong fortification completed in 1832, when a war with France seemed to be impending. It mounts sixty heavy guns (a portion of them *en barbette*), forty-eight of which bear upon the ship channel. The fort is elevated, and commands the Lower Bay from the Narrows towards Sandy Hook. This work, with the fortifications on the opposite shore of Staten Island, and the water battery of Fort Lafayette in the channel, render the position, at the entrance to New York Bay, almost impregnable.

A delightful voyage of fifteen minutes in a steamer, or half an hour in a sail-boat, will take us to Coney Island, once a peninsula of Long Island at the lower end of Gravesend Bay. It is now connected with the main, by a fine shell road and a bridge. The island is about five miles in length and one in width. It contains about sixty acres of arable land. The remainder is made up of sand dunes, formed by the action of the winds. These resemble snow-drifts, and are from five to thirty feet in height. It is a favourite summer resort for bathers, its beach being unsurpassed. Near the Pavilion, the scene of our little sketch, the beach is very flat, and surf bathing is perfectly safe. There crowds of bathers of both sexes, in their sometimes grotesque dresses, may be seen every pleasant day in summer, especially at evening, enjoying the water. Refreshments are served at the Pavilion near; and a day may be spent there pleasantly and profitably. There is a large summer boarding-house at the other end of the island, affording a well-conducted resort for more fashionable visitors.

Between Coney Island and Sandy Hook, is an expanse of water, several miles across, in which is the sinuous channel followed by large vessels in their entrance to and exit from the harbour of New York in charge of the pilots. To the right, beyond Raritan Bay, is seen the New Jersey shore; while southward, blue beams of distance loom up the Navesink Highlands, on which stand the lighthouses first seen by the voyager from Europe, when approaching the port of New York.

Sandy Hook is a long, low, narrow strip of sandy land, much of it covered with shrubs and dwarf trees. It is about five miles in length, from the Navesink Lights to its northern extremity, whereon are two lighthouses. It is the southern cape of Raritan Bay, and has twice been an island, within less than a century. An inlet was cut through by the sea, during a gale, in 1778; but closed again in the year 1800. Another inlet was cut in 1830, and for several years it was so deep and broad that steamboats passed through it. That is now closed.



SANDY HOOK, FROM THE LIGHTHOUSES.

At the northern extremity of Sandy Hook, the United States are now erecting strong fortifications. These will materially strengthen the defences of the harbour of New York, as this fort will command the ship channel. About a mile below the pier, near the lighthouse, on the inner shore of the Hook, once stood an elegant monument, erected to the memory of a son of the Earl of Morton, and thirteen others, who were cast away near there, in a snow-storm, during the revolution, and perished. All but one were officers of a British man-of-war, wrecked there. They were discovered, and buried in one grave. The mother of the young nobleman erected the monument, and it remained, respected even by the roughest men of the coast, until 1808, when some vandals, from a French vessel-of-war, landed there, and destroyed that beautiful memorial of a mother's love.

Here, reader, on the borders of the great sea, we will part company for a season. We have had a pleasant and memorable journey from the Wilderness, three hundred miles away to the northward, where the forest shadows eternally brood, and the wild beasts yet dispute for dominion with man. We have looked upon almost every prominent object of Nature and Art along the borders of the Hudson, and have communed profitably, I hope, with History and Tradition on the way. We have seen every phase of material progress, from Nature in her wildest forms, to Civilization in its highest development. Our journey is finished—our observations have ceased—and here, with the yielding sand beneath our feet, a cloudless sky bending over us, and the heaving ocean before us—

"The sea! the sea! the open sea!
The blue, the fresh, the ever free!"—

we will say FAREWELL!

MR. FLATOU'S COLLECTION,

28, CORNHILL.

Among Mr. Flatou's pictures—which are now to be seen, before dispersal, at the Gallery, 28, Cornhill—there are, with many very brilliant examples of the living English school, some that worthily commemorate men who have passed away, but have left great reputations. Such works are fixed stars for certain life-times; they may at long intervals revisit the glimpses of the auction room, but their reappearances are not calculable like those of the ordinary floating canvas-capital of the picture-exchange. The catalogue enumerates not less than one hundred and fifty fine pictures—all small, that is, not one of them too large for a moderately-sized dining-room, and scores of them are small enough to require to be hung as near the eye as possible: this is the taste of the time. On walking round the rooms the eye is at once arrested by precious quality—challenged by the well-remembered traits of Wilkie, Landseer, Maclise, Etty, Roberts, Stanfield, Phillip, Creswick, Faed, P. Nasmyth, Linnell, F. Goodall, Müller, Poole, Frith, Cooke, Frost, Stone, Alex. Johnstone, F. R. Pickersgill, Hook, &c. Mr. Flatou announces this as the remaining portion of his collection—his last exhibition prior to his retiring from picture dealing, with a view to devoting his entire attention to the great picture of W. P. Frith, R.A., 'The Railway Station,' which it is understood will be completed in March next.*

One of the first works that strikes the visitor is a landscape, by P. Nasmyth, simple enough in its components to have been gathered from some London suburb, Hampstead or Wimbledon; but so grand as to range up to Claude and Turner, without the sometimes palpable composition-tricks of either. It is only a massive group of trees, with a view into a far-away region that melts into the distant sky. It is one of those fine things which are inestimable by their perfect simplicity. There is no parade of execution—no ostentatious colour, indeed it shows us how little colour is necessary to natural truth. It has an effect that Claude has often painted, but it has this advantage over the works of the great French landscape painter, it does not remind us of the paint, which in Claude we can never forget. Much has been done in landscape since Nasmyth's time, and much of what has been done serves to give to his works their proper value. There are in the collection one or two small pictures by him, far more real than anything Dutch of a like kind—so perfect in material expression, that they have never yet been surpassed as combining qualities acknowledged at all hands to be excellent, yet very rarely seen on canvas.

Wilkie's 'Gentle Shepherd' is here, that picture made memorable by the dog listening so critically to the shepherd's pipe. The head of the female figure was studied from that of Miss Wilkie. This was painted after Wilkie had abandoned the clear transparency of the Village-Fair series, and yielded to the seductions of asphaltum. There is also by him, 'The Original Sketch for the Penny Wedding'—a small essay on milled-board showing a left section of the picture, especially the fiddlers. *Apropos* of dogs—there is a white dog by Sir Edwin Landseer, called 'The Watchman,' and any white dog by Landseer, especially as an early work, which this is, suggests the remembrance of his own dog, Brutus, that stood for every white dog he painted in bygone years. But this study was made before the artist had accomplished the cunning surface by which he subsequently and now describes the skins and coats of animals. 'There's a Daisy' (*Hamlet*, act iv. scene 5), by O'Neill, differs in everything from his late works; it is so low in tone, that it might be approached on tiptoe to hear the persons present breathing in sighs and speaking in whispers. The king and queen look all the compassion which they ought to feel for poor Ophelia. The treatment is serious, as becomes the subject. Mr. O'Neill has resisted the temptation, too potent for many, of making the scene a vulgar pageant. From this we turn to its very antipodes, a combination of Etty and Linnell—praise be to both, but especially to one of them. Nobody doubts that there is a tide in the affairs of painters; nathless, it is impossible that art like this can ever be out of fashion. The picture is called 'Venus, with Woody Landscape.' The figure is set in a manner not according with the feeling of Etty, but no living contemporary could hope to realize such colour and surface. The background is a study of captivating harmonies, painted entirely with transparent colour. A background painted by Etty would have been loosely put together, and perhaps heavy and opaque. Nude figure painting is not now much in demand; nevertheless, its difficulties will always be the same, and those who excel in it will ever be accounted among the aristocracy of the art.

By Roberts there is a grand Egyptian subject, 'The Temple of Edfou,' which was painted for Mr. Hall Standish, of Duxbury Park, Lancashire. It was one of the Standish collection, bequeathed, it may be remembered, to King Louis Philippe. It remained in the Louvre until after the abdication of the king, when it was restored to his family, and sold with the Standish gallery in 1853. 'The Grape Seller,' and 'The Reaper,' are two single figures by Phillip: the former is a Spanish woman, presiding at her stall and inviting you to buy her fruit; the latter is, it may be, an English peasant girl, with a reaping-hook on her shoulder. The latter is a picture that Mr. Phillip might have painted years ago; but the Spanish subject he could have treated only after having visited Spain. In this he strongly suggests Sir Joshua, especially in the hand; and elsewhere reminds us of one Diego Velasquez. In comparison with other figures that have been painted by Phillip, this Spanish fruit-woman seems to have been rather built against the canvas than painted on it—a method well calculated to make all other flower and fruit sellers look thin, timid, and reserved, even her at Dulwich, by Murillo. Very different in everything from these works is 'The Catechism,' an earlier, and very careful picture, containing many figures, by the same hand—but painted fourteen years ago.

'Duke Frederick banishing Rosalind,' F. R. Pickersgill, is an instance of the negative principle in the compounding of pictures—that is, it shows how much more difficult it is to keep out, than to put in, accessory. There are but five figures in the picture—the duke, Celia, Rosalind, and two armed attendants of the first. The duke has pronounced the banishment of Rosalind, and Celia kneels before him and entreats,

> "Pronounce that sentence then on me, my liege;
> I cannot live out of her company."

The dresses are very plain; there are no theatrical properties, no scenic allusion, but the theme is treated as an undramatic reality, with reliance for its effect on its personal expression. With the most virtuous resolution, Mr. Pickersgill resists all the temptations of prettiness, and propounds to himself difficulties for the sake of showing how he can overcome them. Another picture by Mr. Pickersgill is entitled 'Pirates of the Mediterranean playing at dice for prisoners.' This is a chapter of the story of the "Brides of Venice." Here we see some of them in captivity; but the artist, in another picture, which has been exhibited, we think, in the Academy, has satisfied justice by showing the rescue of these ladies. Few artists could communicate to the subject the interest here given to it.

In 'George Stephenson at Darlington in 1823,' by A. Rankley, we find the great engineer teaching Mr. Pease's daughter embroidery. Stephenson is of course intended as the point of the picture, and the impersonation is very like him; but the other figure is not so like Edward Pease, whose hair in 1823 was not as grey as it is here, and whose coat was always brown, stockings always grey cotton, and whose shoes were surmounted with large buckles.

'Marie Antoinette in the Temple' is the picture by Elmore that represents the unfortunate Queen of France in the act of looking, as she did for hours, through a crevice in her door, to see the Dauphin when he passed. The subject is taken from the private memoirs of the Duchess d'Angoulême, and is as touching a passage as could be selected from the life of Marie Antoinette.

By Faed there is a small, but beautiful, picture, called 'Peace in a Cottage'—one of such a series of domestic combinations as would fill a prompt and prolific imagination after reading Burns' "Cottar's Saturday Night." To ordinary capacities, cottage life is exhausted; it is only occasionally that we see it invested with any new interest. Mr. Faed has so signalised himself in treatises of this kind, that one could almost regret he should be tempted by any false ambition, as others before him have been, to depart from themes which he understands so well. 'Venus and Cupid,' also by him, will, in some sort, exemplify what we mean—other artists are not wanting who could thus paint Cupids and Venuses, but the characteristics of this artist's cottage interiors and rustic figures are peculiar to himself.

By Müller, there is a small landscape, very like one of those he was accustomed to paint at Gillingham, or some other of his favourite haunts, not far from London. 'Coming Summer' is the title of a picture to which are appended three names—Creswick, Frith, and Cooper. It is a large landscape, wherein, although the sheep, and cows, and the figures are more perfect than we might expect from the hand of Mr. Creswick, yet the work declares immediately for him, and it is only after inspection that it is determinable as the production of three persons. It is a cheerful, bright, daylight picture, with a success in its warm, grey, filmy sky, such as we only see in Creswick's works. Every feature in it is English, and the happy, prosperous aspect of the country is that especially which he so naturally describes.

'Scheveling Pincks: drying Sails and Nets,' can only be by E. W. Cooke. These pincks are heavy Dutch fishing-boats, literally realized plank by plank and rope by rope. Scheveling, with its little church and sandy dunes, looks here much as Vandervelde painted it. Boats thus left high and dry are continually painted, but Mr. Cooke makes much more of these simple coast scenes than any one else. There is also by the same hand 'The Port of Venice from the Giardini Publichi, low water, Evening—painted on the spot,' a small picture, presenting the place immediately after sunset.

'Venus seeking Cupid in the Haunts of Diana,' by Frost, although small, is full of appropriate expression. Diana is almost as indignant at the approach of Venus as she was at the intrusion of Actæon. Mr. Frost is one

* Already public expectation is very high as to the merits of this great work, and we are fully impressed with a belief that it will not be disappointed. In the course of a month, probably, we shall be in a position to describe it, although it will not be exhibited until the commencement of the London season in March.

of the few who are not afraid of proclaiming themselves disciples of the old masters, but this acknowledgment is more apparent in 'The Dance,' another small picture kept low in tone to look old, and speaking to us of many men of eld, especially of Guido and Titian. Its author has been anxious exceedingly to make it look like a forgotten gem from some ancient palace in Bologna. Mr. Lejeune in his 'Golden Age' has also been consulting the old masters; his picture, composed of little naked boys, looks so like fresco as to convey the impression of having been sketched for a mural painting.

'A River Scene, Devon,' and 'A Landscape, Surrey,' by Creswick, a pair of small pictures intended as companions. The Surrey view is bright and warm enough for an Italian landscape, and the character of the scenery is more Italian than English, having much the appearance of some places on the Arno below Florence. In those smaller and earlier works of Mr. Creswick there is a higher tone of sentiment than in his larger pictures. This "Surrey" landscape is certainly one of the most charming views he has ever painted.

'The First Voyage' and 'The Return,' by the late Frank Stone, allude to the first salt-water experience of the all but infantine son of a French fisherman, whose *début* and its success are a point of absorbing interest to the female part of the assemblage. These were among the artist's last works. A picture called 'The Mill of Penbre Voiles,' introduces to us a name of an artist who seems to have withdrawn entirely from exhibitions—we mean Bright, here represented by a picture resembling very much those landscapes—Welsh and Highland—on which his reputation is based. He is here also as the author of 'An Old Mill at Bettws-y-Coed, North Wales.' We find also celebrated by Creswick 'An Old Mill, Bettws-y-Coed;' indeed every brick and stone of that place has been signalised again and again: even had not David Cox, in his visits to the place during forty-seven years, drawn and exhibited every nook of it, Bettws-y-Coed and its suburbs would have been quite as well known to us from other hands. 'Evening on the Medway,' W. A. Knell, describes a reddish-yellow threatening sunset with a breezy freshness that has in it a striking reality. By him there is also 'Deal, from the Downs,' and 'Morning, near Sheerness.'

'The Poppy' is a rustic study by Alexander Johnstone, a girl with a poppy in her hair: by him also there are 'Summer' and 'Winter.' 'Young England,' C. Baxter, is a small picture; a child's head distinguished by the best qualities of Mr. Baxter's brilliant manner, and 'Summer' is again impressed to do duty as title to a beautifully mellow little study of three cows, and, in like manner, in 'Winter' we have three sheep in the snow. One of the leading attractions of this gallery is the interesting series of pictures, 'The Seven Ages,' by G. Smith.

Of some other works we can only give the titles and the names of the painters; not that they are at all inferior to those already noticed, but because we have already exceeded our limit. These are—'Proteus and Julia,' F. R. Pickersgill; 'The Happy Days of Queen Henrietta Maria,' F. Goodall; 'The Bend of the River,' and 'Lowestoft,' J. W. Oakes; 'Rustic Courtship,' Poole; 'Jeannie Deans on her way to London,' T. Faed; 'Goats,' H. B. Willis; 'High Life,' G. Lance; 'Bonaparte at Nice,' E. M. Ward; 'River Scene,' Crome; 'One Minute to Six,' G. E. Hicks; 'Milan Cathedral,' Louis Haghe, &c.

Nearly the whole of these works are by living artists; and they may be more justly called a selection than a collection, as they exemplify the most estimable Art-characteristics of the painters whose names they bear.

PICTURE SALES.

It is rarely we are called upon to notice the sale of pictures by auction at this season of the year. The retirement of Mr. Thomas Agnew, of Manchester, from the firm of which he was long the senior partner, has, however, brought a collection of paintings and drawings into the market; they were sold, at Manchester on Nov. 5th, by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods.

As it was a well-known fact that Messrs. Agnew and Sons possessed a large and valuable collection of English paintings, a numerous attendance of buyers, and others interested in Art, was seen in the saleroom. The prices realized by the majority of the pictures were good, but not extravagantly great; they were what we shou'd consider fair and honest sums, not amounts forced up by wild competition. The most important works were—'The Sword of the Lord and of Gideon,' Marcus Stone, 95 gs. (Tattersall); 'A Venetian Water-carrier,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 75 gs. (Page); 'Autumn,' and 'Winter,' a pair, by J. Sant, A.R.A., 112 gs. (Fenton and Andrews); 'Venice,' E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., 170 gs. (Knowles); 'A Salmon Leap,' T. Creswick, R.A., £134 (Stewart); 'The Valentine,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 220 gs. (Fallows); 'La Rochelle,' C. Stanfield, R.A., cabinet size, 81 gs. (Holmes); 'Paestum,' D. Roberts, R.A., cabinet size, 104 gs. (Page); 'The Open Box,' B. McInnes, 50 gs. (Rhodes); 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel,' W. O. Kennedy, 82 gs. (Platt); 'The Famished Mariner,' F. Danby, A.R.A., 225 gs. (Platt); 'View in Surrey,' T. Creswick, R.A., the figures by F. Goodall, A.R.A., 230 gs. (Buckley); 'A Young Gondolier nursing a Child,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 166 gs. (Ashton); 'A Watering Place,' J. Linnell, 255 gs. (Platt); 'The First Pair of Shoes,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 176 gs. (Page); 'Lear Recovering at the Sound of Cordelia's Voice,' C. W. Cope, R.A., 288 gs. (Holmes); 'The Beach at Hastings,' Sir A. W. Callcott, R.A., formerly in the Redleaf Collection, 145 gs. (Knowles); 'Winter Landscape,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 160 gs. (Holmes); 'Halt at a Well in Brittany,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 186 gs. (Holmes); 'Lighting a Pipe,' T. Webster, R.A., cabinet size, 71 gs. (Ashton); 'The Woods at Alderley, Cheshire—Winter time,' 68 gs. (Tattersall); 'The New Sign,' T. Webster, R.A., 490 gs. (Westcall); 'The First-born,' T. Faed, A.R.A., 139 gs. (Holmes); 'Bed-time,' W. P. Frith, R.A., 110 gs. (Page); 'Beggar-boy at Venice,' F. Goodall, A.R.A., 100 gs. (Grundy); 'Woodcutters,' J. Linnell, 250*l.* (Holmes); 'Going to Donnybrook Fair,' E. Nicol, R.S.A., 51 gs. (Pritchard); 'Leith Hill, Surrey—Sunset,' J. Linnell, 351 gs. (Westcott); 'An Evening at Whitehall—Time of Charles II.,' E. M. Ward, R.A., 270*l.* (Holmes); 'Cromwell at Prayer in his Tent the Evening before the Battle of Naseby,' A. L. Egg, A.R.A., 400 gs. (Jones); 'The Dance of the Muses,' F. Danby, A.R.A., 350 gs. (Mackinlay); 'The Improvisatore,' W. Müller, 85 gs. (Mackinlay); 'The Derby Day,' W. P. Frith, R.A., the original sketch for the large picture, 500 gs. (Morby); 'The River Trent,' F. Creswick, R.A., the picture exhibited this year at the Academy, 530*l.* (Holmes); 'A Summer Afternoon in Kent,' T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., 360 gs. (Cole); 'The Two Extremes—the Real and Ideal,' H. O'Neil, A.R.A., 50 gs. (Crofts); 'George Herbert at Bemerton,' W. Dyce, R.A., 710 gs. (Jones); 'Kate Kearney,' C. Baxter, 75 gs. (Lloyd).

Among the water-colour pictures were—'A Halt by the Stile' and 'Cottages at Hambledon, Surrey,' Birket Foster, 132*l.* (Smith); 'Feeding the Bird,' Birket Foster, 69*l.* (Page); 'Mosque at Cordova' and 'The Library at Abbotsford,' D. Roberts, 99*l.*; 'The Rustic Toilette,' P. F. Poole, R.A., 74*l.*; 'Beddgelert,' two drawings with this title, D. Cox, 67*l.*; 'Chancel of the Church of St. Paul, Antwerp,' S. Read, 74*l.*; 'The Warning,' G. Cattermole, 94*l.*; 'Classical Landscape, with Buildings,' G. Barrett, 236*l.* (Westcott); 'The Soldier's Story,' J. J. Jenkins, 136*l.*; 'The Holy Well,' F. W. Topham, 150*l.*; 'The Village Smithy,' W. Hunt, 94*l.* (Knowles); 'Sunset,' G. Barrett, 84*l.* (Knowles); 'The Village Sign-Painter,' A. Fraser, from the Northwick Collection, 148*l.*; 'Eyes to the Blind,' W. Gale, 110*l.* (Isaacs); 'Titania,' C. R. Leslie, R.A., 94*l.* (Holmes); 'Father's Pets,' F. D. Hardy, 162*l.* (Holmes); 'Lost in the Woods,' R. Redgrave, R.A., 136*l.* (Radcliffe). The set of seven original drawings, by Holloway, from Raffaelle's Cartoons at Hampton Palace, made for the well-known engravings, realized 158*l.*

Mr. Bell's group in marble, of 'The Babes in the Wood,' engraved in the *Art-Journal* for 1853, was sold to Mr. Jones for 300 guineas. The total amount realized by the sale of the paintings and drawings was 15,500*l.*

THE MEMORIAL MONUMENT OF THE GREAT EXHIBITION OF 1851.

As this fine work advances towards completion, it assumes an importance in Art quite in keeping with the interest which surrounds it as the monument of a great international event. In the erection of most of our great public monuments, we have too often had to lament either the insignificance, not to say paltriness, of the general design, or the unsuitability of the site; in one glaring instance, as a great statesman remarked, we threw away the finest site in Europe. Although this monument does not occupy the spot which the Great Exhibition has for ever made sacred—a spot which ought not to be left to vague traditions alone—yet it is due to the sculptor, Mr. Joseph Durham, to say that his work is admirably well worthy to have taken this famous ground, by its noble aim and elevated style, its expressive suitability and completeness, as a monument illustrating a great national event; and from its intrinsic merits as a work of Art, it would have conferred a striking ornament upon the park. To say that it ought to have stood upon this spot is only to express the universal feeling of all who desire to mark the era of international exhibitions, and to confess the national failing which has led so often to the ruining of the grandest opportunities. However devoutly to be wished that this noble monument should stand on absolutely national ground, this was a consummation not to be; and therefore we must regard the present site as the next best. In the new Horticultural Gardens it has advantages of position such as have very rarely been at the disposal of any sculptor; and the coming Great Exhibition, inaugurating the locality as the arena for future exhibitors, gives meaning and interest to the monument. It stands on the higher ground of the gardens, to which the arcades and terraces converge, and, as it were, lead up to the monument which is the principal object. A good background is afforded by the trees, and the architectural character of the *loggie*, with the picturesque arrangement of the terraces, ornamented with statues and vases, assist in giving great effect to the monument. Mr. Durham's work possesses very fine architectural features, and in this respect especially it exhibits a decided advance beyond the monumental art of our sculptors generally. It is not enough that a sculptor should be master of the plastic art; if he is to undertake great monuments, he must, like the great men of past times, be architect as well.*

It is difficult to give a precise idea of the architectural form of the monument. Prominent features in it will be the pairs of fine, polished, granite columns, which stand at the angles; and colour will also be obtained by the slabs of granite which fill the curved recesses between these, and which are intended to bear inscriptions referring to the Exhibition. At each

* The statue of the Queen has been more than once placed in the position, and at the exact height, it is destined to occupy, in order that the artist might be the better able to study its effect. The result has been several alterations, which could not be other than improvements.

angular face below the columns, Mr. Durham has most happily introduced medallions of the prize medals awarded to the exhibitors.

The general effect of the structure will also be immensely improved by the fountains, or rather waterfalls, which will rise at its base, and flow out in a stream, suggestive of the spreading influence of education and the culture of the Arts. In each of the spaces between the columns at the angles is a seated female figure, draped, personifying the four quarters of the earth.

EUROPE is represented as a matron wearing a mural crown; she has the air of satisfied and dignified repose, holding in her hand a sheathed sword, the belt of which is bound round with laurel, as emblematical of victories gained and peace to be enjoyed. The other arm rests upon a rudder, and in the hand is a wreath of oak.

AMERICA is a contrasting figure to this: she is represented as the most youthful, and has a certain expression of energy and determination that gives her the look of a young Britannia. Her head is wreathed with the rice ears, and in front is a star. She leans on the axe as the first implement of culture, and holds in her hand a branch of the cotton plant; at her feet lie the rude weapons of the savage.

ASIA is a very picturesque figure; the wealth and luxury of the land are shown in the rich ornaments of jewels and pearls in the head-dress, and the mantle of cashmere and silk which forms the drapery.

AFRICA is most tastefully represented according to the most exalted type, not as the debased negro. She looks forward to the future improvements in store for her, though with something of the listless air peculiar to the people. The necklace of cowries serves to give character to the figure.

These statues, which are eight-feet figures, will be cast by the galvano-plastic process, at Messrs. Elkington's works, Birmingham.

The principal statue which surmounts the monument represents Her Majesty the Queen with the attributes of peace and sovereignty. This statue is of heroic proportions, being nine feet high, and is altogether an extremely noble and graceful work; sufficiently resembling the Queen to make the intention understood at once, and yet the treatment of the head and figure is necessarily so far idealised as to comport with the whole composition. In the right hand is held the olive branch, passively inclined to the side; the left hand holds a regal staff bearing a dove upon a globe, as in the royal sceptre. The drapery, which is in the antique style, is admirably arranged, and shows a perfect knowledge of the importance of combining simplicity with grandeur, and a good general contour from every point of view. The details of the work have also received minute consideration: the borders of the tunic and robe are worked with the rose, shamrock, and thistle; and the ornament worn round the neck is an ancient British torque, with a pendant lion's head. This will, like other parts of the ornamental work upon the figures, be gilt, and possibly colour in enamel will be employed in heightening the effect. The dove on the sceptre is to be cast in the newly-introduced metal, aluminium; and the globe is to be of crystal. These will form very striking innovations, and we have little doubt will be very generally admired, as they will be entirely in keeping with the bronze of the statues.

The monument will certainly be completed in time for the great International display of next year; though not, perhaps, for the opening on the 1st of May. Among the many great works that will win admiration from sculptors of all parts of the world this will, we feel assured, be one of the best—honourable to England and to the accomplished artist who has produced it.

MANCHESTER ROYAL INSTITUTION.

EXHIBITION OF PICTURES AND SCULPTURE.

IF it could only be known what a vast majority of our painters paint (and paint well, too), without knowledge,—work on from year to year, with huge applause and much profit, yet absolutely in total darkness as to the central principles of their Art,—the public would be very lenient to critics, who, for the most part, may be excused for knowing even less. Is it less, however, that they know? Let us see. We leave out exceptional, very exceptional, cases, of philosophical artists. The ordinary painter, one of the vast majority, draws respectably (only); has some knowledge of the mere obvious conditions of light and shadow, and of colours; if he paints a historical subject, will *hunt up*, at great peril of error, such facts of costume, furniture, and architecture, and other such subordinate portions of his projected work, and with this make a very passable hash of artistic material. But does he actually know really one of these matters to its depths? Does he not rather make a chance scramble, and if lucky, why lucky; if not, not?

This, however, cannot be the whole body of Art! All this, as it appears to us, is the merest alphabet, to which we would add nine-tenths of what is called pre-Raffaelitism, which is the mere alphabet of imitation. Light and shade, perspective, colour, drawing, imitation, are kindly handmaidens, ever ready, at the solicitation of genius, to come and lend their mechanical aids to his attuned fancy and chastened imagination; and without this attuned fancy and chastened imagination, the making of pictures appears to us a most diabolical waste of time, and a most pestilent cheat upon a very easy and too good-natured public. In some way artists should be essentially gentlemen, readers, deep thinkers, and in some sort men of science. Not a dot or scrap of their pictures should be without its use, beauty, and justification. Under these circumstances, however it may be presented, as to manner it will always satisfy. The Manchester Exhibition more than confirms these views; it brings them so clearly before us, that we hasten to disburden our minds of them, and proceed to notice some of the prominent pictures.

We follow the order of the catalogue, giving, of course, but a very general notice of a few of the works out of a collection numbering 984 productions. In No. 5 we revive our recollection of one of Smallfield's best painted little works; and in that of Mrs. Bridell, No. 10, a glorious production of the most rising lady artist of the day. Duffield's 'Game and Fruit' (13) is full of dashing execution with mellow colours, lacking cool hues, as we venture to suggest. Mr. Maw Egley's 'Just as the Twig is bent so is the Tree inclined' (14), is an obtrusive production, rudely outlined, and totally deficient in textural differences. H. W. Phillips has (34) a very dignified and thoughtful portrait. 38, T. Bough, 'Dunkirque,' gives us a miraculous series of passages of quite necromantic execution. We fancy we see him in his painting room, as the elder Dumas was once given in the *Charivari*, with pens in each hand, three or four, the same between his toes, in his ears, and between his teeth, writing his countless works all at once! So we imagine Bough, brushes everywhere, with canvasses all round, dancing a sort of war (paint) dance, and producing the contents of half a gallery during a day. I wonder what sort of a work we should get if he were bound, by heavy penalties, to produce only one picture in six months? It is scarcely necessary for us to give any detailed notice of the 'Phædra and Cymochles' (50) of Etty. Every one who watched the career of this great colourist—and in this, among many instances, great draughtsman—will be prepared to admit with us that this is one of his very noblest productions. It is a work that should be retained by the nation, as a point in a school, from which to date the development of almost every great Art quality. We especially commend to notice a portrait by Ercole (51), as at once elegant in arrangement and very felicitous in every way. Berchere's 'Temple of Hermonthis' (56) is a very noticeable instance of force and felicity of composition, in a subject that would have scared half the landscape painters in Europe: in colour it is as fine as in treatment of lines. Cooke's picture of Venice (No. 64) is as faithful as ever, but wanting in point and energy. Mr. Watson's two morsels (Nos. 80 and 81) will well repay observation; and Mr. Hulme's 'Rick Building' (87) is so much in advance of his usual works, as to cause a surprise. Its simplicity and unaffectedness commend it to immediate examination, which is repaid by great delicacy of execution, and great elegance of handling and drawing. 91, 'The Bounty of Nature,' by Hamer, though hung high, has much novelty of arrangement, and evident force and refinement of execution. Mr. Hayes shows unavoidable power in his 'In Memoriam' (92), which has not only forceful imitations of nature, but considerable appropriateness of treatment. It is almost needless to state that Miss Mutrie's 'Hyacinths' (94) are perfect. The artist is entering another sphere of intellectual development; she not only paints the beauties of the floral world, but she is now adding many subtle elements of light and shade, and colour. There are many very beautiful evidences in these rooms of the dawning powers of the sisters (we believe) Cruikshank. We shall have no space to particularise these, but may adduce No. 99 as a very characteristic indication of the presence of power likely to grow to a distinguished maturity. The compound production of Messrs. Goldie and Brewer, denominated 'Elaine' (102), is a singular blunder, and we wonder upon what principle it obtained so excellent a position. We have before said all we need say about Mr. O'Neil's 'Leaving the Docks' (108). Notwithstanding many graver faults of composition, and many doubtful or unintelligible aspects of expression, the work has quite enough merit and power to command a most ready and willing sympathy. We rejoice to say that the hangers have done full justice to its undoubted merits. Mr. Dillon's 'Fletschorn' (114) looks vacant, and, especially in the foreground, is peculiarly uninteresting. The charge of emptiness so far as material is concerned will be obvious enough. This charge is equally true, in so far as the higher reaches of thought and truth are concerned. Mr. Brodie, in 'Lord Ullin's Daughter' (129), steps out from the commonplace and the trivial, to the noble and dramatic. We were not prepared for this. Admitting at all times, and most willingly, the presence of considerable power in this rising artist, we now as willingly, and with infinite pleasure, concede capabilities of the very highest order. Hargett has from time to time exhibited works of much promise; we have another in his 'Spring Time' (137). There is considerable force in V. Coles' 'Corn-field,' (166); and more than force, a great power, in Koekkoek's 'Storm' (167). A very singular and most uninteresting work is Mr. Yeames's 'Loretto,' allied with some achievements in light and shade, and colour. Whaite's 'Leaf from the Book of Nature,' is the truest landscape in the exhibition, that is, in the sense of thorough belief in nature, and great hardihood in imitating her minutest particulars. We doubt, however, whether such nature, so treated, provokes any feeling beyond a lazy curiosity. Surely nature has emotions as well as facts,—why not both in Art? There is much elegance, and considerable textural cleverness in 174, 175, and 176,—three small compositions by the Misses Shepherd. These names are quite unfamiliar to us in Art, but there is promise enough, and shortcoming enough, to induce us to say emphatically—go on! They will do well to remember that compositions of still life should be in every way based upon the truest and noblest combinations of lines, forms, and hues. We do not know more than two artists in England whose feeling for composition is instinctively or philosophically right.

There are but few works in the "Second Room" calling for detailed notice. Mr. Wyld's 'Rotterdam' (214) is flat, and wears a faded look. There wants more subtlety in the colour of the light. The gem of the room is Solomon's 'Le Malade Imaginaire' (226), which is in every way a most brilliant piece of work,—full of nice individual shades of character and expression, and these given with marvellous drawing, colour, and execution. 'The Convenient Nap' (232), Garland, is an utter failure. There are indications of good colour, and some cleverness of arrangement, but the figures are so utterly uninteresting, that it is impossible to get up a sympathy for the main incident, which, if given with a higher ideal, would have been sure to have been attractive. 'Girl Reading' (233) is by far the best work we

have ever seen from Mr. Du Val. It is eminently original in design and in colour, and indicates the presence of a latent strength that the artist would do well for his own fame to develop. There is much comic power in Hall's 'The Toilet' (236); the girl's face is remarkable for its truth and comic force. Mr. Sidley's portrait of the 'Dean of Manchester' (237) lacks the central element of the Dean's character—quiet and scholarly humour. There is much simple truth in Hayller's 'Country Lad' (246), and much more than mere truth in Percy's 'Miss Charlotte Hurst and her Pony' (274), which adds to our long-settled impression that the artist has very great and original power. Lambinet's 'River de Veules' (287), is a large landscape made up of very commonplace trees, for the most part, but treated with such force and skill that all rests upon the mind with satisfaction. Webb's 'Early to Bed' (305), which is simply fowls roosting, is a very wonderful piece of detail, all well subordinated to a broad and happy effect. Armstrong's 'Street Scene in Manchester' will well repay observation, although the colour is strangely dirty and monotonous. High quality of colour is compatible with the simplest tertiary hues. Raven's 'Cherry Blossoms' (324), are treated with great delicacy and originality. There is much very forcible painting and energy of drawing in Osborn's 'Escape of Lord Nithisdale from the Tower of London;' some of the colour is a little vulgar in its contrasts, but as a whole the work is eminently successful. The same may be said of Douglas's 'Summons to the Secret Tribunal,' with this important addition, that the colour is admirable, and the dramatic element pre-eminently noble.

The water-colour room, a third room, does not contain much of very high order: still, the following works have decided excellence, and will well repay examination. 383, 'Leven's Bridge, Westmoreland,' Mitchell. This is a really grand work, though the highest element of its grandeur is somewhat injured by a want of repose. The lights are too numerous and too exciting. 396, 'Sheep and Cows,' Cooper; good, though somewhat thinly painted. 405, 'The Sheep Fold,' Hancock, is excellent in colour. 117, 'Dove Bridge,' Hull; a drawing of great breadth and power, injured very much by the group of indifferently coloured cows. 418, 'Portraits by Brodie,' altogether admirable. Poole's 'Girl at a Spring' (424), though rather tame, has some admirable drawing and exquisite feeling in it. 428, 'Pen and Pencil Sketches,' Brookes, gives us an insight into much that is lovely in design, expression, and feeling. Cattermole's 'Warning Voice' (431), with much good colour, is strongly deficient in variety of arrangement. It has a perverse look of multiplication of vertical lines. Duncan's 'Storm' (438) is very powerful; and Shield's 'Squinting Dick' is a marvellous indication of diversified power. There is much minute observation, coupled with true breadth, in Redfern's 'Old Barn' (441). Newton's two drawings, 455 and 535, 'Views of Menton,' contain much patient drawing and elaboration of detail, allied to a perfectly prismatic development of colour. Wild's 'Tuileries' and 'Luxembourg' (461 and 483) are not quite up to the mark, though there is much skill shown in the arrangement of the former. 473, 'Bridge of Sighs,' Werner, is a very powerful, suggestive, and grand drawing; the colour is truly wonderful. Mrs. Murray has, in 490, 'Pifferari,' exhibited great force and skill. The principal figure is very nobly executed. Corbould has a good drawing in 525, in which the depth and gravity of the light and shade is truly wonderful. There are two good architectural drawings in this room, Nos. 551 and 562, both showing—the one in a private mansion, the other in a public building—a true tendency in Gothic taste.

There are but few works in the corridor demanding notice. The following may, however, be profitably looked at—608, 609, 640. In the Gallery we can only, in passing, give a few numbers, referring our readers to the catalogue; but the following may be enumerated—687, 694, 705, 713.

Our space is so nearly exhausted that we can only refer to the apartment designated "Foreign School" in the most general manner. We lament this the less, because this portion of the Exhibition is so inferior to that of last year, that it is a moot-point whether the council may not properly abandon it altogether.

ART IN SCOTLAND AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—The Scottish National Gallery is, we have heard, about to receive a considerable addition in the form of twenty pictures bequeathed to it by Lady Murray, relict of the late Lord Murray. Among these paintings are three by Greuze, and one, said to be a fine picture, by Reynolds.—An Industrial Museum on a large scale is being erected: the Prince Consort, on his recent return from Balmoral, laid the foundation-stone of the building, which is the joint design of Captain Fowke, R.E.—who, by the way, seems as if he were about to supersede the professional architects in the erection of public edifices—and Mr. B. Matheson, architect to the Royal Commissioners of Works in Scotland.

BATH.—The annual distribution of the prizes to the pupils of the Bath School of Art took place, in the Guildhall of the city, on October 19th. The financial condition of the school may be learned from the observations made by one of the speakers during the evening. The Rev. E. D. Tinling said:—"This school was established in 1854, and though large expenses were incurred in opening it, and providing furniture, desks, tables, stools, &c., as well as models and casts, it had never received from the city of Bath a sum equal to £100. In 1854, something like £56 was given, and since that period certainly not more than £30 had been subscribed by the citizens; nor had they been asked to give—therefore he thought it was not going too far to state that the school had been wholly and entirely self-supporting. The fees of the students had been sufficient to pay the expenditure until the year 1861, when, from their school being closed for a period, as also from other circumstances over which the committee had no control, an excess of expenditure over income was made, amounting in August last to £70. The committee had, as far as their judgment, only two courses to adopt—one was to pay the debt out of thir own pockets, and the other was to make an appeal to their fellow-citizens."

COVENTRY.—The seventeenth annual meeting of the Coventry School of Art took place last month, when Lord Leigh occupied the chair. We gather from the report submitted to the meeting, that there has been a small decrease in the number of pupils, arising, it is justly alleged, from the badness of trade in this district. As a consequence, the fees received from the students have decreased; those from the central school in the largest proportion, and the accounts still exhibit a very considerable balance against the institution. With regard to the progress made towards the erection of new schools, the building committee report that the whole of the preliminary steps are completed, the plans have been approved by the Committee of Council on Education, and a tender, amounting to £2,135, has been accepted: the whole estimate, including site, fixtures of every kind, and sundries, is set down at £3,000, of which about two-thirds have been subscribed: when the amount reaches £2,300, the building will be commenced. It was stated at the meeting, that as soon as the £3,000 have been subscribed, it is the intention of Mr. S. Carter, jun., solicitor to the London and North-Western Railway Company, who is a native of Coventry, to contribute the munificent sum of £500 for the benefit of the school.

MANCHESTER.—Mr. Foley, R.A., has, we hear, accepted a commission for a statue of the late Mr. John Fielden, M.P., the zealous and successful advocate for reducing the hours of labour in factories. It is to be of bronze, and will be erected at Todmorden, near Manchester, the birthplace and residence of Mr. Fielden.

TAUNTON.—Mr. A. Mills, M.P., presided over the fifth annual meeting, held October 31st, of the friends and pupils of the Taunton School of Art, who had assembled to hear the report for the past sessional year. From the statement given in this document, it appears that the school fully sustains its character for efficiency and utility. The number of pupils, attending either in the morning or evening, has been about 150: but to these must be added 430, including 230 in Wellington, of the children of the working classes who receive from the institution instruction and training in elementary drawing. The number of medals awarded at the last government inspection was 23.

EXETER.—A statue of Sir Thomas Dyke Acland, of Killerton Park, near Exeter, has recently been erected on one of the plateaux of Northernhay in that city, as "a tribute of affectionate respect," as the inscription on the pedestal reads, "for private worth and public integrity, and in testimony of admiration for the generous heart and open hand which, without regard to party, race, or creed, have been ever ready to protect the weak, to relieve the needy, and succour the oppressed." The sculptor of the statue is Mr. E. B. Stephens; it was erected by public subscription, chiefly amongst the inhabitants of the county of Devon, where the influence of the venerable baronet is great, and right worthily exercised, as this testimonial bears witness. It is rare to see such a compliment paid to one still living, except in the case where great public services by land or sea have been rendered.

SANDY.—The chancel of the small village church of Sandy, in Bedfordshire, near which the late Sir William Peel had a mansion, possesses now a fine statue, in white marble, of this gallant and lamented young officer, who is represented in uniform, and in the act of drawing his sword. The statue, which is by Mr. Theed, is full life-size, and stands on a pedestal of veined marble, whereon an appropriate inscription is placed.

ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

PARIS.—Several friends of Art, of which M. Ingres is the foremost, have met to discuss the possibility of executing a *replica* of the Parthenon on the heights of Montmartre, built, like the original, entirely in pure marble, the expenses to be defrayed by a national subscription. This would be a noble crowning of the Paris improvements.—The French academy has at present four proprietorships vacant, that of Literature, recently filled by M. Scribe; Mineralogy, by M. Berthier; Painting, by Abel de Pujol, and Sciences, by M. Greterin.

ROME.—Accounts have reached us, through the French papers, of a terrific storm, which has recently visited Rome, doing great damage to many of the public and private buildings in the city. The Vatican seems to have sustained a pitiless pelting of hail and rain, from which it was feared the *Loggia*, by Raffaelle, and the frescoes, by Giulio Romano, would receive damage: happily this has not been the case. The Tiber rose and inundated the surrounding country, causing great loss of cattle, and, it is also said, of individuals.

LYONS.—The Chamber of Commerce of this large industrial city has caused to be erected, in the cemetery of Oulins, near Lyons, a monument over the grave of Jacquard, the inventor of the celebrated weaving-loom. The monument consists of a white marble tomb, raised several steps above the ground, and sculptured with a bas-relief representing the city of Lyons crowning Jacquard's bust. The name of the inventor is inscribed over the design in gold letters.

PLENTY.

(THE PRINCESS LOUISE.)

FROM THE STATUE BY MRS. THORNYCROFT.

THIS is a companion work of the statue of 'Peace, the Princess Helena,' engraved in our last number. Assuming, though such is not always the case, that plenty follows in the train of peace, the sculptor has given to the young royal lady the symbols or attributes of the time of harvesting and fruit-gathering, as indicative of abundance, typifying barns filled with golden grain, and the wine-press with the produce of the orchard and the vineyard. She holds in her hands a cornucopia of ripe fruit; at her feet are some ears of wheat.

There is an appropriate distinction in the treatment of the two figures, as we read each respectively. 'Peace' stands in an attitude of rest; the lines of the drapery, as well as the position of the limbs, indicate repose: 'Plenty' is in motion; she is carrying home the gathered fruit, the bared arm shows her to have been at work, and the robe hangs loosely on the person, as if disarranged by labour, yet there is no carelessness in the disposition of the garment, it is modelled with a due regard to richness of effect, though had the uppermost folds been a little less strongly marked than they are, it would have improved its general appearance.

Independently of the interest these works cannot fail to excite as pleasing examples of sculptured Art, they must be welcome as portraits, and faithful ones too, of children of the most popular monarch in Christendom, our own most gracious and deservedly loved Queen. Politics are, happily, excluded from the columns of our journal, and we have no desire to enter their arena, but we may be allowed to say there is no true Englishman or woman who does not desire that our Queen may long be preserved to us and her children.



THE

ORIGIN AND NOMENCLATURE OF PLAYING CARDS.

BY DR. WILLIAM BELL.

CHAP. V.

Omnia Mercurio similis vocemque coloremque.

It may be some alleviation to the theories of origin and names, to see how curiously some of our present games and names of cards have arisen from more ancient games. We have already given the sources of Lansquenet. The old game of Tarot will be more fruitful. The plates introduced now are from the pack of the Count Court de Gebelin, which have been copied by most authors who have treated on cards, from his "Monde Primitif."

Fig. 1, "*L'Empereur*," is the figure with which he commences; and the title and pre-eminence assigned to it, with the eagle as a cognisance, would not be one of the weakest arguments for a German original: but that it can only be a German emperor, the



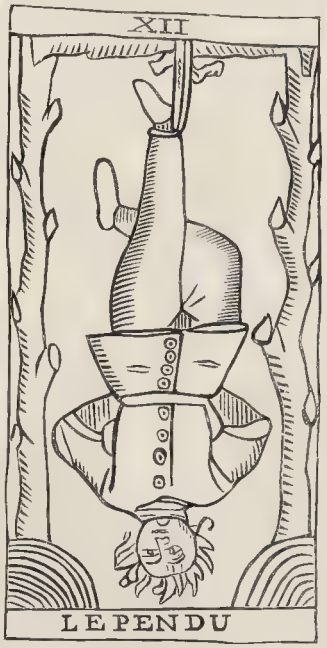
No. 1.

singular cross-legged posture of the lower limbs abundantly proves. It would lead us too far to examine whence originated this curious position for the highest executive civil power then known. We must ascend to the East, and show the cross-legged deities which were received by the Persians in their worship of Mithras, who is always attended by two cross-legged divine satellites, and descend to the first Saxon legislation, where, in the earliest examples of the "*Sachsen Spiegel*" (*Chronicon Saxonicum picturatum*), we have frequent coeval illustrations of the mode of dragging or arraigning a criminal before a judge or emperor, who is always represented in this awkward attitude. It was, in fact, the official position, without which no sentence or adjudication was possible—to prove which, I must be allowed to quote two passages of very ancient German law, which I find in the elaborate "Deutsche Rechtalterthumer" of Jacob Grimm, p. 763, speaking of the judges of Kärnthen (Carinthia), "der selb soll ain pain auf daz ander legen" (the same shall lay one leg upon another); and still more exactly in the old code of laws of the town of Soest, in Westphalia, "es soll der Richter auf seinem



No. 2.

Richterstühl sitzen als ein greisgrimmiger Löwe, den rechten Füss über den linken schlegen und



No. 3.

wenn er aus der Sache nicht recht könne urtheilen soll er dieselbe hundert drei und zwanzig mal über schlagen" (the judge shall sit upon his judgment seat like a grey, gruff lion, the right leg laid over the left, and when he cannot come to a decision, he shall turn them over one hundred and twenty-three times).

From this example of our Saxon ancestors, and the influence of their laws and customs on our legislation, it was scarcely possible that this practice should not have been introduced into our own country. We might exhibit many instances of the practice. One or two of the most striking may suffice. In MS. Harleian, 920, is an account of the coronation of Edward I., anno 1272. On an ornamented initial letter, we have the king receiving the crown from an archbishop—therefore in the highest solemnity—seated in this uncomfortable attitude. In the initial letter of the grant of Guienne and Aquitaine, by Edward III. to his son the Black Prince, the dignity of the king as suzerain and supreme judge is marked by the crossing of his legs: this position of so many of the figures on the fronts of Wells and Exeter Cathedrals, which have puzzled Mr. Cockerill and others, will easily explain their intent as a challenge of high, if not of supreme judicature; and as such privileges are soon infringed, lords of



No. 1.

manors with various and descending courts would make the same pretensions to the dignity of a cross-legged position as their superiors. Hence, therefore, the numerous recumbent figures on our sepulchral monuments, so almost exclusively English, must be divested of any reference to a crusade either undertaken or vowed; and the Knights of the Temple must not necessarily be taken as Templars in a mediæval sense, which has been indeed shown from other considerations. The idea dates perhaps no higher than the industrious Stowe, and it is not impossible that an unavowed wish to raise his earliest occupation into something like repute, may have first given rise to the thought.

The next figure we adduce from De Gebelin's pack, is one that we should little expect to find from any strict Roman Catholic source, as in it is embodied the belief of a female pope—our Protestant Pope Joan (Fig. 2), "*La Papesse*." That our present game of Pope Joan takes its origin from, and perpetuates, this belief, there can be very little doubt, for we find subsequent figures also copied into this game from the same pack. Why the lady is superseded by the nine of Diamonds, and this again is designated as the curse of Scotland, has given rise to a multitude of conjectures, which will

be found, some of them excessively absurd, in Chatto's work (p. 266). If one may be ventured in addition, it is that the nine of Diamonds is the best card representative of the cross saltire, or that of St. Andrew, the popish tutelary of the kingdom, and, as well as the Scottish bane, would serve as a decent mask where the lady herself might have been too obnoxious. The belief in this



No. 5.

unpleasing episode in papal history, took its rise in Germany, and its continuance on an Italian or French pack, is another proof that the country that propagated the story formed the picture. De Gebelin, however, as a good Catholic, helps himself in accounting for it in a more orthodox manner. He finds in his pack the preceding figure (No. 3), "*Le Pendu:*" a young man hanging by the heels;



No. 6.

and in the elaborate set, supposed to be Gringonneur's, made for Charles VI., given by La Société des Bibliophiles Français, in Jeux de Carts Tarots, pl. 15, the headlong position is more fearful, and he bears in each hand a money-bag, from the mouth of each of which a coin just appears. But this is not in the original cut, and possibly has reference to the Spanish suit of *dineiros*—an idea which would gain some support from the first plate representing Le Fou or Le Mat in a cap with asses' ears, and a Vandyke cape displaying a string of fourteen such *dineiros*. We have this figure in the pack attributed to Mantegna, in the Print Room of the British



No. 7.

Museum: it is No. xii., both in Breitkopf's and Singer's copies, all, as I have before stated, from Court de Gebelin's original xii.,—the preceding figure (No. 4), in exact facsimile, which, it will be observed, although fastened by the leg, still pre-



No. 8.

serves an upright position. These and the preceding copies seem all to have originated from having been turned upside down, thus increasing the painfulness of the position. But even simple captivity was sufficient for De Gebelin's views. His



No. 9.

description of the card ("Dissertations mêlées," tom. i. p. 172) is the following:—"No. xii., La Prudence est du nombre des quatre vertus cardinales: les Egyptiens purent ils l'oublier dans cette peinture de la vie humaine? Cependant, on ne la trouve pas dans ce jeu. On voit à ses places *un homme pendu par les pieds:* mais que fait lá le pendu? C'est l'ouvrage d'un malheureux cartier présomptueux qui ne comprenant pas la beauté de l'allégorie renfermée sous ce tableau, a pris sur lui de la corriger, et par là même de la desfigurer entièrement." He then supposes that Prudence must have been intended, and that being figured with one



No. 10.

foot cautiously advanced before the other, which had been expressed in a Latin title as "*pede suspenso*," the ignorant card-maker had thence taken occasion to draw the figure of a man tied by the leg. He continues: "Puis on a demandé pourquoi un pendu dans ce jeu? et on n'a manqué de dire, *c'est la*



No. 11.

juste punition de l'inventeur du jeu pour y avoir représenté une Papesse."

This horror of a female pope still haunts all strenuous believers, like the above author, in the Roman Catholic tenets. As most of them know that by our constitution the sovereign is at the head of our church, and that our present sovereign, her most gracious Majesty, is a female, the greatest

reproach they believe they can bring against our Protestant faith, as I have experienced in Elsass, is that we have a female pope.

Leaving, however, De Gebelin and his opinions on this card, it certainly seems possible through it to answer a question on cards in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1791, p. 141—*Why is the Knave of Spades called Ned Stokes?* The "*pede capto*" gave to De Gebelin what he conceived a satisfactory solution of his difficulty, and I can use it equally satisfactorily to myself here. Supposing Ned Stokes to be an easy blunder for *Ned i' th' Stocks*, the young man must necessarily be the knave or valet; and the name of *Ned*, in an unlimited choice of Christian appellatives, may have come uppermost to the mind of any one who heard that the figure was *Headward*, when either the speaker or hearer may, by dropping his aspirate, have got no farther than *Edward*, familiarised into *Ned*. May not, too, the familiar term used in Cribbage, when the knave is turned up by the dealer as "two for his heels," have been a playful recollection, and something like an indemnity for the suffering from heels turned up in the way in which this figure gives them? It is surmised by Mr. H. G. Bohn, that the other premium in this game, when the knave of the suit turned up, gets "one for his nob," may be by antithesis of nob, heels; but as a knavish reward, the



No. 12.

turnip, or Nip himself, may have been equally suggestive.

In the same vol., p. 16, of the *Gentleman's Magazine*, another query is given as to the origin of a second popular denomination for another event, at Whist, which, as unsuitable to modern delicacy, can only be referred to, but may possibly find a solution when we come to touch upon suits of round cards, with "*dent-de-lion*" (dandelion), as one of the suits.

To many these coincidences may appear trifling and unworthy of notice, but in the investigation of cards based upon the cheatery of gipsies and the jokes fathered upon their use, we cannot avoid listening to and remarking the rough pleasantry.

Card general nomenclature seems based on and fitted for deception: we have success measured by *tricks;* a *deal* is certainly nothing but a division, perhaps of the booty as well as of the cards, and comes from the plat Deutsch *deel*, in high German *theilen;* but the best of three such divisions gained by such tricks is a rub—heavy enough, no doubt, to the uninitiated.

The very name of gipsy, in the vernacular *Zigeuner*, is redolent of deception. The latter portion of the word is evidently only a variant of *Gauner*, cheater, and as *Gaukler*, has given us our juggler. The prefix *Ze* or Zin (Grimm, p. 13), is an original Saxon word signifying numbers or figures, the root of the German Ziffer, cypher, and, curiously enough, our own *ty* in twen*ty*, thir*ty;* so that the whole word Zigeuner means exactly "*figure cheat.*"

Why, again, if our word *trumps* comes from the French *triomphe*, do not the French call them so?



No. 13.

why use the term *atout*, "have at ye all?" It seems more in accordance with all the other terminology, as we elsewhere find it, to look upon *tromper*, "to deceive," as the parent; or if even the latter word was a derivative from *trump*, it would only strengthen the argument.

Pam, the Knave of Clubs, is the superior card at L'ombre, Loo, and Pope Joan, in one of which his



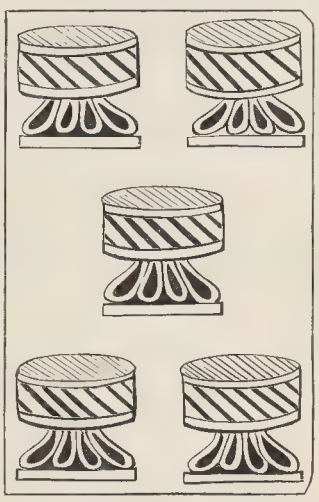
No. 14.

efficacy is eluded by the player calling out "*Pam be civil;*" and this again will be found of Bohemian origin, for the well-known convertibility in word building, of the *n* and *m*—of which numerous instances from our own language might be adduced—allows us with equal propriety to call him "*Pan*," and thus to bring him into the category of those Bohemian lords whom we have already noticed as Zu-Pans.

Thus far, mythology, usage, etymology, and popular feeling, all point to a Bohemian origin for this fanciful and playful imagery, and more will be subsequently adduced. We have, however, another connection to note betwixt De Gebelin's pack and the game of Pope Joan. It is in the preceding card, No. 5, *L'Amoureur*, which, doubtless, gave rise to the introduction of "*Intrigue*" into the board of the latter game. Some copies give it the name of "Le Mariage," by which *matrimony* has also been introduced, possibly to counteract the disreputable amours of knave and queen, by joining the lady in legitimate connection with her lord and master the king.

The next series of cards we shall introduce are entirely of a different and much more modern origin. They are round, and the suits are represented by two flowers, the columbine and pink (Nos. 6 and 7); and by two animals, the parrot and the hare (Nos. 8 and 9).

In Bartsch, "Peintre Graveur" (vol. x. p. 70), we have the account of a complete pack of these round cards, where the addition of a fifth suit of flowers (*roses*) makes the whole pack consist of sixty-five cards (5×13); but in the French publication of the

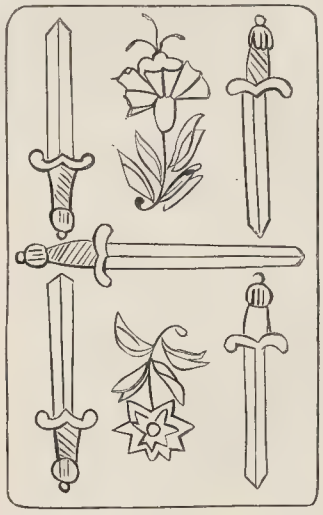


No. 15.

Bibliophiles, the number is reduced to the orthodox fifty-two, and the complete pack is given. Awkward as the round figure must have been for the hand, still more so was it for the play, that the numerical value of each card is represented by the necessary quantity of hares, pinks, &c., so that a counting was requisite to determine a seven from a nine, &c.; and no wonder, therefore, that they have been long discarded from general use.

As comparatively modern, they do not call for much remark. The columbine, as the invariable companion of harlequin, may possibly, as such, have been thus introduced into our pantomimes, since we find her much earlier on the French boards. In Bescherelle's Dictionnaire, published about the beginning of the last century, we have frequent mention of pantomimes with the columbine, which might be a connecting link betwixt gaming and playing; and was probably suggested by Le Fou, whom harlequin exactly represents. We all know his black mask, his close cropped or covered hair, his reticence of speech; but all these features are attributes of the Roman fool as old as Cicero, for see De Oratore, ii. 11—"Quid enim potest esse tam ridiculum quam sannio est?" and in Terence (Eun. v. 779), he is mentioned exactly as the fool of the middle ages, as left at home to take charge of the house. That harlequin may be made easily to

appear under this name, even as a true *sannio*, a short review of his origin may be allowed. The usually admitted derivation is little Harlay (Harlay (pe) quino); but that was given to the famous Harlequin Dominique (who died 1733), because he was much patronised, and even taken into the house, by the great French lawyer and Chancellor, Harley. French authors, however, generally admit now that



No. 16.

this etymology is untenable, but suggest none better. That the word is French there is no doubt, and as little that *lequin* is a diminutive shortened from *le* (*pe*) *queno* of the Portuguese and South of Europe; so that we have only to account for the first syllable. *Narr*, in German, is fool; and a Frenchman, with the usual *insouciance* of his



No. 17.

countrymen to all foreign languages, might easily persuade himself that the initial "N" was but a contraction of the indefinite article *ein*, and that the word ought properly to be written *'n arr*, to which the diminutive, to give force to the dwarf form of the *sannio*, would but afford him an equivalent idea.

Vossius gives us the following description of these Roman court and house fools:—"Sanniones mimam agebant rasis capitibus fuligine faciem obducti;" so that the black mask closely fitting the head is here plainly shown, and that blackness was a peculiar aptitude for the fool or buffoon we learn from another passage in Roman history, not the less curious that it happened in our country. Ælius Spartianus, in relating the fatal omens which preceded and presaged the death of the Emperor Severus, at York, after he had returned from superintending the construction of the Roman Wall—of which so many portions still remain in the northern counties, from Carlisle to the Wall's-end at Newcastle—gives amongst them the following:—"Æthiops quidem è numero militari *clarœ inter scurras famæ* et celebratorum semper jocorum, cum corona e cupressu facta eidem occurrit. Quem quum ille iratus removeri ab oculis præcipisset et coloris ejus tactus omine et coronæ, dixisse ille dicitur joci causa Totum fecisti, totum vicisti, jam deus esto victor."

The dwarf figure is preserved in the Bertoaldos of Portugal, the Bertoldos of Italy, the Marcolfos of Germany; and such likeness was found in them to the Roman sannios, by Blasatius, in his "Treatise de Traged.," &c., in Gronov. Theat. Antiq. Græc., vol. viii. p. 1614, c., that a Roman brass altorelievo which he copies from his own collection would serve as a better cut for the frontispiece of



No. 18.

the above "Astuzie sottili scene," than those they exhibit.

In dress, the harlequin but copies the parti-colour of the ancient fool; his richly chequered and tinselled "shape" is but an improved motley, so that it is literally true of him that—

"Motley's your only wear."

Finally, the name, which as the Sannio, used by Cicero, may be considered more polite than Scurra, Morio, Nanus, or other synonyms, has descended to us with only a slight dialectic change, as *Zany*; and thus colour, form, clothing, and even name, point to the Roman house and stage buffoon as our true prototype of harlequin.

Before finishing, however, with the columbine—not known in Italian comedy or pantomime—we may adduce one coincidence by which parentage from one of the older suits, the Bells, is somewhat apparent. It would require, however, a much more intimate acquaintance with the olden dialects, ideas, and allusions of our Teuton cousins, before we can fully trace the connection of these suits or their nice dependencies, as in the columbine, which, in modern German, has the name of *Akelei*; but we learn from Adelung, *s. v.*, that it is also called *Glocke* (Bell) and *Glockenplume* (Bellflower).

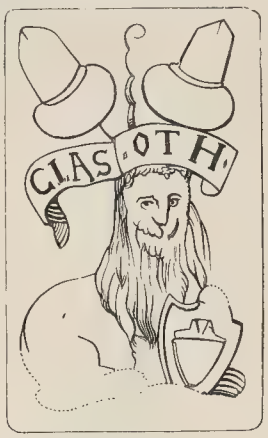
There is, however, on these round cards, which are the aces of their respective suits, a circumstance which has caused much remark, but which here, from want of space, can be but slightly referred to. They have all, as may be seen, labels with inscriptions. Three of them merely moral sentences; the fourth, of Hares, is in old German, and the only one at all allusive to the subject, as follows:—

"Ave me dreht me vin
Daerom mot ic cu Lepes sin"—

of which Mr. Chatto's rhymed versification, as—

"Me o'er fields men keen pursue,
Therefore I am the Hare you view"—

is certainly not the meaning. A friend, who endeavoured to bring out a consistent meaning, kindly



No. 19.

communicated an old German poem, furnished him by the learned German bibliophile, Mr. N. Trübner, which bears something upon the subject, but is not quite exhaustive. It is too long to be here given, and, with some curious elucidation from "das Buch Granat Apfel," by the great Strasburg reforming preacher, Geiler von Keiserberg, must be left to another opportunity.

This Hare brings us, however, back to a card of one of those packs before mentioned, as found



No. 20.

behind the wainscot at Nürnberg. It seems founded upon the very popular idea in all countries of the world turned upside down—in German, *die verkehrte welt* (Fig. 10). Many similar allusions are found in the various cards that have lately turned up; and very varied are the views of those who have attempted their explanation. Want of space, however, also here restricts a consideration of them;

and we hasten therefore in the three plates (Figs. 11, 12, 13) to show from Mr. Fillinham's pack the Spanish King, *das Copas;* the Cavalier, *de Bastoni;* and the Valet, *das Espados*, respectively. We find here no Queen, and this accordance with the earliest German suits, and a similar omission, and the substitution of *ober and unter*, is another and a strong proof of Spanish imitation.



No. 21.

We conclude this chapter, by giving a full view of a Spanish suit, with three of the pip cards—Fig. 14, the five, *das dineiros;* Fig. 15, *das Copas;* and Fig. 16, *das Espadas;* the flowers in the latter, here only a supplementary ornament, may have been suggestive of subsequent flower suits. In the last paper, page 340, was given the numeral five *de Bastoni*.

The following concluding chapter will give additional confirmation to the proofs already adduced



No. 22.

of the German origin of playing cards, and a general review of the argument.

Chap. VI.

Magnus ab integro sæclorum nascitur ordo.
Virg. Ecl. IV.

As much may be learnt of the origin and first manufacture of cards from the earliest names of their makers met with, we give from those discovered at Nürnberg, the five following, in all of which the names, and many of the accompanying arms, &c., are evidently Teutonic. Figure 17 is much obliterated, and may possibly read Bruillot Merkele: but quite sufficient is the patronymic to stamp it German.

Figures 18, 19, and 20, are from a maker called Claus (Nicholas) Oth, and, as a German writer fancies interval of sixty years between them, he must have been a long and successful manufacturer. Chatto, at p. 89, has a woodcut of one very much like these, being the two of Bells; but he is in error in thinking it the Lion of St. Mark at Venice, and thereby fortifying his theory of an Italian origin; for another of the same maker, with his name on the four of Hearts, has also the Nürnberg arms. Figure 21, with the maker's name on Acorn two, as "*Andreas Danvold*," has also the same Lion, but no one would claim him for an Italian. The same Lion appears again on Fig. 22, with a coat of arms, which has been assigned to the town of Erfurland; and as the original is much mutilated and much cut at the top, where the pips ought to be (probably also Acorn two), it has been suggested that the Hieronymus may be more likely Henricus Bopp, who is said in Sebastian Munster's "Cosmography" (ed. of 1592, p. 974), to have sent



No. 23.

that typographer the plan of Erfurt, which accompanies his work at that place.

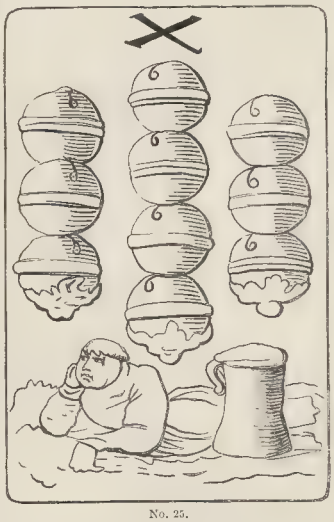
To complete the various figures of cards we have collected for these sketches of their nomenclature and origin, we give three, all of which belong to those discovered at Nürnberg, it is said, behind a wainscoting at the house formerly occupied by Albrecht Durer, now purchased by the town, and fitted up for a commemorative museum, with relics and works by their great townsman. It has been surmised, therefore, that these cards may be from his designs; and speculation on the subject may be aided by a knowledge of the fact that the portfolios of the British Museum Print Room contain nine cards with his well-known monogram. They are in the case marked Tekening, 1637, No. 4, on the suits of cards called Tarots, labelled—A Jupiter XXXXVI in a Vesica—Philosophia XXVIII—Primum mobile, new design—Thalia playing on a fiddle—Cavalier VI Chronico—Rhetorica—Papa—Doge. The first two are similar to those supposed by Mantegna, and wholly or partially copied in the Jeux des Tarots of the French Bibliophiles, by Cicognara, Singer, and others. Dr. Eye mentions them only as eight of the year 1506, and does not seem to know that in the same case (No. 111) are six small miniatures, also seemingly cards.

The three, however, which we adduce (Nos. 23, 24, and 25) if from Durer's design or graver, have certainly nothing of his genius, and may only be necessary condescensions to conventional forms, as are our present unsightly court cards. In No. 23—the Cavalier of Eckern—we have a turban, which either by accident or design forms a leaf. In No. 24 we have a rather genteel and complacent Rübezahl, with the bell-turnip at his feet; and in



No. 24.

No. 25, ten of these bells grouped above a jolly, recumbent friar, whose capacious "*seidel*," possibly of Bock's Bier, would carry us to famed Bavarian cellars, with some illustrative disquisitions to show the consistent bearing of this idea to all we have hitherto written.



No. 25.

[Such then are the facts and conclusions we offer on a game which has already occupied the thoughts and the pens of many able antiquaries and authors. The results we have endeavoured to arrive at may, with the curious illustrative engravings introduced, be of value in making more clear a somewhat abstruse inquiry.—Ed. *A.-J.*]

THE ROYAL PICTURES.

THE TWO GRANDMOTHERS.

Marie Weigmann, Painter. C. H. Jeens, Engraver.

Size of the picture, 3 ft. 9 in. by 3 ft. 2 in.

Marie Weigmann holds a high position in one of the most distinguished schools of Germany, that of Düsseldorf, a school which, within the last forty or fifty years, has included in it the names of Cornelius, Schadow, Sohn, E. Bendemann, Hildebrandt, Lessing, Leutze, Rethel, Köeler, the Achenbachs, and a host of others whose names are familiar to all acquainted with continental Art. The school has attracted to it scholars from all parts of the world; India and America have contributed their quota; Saxons, Scandinavians, Romans, and Sclavonians, crowd her *ateliers;* and it has sent forth disciples and missionaries to found new schools. Bendemann, Hübner, and Erbardt, have carried her principles to Dresden; Becker and Schroedter to Frankfort; Lessing to Carlsruhe; and others, more or less known to fame, are scattered throughout Germany.

Marie Weigmann is, we believe, wife of Herr Weigmann, professor of architecture in the Academy of Düsseldorf; she excels in portraits of young children, and in pictures of a *genre* character, such as that of 'The Two Grandmothers,' which a German critic thus describes:—"Before the entrance of a somewhat large house, surrounded by a dense wood, sits a grandmother with her grandchildren; she appears to have been reading from a large book that lies on her lap, some story—perhaps a tale about gipsies. The dress, and general appearance of the family, show them to be in comfortable circumstances. An old gipsy woman now approaches the circle; she is also a grandmother, and leads her grandchildren by her side—two sunburnt young girls, with dark black eyes and hair, true types of the wandering tribe. The children spread before the cottage-door an old and faded carpet, and begin to dance to the music of their tambourine and cymbals. The gipsy woman, a person of large stature and strongly-marked features, has sat down on a stone, and directs her sharp and piercing glance fixedly on the happier family, who, living in comfort in their happy home, look down, perhaps with contempt, at least with wonder, on them and the grandmother who, for the sake of mere bread, display their art in a manner so servile; and on the side of the gipsy a certain pride and contempt are outwardly combined with her inward dislike. But her grandchildren—her handsome two! and does she not love them as tenderly as the other loves hers? Who knows which has made greatest sacrifices for the well-being of the children? She may mentally address such questions to the woman who, with her silver spectacles on her nose, contemplates with a grave but unsympathetic expression, the dance of the gipsy-child. Probably, when the wanderers have departed, she will relate to her young family some disreputable story of these people, and leave upon the minds of her charge an indefinite impression as to how far gipsies are entitled to the claim of Christian compassion and sympathy.

"And how do the children on both sides deport themselves? The gipsies know no better lot than that which has fallen to them. Healthy and cheerful, they exercise with pleasure that calling which brings them bread and amusement. But do they not feel the degradation of their condition? Admirably has the artist expressed those peculiar feelings which serve to bind the inner thoughts to external appearances. On the other hand, the more favoured children are tinted with the rosy bloom of youth, but it is questionable what the fruit of riper years may be. Untouched by the rude shocks of adversity, these young people look devoid of worldly care."

The writer of the above has ingeniously worked out the subject of the picture, which, in a few words, may be described as illustrating the "contrasts of education." It is a work of a very high class, both in idea and execution: the characters are aptly and naturally defined; the spirit and subtlety of expression, the beauty of the personal conceptions, and the richness of colouring could scarcely be surpassed.

It is in the Royal Collection at Osborne.

MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

The International Exhibition, 1862.—Active, though we cannot say zealous, efforts are being made everywhere by manufacturers to be "well and duly" represented in 1862. At present, we have but limited means of judging as to the preparations in Germany and Northern Europe, although we are in correspondence with Committees of the several States. We have, however, just returned from Paris, having visited the French capital in order to collect materials for the *Art-Journal* Illustrated Catalogue, which *would be more than imperfect if it professed to be an Illustrated Catalogue and contained no engravings of the works contributed by the great manufacturers of the Continent.* It would, indeed, be a curiously illustrated International catalogue that contained no examples of foreign works, because their producers would not *pay* for the privilege to make such works public instructors. Foreign producers have, however, no idea of paying for the publicity of that which they consider as a contribution for the public benefit, as conveying instruction to all who see it. All the best fabricants of Paris have placed, or mean to place, their best works at our disposal. It is needless to add that we are already busily engaged in engraving the more excellent of the works produced by the leading Art manufacturers of Great Britain, of course, *without payment.* Our subscribers will soon obtain evidence that the highest resources of Art will be made available for this purpose. As we have elsewhere intimated, we look upon such publicity as a public boon; and cannot consider that the manufacturer ought to be taxed in addition; nor can we believe that any rational manufacturer will consent to be so taxed. Moreover, we think no manufacturer will pay for an engraving in any work, unless it be a more worthy copy of the original than that which we give him without cost. The circulation of the *Art-Journal,* containing the Illustrated Catalogue, we may safely calculate at 50,000 monthly. In 1851, it was 45,000, yet the parts were double parts, charged at five shillings each. In 1862, there will be no extra charge. The question, however, is simply this: is it not the duty of a Journal, aiming to convey information as widely as possible, to do so without taxing the producer, by whose means such information is given? And if it be the duty of a public journal to do this, how much more is it the duty of the Commissioners of the International Exhibition of 1862?

In 1851 the contractors, Messrs. Clowes, made no charges for space, requiring only that the engraving should be produced at the cost of the manufacturer; yet Messrs. Clowes paid a sum of £2,000 for the privilege to produce such catalogue. In 1862, the commissioners retain the illustrated catalogue in their own hands—*they will be its publishers,* and demand a large sum for each page occupied, besides the cost of drawing and engraving the object delineated. We trust, therefore, that manufacturers will inquire, before they incur the enormous cost demanded from them for advertising in the official illustrated catalogue, first—whether, if they decline to advertise, they will be liable to any penalty; secondly, in what sort of "society" their advertisements will appear; thirdly, whether those who *do not pay will, or will not, be entirely excluded* from the said catalogue; fourthly, what will be the *whole* of the expense they will have to incur from first to last, for insertions in the said illustrated catalogue; and, lastly, what honour or advantage they are to expect in proportion to the cost incurred.

We do not hesitate to say that if the Commissioners of the International Exhibition demand payment for insertions in such catalogue—per page—they will do what is unjust; unjust to manufacturers and the world, for whose benefit and teaching the Exhibition is to be held, and not for the private gain of any individual or individuals. A guarantee fund of nearly half a million is subscribed to meet a possible loss; we venture to assert there are not twenty of the subscribers who would not willingly pay for the production of such an illustrated catalogue as would largely and properly represent the collection, foreign as well as English; but who will complain if a loss is induced by a paltry and insufficient "catalogue," that is got together with no other view than that of gain—information and instruction being very secondary considerations. The International Exhibition of 1862 is not, or rather ought not, to be regarded as a mere means of making money for ulterior objects.

Glasgow Exhibition of Fine Arts.—We are glad to learn that this important city is making one more effort to establish an annual Fine Art Exhibition. It is not creditable to the wealth, the intelligence, and well-known liberality of Glasgow, that hitherto every attempt made in this direction has proved abortive. Over and over again the scheme has been tried by gentlemen imbued with a love of Art, and over and over again the result has been failure, vexation, and pecuniary loss. It is high time this stigma was removed, and we venture to hope that the exhibition just inaugurated is only the precursor of a long series, growing in importance with the growing taste and Art education of the citizens. From the catalogue now before us, we learn that the association has taken the title of the "Glasgow Institute of the Fine Arts." The general committee is composed of local artists, the honourable the Lord Provost (chairman), the members of parliament for the city and county, and a number of gentlemen, all more or less known for their taste and discrimination in Art matters. The works exhibited are eight hundred and ninety-seven in all, many of which are from the artists direct, whilst others have been liberally lent by collectors in different parts of the country, the Kensington Museum contributing nine pictures towards the general effect. Amongst the oil paintings are specimens by Pickersgill, Ward, Maclise, Sant, Frith, R. S. Lauder, Thomas Faed, and John Absolon. Landscape is nobly represented by David Roberts, Linnell, Oakes, Horatio Macculloch, G. E. Hering, Samuel Bough, &c. In the department of water-colour, we observe the names of Cox, Callow, Weigall, Richardson, Corbould, Woolnoth, Herdman, and W. L. Leitch. In sculpture the names of Foley, Stanton, and G. E. Ewing, are the most conspicuous. The portraits which, as usual, present rather an imposing array, are chiefly from the easels of Sir J. W. Gordon, Graham Gilbert, Macnee, Napier, Macbeth, and A. Craig. Altogether, so far as we are capable of judging, the collection is an exceedingly creditable one for a first start, and we heartily wish the promoters every success in their laudable efforts to advance the cause of Art. We have, however, one little fault to find. The catalogue now upon our desk is not by any means so carefully compiled as it ought to have been. The names of several well-known artists are mis-spelt, in one instance, indeed, spelt in a different way in two different places. It may be that these errors have crept in from a too hasty correction of the proof-sheets; but, to say the least, they do not look well in a document which, of all others, ought to be scrupulously correct.

The President of the Royal Institute of British Architects, at the first meeting of the season, passed some strong remarks on the architectural plans of the International Exhibition. He remarked that in 1862, as in 1851, British architects were ignored by those who had the management of the Exhibition building, and no chance of co-operation allowed them. He protested, in the name of the Institute, against the official exclusion of architects from the councils of those who "assumed to represent the taste of the nation in the various branches of Art."

The Liverpool Society of Arts have awarded their annual prize to Mr. E. M. Ward, for his grand picture of 'The Last Moments of Charles II.," the attractive feature of their exhibition.

Wood-carving.—Mr. W. Perry, whose carvings in wood we have noticed on several previous occasions, has recently executed another admirable piece of work, which he has submitted to our inspection. It represents a missel-thrush, life-size, perched on a sprig of oak, with which a branch of mistletoe is entwined. The foliage is arranged with much grace, and carved with exceeding freedom and delicacy; the action of the songster, warbling his "sweet hymn of praise," is bold and life-like. The whole is sculptured out of a single block of lime-wood. Mr. Perry was entrusted with the execution of the carvings, in satin-wood, of the new state railway-carriage, recently built by the North-Western Railway Company, for the use of the Queen and royal family.



THE BRITISH INSTITUTION.—The usual annual exhibition of copies made in the "School of Painting," was opened on the 20th of the past month, after our sheets were in the hands of the printer.

A MEETING OF THE COUNCIL OF THE SOCIETY for the Promotion of the Fine Arts, was held on the 14th of November, for the consideration of the proceedings for the ensuing season. Many of the *soirées* of the past year were highly interesting, and those to come will not be less so. The opening lecture, by Mr. James Dafforne, was advertised for the evening of the 28th. Subject—"Art-Education; its Objects and Advantages."

MESSRS. DE LA RUE, whose name has become famous over the world for refinement in all matters that appertain to stationery, have issued their "annuals." As heretofore, they are of high excellence and in great variety, commencing with the ordinary "Red Letter Diary" (a necessary in every office and household), and ending with the elegantly bound pocket-book. The former are distinguished by clear printing, good paper, and strong binding, with ample evidence of special care to all requisite information skilfully compressed. It is by their accuracy,—justifying implicit confidence—that Messrs. De la Rue have obtained a widely spread popularity for their Diaries. The pocket-books are convenient as well as graceful, and very varied in style and ornamentation; the "ornamentation," however, being generally, as it ought to be, very simple. No doubt there are many competitors as regards works of this class, but certainly none can surpass those that have fallen under our notice—the issues of this renowned establishment. We believe Messrs. De la Rue "lead" in the production of playing-cards. Undoubtedly there are none so extensively used, none so especially favoured at the clubs, as well as in private families, where the time-honoured and by no means obsolete game of whist supplies the occasional amusement of an evening. We plead guilty to the enjoyment of such a relaxation from labour now and then, and have had such experience as enables us greatly to prefer the cards of Messrs. De la Rue to those of any other maker. It is by no means a secondary matter to us that their cards are always "backed" with taste and judgment—often with admirable designs.

THE CIVIL WAR IN AMERICA is exercising its evil influence on Art. Several of the illustrated books intended for the coming Christmas are "kept back," in consequence of the certainty that no sales of them can be anticipated in the New World.

A NOVELTY in the way of serial publications has recently appeared under the title of the *Court Register*. It is little more than a record of births, marriages, and deaths among the families of the nobility and gentry, with, in a majority of cases, their armorial bearings; and, where the persons whose names are chronicled are publicly known, a brief sketch of their history is appended. Wills and bequests also find a place in the columns, with some other matters appropriate to the subject. The *Register*, published by Mr. Hardwick, of Piccadilly, appears monthly. The armorial illustrations are very carefully engraved, and the work promises to be one of general utility.

THE GOVERNESSES' ASYLUM AND ANNUITIES.—We have often been the advocates of this true charity, with effect and beneficial results. It has grown to rank among the best "institutions" of the kingdom. The loss of its chief founder—the Rev. David Laing, was a heavy affliction; but his widow continues to labour in its service—to labour heart and mind—and under her influence, as its honorary secretary, the good work continues to progress. Our present object, in referring to the subject, is to direct attention to an advertisement that invites subscriptions with a view to found special annuities for governesses who are blind or deaf, and, consequently, incapacitated from professional toil. To obtain admission on the list of candidates for ordinary annuities, the candidate must be over sixty years old; but there are many governesses who, young yet, are afflicted with blindness or deafness, so as to be utterly incompetent for teaching as if they were paralysed from old age. The effort to obtain a provision for them is a becoming tribute to the honoured memory of the Rev. David Laing; for this work of mercy is designed to be his memorial—a worthier memorial than could be any "monument, inscription, stone!"

REVIEWS.

THE LIFE OF J. M. W. TURNER, R.A. Founded on Letters and Papers furnished by his Friends and Fellow Academicians. By WALTER THORNBURY. 2 vols. Published by HURST and BLACKETT, London.

We have looked forward to the appearance of these volumes with interest and curiosity; with the former, because everything which relates to the great painter—perhaps it should rather be said, to his art—is peculiarly attractive to us; and with the latter, because curious to see what materials Mr. Thornbury would have to work upon, and how he would use them. One who undertakes to write the story of such a life as Turner's in its twofold aspect of public and private, and who aims at something beyond a mere record of facts and incidents, has no easy task to perform; a character like his, compounded of various qualities, often apparently antagonistic to each other, one which his fellow men either could not, or would not, understand, requires the nicest discrimination in judging, and the clearest sifting of evidence, that it may be set forth free from malice or extenuation. Wherever Mr. Thornbury has gone, and this has been but seldom, beyond the relation of mere biography, he seems to have acted with this desire of dealing out impartial justice. What Mr. Ruskin has written to reveal the artist's inner man, as seen and felt in his works, the author of these volumes has done, to a considerable extent, for the outer man as he walked in the world around him, in it, but scarcely seeming to be of it: Mr. Ruskin says, "he knew his own power, and felt himself utterly alone in the world from its not being understood."

And it is something to have flung aside that veil of mystery which, for a long portion of Turner's life, clung closely around, so that only a few of his associates knew what it concealed—something to be able to show, what the world never believed, that he had some noble qualities of heart and a kindly disposition; better far would it be, could his biographer not have discovered that, mingled with these, were others which belong to the dark side of nature, and compel us to agree, with some modification, in Mr. Fairholt's alleged remark, quoted by Mr. Thornbury, "that all reminiscences of Turner are unpleasant, and only tend to lower the man:" *all* may not be, but *many* undoubtedly are; and it is not agreeable to have our hero-worship intermingled by unhallowed thoughts, and our belief in the nobility of man's nature scattered to the winds by the knowledge of his failings and vices. "Uprightness, generosity, tenderness of heart (extreme), sensuality, obstinacy (extreme), irritability, infidelity;" such is the catalogue of qualities given by Mr. Ruskin as forming Turner's character: the vices heavily outweigh the virtues, and go far to justify the observation of our friend Fairholt.

The leading points of Turner's history have already been made public in various periodicals and pamphlets; they, however, were but mere sketches, often very imperfect. In these volumes we see the picture filled in, and, perhaps, as completely finished as we may now expect to have it, for much of his life was hidden within himself; his time was frequently passed, none knew how, in that dingy-looking house in Queen Anne Street, till the opening of the Royal Academy revealed the manner in which he had passed many of his days; and his death still more effectually manifested, to a few, how mind and hand laboured unweariedly from day to day and month after month, in the art he so enthusiastically loved and followed. We happened to be there not very long after his decease, and could not but feel astonished at the prodigious quantity of studies, sketches, and unfinished pictures which lay scattered in every apartment, or were piled in heaps in corners and cupboards—living, but often strange and mutilated evidences of the painter's zeal, energy, and devotion. "In seventeen boxes in the lower room of the National Gallery," says Mr. Ruskin, speaking after the works left by Turner to the country were deposited there, "I found upwards of 19,000 pieces of paper drawn upon by Turner in one way or another," and we saw in the same rooms huge heaps of canvases rolled up, which at first we mistook for rolls of floor-cloth, till the attendants, spreading them out, disclosed to us large pictures in a greater or less unfinished state.

The materials which Turner's friends and fellow academicians have placed in the hands of Mr. Thornbury, are multifarious and discursive; hence these volumes have a similar character, for the author seems to have used them as furnished to him; perhaps, after all, the most satisfactory—or, at any rate, the least objectionable, way. The Rev. Mr. Trimmer, son of Turner's oldest executor, lent him a manuscript volume of "recollections," extending over a period of forty years: Messrs. Jones and David Roberts, the academicians, have also contributed largely to the stock of materials; many others have lent their aid, more or less important and valuable. A passage from the author's preface will explain the spirit in which he desired to carry out his labours, and which we think he has attained, looking at them as a simple record of events, generally unaccompanied by comment, explanation, or discussion.

"In Mr. Ruskin's fifth volume of 'Modern Painters,' he alludes kindly to my 'Life of Turner.' I trust that my views of Turner may agree with those of the great exponent of his genius. I have spared none of Turner's faults—I have tried to forget none of his excellencies; I have not tried to caricature him as a miser, because I knew that one great work of charity had been the fixed object of his whole life. I could not ridicule him as an anchorite and a misanthrope, because I knew how tenderly he was beloved by his more intimate friends, how sensitive he was to their sufferings, and how deeply he felt their loss.

"Yet I have not written this book in the base, gladiator spirit of a mere special pleader, but with, I hope, a stern and undeviating regard for truth. I had no motive whatever to warp me. I did not wish to write a eulogy—a mere fulsome funeral oration, a poem, a riddle, a rhapsody, or a mere saleable, time-serving apology. I have tried to paint the man as I really believe he was—an image of gold, with clay feet—a creature over whom the sun now shone, now darkened—a great, disappointed man, whose ambition was never satisfied, and who, in despair of all other pleasure, sought out nature, and in her presence felt his only real happiness."

We do not think Mr. Thornbury's portrait of Turner is quite true, judging merely by some of the remarks made by the author himself in subsequent pages. The artist certainly was a man of "an unbounded stomach" in his grasp after professional fame and the acquisition of wealth; and he had enough of both to satisfy every reasonable longing; but there is ample evidence that he sought other "happiness" than that which communing with nature might afford him: our admiration of the artist must not lead us to overlook the errors of the man, or to acquiesce in an opinion illogically deduced from adverse premises. Sensuality and infidelity—two of the dark characters assigned him by Mr. Ruskin—are in themselves sufficient to weigh down the spirits of any one, whether or no the voice of fame elevates him to a hero, or the neglect of the world leaves him abandoned and alone.

This "night-side" of Turner's character we have incidentally touched upon—but only because the key-note to it is to be found in these volumes, otherwise it would have passed unnoticed—for the reason that it may serve as a warning; and, unhappily, the history of great men affords too many similar instances of lofty genius united with low and debasing pursuits. Strange that it should be so, especially in one ever contemplating the beautiful, and majestic, and pure works of the Creator's hand; it shows that such contemplation, apart from the restraining influences of high moral principles, is insufficient to keep man's heart from its own corrupting inclinations. There was, however, one of Turner's most gifted contemporaries whose Art-studies had a direct tendency to lead him astray, but he came forth unscathed from the ordeal of temptation.

Mr. Thornbury says little comparatively himself about Turner's pictures, but he quotes Mr. Ruskin's remarks rather copiously in many of them: herein he has acted judiciously, for the author of "Modern Painters" has left nothing to be said on the subject, and to have omitted it altogether would have rendered the book before us very imperfect. There are pages, however, which seem out of place, as having little or no connection with the immediate subject: for example, the chapter in the first volume of Turner's cotemporaries, that on the Rise and Fall of Water-colour Painting in England. The long story about the 'Polyphemus' is also an intrusion; and in the second volume, the remarks upon Lawrence, Gainsborough, Constable, and others, and a portion of Mr. Trimmer's contribution.

If we introduce no extracts from this history it is only because our space forbids it, for there is abundance we would gladly transfer to our pages. There is little doubt, however, of these volumes finding a warm welcome among those who take the slightest interest in British Art, for they are full of pleasant reading; if Mr. Thornbury does not write philosophically upon Art and artists, he handles these subjects in a very agreeable and easy manner; there is no dry matter here. Should another edition of the work be called for, which is extremely probable, we would suggest the introduction of a copious index: a work like this ought

to serve as one of reference—at present, it is utterly valueless for such a purpose. Some careful revision is also necessary: we see Mr. John Burnet's name mis-spelt in the preface; Mr. Wornum ought not to be disrespectfully styled an "official" of the National Gallery, as if he were only an attendant or porter; Mr. Alaric Watts deserves to be described as something more than "a small poet, and the editor of the Manchester paper;" and Mr. J. A. Hamnersley is not a "well-known painter," though an artist, but he is an efficient master in a Government School of Art, at Manchester, where his services are deservedly respected. These, and other statements we could point out, ought not to have been made, and should be rectified.

English Sacred Poetry of the Sixteenth, Seventeenth, Eighteenth, and Nineteenth Centuries. Selected and Edited by Robert Aris Wilmot, M.A., Incumbent of Bear Wood. Illustrated by Holman Hunt, J. D. Watson, J. Wolf, &c. Engraved by the Brothers Dalziel. Published by Routledge, Warne, and Routledge, London and New York.

From a literature so rich as our own is in poetry of a sacred character, it must be a difficult task to make such a selection as will convey an adequate idea of the wealth by which we are surrounded. For four centuries, ecclesiastics and laymen, without distinction of sect or creed, have added to the store; many of what is comparatively valueless, but many also of that which is entitled to a high rank in the writings of genius, and as expressions of Christian faith and Christian teachings. This was especially the case with some of the elder poets, of whom Mr. Wilmot truly and eloquently says,—"A remembrance of our worthies is not unneedful: the grey fathers of learning and imagination recede every day further from the eye. Science has a phrase—acoustic shadow—which is significant and suggestive. In a great city you may hear the chime of bells in one street, and lose it in the next; the buildings bury the sound. Application of the comparison is easy: our times do not favour the diffusion of solemn, thoughtful strains; frequent obstacles come between the music and the hearers. The chime is broken by the objects that intercept it. The old is scattered by the new."

But such volumes as this on our table are, as it were, the soft breezes which bring back to the listening ear the music that had floated far away from us; and with such accompaniments as modern art and typography, and all the other resources that publishers in the present day invite to their aid, the strains have a double charm, the beauty of the "score" seems to add sweetness to the melody. But it is not only the old poets who sing to us here, many modern ones are in the orchestra mingling their more graceful notes with the strong, robust voices of their predecessors; Pollok and Heber, Watts, Keble, James Montgomery, Browning, Tennyson, Crabbe, Longfellow, Howitt, Wordsworth, and Hemans joining in the chorus with Herbert and Quarles—we are writing their names irrespective of poetical rank—and Shakspere and Milton, Jeremy Taylor, Donne, Grahame, Herrick, and a host more, both of the older and the younger times. The selection has been made in a spirit of catholicity as to subject, so much so as,—in some instances, we think,—scarcely to justify the appellation of "sacred" poetry in the case of some of the pieces inserted, which rather come under the title of "moral" poems.

Mr. Wilmot's volume is abundantly filled with illustrations from the pencils of Messrs. Holman Hunt, Watson, Marks, Harrison Weir, Armstead, Gilbert, F. R. Pickersgill, R.A., and others, engraved in first-rate style by Messrs. Dalziel, in whose hands we could have desired to see other drawings than some few we find here. Holman Hunt's solitary design from Dean Trench's "Lost Jewels," is admirable in composition, drawing, and feeling, German in style, but without its stiffness and conventionalism. Among the others demanding especial notice may be named Marks' 'A Quiet Mind,' F. Sandys's 'Life's Journey,' and 'The Little Mourner,'—both remarkably clever, and full of thought and meaning, the latter is itself a poem,—Watson's 'Time and the Year,' and 'Last Words,' Keene's 'A Hymn to my God;' and, in another description of subject, Harrison Weir's 'Praise of Country Life,' S. Read's 'Old Church in a Storm,' Wolf's 'Wisdom Unapplied,' John Gilbert's six landscapes from Thomson's "Seasons," and several, but not all, of Watson's ten drawings, illustrating Gray's "Elegy." Had Mr. Armstead's subjects been omitted from the book, it would have pleased us better; they are, to our eyes and mind, blots on its pages, possessing no one quality to render them attractive. When will some artists who essay pre-Raffaelism, learn to distinguish between its beauty and its deformity, its truth and its error, its spirituality and its gross materialism?

Spiritual Conceits, extracted from the Writings of the Fathers, the Old English Poets, &c. With One Hundred New Designs, forming Symbolical Illustrations to the Passages. By W. Harry Rogers. Published by Griffith and Farran, London.

"No cross, no crown!" Such is the truth which Mr. Rogers, who unites in this volume the twofold character of editor and artist, seeks to inculcate in his emblematical designs. "The series," he says, "may be roughly divided into eight sections—the Dual Character of all Things; Past, Present, Future; Preparations for Futurity; Vices; Virtues; Facts; Reflections; Results." In working out this idea, we find on one page a passage or two from our old writers, and on the opposite page a verse from the Scriptures bearing on the subject; above the latter appears the artist's emblem, illustrative of the text. But it is not very easy to convey to others by verbal description a notion of the way in which the plan is carried out. Taking the first section as an example, which sets forth the "Dual Character of all Things," Mr. Rogers remarks, that "Earth has its counterpart in Heaven;" thus, then, we find in the first design the city of Babylon exchanged for the heavenly Jerusalem; in the second, the robe of earth exchanged for that of immortality; in the third, the tree of life for the tree of death; and so on through the whole ten designs allotted to this section. In each case the emblem of earth occupies the lower portion of the subject, that of heaven the upper; they are linked together by appropriate ornamental devices. In the other sections a single design suffices to illustrate the quotations.

A book so full of deep thought, and beautiful, yet quaint artist-work as this is cannot be, though it ought to be, popular. Mr. Rogers himself, we are sure, is not sanguine enough to think it will be so. In this age of hurry and bustle, the generality of men have, or fancy they have, no time for thinking beyond the demands of their daily avocations; books, whether illustrated or not, which require close examination and study to comprehend and enjoy, become sealed volumes; hence pictures are bought, and hung, and valued, because they are ornaments, but to understand them is no part of the owner's care; the same homage is not paid to books unless they can commend themselves without trouble. Allegory and emblems find but scant favour in an age requiring stubborn facts.

There is, however, a class of persons, and a large class too, who seek both in books and pictures something beyond a momentary gratification: by this class more especially "Spiritual Conceits" will be appreciated. It is a book to be studied, not hastily turned over, and it is worthy of being thought over for its truths, expressed though they be in figurative language. The title, though appropriate and just, is not fortunate, for a name is frequently the inducement to look into a book, and this, from its singularity, is not unlikely to have a contrary effect.

The Wisdom of Solomon. Illuminated by Samuel Stanesby. Published by Griffith & Farran, London.

Is it a marvel that the Queen of Sheba should have come from the "uttermost parts of the earth to hear the wisdom of Solomon," and that she returned acknowledging that all she heard and saw far exceeded the report which had reached her ears? There is not one of those wise—and as beautiful as they are wise—sayings that have come down to us unworthy of being written in letters of "pure gold;" they are rules of life and conduct which, if carried out, would confer universal peace and happiness on mankind, and make the earth once more a paradise; "words" are they, to apply one of these proverbs, "pleasant as an honeycomb, sweet to the soul, and health to the bones." The publication of such an elegant little book as Mr. Stanesby's may be the means of working out some moral good by inviting special attention to the truths taught therein. Men will look into and often read a volume richly adorned, as they will look at and scrutinise earnestly one who is "clothed in fine linen and fares sumptuously," and thus the shaft shot perhaps at a venture, may strike where it is unexpected, but yet needed.

A portion only of the Book of Proverbs has been introduced, but the selection has been carefully made. The verses are printed in black letter, with a coloured or gold initial to each, and every page has a rich border of floriated or arabesque design on a gold groundwork, tasteful in character and harmonious in colour. The printers, Messrs. Ashbee and Dangerfield, merit a word of praise for their careful execution of these beautiful pages. Solomon's valuable pearls are here adorned with settings worthy of them. For old or young this ought to prove a welcome gift-book.

The Holy Bible. Illustrated by a Selection from Raphael's Pictures in the Vatican. Freely adapted and drawn on Wood, by Robert Dudley. Published by Ward and Lock, London.

Any attempt to alter and "adapt" the glorious compositions of Raffaelle—we use our own way of writing the name—is always looked upon by us with extreme jealousy; as we would not add anything to them, so would we not have anything taken from them. Mr. Dudley has committed no very grave offence of either kind, in his rendering the fourteen or fifteen subjects introduced into this edition of the sacred writings. These designs of Raffaelle are, as many of our readers know, suggested by the Old Testament narratives, and were executed as frescoes on the walls of the Vatican: the entire series has been frequently engraved, and has received the title of "Raffaelle's Bible."

Mr. Dudley has drawn the subjects with much delicacy and taste; the engraver, too, whose name does not appear, has performed his part of the task most satisfactorily: the woodcuts are well printed on thick paper, and are surrounded by an elegant border of gold ornament. The cover, designed by Mr. Owen Jones, is a work of art not to be passed over: if the text had been printed on stouter paper, nothing further would be necessary to render this volume perfect in all its parts; the type is sufficiently clear and legible, but the paper is thin and has a meagre look: this is always the case when the printing on the next page is visible, as it is here.

Ruined Abbeys and Castles of Great Britain. By William and Mary Howitt. The Photographic Illustrations by Bedford, Sedgfield, Wilson, Fenton, and others. Published by A. W. Bennett, London.

This beautiful volume, one of the "books of the season," reached us at the eleventh hour only, when time and space are opposed to our noticing it in such a way as we desire to do. A hasty glance through its pages is sufficient, however, to warrant a commendatory line or two this month; in the next we hope to speak of it at greater length.

Kettledrum. Painted and Engraved by Charles Hunt & Son. Published by Moore, McQueen, and Co., London.

We are no patrons of the turf, but we do admire a fine horse, and Kettledrum, the winner of the "Derby" this year, is "a beauty," judging from this portrait, for we are not acquainted with the original. The print will no doubt be valued by those who take especial interest in the sport which has made the animal renowned.

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